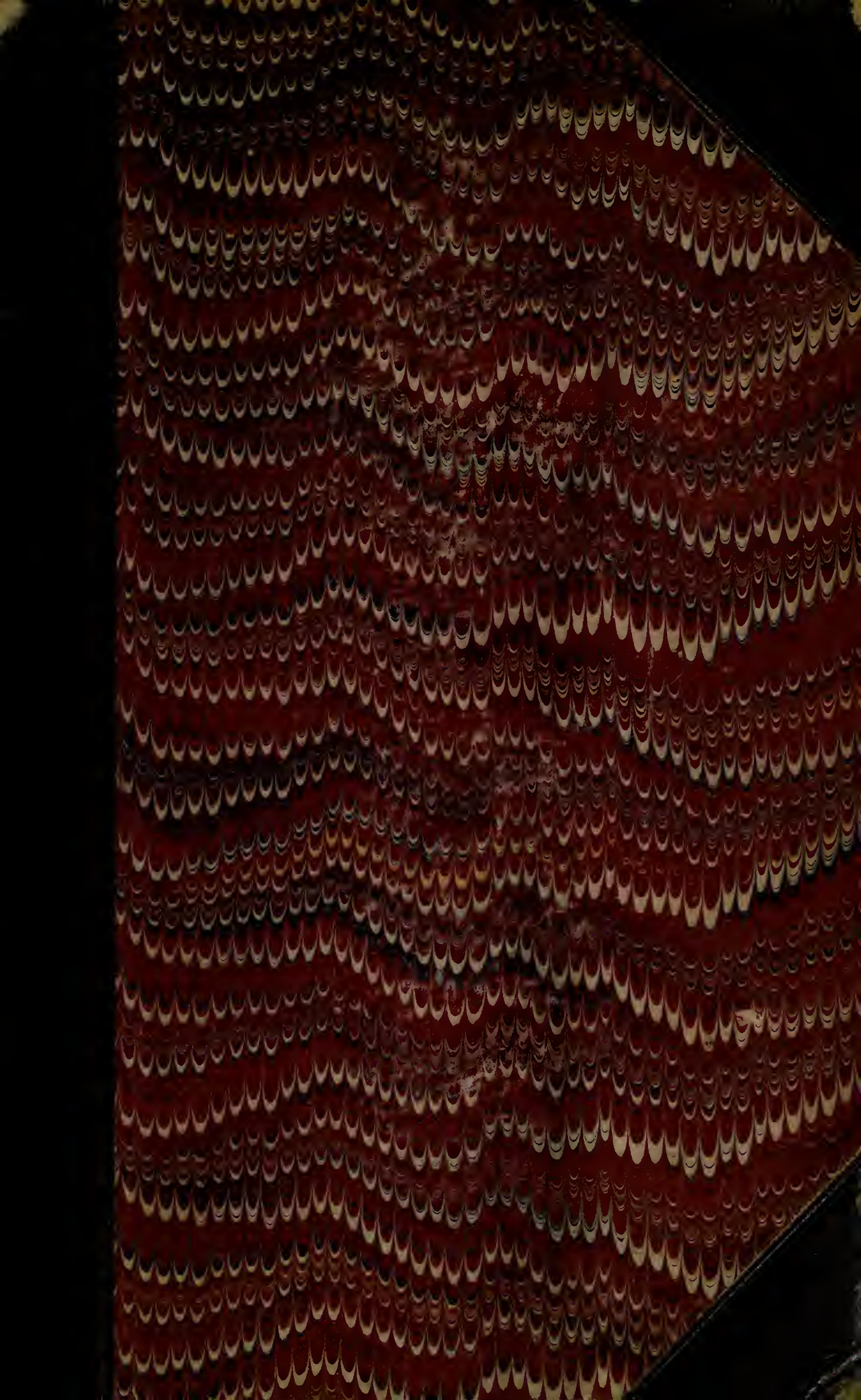

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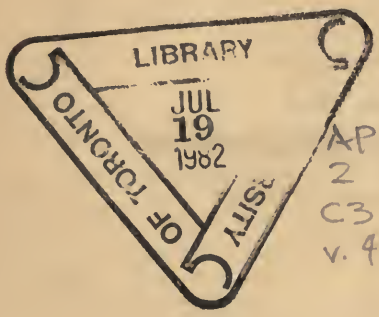

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CARLYLE AS PROPHET.

PART SECOND.

IT is not easy, perhaps it is not possible, to analyze and clearly state the reasons in Carlyle's mind for rejecting the Scottish Presbyterian belief in which he had been brought up, and with it belief in historical, dogmatic Christianity. Some of the reasons on account of which others have come to a conclusion in part or wholly the same with that which he arrived at by a process of his own do not seem to have affected his mind. Mr. Froude says that he always remained a sort of Calvinist, which, indeed, can be seen in his writings. The notion of hell as a lake of everlasting fire appears to have been attractive to him, rather than repugnant. The reformers, and particularly Luther and Knox, were in his view heroes; and the Reformation has all his sympathy. He does not protest against the idea of believing in that which transcends the understanding, against the assertion of some one religion as for the time being the exclusive truth, or even the use of coercive means to advance and defend its cause. His road was not the one travelled by James and John Stuart Mill. So far as I can see, from his works and from the memoirs edited by Mr. Froude, Carlyle's doubt and unbelief sprang from the shock his early, traditional, Scottish view of man, of nature, of God, of the universal meaning and end of all things human, received from collision with the ideas he found in modern Euro-

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pean literature. The Ecclefechan and Burgher-dissenting horizon, even the Edinburgh-Presbyterian one, with Dr. Brown and his like to make demonstration of its philosophical and theological dimensions, could not longer appear to bound the world after he had gone up on the heights of German literature and philosophy. More than anything else, he was a man of literature and imagination, disposed by his individual genius and mental gifts to ascend the highest summits, where Dante, Shakspere, Goethe, and their equals reign. For the contemplative highlands of philosophy, where such as Plato dwell, he had also an inborn love. One of his special capacities was for mathematics and some parts of physical science for which mathematicians have a natural attraction. Certain aspects of history—viz., those which are dramatic, and which present the intellectual and moral struggles of humanity—awoke his interest and drew his attention very strongly. Metaphysical or theological genius he had not; no more had he a singular capacity or a vigorous bent towards the inductive branches of knowledge and the acquisition of what is properly called learning; in general, he had neither the natural inheritance nor the acquired outfit which are necessary to make one a philosopher in the complete and comprehensive sense of the word. Carlyle did not attempt what was to him impossible. We can find no studied, systematic argument, theological, philosophical, critical, historical, or scientific, against the Christian demonstration; no *system* whatever which professes to supplant and overthrow the traditional orthodoxy of Scotland or England, or that of universal Christendom. Carlyle expresses in strong language his conclusions, convictions, sentiments; but he does not describe the process by which he arrived at them, or argue, except in a concrete form by depicting historical events and presenting characters and the actions of persons in a dramatic way, according to his own preconceived theory. Neither does Mr. Froude supply the lack by giving himself the underlying argument in a formal manner.

I have at hand many excerpts bearing on the point at issue, but for the sake of a necessary brevity I shall insert them only sparingly, relying rather on the reader's own acquaintance with the writings and the memoirs of Mr. Carlyle for the justification of the statements which I make, derived as they are from examination of the documents at hand, with such inferences or conjectures as my own reflection on them has suggested.

Mr. Froude, speaking of what Carlyle had been taught in childhood as facts and truths contained in the Bible, says:

"Carlyle's wide study of modern literature had shown him that much of this had appeared to many of the strongest minds in Europe to be doubtful or even positively incredible. . . . If any part of what was called revelation was mistaken, how could he be assured of the rest? How could he tell that the moral part of it, to which the phenomena that he saw round him were in plain contradiction, was more than a 'devout imagination'?"*

Carlyle himself says:

"It is certain we have in these two centuries greatly improved in our geologies, in our notions of the early history of man. Have got rid of MOSES in fact, which surely was no very sublime achievement."†

"He did not," Mr. Froude says, "think it possible that educated, honest men could even profess much longer to believe in historical Christianity."‡

Miracles Carlyle asserted to be incredible, *à priori*, as being impossible; and, of course, he could not believe in any divine revelation or revealed religion. All religions, according to him, are embodiments of the sublime, eternal truths and laws known by our natural intelligence, good and useful so long as they are believed in undoubtingly, useless, even noxious, after they become questionable and incredible. For this reason Catholicism had to be got out of the way; so that the Reformation was necessary and useful, and, for the same reason, the Church of England, though the best of all the sects in his estimation, was still regarded by him as a rusty kettle, sure to be knocked in pieces by the attempts which are made to tinker it, and only made ridiculous by claiming for it "celestial-miraculous" prerogatives. Catholicism long ago become incredible; Protestantism, in its orthodox, Unitarian, and rationalistic forms, rapidly becoming incredible and useless; Christianity in general, though credible and true as to its spirit and soul, not credible in any embodied form of it—is the summary of Carlyle's prophecy of negation, so far as religion is concerned. He prophesied against some other things also, which are pet theories and projects of great classes of unbelieving agitators against the old in favor of a new order of things. Such are agnostic, materialistic, utilitarian, radical theories and schemes for the progress of humanity. For all pseudo-science he had a most hearty contempt, and for real science in respect to corporeal things he professed only a very moderate veneration. In his view, human affairs are at a very low ebb indeed, the tide still sinking lower, and a refluent wave, on which humanity can ride, only to be expected after some ages more have passed.

* *Life*, part i. vol. i. ch. v. † Part ii. vol. ii. ch. xxxv. ‡ Ibid. c. xxxiv.

It is a question which has interested me very much, how far Carlyle was affected by the objective scepticism of Kant and the subjective psychology of his successors in the German transcendental school of philosophy. How far did a theory of the objective unreality and phenomenal nature of external, physical, sensible things render the mind of Carlyle impervious to evidence of such facts as the miracles of Scripture, the Resurrection, and the historical events which lie at the basis of the motives of the credibility of the Christian religion? I confess that I am not clear on this point, but here are some utterances of Carlyle which throw some light on it. In a letter to his brother, Dr. John Carlyle, written in 1827, he thus expresses himself:

"I am glad to find that you admire Schelling, and know that you do not understand him. That is right, my dear Greatheart. Look into the deeply significant regions of transcendental philosophy (as all philosophy *must* be), and feel that there are wonders and mighty truths hidden in them; but look with your clear, gray Scottish eyes and shrewd Scottish understanding, and refuse to be mystified even by your admiration."

The year before this Carlyle had written:

"For the present, I will confess it, I scarce see how we can reason with absolute certainty on the nature or facts of anything, for, it seems to me, we see only our perceptions and their relations; that is to say, our soul sees only its own partial reflex and manner of existing and acting."*

More than forty years later on he wrote:

"Matter itself—the outer world of matter—is either nothing or else a product due to man's mind."†

So much as this is evident. Carlyle, after Plato, considered the world of ideas as far more real than the world of bodies. Yet he had an uncommon fund of Scottish common sense and practical reason which did not permit him to become mystified in respect to matters of every-day experience and the historical facts with which he was familiar and about which he wrote in his great historical works. Perhaps this tincture of Platonic, Kantian idealism did, however, mystify him in respect to events and facts connected with divine revelation and the supernatural order, and open to his mind a door of escape from extrinsic evidences of realities which he determined by an *à priori* method must be intrinsically, ideally unthinkable and incredible.

Turning now to the positive part of the preaching of Carlyle to his age, there is, first, his proclamation of the Godhead. He

* *Life*, part i. vol. i. ch. xxii. and xx.

† *Life*, part ii. vol. ii. ch. xxxv.

has been regarded as a pantheist by some. I think this is a mistake. There may be a nebulous ring of pantheistic vapor around the body of his doctrine, though that part of his phraseology which has led some very fair and friendly critics to charge him with pantheism appears to me to have been used rather as a veil than as a medium of his thought. There is too much prominence given by him to those divine attributes which are terrific, and too little to those which present God, in our human concepts, as the Eternal and Infinite Love. Yet I must think that a tribute of admiration and gratitude is due to Carlyle for his mighty and vehement protest against atheism, and eloquent affirmation of the being of God as the supreme Fact of facts and Truth of truths.

Next, there is his affirmation of the reality of the world of spirits and spiritual verities, of intelligence and the order of the super-sensible, intelligible ideas, and the expression of an undying hope for the immortality of the soul.

Finally, there is his proclamation of the Eternal Law, of the intrinsically and unchangeably Right, of the Moral Law of the universe, founded on the righteousness and sovereign will of God.

I fully endorse the statement of an able Catholic reviewer of Carlyle's works,* whose article, he says himself, gave him matter of serious consideration for several days :

"In devoting great power and earnestness to the overthrow in English minds of this mechanical philosophy; in recalling the hearts of an unbelieving generation to the recognition of eternal truths, we feel sure that Carlyle has done good. . . . 'Man,' he for ever repeats, 'is here in the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities, with but one life to lead, not in frivolity or self-indulgence, but in noble self-denial.' "

Carlyle was a deeply religious man, and it is his one position that religion is the root of all moral, political, and social good for mankind. Mr. Froude says:

"The hope, if there was hope, lay in a change of heart in the English people, and the reawakening of the nobler element in them; and this meant a reverent sense of 'religion.' . . . Yet, *what religion?*" †

The Catholic reviewer quoted above ‡ correctly says :

"The Christian religion Mr. Carlyle freely concedes to have been the highest thing ever attained by man, and the Catholic Church of the middle ages to have been the only wide or permanent embodiment of Chris-

* *Dublin Review*, September, 1850.

† Ut supra, ch. xxxiv.

‡ Mr. Froude conjectures that this reviewer was Mr. Ward.

tianity. . . . He looks upon the middle age of Western Europe, with its feudal body and Catholic soul, to have been the greatest realized ideal ever yet attained by man; the greatest yet, but far, ineffably far, from what mankind are capable of achieving. Its culminating point he places about the time of Dante. Such a poet as Dante is, to him, the interpreter of a whole cycle. Such a poem as the *Commedia* comes as the consummate flower and crown, the exponent and eternal representative of what men for long ages had done and thought. Shakspere, too, he looks upon as another blossom of Catholicity, the poet of the external life of the middle ages, as Dante was of the internal. . . . In about two hundred years, or thereabouts, he calculates something like a foundation may turn up for the world again. . . . With Carlyle this boasted nineteenth century is not worthy to sit at the feet of any age animated by religious faith."

Mr. Froude says:

"He was not always consistent in what he said of Christianity. He would often speak of it, with Goethe, 'as a height from which when once achieved, mankind could never descend.'"*

Carlyle always retained a great veneration of the Bible as the best and most wonderful of books. He regarded Jesus Christ with profound reverence, and near the close of his life he told Mr. Froude that in the dispute between Catholics and Arians and Semi-Arians about the *Homoousion* of the Nicene Creed, "he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won it would have dwindled away into a legend" (ch. xxxv.)

"That the Christian religion could have any deeper foundation than books, could possibly be written in the purest nature of man, in mysterious, ineffaceable characters, to which books, and all revelations, and authentic traditions were but a subsidiary matter, were but as the *light* by which that divine *writing* was to be read—nothing of this seems to have, even in the faintest manner, occurred to him [Voltaire]. Yet herein, as we believe that the whole world has now begun to discover, lies the real essence of the question, by the negative or affirmative decision of which the Christian religion, anything that is worth calling by that name, must fall, or endure for ever. We believe also that the wiser minds of our age have already come to agreement on this question, or rather never were divided regarding it. Christianity, the 'Worship of Sorrow,' has been recognized as divine, on far other grounds than 'Essays on Miracles,' and by considerations infinitely deeper than would avail in any mere 'trial by jury.' He who argues against it, or for it, in this manner, may be regarded as mistaking its nature: the Ithuriel, though to our eyes he wears a body and the fashion of armor, cannot be wounded by material steel" (*Misc. Essays: Voltaire*).

"The Christian doctrine we often hear likened to the Greek philosophy, and found, on all hands, some measurable way superior to it; but

* Ut supra.

this also seems a mistake. The Christian doctrine, that Doctrine of Humility, in all senses godlike, and the parent of all godlike virtues, is not superior, or inferior, or equal to any doctrine of Socrates or Thales; being of a totally different nature; differing from these as a perfect ideal poem does from a correct computation in arithmetic" (Ibid.)

"Small is it that thou canst trample the earth with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeus trained thee [Stoicism]: thou canst love the earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee; for this a greater than Zeus was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*'? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures: nevertheless venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp still perennially burning" (*Sart. Res.*, ii. 9).

Mr. Froude having expressed the opinion that it was possible that Catholicism might prevail anew, and for a long time, after Protestantism had ceased to be credible, he tells us that—

"Carlyle would not hear of this; but he did admit that THE MASS WAS THE MOST GENUINE RELIC OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF NOW LEFT TO US."*

The positive part of Carlyle's prophesying is, therefore, confessedly all contained in Christianity not proceeding from a new and original inspiration. It is only the negative part which presents an appearance of prophetic originality demanding to be examined. The question is, whether the spirit and soul of the Christian, and in general of all religion is simply and merely what Carlyle affirms as certain, eternal truth or reasonable hope, to the exclusion of all the rest, as obsolete, at present not credible, or rapidly becoming incredible.

The mere fact that historical Christianity is disbelieved or doubted by a great many cannot be taken as a proof of its incredibility without upsetting the whole of Carlyle's own philosophy. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude hold up certain ages of faith as the ideal periods of the past. But in all those ages there were many unbelievers, sceptics, men of hollow profession and most inconsistent practice. Carlyle's theistic, spiritual, and moral ideas are widely doubted or denied by modern anti-Christians. There must be a sufficient reason pretended for incredulity, and everything turns on the validity of the reason assigned. I find no reason of this kind, presenting even a show of being formidable, in Mr. Carlyle's writings. There is little except strong, frequently violent assertions. The most distinct and for-

* *Life*, part ii. vol. ii. ch. xxxv.

mal statement of his case is found in the fragmentary piece entitled *Spiritual Optics.*

The upshot of that is, that there is a similarity between the system of historical Christianity and the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. The Copernican system and Kepler's laws present the universe in such a new and real aspect that Ptolemaic astronomy and historical Christianity, no longer tenable and credible, must be relegated to the region of the imagination, as illusions which the awakened intellect of man has discarded.

The Ptolemaic system was refuted, and the Copernican system demonstrated, by clear, definite reasoning, supported by carefully-observed facts. If there is any real analogy between this case and that of historical Christianity, then a conclusive argument supported by historical facts must be forthcoming, refuting the argument for the credibility of Christianity, and establishing a more reasonable and credible theory in its place. Of this I find no trace, but, on the contrary, a mere negation of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the great central fact of the Christian creed, together with all supernatural revelation, miracles, and similar objects of Christian belief, which is purely *à priori*, involving a sceptical principle which would undermine and overthrow all certain and credible history.

The Resurrection furnishes the best touchstone and logical test of Carlyle's theory as interpreted and commented on by Mr. Froude:

> "He did not himself believe in the Resurrection as a historical fact, yet he was angry and scornful at Strauss' language about it. 'Did not our hearts burn within us?' he quoted, insisting on the honest conviction of the apostles."*

Was there ever a more flagrant piece of self-contradiction? Take this sentence in connection with all that we find in the utterances of both the master and his disciple, about the great superiority and advantage enjoyed by ages of faith and believing men, about the earnest convictions of St. Paul, the credibility of the entire Christian and Catholic religion during the early and the mediæval period, and then apply the criterion of common sense and common logic to such a way of accounting for this faith as the following:

> "The Resurrection of Christ was to him only a symbol of spiritual truth. As Christ rose from the dead, so we were to rise from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Not that Christ had actually died [did he

* *Life*, part ii. vol. ii. c. xxxiv.

not even *die*, then?] and had risen again. He was only *believed* to have died and *believed* to have risen, in an age when legend was history, when stories were accepted as true from their beauty or their significance." *

Then comes an application of Copernican theology. Men who could believe that the sun and stars revolve around the earth, and credit the ancient myths, could believe in the Christian creed. The story of the Son of God, born of the Virgin, dying and rising again, "presented no *internal difficulty* at all."

This is the exact spot where the probe finds the radiating centre of incredulity. It is the *internal difficulty*. And this brings us back to the enigma which out of the mouths of thousands of unbelievers and doubters asks solution: *Cur Deus Homo?*

If the earth goes around the sun, and the sun itself is only one among a multitude of other suns, and the vast universe is governed by the same constant laws, which have been active for we know not how long a period, how can the earth and men be the spiritual centre around which God's plan revolves? How can such transcendent means be necessary, or even suitable, to correct an aberration and disorder on our planet? Especially, what sufficient reason could there be why the Son of God should become man and die on the cross? Nature, governed by natural laws proceeding from the First Cause, ought to complete the creative cycle in returning to the Final Cause through the virtue of the original efficiency which gave it first being and movement. And no more power ought to be exerted on one minute part of the whole to keep it in its order than its relative importance deserves. Therefore *super*-natural revelations, miracles, above all the incarnation, death, and resurrection of the Son of God, are *à priori* incredible in themselves, still more so when they are supposed to have been decreed as a remedy for a flaw and failure in the nature of one species of rational creatures inhabiting one small world; a kind of flaw, moreover, which it is absurd to suppose could exist in nature, while it is equally absurd to suppose that any flaw or aberration could not be easily remedied by the Creator.

This seems as plausible as the nebular hypothesis, but, like it, it must be shattered to fragments if it comes into collision with facts.

Is the Resurrection a fact? This is the question. Aside from the entire accumulation of evidence for it, the honest con-

* Ibid. ch. xxvi.

viction and faith of the apostles with its triumphant results, as confessed by Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, is something which cannot be accounted for in any way except by the actual reality of this fact. The solid, impregnable mass of the historical evidences of Christianity has not been stormed and destroyed. It has been shunned and left on one side for the road of hypothesis; and it remains, commanding the entire camp and position of unbelief.

The Son of God having become man, having died and risen again, having given a divine revelation of truth, the facts demand belief, and the revelation demands assent, on the best of all motives—the veracity of God. One who withholds assent to the revealed truth, because he cannot understand the why and the how of God's acts, can be reduced to silence by Carlyle's own words. If you cannot understand these facts you may know that they are mysterious. God has a reason and an end, known to himself, though you may not find it out.

"Mysterious! Be it so, if you will. But is not the fact clear and certain? Is it a 'mystery' YOU have the smallest chance of ever getting to the bottom of? Canst thou, by searching, find out God? I am not surprised thou canst *not*, vain fool!"*

There is something mysterious about this earth, man, his destiny, his relation to the universe and God, a mysterious reason why God became man. Mere human philosophy cannot discover or explain it. It can only be disclosed by God himself, and practically explained by a religious, a Christian philosophy, which proceeds from data of divine revelation, as well as from the intuitions of the intellect, the truths of reason, and the knowledge gained by experience and testimony. St. Paul taught this "wisdom" to the "perfect," to those who were intelligent, well instructed, and fitted by their moral and spiritual virtue to apprehend the more profound sense of the articles of the creed:

"We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery which is hidden, which God predestinated before the world to our glory, which none of the princes of this world knew; for, if they had known it, they would never have crucified the Lord of glory. But, as it is written: The eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him: but to us God hath revealed them by his Spirit. For the Spirit searcheth all things, even the profound things of God."†

The key to the mystery, the answer to the enigma, according to St. Paul, is to be found in the knowledge of a destiny for hu-

* *Life*, part ii. vol. ii. ch. xxxv.

† 1 Cor. ii. 6–10.

manity above what the human mind is capable of conceiving—*i.e.*, above all natural good, or, strictly speaking, *super*-natural. Ignorance of this divine idea is the reason of that ignorance of the character and mission of Jesus Christ on account of which he is entitled to be called "Lord of Glory." It is because men were ignorant of this that they were capable of crucifying him, and because they are ignorant of it that they can refuse to give him and his religion now the entire homage which they would not refuse if they had the same intellectual light which was given to St. Paul.

I said in the first part of this article that the errors of the Calvinistic theology, and the *à priori* objections to supernatural facts and revelations arising from a confusion of these errors with genuine Christian doctrine, have their root in the want of a clear conception of the supernatural *order*, and of the distinction between this order and the order of nature. It is now this statement which I am intent on explaining.

If it is presupposed that the whole intention and scope of God as the First Cause is to bring all created nature back to himself as Final Cause, by the development of that which nature contains in itself as its essence or as what springs from its essence, or is demanded by its natural exigency and tendency toward its final end, the objection is reasonable. It is, namely, reasonable to infer that such a purely natural end is attainable by means of natural laws and by an invariable process, without recourse to miracles. The introduction of supernatural means and forces, especially those which are of a stupendous magnitude, into a natural order, to further the attainment of a natural end, does seem incongruous.

All those who believe with simplicity of mind and heart in the great facts and fundamental doctrines of Christianity do really, though implicitly, apprehend the truth that the end of man is actually *super*-natural, and that the scope and process of the Creator in respect to the universe does not lie exclusively within the lines of a mere development of natural powers and capabilities. Erroneous conceptions are nebulosities around this solid nucleus of Christian belief. They are theological and philosophical theories. Objections of unbelievers are valid against these, but not against the articles of the faith in themselves. A clear and distinct conception of the supernatural order expels from the field of argument all *mis*-conceptions and all objections to which they have given rise or furnished plausible pretexts.

The term "supernatural" is in continual and frequent use among believers and unbelievers in the truth of historical Christianity who have no conception which is explicit and correct of its meaning as a term in Catholic theology. It is used as synonymous with "super-mundane" and "super-human," denoting what is beyond this earth, this present human world, the present sphere and conditions of human nature, regarded as in an imperfect or in a depraved state. In its genuinely Catholic and theological sense it denotes that which is beyond and above the essence, nature, powers, state, capabilities, and end of all created and finite being, considered as such. The supernatural destiny of a rational creature is one which is not due to his nature, not attainable by its development, consisting in an affiliation to God, an intuitive vision of the divine essence, a kind of apotheosis, which can only be effected through an elevation of nature by the immediate action of God upon it, and attained by means of gifts and qualities infused by grace, and acts proceeding from the same grace of God. This is the idea of a supernatural *order*, as distinguished from a mere arrangement of supernatural means of remedying defects and concurring to produce results in the order of nature.

The elevation of human nature into this order being purely of free grace and gratuitous goodness, the conditions of human probation in respect to the supernatural destiny are absolutely at the sovereign disposition of God. Adam was placed in it on trial, to gain or lose for the whole human race a permanent endowment of its sublime privileges. His sin was a lapse of entire humanity from its high estate, in its very origin, by virtue of which his posterity have been conceived and born with a nature despoiled and in that sense deteriorated, which is the state of original sin.

Such an aberration and deordination as this is of infinitely greater moment than a mere moral disorder in the course of nature, and a supernatural remedy for it is not out of proportion according to a ratio of fitness. A restoration of the supernatural order in a more perfect way, especially when this restoration is not purely for the sake of mankind alone, but is in view of a more sublime order to which the supernatural destiny of mankind is subordinated, is entirely congruous to the eternal reasons, of which we get a glimpse in the works of the Creator. This sublime order is the order of the Incarnation, to which the entire universe is subordinated.

Cur Deus Homo? Because it was the most perfect and divine

work which he could accomplish, the masterpiece of divine wisdom and art, the utmost possible glorification of the Creator and likewise of the creature. Next to this most perfect possible affiliation of all created nature, represented in the specific human nature and the individual manhood of Jesus Christ, to the Godhead by the hypostatic union, is the adoptive affiliation of his specific and generic kindred, which is consummated in the state of eternal beatitude.

The fall of the human race in Adam furnished the occasion to the Mediator of appearing on the earth and before heaven as the Redeemer. Why did God become Man in such a state of humiliation and make himself "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"? Because, though a satisfaction of infinite worth was not necessary to enable God to grant remission of original sin and all actual sins, it was congruous to the Divine Majesty that the only One who could offer it should do so; and because, though suffering and death were not essential to a condign expiation and perfect redemption, they were the occasion of the greatest possible glory to God, to the humanity of the Redeemer, and to the whole universe of created beings, especially to the redeemed. "The Worship of Sorrow"! This is the most divinely beautiful manifestation which God has made of himself and of his infinite love; it is that which gives the "Lord of Glory" now his strongest hold on the minds and hearts of men who are unmoved by the manifestations of his divine power.

The reality, the possibility even, of a supernatural elevation of created nature to filial fellowship with God, which naturally belongs to the Only-Begotten Son of God alone, in the hypostatic and in the beatific union, is absolutely transcendental. It is unknowable, inconceivable, to created intelligence, by its natural light. It can be apprehended and known only by a revelation of God.

It was therefore necessary that God should reveal his secret mystery to men by his prophets and by sending his Son clothed in our humanity. It can be believed only by divine faith, on the veracity of God. To accredit the messengers and the message of God, miracles were morally necessary. The birth of the Em manuel, the God with us, from the Virgin, his divine-human life, death, resurrection, are essentially supernatural events. A preceding, preparatory dispensation of a supernatural character is congruous and proportioned to the great event and fact of the coming of the Son of God upon earth. The organization of a human society endowed with supernatural qualities is the suitable and

congruous sequel of the coming of The Christ to begin on the earth his kingdom, which is to be consummated in the heavens. All these things fit harmoniously into a supernatural order to which the whole course of nature is subordinated.

Is it self-evident or demonstrable that such a supernatural order is impossible or incongruous? Are there any truths or facts known with absolute certitude, either *à priori* or *à posteriori*, which are seen with evidence to be incompatible with the existence or the possibility of this supernatural order? From actuality to possibility the inference is just and logically necessary. The question turns wholly on the fact. Is the Resurrection a fact of which we are made certain by conclusive evidence? Then the truth of historical Christianity and of everything which is explicitly, implicitly, or virtually included in it is established, to the exclusion of every valid objection, tenable counter-theory, or reasonable doubt.

What resource is left to one who looks facts and evidence in the face, who admits the sincerity of the faith of the apostles and of ancient Christendom, the reality and sublimity of mediæval Catholicism, and who yet denies the reality of the fact of the Resurrection? I can see but one: to assert that "we are living in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream-grotto, and that he sleeps deepest who fancies himself most awake." Such an hypothesis is not to be reconciled with any genuine and consistent theism. It is a notion unworthy of God and incompatible with his veracity to suppose that he can play such a histrionic part, and make a magic-lantern show of illusive phenomena before the intellectual spirits whom he has created to know the Truth, to love the Supreme Good. The hypothesis is more childish than the physics of Aristotle and the Ptolemaic astronomy.

Belief in God, the Infinite, All-Wise Creator, the Author and Source of our intelligence, implies the reality of all things in the order of finite being, whether corporeal or spiritual. It demands belief in God as the Final Cause, who has decreed, and is constantly carrying into actual execution, an order consonant to the plan and end of the universe to which he has given being and laws, after the ideas and types of his own Divine Mind. If he has revealed a supernatural order, a supernatural end which is at the apex of ultimate metaphysical possibility, culminating in the Incarnation of the Word and the consummation of the glorified state of rational creatures, what reason can there be for doubting the possibility and disbelieving the reality of the "celestial-miraculous" facts and events which are the objects

of Christian faith? The misconceptions, the partial views, the mistakes and blunders about facts or the true reading and interpretation of facts, the intermingling of legend with history, of notions and opinions with doctrine of faith, all the human, the temporary, the accidental appendages which have got hung about religion in its concrete forms, in pre-Christian or Christian times, and have been associated with the belief in its dogmas and facts in the minds of believers, have nothing to do with the reality and the evidence of the genuine revelation. These accidents may be compared to the obsolete notions of Aristotle and Ptolemy about the solar and stellar and telluric spheres. The stars were there and were visible. The science of Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler did not blot out any of them or create new ones. The stars in the heaven of religion disclosed to the eye of faith, the wonderful events and sublime doctrines made known by divine revelation, are not to be altered to suit theories. Theory is to be conformed to the known facts and truths. What is the order, intellectual, moral, spiritual, and universal, which God has established, and the law which he has prescribed?

While I have been writing these latter pages, reading again one of the later works of the matured genius of Lord Lytton, I have come across this sentence:

> "The man, growing old in years, strode noiselessly on, under the gaslights, under the stars: gaslights primly marshalled at equi-distance; stars that seem, to the naked eye, dotted over space without symmetry or method—Man's order, near and finite, is so distinct; the Maker's order, remote, infinite, is so beyond Man's comprehension, even of *what* is order!"

Is not, then, a theory, taken as a purely human and *à priori* measure of the possible and real order of God's celestial plan and operation, like the application of the order of street-lamps to the order of the stars?

Here is another sentence from the same author:

> "Man is always a blockhead and a blunderer when he mistakes a speck in his telescope for a blotch in the sun of a system."

Plato taught that the most transcendental concept of God as the All-Perfect is the concept of the Sovereign Good. Being supremely good, he is incapable of envy, and diffuses good, only good, by bringing the eternal idea and prototype of good into actual form, so far as that is possible in a term of his action essen-

tially finite, so as to produce the best and most perfect similitude of himself in the universe.

St. Paul, and the Catholic theology which has sprung from his teaching as its principal source, teaches that God imparts to the blessed angels and men in heaven his own highest good, the immediate contemplation of his essence by the intellect, with an equal complacency of the will; and that this glory is given to the manhood of Jesus Christ in the most perfect way by a personal union to the Godhead. The God made Man must, by his divine prerogative, live for ever, even as to his body, which is an essential part of human nature. There was a reason why he should taste death for all men; and because he did die on the cross, it was necessary that he should rise again. He has conquered death and brought life and immortality to light.

The most sublime ideas of Plato, which were an after-glow from the ancient revelation and a foregleam of the new, are retained, corrected and sublimated, and new disclosures of truth are made, in that teaching of St. Paul which captivated and converted Dionysius, the philosopher of Athens.

If Thomas Carlyle is a prophet, a peer and a successor of St. Paul, what has he brought to light as a more perfect manifestation of eternal truth? Mr. Froude says: "If, like his great predecessors, he has *read truly the tendencies of this modern age of ours*, and his teaching is authenticated by facts, then *Carlyle, too, will take his place among the inspired seers.*" *

How did he read them? His prophesying is one sad dirge over the death of faith, one sorrowful wail over a "poor protoplasm generation," with a deep and continually deepening sigh for the renovation of religion in the world.

"There is clear prophecy to me that in another fifty years atheism will be the new religion to the whole tribe of hard-hearted, hard-headed men in the world who for the time have practical rule in this world's affairs. Not only all Christian churches but all Christian religions are nodding towards speedy downfall in this Europe that now is. Figure the residuum—man made chemically out of *Urschleim*, or a certain blubber called protoplasm—man descended from the apes or the shell-fish—virtue, duty, or utility an association of ideas, and the corollaries from all that."

"He was perplexed by the indifference with which the Supreme Power was allowing its existence to be obscured. I once said to him, not long before his death, that I could only believe in a God which *did* something. [Surely a sensible and pregnant remark.] With a cry of pain which I shall never forget, he said: '.He does nothing." †

* *Life*, part i. vol. i. p. 4. † *Life*, part ii. vol. ii. ch. xxxv. Ibid ch. xxvi.

This is his claim to be a prophet! His stern and wholesome training in the hard school of Scottish peasant labor made him a strong and rugged Man. The religious instruction and example of his pious parents, notwithstanding the defects of their sectarian form of Christianity, implanted deeply and ineradicably in him the belief in God, in virtue, and in an invisible and eternal world, which made him an honest, a virtuous, a God-fearing man. He had genius, culture, untiring diligence, from which proceeded works which must last as long as the English language is read, and are filled with many grand utterances of truth and noble sentiments. But the monument of his genius is only a broken shaft! Thomas Carlyle himself, in dying, does not posture as *El Mahdi*, challenging our homage to a new proclamation of religious truth from heaven. He appeals to God for mercy, and he calls forth our compassion and sympathy, which we freely give him with all due honor.

"DECEMBER 4, 1869.—This is my seventy-fourth birthday. For seventy-four years have I now lived in this world. If this is my last birthday, as is often not improbable to me, may the Eternal Father grant that I be ready for it, frail worm that I am. Nightly I look at a certain photograph, at a certain *tomb*—the last thing I do. Most times it is with a feeling of dull woe, of endless love, as if choked under the inexorable. In late weeks I occasionally feel able to wish with my whole softened heart—it is my only form of prayer—'Great Father, oh! if thou canst, have pity on her, and on me, and on all such.'" *

In laying aside the writings and biography of Carlyle, probably never again to read them or write of them, it is with the feeling of one who bids farewell to the grave of a life-long friend, and with the sincere wish that God may have heard his prayer.

* Ut supra, ch. xxxv.

ALLELUIAS OF PADERBORN.

THE day that sees the Saviour rise,
The first-fruits of the souls who slept,
Knows too the fast and vigil kept;
With that blest dawn the evening sorrow flies:
The glory breaks; the bells are rung,
And Alleluia thrice is sung;
Mary, sad Mother, is no more forlorn.
The choristers the chancel throng;
Joy shall be at the morning song:
But none shall sing as once was sung in Paderborn!

In the greenwood the gay birds sing
From the first coming of the spring:
The hermit in his soul all day
Sang like the birds, as blithe as they;
And in his sleep his heart awake
To God with tuneful beating spake.
Far from the busy city's ken
He knew no more the ways of men;
How shall he sing aright in Paderborn
Glad Alleluias of the Easter morn?

The bishop, holding new command,
Has bid him come: "I do no wrong;
Each true priest knows the holy song:
I ask this one proof at thy hand."
Under the rudely arching aisles
White-robed the long procession files;
Before the hermit in his cope,
His coarse gown hid by cloth of gold,
Two surpliced boys the great book hold:
He clasps his hands, abandoning hope;
His golden mantle seems a cloak of lead;
In prayer and anguish low he bows his head.

The people all expectant wait;
The bishop stares with kindling eyes;
The hermit, spite of tears that rise,
With full heart yields him to his fate;
And list, from out his open mouth
What Easter measure! From the south
The winds of spring blow soft at morn,
And throstles ease their pent-up throats;
So now the Alleluia upward floats,
And falls with cadence new to ears of Paderborn:

Come, ye Christian people, see
How Christ arises from the gloom
And sadness of the silent tomb,
Setting imprisoned spirits free:
While birds beneath the greenwood tree
Sing Alleluia!

And sweeter than their wont the choir-boys sing
Responsive to the holy song of spring.

Transfigured in his shining cope,
The hermit takes again the tone,
As when the nightingale alone
Flutes to the moon her too long waiting hope:

Come, ye Christian people, see
How we one day from death shall rise
Before the Saviour's gracious eyes,
From sin and from all sorrow free:
And 'neath the Cross's greenwood tree
Sing Alleluia!

And out again the children's voices ring
That burden clear the joys of Easter bring.

And now the hermit sings with radiant eyes
The third tone in its order due;
Even as the lark climbs up the blue
Until its song is lost in morning skies:

Come, ye Christian people, see
The bliss of heaven's own Easter day,
Whose brightness shall not fade away,
The clear day of eternity:
And by Life's fount and greenwood tree
Sing Alleluia!

The people all drank in the sound;
The bishop bowed him to the ground
And pardon craved: "Year after year
The Easter voices ring out clear,
But holy song like thine on this glad morn
Shall never more be heard in Paderborn!"

THE "OLD FILES" OF IRELAND.

I.

ONLY of late have any large body of people calling themselves Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon by descent condescended to listen to the claims of the Kelt; partly because the claims seemed absurdly broad; partly because the men who acknowledged themselves Kelts were at the disadvantage of belonging to a conquered and impoverished race; partly because the Irish, the purest and best known type of Kelt, have a genius for saying the word, for doing the thing, which is certain to irritate.

Nevertheless few citizens of Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States can be sure they have not in their veins blood of true pagan or Catholic Kelts, according as the strain may have entered before or after the conversion of the Teutonic invaders. The old theory that the latter did not intermarry with the British holders of the soil is no longer tenable. Recall on one hand the constant colonization of the shores of Ireland by Scandinavian settlers, in peace or at war, up to the eleventh century, and on the other the permeation of Great Britain at later periods by bands of Irish laborers and soldiers of fortune; in still later times, particularly since the marvellous growth of London, recall the steady influx toward that centre of Cornishmen, Welsh, and Highland Scotch. The amalgamation of the elements of

population is complete, judged scientifically, politics aside. In America the first settlers came largely from an already mixed race, and the lists of names show besides a large contingent of Kelts more or less pure. Why, then, should we find the rancor to-day as strong as if in Great Britain there were really conquering and subject races, as if the Teuton were still oppressing the Kelt, as if there never had been this commingling of races? In Ireland because the Norman and Saxon settlers were absorbed by the larger Keltic mass, and in many cases became not Catholic only, but imbued with the peculiar race-traits of the Kelt; in East and South Britain because the Saxon conquerors, having assimilated the old British remnant, were strong enough to digest all the arrivals from those parts of the British Isles where the Kelt remained comparatively pure. Hence it is a prejudice founded on misconception of history that keeps thinking Irishmen and Englishmen aloof from each other, encourages each race to hold itself superior to the other, and permits the ignorant and self-seeking to make political capital out of an empty phrase. Yet these prejudices, ill-founded and wrong as they are in the old country, are worse here. Looking back to the beginnings of history, we find that the two strains of the great stock we call Aryan were once so near each other as to be indistinguishable; they diverged so far in later periods that race-hatred was inevitable and well founded; but in the present epoch they have been so thoroughly comminuted in France, Belgium, the British Isles, and America that their absolute union in sentiment has only been prevented by the most diligent use of religious and political means of irritation.

At no time more than the present should we strive to sift fact from misconception, when the struggle against class-privileges in the old country has gathered so much venom, when on both sides of the Atlantic large sections are held responsible for the work of dastards, when panic before the threats of skulking crime goads even the cool head into indiscriminate abuse. It is no light count against English scholarship that in all the centuries of close comradeship between English-speakers and Keltic-speakers no Englishman whose name was powerful should have made a profound and sympathetic study of the Keltic problem and demanded of scholars that the rightful place of Kelts in history should be ignored no longer. The Welsh, the Scottish Highlanders, the Irish have been unpopular owing to their religious and political views, their poverty, their consciousness of deserving better treatment. Englishmen have sailed to all parts

of the world, meddlesome, assertive of sympathy with the under man in every other sort of fight; but no research, no sympathy, no justice have been at hand for the Kelt until the very latest years, when these have all the appearance of being extorted by violence. And even to-day we look to Germans, Frenchmen, and Irishmen rather than to those who boast themselves English by descent for the most valuable light on the history of their common past.

Among the brags of Irishmen that fall dull on ears of men who call themselves, with more or less accuracy, more or less knowledge of their true ancestry, "Saxon," are the claims of an early scholarly and literary renaissance between the fifth and the eighth centuries. Yet it is known that Europe was at that date overrun by savage Goths, Burgundians, and Franks; that Gaul was full of colleges and schools, such as they were, where Romano-Gallic was spoken and taught, and that the barbarians made their continuance impossible. What more natural than that the teachers and scholars should have fled to Britain, where almost the same tongue, Latinized Keltic, was spoken? We know that Britain was to the Gaul what Ireland afterward seemed to the Briton—the mysterious land of the west, ever confounded in the popular mind with legends having sometimes their rise in the eternal warfare of night with day—the last station toward that Dark House into which the Sun enters so dramatically at eventide. We have as good evidence as need be that there was a flight of savants from the Continent to England, where for a time letters and Christianity held out against the heathen wave. Expelled from most parts of Great Britain, the literati found Ireland a final resting-place, and because Ireland was so favored, that island became famous for its colleges; Irish missionaries were able to swarm back again into England and Europe, and by force of brains Irishmen converted the barbarians and gave them letters and education. Compare the present German alphabet with that in which Irish is printed, if you wish to know why the Germans received the Roman letters under so odd a form as that we call Gothic.

For many reasons it is well to realize what number of persons still speak, read, and write Keltic tongues, wholly or in part. The ancestry of all of us—yes, perhaps it will be shown some day, the ancestry even of Germans—is certainly in part Keltic. If all the Keltic dialects were perished as utterly from the ranks of living tongues as Cornish is to-day, the subject would remain of the first importance. About 1880 M. Paul Sébillot calculated

that there were in Europe three and a half millions who spoke some Keltic tongue habitually or occasionally. Of these one and a half millions are on the Continent, chiefly in Brittany and on the lower Loire, and two millions in Great Britain and Ireland, speaking Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish. In the Emerald Isle eight hundred thousand persons use Irish, and in Great Britain about eighty thousand. Statistics for the United States are not trustworthy, owing to the scattering of immigrants and the practice, common to populations more or less hostile, more or less scornful of the old tongue and the old legends, of discrediting those who use them and causing them to conceal their knowledge.

Injustice makes the sufferer unjust. The Irish, having suffered for centuries from their brothers in control at home and their cousins in high places in England, cannot be expected to lack the human trait of vindictiveness. The wonder is they bore so much so long. The rancor of clashing sects, political parties, and social grades has kept the most purely Keltic land in a constant broil as unfavorable to fairmindedness as to letters. The ancient literature and legendry have had powerful enemies to meet at home as well as across the Irish Channel. Englishmen and Scotchmen, the Welsh, the Irish Protestants, have given little welcome or encouragement to these remains; the English through race-jealousy, the Scotch and Welsh because the claims of Ireland relegated their own Keltic literature to a second place as regards originality and antiquity, the Protestant Irish because contempt and hatred of the Irish-speaking counties are as unmeasured with them as undeserved. Yet time, bringing to light most things, is now illuminating the exaggerations of Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish writers. Though it appear that each nation has regarded the records of its own part of the old Keltic stock from a narrow view, overestimated its relative importance, ludicrously outclaimed its antiquity, and blended fact with fiction in the strangest way, it is also true that they have only done what writers of other peoples at the same epoch have done. The important fact is that under the frothy declamations natural to an absence of combined, systematic research really do lie the remnants of a great buried literature.

Of this literature large fragments have been luckily preserved in the dialect sometimes called Erse. Certain stories and poems have been published in this century, others are about to appear, but the great bulk of Irish manuscripts known to exist has yet to find its editors. It has been estimated that it would take one thousand large octavos to issue them properly. Professor H.

d'Arbois de Jubainville, of the Collége de France, made a pilgrimage recently to the British Museum, the Bodleian of Oxford, three libraries in Cambridge, and three in Dublin. Without exhausting all the sources of information, he drew up a catalogue of the printed books and manuscripts in Irish relating to the old epics—that form of literature which has come down the centuries in the greatest abundance. In the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, he found five hundred and sixty manuscripts in Irish; at the British Museum one hundred and sixty-six; in Lord Ashburnham's collection, now owned by the government, sixty-three; and at Trinity College, Dublin, the same number. The Franciscans at Dublin have twenty-two, so far as the grudging methods of allowing their treasures to be examined permitted the professor to see. The Bodleian has fifteen, the Cambridge libraries three, and other libraries sixty-one more, making in all nearly one thousand manuscripts known. Some have been printed, others in part fac-similed, others reprinted partially. The greater number belong to the centuries eleven to sixteen, but there are some which may be held much earlier in date. It is known that the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College library have other manuscripts not on the catalogue. Singularly enough, only some sixty manuscripts are known on the Continent, but these few represent an average range much earlier, and it is quite possible that other finds of manuscripts will occur. To be sure, many are Latin books with Irish notes—glosses that are fine prizes for the philologist, but drier than dry bones to the general. But, taken altogether, the number of manuscripts wholly or in part Irish has surprised the Keltic scholars of this age, beginning with Zeuss, who founded the study of the language on a solid grammar; including Ebel, his editor; Windisch, the most accomplished living Kelticist in Germany; Gaidoz, the editor of the *Revue Celtique;* Hennessy and Whitley Stokes, Irishmen who have rendered brilliant services; and Arbois de Jubainville, to mention only one other of several Frenchmen who have made a mark in the study of the ancient tongues of Gaul, Britain, and Ireland. This buried literature is not sufficiently disengaged from the earth clinging to it, from the impress of its environment, to be considered dogmatically. Many manuscripts will have to wait long for the time when the general progress of Keltic studies shall coincide with the labors of some man sufficiently patient to decipher them. But the existence of this literature can be pooh-poohed no longer. It points to an Irish past that is not inglorious; it speaks finely for Irish imagination

and originality; it shows what is now known to be the most hopeful sign for the future in a family or a nation—viz., an early state of cultivation lying back of centuries of oppression. Finally, a realization of it may help to increase the self-respect of all who have Keltic blood, and serve to counteract in some degree the prejudices from which abused, misgoverned, restive Ireland suffers in the minds of other nations.

II.

"He's a queer old file," you hear people say who deprecate a tendency among Irishmen to use long, classical terms and pride themselves on their short "Saxon" words. File? Whence, in English, that word? From much the same direction, by much the same path, and possibly at nearly the same epoch as the word "juggler," for instance. Only the latter is Norman and therefore comparatively a recent formation, while the former is Keltic and reaches back to the almost mythical advent of Kelts to the white cliffs of Albion and the pale green shores of Ierna. The *filé* was once a personage in the rude but not wholly uncultured lives of the ancestors of Irishmen, Scots, English, Normans, and Bretons. The waves of conquest beat over him on the Continent; in Great Britain they obliterated his guild, just as waves of cold will destroy from large areas special forms of vegetation or compel them to assume shapes under which only a botanist will recognize them. By the hordes of Jutes, Angles, and Saxons we must imagine the profession of *filé* to have been destroyed in the greater part of England, while in Wales and Scotland it may have lingered longer as bardism. Yet even in Saxon Britain we can detect its existence under the vague term "fellow." The *fellows* of a college or a society are the English equivalent of the *filedha*, members of the literary order in the transition period from paganism to Christianity and later. Like a college, of which the "fellows" are now a comparatively unimportant part, the *filedha* was a corporation of scholars who took rank according to intricate laws of precedence, at the council, at meals, and in processions, and watched over its rights as against king, nobles, and clergy. What was a *filé*, then?

He was poet, author, historian, something of a lawyer, and a good deal of a courtier. As if this were not enough, he was a magician who could heal and blight men, cattle, and crops. Druids disappeared early before the united efforts of military and Christian Rome, since they were of weightier position in

Keltic communities, more learned, more feared, better reverenced and obeyed than any other class of men, and their extirpation was necessary to keep the people quiet. The bards, who seem to have been *filés* not so well organized as the latter are found in Ireland, appear to have vanished from Europe with the onsets of the Franks and the loss of the Gaulish as a reigning language. But in Great Britain they exist in Wales during the eighth century and may be said never to have died out; since to-day, on both sides of the Atlantic, they appear at the Eistedfods, or musical congresses. Perhaps as a singer dependent on nothing but his lyre for livelihood the bard is extinct; yet it may be that practically the bard was never independent, never only singer-magician and nothing else. Like the heathen priests whom we find in Iceland before its conversion, the bard was probably often a man of substance, who joined this accomplishment to thrift at home and prowess as a fighter abroad. The Druid and the bard are, indeed, not unknown to Irish history, but the *filé* occupies their positions, with certain differences. He does not reach quite to the level of the old pagan Druid; he is careful to relegate the bard to a distinctly inferior place. For while in Wales the bard had a right to sit at the king's table, in Ireland he was a poor devil who sang eulogies of great or rich men for alms. He was not allowed many servitors in his train; he was an improvisator of the type of the lower orders of minstrels in Normandy. While the *filé* wished to keep the bard where he belonged, he also tried to assume some of the awe-inspiring functions of the Druid. It was as if the memory of the pagan days lingered. As we can work back from the sleight-of-hand man, the juggler, to the Norman *jongleur*—a person of no very exalted station, yet a favorite in the middle ages, sometimes noble, and often the companion of princes—so we can trace the "old file" back to an itinerant singer of the middle ages who had from the people extraordinary respect. Indeed, it is not many centuries ago that in the Scottish Highlands and Ireland the *filés* wielded important powers, keeping as they did in capacious memories thousands of verses, which they sang on festal days, and brandishing the rod of satire after a fashion unknown to the present. One reason why so much of the ancient epic literature was committed to writing between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries, and not before, was that the druidical traditions were set against the writing-down of legends. The memory became weakened by so doing. Few readers of The Catholic World are unfamiliar with the stories of celebrated *filés* who killed their man with a satire. The shame was too

great to live under. Undoubtedly the nucleus of such tales, that attest the power of satirical verses, belongs to pagan times. The popularity of the *filé* must often have interfered with the chiefs or kinglets, the "bosses" in the unending snarl of Irish politics; and we have excellent testimony that at various epochs the *filedha*, or literary fellowships, were attacked by the king, much as in other lands the clergy has been assailed. Keating tells us that King Aedh assembled at Dromketh a great convention, and brought before it as one of the first needs of the country the immediate expulsion of the poets from Ireland. This was not, as the modern humorist might suggest, because he was tired of hearing from the singers how much braver, stronger, more magnanimous and munificent than himself were the heroes of a preceding cycle. It was "on account of the greatness of their numbers and of the difficulty there was both in governing themselves and in satisfying their demands. For the train attendant upon an Ollamh (a poet of the first rank) numbered thirty persons, and that attendant upon the Annruith (the next in the order) was fifteen. So that about that epoch nearly one-third of the men of Ireland belonged to the Poetic Order, all of whom were wont to quarter themselves upon the other inhabitants from the season of Samhain to that of Beltaini." As a matter of fact, it seems to have been the rulers rather than the ruled who threatened the literary men, though it is plain that the latter, like the Brahman caste of India, grew at times oppressively large and arrogated to themselves privileges that no self-respecting people would bear. However, we are safe in believing that as a rule the temporal chief was embarrassed by the fondness displayed by the people for these intellectual leaders, who held the folk by recital of the myths and hero-tales, colored the history of the past, and checked the king by calling up precedents that did not suit his claims.

The *filé* occupied a position apparently subordinate, perhaps historically subsequent, to the fully pagan Druid, while between him and the bard it is difficult to draw the line. We must not take too literally the wonderful tableau of ranks and orders laid down as governing the guild. Undoubtedly there was some such division into poets of the first, second, and third ranks, whose places at the grand councils were duly appointed, their dress regulated, the number of their attendants limited. But among social elements so loosely held together the schedule must be considered to show what was desirable rather than what was put into practice. If the Druid was a composite of priest, physician, lawyer, and chief; if he retained traditions of a time

when the sacrifice of human victims was common and cannibalism not at all unknown to the mysteries of his faith, the *filé* was all those with the exception of priest—a function completely assumed by the Christian pastors. Doubtless sporadic cases of cannibalism and human sacrifice lingered among the *filé* down to the middle ages, as they certainly did among other European nations, the former always hiding from sight, the latter open to the day but masquerading under other names. As time went on the special features of the Druid fell away from the *filés*. They became more organized and increased in numbers, exercising at once a regulating pressure in their own ranks and a stronger influence without. They still used magical powers, like the Druids, and occasionally had trances and prophesied, with as much success as befalls prophets in other parts of the world. But their chief use was to conserve and repeat the literary monuments of old, since that was what they could do best, and that interfered least with the interests of other and stronger bodies of men. Thus the history of the *filedha* of Ireland is only another example of the fittest surviving; of the object going inevitably where the resistance is least; of the division of labor in a community as it passes by slow stages from barbarism to civilization.

What the *filé* could do in the way of magical incantation is best seen in the records from purely pagan times, for the later stories are not half so graphic or so singular. In that historical twilight where loom the gigantic bodies of half-gods typifying, perhaps, night and day, the upper world and the under world, winter and summer, the *filé* is already at work with the terrible forces of nature at his command. As Irish mythology crystallizes a little more into such views of heaven and earth as the *Iliad* shows among the Greeks of the Ægean Sea, we find the *filé* an actor in a drama worthy to form the outline of a Greek play, but with a purely local flavor of its own. Caier of Connaught, a king whose name reflects a society so primitive that the man of the *cai* (enclosure, house, fort, castle) is a magnate and takes his appellation from his residence, has a wicked wife who falls in love with Nédé, her husband's nephew. She wooes him with the gift of a silver ball, but he is virtuous. Then she promises to make him king and marry him; but first he must satirize Caier, cause thereby some physical blemish to appear on him, and thus, in accordance with old Irish prejudices, prove him no longer fit to reign. Nédé does not question his power to cause a blemish to appear on his uncle by the magical force of satire, but objects that Caier has always treated him with the greatest love and

kindness, refusing him nothing in the world that he has to give. Then the wicked wife bethinks her of one thing—a dagger which Caier is forced to withhold. Nédé finally yields and demands the dagger. Note the old Irish trait of *noblesse oblige* which the Spaniard still keeps as a phrase if not a fact. A king must refuse nothing to his household, his clan, his followers. But Caier has to refuse this dagger, for he has sworn never to part with it. The weak young *filé* has now his excuse. "Evil death, short life to Caier! May the battle-spears tear Caier! Death upon Caier! May Caier go below the sod! May Caier lie beneath the wall, below the cairn!" The next morning when the king goes to bathe at the spring he feels three blemishes on his face, and in the water he sees that one is red, the other green, the third white; spot, blemish, and shame are their names. He flies in despair, and the faithless poet-nephew reigns in his stead until overtaken by the just reward of his guilt. On another occasion the threat made by a poet against a king who flatly contradicted a statement of fact connected with the death of a famous hero was enough to bring king and court to the most humiliating offers. He swore he would curse the king's ancestors in ascending series (a touch that reveals how real to the old Irish was the existence of the world of spirits)—curse his waters and fish, his trees and fruit, his fields and their crops. The king, who was named Mongan, sued for forgiveness, but, while he would pay for the affront with half his kingdom, would not recede from his denial of the poet's fact. A very curious trial of the king's knowledge as against the poet's then took place, when the king summoned up from the under world, as witness, an old champion, dead long ago, who had been an actor in the matter at issue. Another curious trait: this King Mongan knew about the past because he himself had, in a former existence, been the great hero Find MacCumhail (the Fingal of Macpherson), who was present at the time of the occurrence. Thus in a side-stroke we find metempsychosis among the old Irish beliefs, and remember that Pythagoras was thought to have learned his theories of the transmigration of souls from Abaris the Scythian (Scythian being the convenient Greek term for all northern barbarians), and by at least one writer was said to have known and admired the Gallic Druids.

But there is not space to consider further the habits of the *filedha*. Perhaps on another occasion the history, legendry, and mythology of the Irish literary remains may be followed through wonderful changes that are not unlike those of water, whose elements are ever in movement up from the earth and downward again from the sky.

III.

A trait of our common human nature which as usual shows a Janus face, good and bad, is the impossibility of destroying in a people the memory of former states of civilization, of intelligence, of religious faith. Nowhere more than in Ireland has the Catholic faith triumphed; nowhere in northern Europe are its roots more ancient; nowhere have political circumstances, and persecutions of the most difficult sort to endure, aided more in endearing it to the people. Yet we have to read but a little way in Irish history to come on the incessant contest of the remains of paganism with the overwhelmingly dominant faith. Old Irish literature offers ballads (called of Oisin, or Ossian) such as elsewhere are to be found only hinted—priceless literary documents dating from the time when paganism was still powerful in Ireland and had successfully invaded the greater part of Britain. The *filé* in Christian times is typified by Oisin, the old singer-warrior, who has seen Christianity triumph, but recollects with anguish how much finer was his own position before the priest weaned the people from him and his pagan lays. As W. H. Drummond has paraphrased the retort of Oisin to St. Patrick:

"Since I no strength nor spirit boast,
Since Finn no more the Fenian host
Arrays in martial state,
Small joy to me your clerics bring;
I loathe to hear them sadly sing—
Their dismal chant I hate."

The antagonism between settled priest and itinerant *filé*, between monk and stroller, was that between agriculturist and nomad, farmer and tramp; it could not fail to favor the priest. While intellectual things in general drew them together, intellectual things of certain kinds kept them at silent war. Yet many acts of sympathy between poets and monks and priests are recorded. We speak of the past. But quick-witted readers may review the situation to-day, and, making large allowances for changes, detect the same forces at work in the nineteenth century under all the disguises of literature and art, science and education.

Realize firmly this oneness of time, this permanence of great factors while the details change, this existence of the bud-scars if not of the branches of paganism on the tree of Christian life, this solidarity of all men who trace their descent from Keltic or Teutonic stocks, if you care to understand the meaning of Irish ancient literature. Study of it will not merely teach us how

men thought and fought in the little island farthest toward the setting sun—that island called *iar* or "west" island because the pagan sun-worshipper turned his back (*iar*) to it at the impressive moment of sunrise; that island famed in the middle ages for scholars, strolling singers, hireling soldiers, and magicians. It ought to teach us lessons of half-pagan and fully pagan life elsewhere in Europe; for in a chaotic way Ireland seems to have retained layers of religious and social life that can be assigned by the expert to various parts of two epochs, one before and one after Christ, which have almost vanished in the rest of Europe. Pagans, Catholics, Protestants, kings, chiefs of clans, free cities, the liberty of a democracy, and the most grinding tyranny of the rich over the poor, have co-existed at times in Ireland, as if to laugh to scorn the historian who should attempt to depart from the ordinary course and write impartially, not as a rabid political or religious partisan. No people have been so cruelly misjudged as the Irish, none suffered so equally from its friends and enemies. It is enough for a writer to be Catholic and Irish to make readers suspect his impartiality; and perhaps for that reason the writer who is neither one nor the other will get more confidence, since he must be free from the prejudices bred in the bone of natives of the British Isles. Irishmen as well as others are often hopeless, imagining that the natives of that luckless island are, as it were, fatally dragged down by defects inherent in the blood we call Keltic, which, though completely mixed with other strains, is still the most powerful. It is true that we find traits in Connaught Irishmen very like those which Julius Cæsar found in the Britons. The insularity of the latter was seen in their battle-array and their chariots, war-engines at that epoch so out of date as to have been almost forgotten on the Continent. But in comparing peoples there is always danger of forgetting surroundings and of misunderstanding the relative position of ranks one toward the other. It is a common error to compare the rawest Irish peasantry with the English villagers of quite another plane of wealth and education. Yet the fact remains that the Irish have grave defects, whether or not they are as radical as their ill-wishers imagine. Such defects can be cured only by learning their origin, and to that end a cautious but fearless examination of the Irish past is a preliminary. The literature of ancient times is, with proper control by analogies from other nations, a firm ground for proceeding. It may substitute facts concerning the songs and literary monuments, the men who composed them, and the persons for whom they were composed, in the place of

vague claims of feudal and monarchical grandeur which, if true, would not present the original and fascinating traits we find here. Not all, but a great deal, can be told of a plant and its environment from the structure of a flower, its color, its perfume. The literature of a people is its most enduring bloom. Not in all cases are the remains of Irish literature fresh and glowing; but compare them with those of most nations, and see how astonishingly vivid they are! What would not Germans, what would not Frenchmen, give for the honor of pointing to such a wealth of epic and historic literature! The Irish literary past reminds one of the chambers recently discovered in the cliffs of Egypt, where the blossoms wreathing the bodies of the royal dead are stiff and without perfume, but retain much of their original brilliance, so that the imagination can recover the flower-beds of the Pharaos, and the scientific intellect can reconstruct the flora of Egypt as it was in the age of the pyramids.

FACTS AND SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THE COLORED PEOPLE.

In the present article we wish to make the reader acquainted with what is being done for religion and morals among the Southern negroes. It may be well at the outset to simply indicate why no considerable portion of the race is Catholic. Like master, like man; the masters of the slaves were Protestants almost everywhere in the South. Our little germ of Catholicity at present among the blacks is owing to the Catholic training given their slaves by the very small number of slave-holding Catholics.

Let us first take a glance at the doctrinal beliefs of the colored masses. To say that their views are vague, divergent, contradictory but feebly expresses the true state of things.

Some years ago, in company with some friends, we visited the Howard University at Washington, one of the most prominent places of higher studies for colored youth in the Union. When the courteous professor led us into the divinity class, "Gentlemen," said he, "here are members of seven different persuasions being prepared for the ministry." And our smiles rather perplexed him. In fact, the Protestant blacks but imitate the Protestant whites in doctrine, and of course fall far below their

models. They have but the vaguest notions of the most fundamental truths, such as the Trinity and Redemption. Not seldom we meet them with scarcely any idea of God at all, and ignorance of even the Ten Commandments may in many districts almost be called general. As to morality, to say that either in principle or practice it is anything like equal to that of our white Protestants would be to show utter ignorance of slavery's deep pits, from which this people have so recently come forth. To expect a race to rise from a state such as that of the negroes in ante-bellum times to a healthy moral tone within twenty years is asking too much. History—church history even—has no such instance. And what race in all our broad land can fling the stone of innocency at them?—for their hybrids can claim kinship with every race among us. Judge Tourgee's words about this question are as true as they are eloquent:

"'The fact,' said the chief-justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, 'that two slaves have *taken up* with each other, no matter under what pretended ceremony of marriage, and have lived together as if in the marital relation, in no sense constitutes them husband and wife, nor clothes them with any of the rights and privileges of that relation.' The influence of this doctrine is no doubt distinctly visible in the morals of the race to which it was applied. . . . The chief difference between American slavery and that which the world has known in other lands and ages was that it did not pass through the intermediary stages of serfdom in its downfall. The American slave was transformed into a freeman without development, without instruction; one day a slave, the next a citizen—changed in the twinkling of an eye. Hitherto the road from slavery has always been a harsh and rugged one. One right after another has been won with difficulty and danger. Blood has flowed and generations of struggle have engendered a fortitude worthy of the liberty that came at length as its reward. This is the universal history of European development. . . . We may hope—we must hope; but that very hope should teach us that simple liberty is not all that is required to transform the slave into a freeman. The African of America must have time to learn very much and to forget still more before the Proclamation of Emancipation will have become effectual. On this fact depends the duty of to-day. The slave may be emancipated; the freeman must be developed. We may believe in a result consonant with liberty and our ideas of justice; but the fact that such an outcome is not demonstrable should teach the people of the whole land that the end of duty is not yet" (*Hot Plowshares*, p. 148).

No one will gainsay these conclusions; the colored man needs moral development, and it is the duty of all to aid in this development. Let us see the work of the religious denominations. Of the Catholic churches of the South there are about a dozen set apart for colored people exclusively. There are also a few

churches where white and black worship together on a footing of something like equality. In the ordinary parish churches of the South there are galleries reserved for colored Catholics. To every Catholic church this poor people are of course welcome—most welcome. Within the walls of her temples the Catholic Church recognizes all alike. The confessional, the altar-rail, the word of God, the Holy Sacrifice are for all men without distinction of race or color: the church rejects no man. But we know that there are many individual Catholics, and we fear some congregations, for whom this spirit of their holy mother is only in the high regions of sentiment and theory. The unlucky child of Cham who is seen anywhere but on a side-bench or demurely kneeling in the rear, or up in the colored-gallery, or in the space fenced off for his accommodation will, in many localities, not soon forget his blunder.

The Protestant churches for colored people alone are numbered by thousands in the Southern States. They dot the whole face of the country and are numerous in towns and cities, and are of all kinds, from the shed built by the Freedmen's Bureau to the metropolitan church of Baltimore, built of stone. Compared to them the Catholic churches of every kind are but as oases in the desert.

The following list giving the number of communicants is taken from official sources:

African Methodist Episcopal Church	214,808
Methodist Episcopal Zion Church (colored)	190,000
Colored Methodist Episcopal Church	112,300
Methodist Episcopal Church (colored members estimated)	300,000
Colored Baptists (estimated)	500,000
	1,317,108

Communicants—computed, as we are reliably informed, from the age of seven years—may be safely set down as half the entire membership of every kind. Add then the few hundred thousand Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Quakers, the number of nominal Christian negroes in the South may be about three millions. There cannot be more than 100,000 Catholics among the colored people. And since the negroes in the whole United States were in 1880 6,580,793, of whom 6,082,764 were in the South, it is clear that about six millions of this race are numbered not among the children of the mother and mistress of all the churches.

But what interests us particularly is the study of the missionary enterprises of white Protestants of the North among the blacks. The following is a statement of the work of the Methodist Episcopal Church; we quote from an instructive work by a Methodist minister, entitled *Our Brother in Black*, p. 180:

"From 1865 to January, 1881, the society [Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church] donated for building churches, in round numbers, $830,000. Of the whole amount nearly $200,000 have been used for the benefit of the colored people. Of their loan-fund—used only in loans—about $50,000 have been used among the colored people. The society has aided not less than 1,000 churches which are for the use of the colored people exclusively."

The Methodist Episcopal Church, then, gives one-fourth of its church-building funds to the colored race; of the church buildings of all kinds which it assisted, one-third are for their use exclusively; of its loans to its church societies in the South, the negroes received one-fourth. We have not space to detail the contributions of other Protestant bodies. But this is a fine specimen of religious zeal giving regular and liberal help to a despised race. Where is there any such organized action among Catholics? Yet this is the work of but one sect, and we know that pretty nearly all the Protestant bodies in America are engaged in the same field. Let us now turn to the educational field.

One of the most attractive novels of an author who writes in behalf of the black race—*Bricks without Straw*—ends with a cut of an open spelling-book, across the pages of which are printed the words, "In hoc signo vinces." There are multitudes who think with that charming writer that education—and by that term they, for the most part, mean any kind of schooling, secular or religious—is the chief force to elevate the colored race. True education, such as the Christian alone knows how to give, including the development of the whole man, looking to his welfare both temporal and eternal, giving a right understanding of this life and the next, unfolding his true relations to both God and his fellow-men, would elevate any race. At all events a determined, we might say an heroic, effort is being made to educate the children of the colored people. We first offer a table of public-school statistics taken from the report of the Commissioner of Education for 1880:

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

Table showing comparative population and enrolment of the white and colored races in the public schools of the recent slave States, with total annual expenditure for the same in 1880.

STATES.	WHITE.			COLORED.			Total expenditure for both races.
	School Population.	Enrolment.	Percentage enrolled.	School Population.	Enrolment.	Percentage enrolled.	
Alabama.....	217,590	107,483	49	170,413	72,007	42	$375,465
Arkansas.....	181,799	53,229	29	54,332	17,743	33	238,056
Delaware	31,505	25,053	80	3,954	2,770	70	207,281
Florida	46,410	18,871	41	42,099	20,444	49	114,895
Georgia	236,319	150,134	64	197,125	86,399	45	471,029
Kentucky.	478,597	241,679	50	66,564	23,902	36	803,490
Louisiana.....	139,661	44,052	32	134,184	34,476	26	480,320
Maryland.....	213,669	134,210	63	63,591	28,221	44	1,544,367
Mississippi.....	175,251	112,994	64	251,438	123,710	49	830,704
Missouri.....	681,995	454,218	67	41,489	22,158	53	3,152,178
N. Carolina....	291,770	136,481	47	167,554	89,125	53	352,882
S. Carolina.....	83,813	61,219	73	144,315	72,853	50	324,629
Tennessee.....	403,353	229,290	57	141,509	60,851	43	724,862
Texas	171,426	138,912	81	62,015	47,874	77	753,346
Virginia.....	314,827	152,136	48	240,980	68,600	28	946,109
West Virginia ..	202,364	138,779	68	7,749	4,071	53	716,864
Dist. of Colum..	29,612	16,934	57	13,946	9,505	68	438,567
Total.....	3,899,961	2,215,674		1,803,257	784,709		$12,475,044

It seems strange that the three States having the most—perhaps nine-tenths—of the Catholic negroes have a very low percentage of attendance: Maryland, less than one-half; Kentucky, a little more than one-third; and Louisiana, something more than one-quarter. The attendance at Catholic schools—one six-hundredth part of the school population—would not sensibly affect this percentage. It is unfortunate that in Catholic centres they seem to have the poorest chances for schooling. For, according to *Sadliers' Directory*, these three States, Maryland, Kentucky, and Louisiana, have over one-half of the Catholic population of all races in the South—viz., 666,918 out of a total 1,255,201.

We now turn to the work of the Protestant societies in the school-rooms of the South. We again quote from *Our Brother in Black*, p. 170:

"The American Missionary Association (supported mainly by Congregationalists) is carrying on 8 chartered institutions, 12 high and normal schools, and 24 common schools in the South. In all of them there are

7,207 pupils taught by 163 teachers. . . . This work costs money—a great deal of it. Saying nothing of the hundreds of thousands invested in buildings and school property, the work of the society in the South costs considerably more than $100,000 a year."

Speaking of another denomination, the same author writes (p. 174):

"The Freedmen's Aid Society is the child of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I quote here from the thirteenth annual report [apparently for 1879]: The society has aided in the establishment and support of the following schools: Chartered institutions with collegiate powers, 6; theological schools, 3; medical college, 1; institutions not chartered, 10. In these institutions the number of pupils taught during the year is classified as follows; biblical, 372; law, 23; medical, 85; collegiate, 90; academic, 220; normal, 1,100; intermediate, 217; primary, 832—total, 2,939. Amount of permanent school property, more than $250,000. Number of teachers employed this year, 80. This society has expended in this work during thirteen years $893,918 46. Nearly every dollar came from the North."

Now for the Baptists (p. 178):

"The American Baptist Home Mission, of New York, has expended something over $200,000 for buildings for educational purposes among the colored people of the South, about $300,000 for salaries, and about $300,000 for current expenses and beneficiary students. These sums, together with amounts contributed for permanent endowment, represent an aggregate of about $1,000,000 contributed through the society for educational (including theological and normal) instruction among the freedmen. The institutions assisted contained an aggregate of 1,191 pupils in 1880. There is now an institution in Selma, Alabama, with 260 students, partly supported by the board; and one at Live Oak, Florida, the number of students not reported."

The Presbyterians, the Episcopalians, and the Quakers are also engaged in this work. The first-named had in 1880 "two normal schools in the South; three institutions for secondary instruction; one university (*sic*) located at Charlotte, North Carolina, and one at Oxford, Pennsylvania" (ibid. p. 180). We may mention in passing that some years ago the one in Pennsylvania, named after Lincoln, offered free education and support to two Catholic colored boys of Baltimore. Love for their faith, however, made them refuse the offer, though they knew very well that the advantages they were then rejecting could never be theirs, since no Catholic college in the United States, great or small, would receive them—children of the same holy mother. "The Episcopalians have established two normal schools and seven schools for secondary instruction" (ibid. p. 181). It is noteworthy that long before there was a white Catho-

lic sisterhood specially devoted to the colored mission an Episcopalian community was in the field. To their credit be it written, these women have been known to send, and even to come themselves, for a priest, when asked to do so by the sick whom they were visiting. Besides the organized efforts of the Protestant societies and the private donations of their members, there is another permanent revenue, which we may be sure will go to them—"The John F. Slater Fund." Mr. Slater was a millowner of Connecticut, and gave one million dollars in four per cent. bonds to form a fund for the education of the negro. Forty thousand dollars yearly are administered by a board of trustees, whose president is R. B. Hayes, ex-President of the United States, and whose agent is a Methodist clergyman named Haygood, of Atlanta, Ga. At first the money was to go to normal schools; later on the trustees concluded to help schools in which trades were taught. The whole affair savors strongly of Methodism, and that denomination is likely to be the dispenser of this revenue. It is needless to say that over and above all this there are scattered efforts of various Protestant societies and individuals whose aggregate assistance must be very material indeed. The *History of the Negro Race* gives as the number of pupils during 1879 in all such schools 14,054, very many of whom were normal scholars or pursuing an academic course of studies.

Let us now look at what the Catholic Church is doing. The following figures, taken from *Sadliers' Directory* for this year, seem to cover all our efforts:

Dioceses.	No. of Schools.	No. of Pupils.	
Baltimore, Md.	5	808	(Colored Sisters' Academy included.)
Charleston, S. C.	1	100	
Cincinnati, Ohio	1	90	
Leavenworth, Kansas	1	80	
Louisville, Ky.	6	312	
Mobile, Ala.	1	..	
Natchez, Miss.	5	135	
Natchitoches, La.	3	60	
New Orleans, La.	6	380	(No report of one school.)
Richmond, Va.	1	53	(Not in *Directory*.)
Savannah, Ga.	3	75	(No report of one school.)
St. Augustine, Fla.	5	..	
St. Louis, Mo.	1	160	
	39	2,253	

The attendance of 8 schools is not given. Allowing for them the average of the schools where the numbers are given—that is, 72—then 576 must be added to the above total, making in all 2,829. There are, moreover, a few orphans in the asylum at

Leavenworth, 35 in St. Francis' Asylum, Baltimore, and 30 strays in St. Elizabeth's Infant Home, Baltimore. In all about 2,900 children are under Catholic tutelage.

To sum up, then, the attendance at all schools, public and private, for negro children in the Southern States, we have the following statistics (Report of Commissioner of Education for 1880):

Table showing the number of schools for the colored race and enrolment in them, by institutions, without reference to States.

Class of Institutions.	Schools.	Enrolment.
Public schools	16,669	784,709
Normal schools	44	7,408
Institutions for secondary instruction	36	5,237
Universities and colleges	15	1,717
Schools of theology	22	800
Schools of law	3	33
Schools of medicine	2	87
Schools for the deaf and dumb and the blind	2	122
	16,793	800,113
Catholic schools (less 220 in four schools included above)	35	2,609
	16,828	802,722

In these figures are not included the colored children of the Northern States. We have, then, the grand total of attendance, or rather enrolment, of colored children, 802,722, while their school population is 1,803,257. In other words, one million colored children never darken the door of any school-room. More than one-half of this unfortunate race must grow up in utter ignorance. And what is remarkable about this matter is that, according to the reports of the Commissioner of Education, as the years roll on the ratio of enrolment does not keep up with the increase of the school population.

As to the cost of education in the South, we may say that in the public schools the number of white children is about three times that of the colored, and the gross expense for all is over twelve millions; we have thus something over four millions expended on nearly eight hundred thousand colored children, making the cost of each child yearly about $5. The cost of every child educated by the American Missionary Association is about $14, and every one under the Freedmen's Aid Society costs nearly $17. In the Catholic schools that we know the cost of a child is not quite $5. In other words, the Protestant societies spend in proportion half as much again as the States and the Catholic Church taken together. There are good explanations

for this, as the societies mentioned have advanced schools, unknown to the States or the church, which entail heavy expenses. The most curious point is that the District of Columbia spends an absurdly large amount to educate its children—viz., $438,567 on 16,934 white children and 9,505 colored. It may be added that in the District colored school-teachers predominate in their own schools.

In educating the colored children the States receive help from the Peabody fund, and in the future will no doubt be greatly assisted by Congressional appropriations. The Protestant religious schools are supported by rich and well-organized bodies in the North; but the poor Catholic colored schools shift on, no one knows how. Some of them are supported by the parents whose children attend them; others are partly supported by the parents; others are kept up by the money raised by entertainments, concerts, etc., by the colored members of the churches to which such schools belong, and white Catholics of the localities have continually contributed with generosity. But we doubt very much if any of the Catholic colored schools receive help from other sources than local, excepting the trifle spared from the pittance granted to some dioceses by the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

We have joined education and religion in our view of the negro problem, because one without the other can hardly flourish nowadays. Education which leaves eternity out of account is but a poor boon to beings destined to live for ever; and religion in the nineteenth century without the rudiments of secular instruction is apt to be poorly equipped with the necessary means of self-preservation.

Now, any amount of practical knowledge of the American people and institutions produces the conviction that, in a generation or two at most, every child in this country will have a school to go to and a teacher paid by somebody to give instruction in the primary branches. For a Catholic child, black or white, to go to a public or private non-Catholic school in the Southern States is going to be far more dangerous to his religion than in the North; for the Southern Protestants are much more bigoted and enormously more numerous in proportion than their Northern brethren. There is no place in America where the dread and hatred of Catholicity is so intense as in the States where the negroes live. Calumnies stale for twenty-five years in the North are current in the South. You often find Maria Monk's *Revelations* beside the Bible. There are populous coun-

ties in every Southern State, except the border ones and Louisiana, where there is not the faintest resemblance to a Catholic congregation; localities where a Catholic priest was never seen; and vast and powerful States, like North Carolina, where the Catholics are less in number than the smallest congregation of the city of New York. It is easy to see, then, that a neutral school, if such a thing could be possible anywhere, is not possible South. Every uncatholic school there will be strictly and squarely anti-Catholic. These facts we state that Catholics may bear in mind that if the education of the masses of the negroes by somebody is a foregone conclusion, so is their deeper and deeper aversion to the true religion as time goes on, unless we set to work to establish Catholic mission-schools among them.

Mission-schools and mission-churches for the Southern colored people, supported by the Catholics of the North, are the need of the hour, in our opinion, if we are going to do any notable work for the spread of the true faith.

The field is vast and the prospects are inviting. About three millions of negroes are professedly of no religion. As many more follow Protestant vagaries in their lowest type. Of doctrine ignorant, in morals to a great extent depraved, as a race despised, and with prospects very doubtful, they need tender hands like the Good Samaritan's. Of their children over a million are now shut out from the chance of being educated, and will be so for at least a few years to come; while of those going to school, only a handful bow the head to the crucified Saviour in the Catholic school-room. Now, for so gigantic a work it is idle to look to the Catholics of the South, though it is true that the little now being done is supported to a great extent by their charity. The population of the States in which the negroes live, according to the census of 1880, is 18,412,402 whites and 6,082,764 colored. The Catholics are about one-tenth of the white, one-fifth of the colored, and one-sixteenth of the whole number. Two-thirds of the Catholics, moreover, are in Maryland, Kentucky, Louisiana, and the diocese of St. Louis. The remaining third are scattered over thirteen States and a part of a fourteenth—viz., Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kansas, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, and a part of Missouri. These States are larger than Great Britain, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy together. How very few Catholics in such an extensive territory! The prophet, did he visit them, might well liken them to the old grapes left here and there upon the vines after the vintage. It

is unnecessary to say anything about the poverty of the Southern Catholics. The few families once wealthy belonging to the old faith lost their all in the war.

Southern Protestants, who are so much more numerous and of far greater wealth than their Catholic neighbors, depend on their Northern friends to care for the cause of religion and education among the colored people. "I want to publicly thank you, men of the North," said United States Senator Brown, of Georgia, in 1880, speaking of the Northern aid for educating the blacks, "for doing what we were not able to do. We are too poor. But it needed to be done. You have done it. I thank you and pray you to continue your help." He was permitted to speak for millions and to millions. He voiced the crying needs of multitudes who could not speak for themselves, who did not even know the depths of their need. The Catholics of the North are willing to help in this great work. But it must be presented to them. The adage, "Out of sight, out of mind," is particularly true of charitable deeds. Some way by which the great harvest within their own country will be regularly and constantly kept before the view of our brother-Catholics of the North seems obviously necessary. This implies an harmonious and organized method. That this is the mind of the hierarchy was plainly shown by the words of the pastoral of the recent Plenary Council directing the raising of funds for the purpose.

The favorable manner in which the press of the land, far and near, received the bishop of Savannah's eloquent pastoral on the church's work among the negroes seems to indicate that any movement on her part to cultivate so greatly neglected a portion of the Master's vineyard would be cordially encouraged on all hands. Catholics cannot but desire the conversion and salvation of this race. And the conservative element among Protestants must recognize in the church a stanch bulwark against the evils asserted as menacing the country because of the unfortunate position of the negro. The church, moreover, has the only true means to uplift him, and in doing so in nowise endangers the safety of the country. A stupendous task, indeed, but not too great for the church, whose power is that of the Lord of Hosts! And begin she will soon. Then the reproach will disappear that in a Christian land there are six millions of men, almost an entire race, who are strangers to the Catholic Church.

A MEANING OF THE *IDYLS OF THE KING.*

IT would seem that an apology is necessary in presuming to interpret Lord Tennyson's *Idyls* in a sense, as far as the writer knows, hitherto never given to them by their host of admirers. Yet it seems so evident that they warrant such an interpretation that it is strange they have never before been so regarded. I rely solely upon their own intrinsic evidence, by which light is revealed a unity and depth of meaning far beyond what is commonly supposed to be their only contents. Like a string of pearls, each of which is individually independent of the other yet bound together by the same strand, each shedding its own brilliancy yet blending its lustre with that of its neighbor, together they flash out in unison a color and a fire such as would be wholly lost were they separated. It is true that each distinctly possesses its own value and beauty, but this is enhanced a hundred-fold in the bond of a common unity. What this is we shall better learn from the poems themselves. For the want of space we shall take only three of them to illustrate what we mean. These three shall be the first, the "Coming of Arthur," one intermediate, "Gareth and Lynette," and the last of all, the "Passing of Arthur."

Before the coming of Arthur discord reigned in Britain; there was neither law nor peace; internal strife from within and war from the heathen without.

> "For many a petty king ere Arthur came
> Ruled in this isle, and, ever waging war
> Each upon other, wasted all the land;
> And still from time to time the heathen
> Swarm'd over seas, and harried what was left.
> And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
> Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
> But man was less and less, till Arthur came."

That central idea to which we just now referred, as we shall more fully see later on, lies in the moral unity which flows from Arthur's spiritual nature, by which he overcomes the discord within, the heathen without, and establishes a kingdom under one head, to whom all else is subject. Before the coming of the spiritual man there was perpetual petty war between the passions of man and himself as to which should gain dominion. The passions predominated, and so the beast grew stronger in him, while

the man grew less and less. Not till Arthur came, subjugating the lower to the higher, the carnal to the spiritual, creating the order of the Round Table, which is the organized life of the spiritual man, was a kingdom founded wherein one was king and all others subjects. Arthur goes to the assistance of Leodogran, King of Cameliard, who

> "Sent to him, saying, 'Arise and help us thou!
> For here between the man and beast we die.'"

When Arthur comes to the land of Leodogran he there sees Guinevere, the king's daughter, and

> "Felt the light of her eyes into his life
> Smite on the sudden";

and

> "Passing thence to battle, felt
> Travail, and throes and agonies of life,
> Desiring to be joined with Guinevere."

Here is the spiritual element, in so far as the human soul has been created for union with the body, evincing its natural tendency to be joined to that body for which in the natural order it is destined. Arthur then thinks to himself:

> "'Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
> Up to my throne, and side by side with me?'"

In that union he is to work his will, and

> "Have power on this dark land to lighten it,
> And power on this dead world to make it live."

The spiritual nature, by uniting itself to the carnal, is to lift it up, infusing its own spiritual life into it, and by means of this make the dead world live, which otherwise would lie dead in the flesh. Here is the keynote to the *Idyls*—the war of time and the grosser elements of human nature upon the soul. In "Gareth and Lynette" we find it depicted in the allegory sculptured on the walls of the pass leading to the hermit's cell:

> "'Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here,
> Whose holy hand hath fashioned on the rock
> The war of Time against the soul of man.
> . . . . . .
> Know ye not these?' And Gareth lookt and read—
> . . . . . .
> 'Phosphorus,' then 'Meridies'—'Hesperus'—
> 'Nox'—'Mors,' beneath five figures, armèd men,
> Slab after slab, their faces forward all,
> And running down the soul, a Shape that fled,
> With broken wings, torn raiment, and loose hair,
> For help and shelter to the hermit's cave."

The soul seeks refuge from the pursuit of its enemies in the spiritual life. Arthur rescues the body from its own passions by lifting it to himself and yet holding it as subject.

When Arthur asks Leodogran to give him Guinevere to wife the king doubts Arthur's kingship, as the flesh calls in question the soul's supremacy. He asks for confirmation of Arthur's title; sending for his chamberlain, requires his counsel:

> "Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?"

The chamberlain refers him to Bleys, who typifies knowledge, and Merlin, who typifies wisdom, who alone know "the secret of our Arthur's birth." Bleys was Merlin's master, but the latter soon outstripped him, for wisdom is greater than knowledge as we read in "In Memoriam":

> "Let her know her place:
> She is the second, not the first.
> . . . . . .
> For she is earthly of the mind,
> But wisdom heavenly of the soul."

Merlin is Arthur's great friend, builds him his cities and palaces, and guides him in the ruling of the realm. We are referred to Merlin for the secret of Arthur's birth. When Merlin presents Arthur to the quarrelling barons they cry out:

> "'Away with him!
> No king of ours.'"

There shall be no spiritual supremacy for the warring passions; each desired to rule his own, and preferred the strife of carnal license to the unity of spiritual liberty. None know of Arthur's birth, and most doubt; some few, as Bedivere, Ulfius, Brastias, and Bellicent, believe in him as true king, but their acceptance of him is on faith.

Whilst Leodogran is debating within himself the legitimacy of Arthur, Bellicent comes to Cameliard and tells the king at his request what she knows of Arthur's coming, and how

> "In simple words of great authority"

he bound his knights

> "By so straight vows to his own self
> That when they rose knighted from kneeling, some
> Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
> Some flushed and others dazed, as one who wakes
> Half-blinded at the coming of the light";

and when he speaks "large, divine, and comfortable words" to them in order to confirm them in their vows, she beholds.

> "From eye to eye through all their order flash
> A momentary likeness of the king:
> And ere it left their faces, through the cross
> And those around it and the Crucified,
> Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
> Flame color, vert, and azure, in three rays,
> And falling upon each of three fair queens,
> Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
> Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright,
> Sweet faces, who will help him at his need."

Merlin was there,

> "And near him stood the Lady of the Lake—
> Who knows a subtler magic than his own—
> Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful;
> She gave the king his huge cross-hilted sword,
> Whereby to drive the heathen out; a mist
> Of incense curled about her, and her face
> Well-nigh was hidden in the minster gloom;
> But there was heard among the holy hymns
> A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
> Down in a deep calm, whatsoever storms
> May shake the world, and, when the surface rolls,
> Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord."

The picture here presented to us is replete with meaning. First we have a spiritual organization effected by the knights swearing their vows to the spiritual man, and becoming like to him because of the vows that lifted them up to his great desire and purpose. Whilst the vow still trembled on the lip, from above comes a three-colored light in three rays, falling upon each of three fair queens, Charity, Hope, and Faith, according to their respective colors, flame, vert, and azure. They are Arthur's friends, the three theological virtues, who are to help the soul in its need. Merlin is there, but more especially to be noticed is the Lady of the Lake, typifying religion, who possesses a subtler magic even than Merlin's. She dwells beneath the waters in a deep calm, and, like her Lord and Founder, has power to walk the troubled waters. She gives to Arthur his brand Excalibur, wherewith to drive the heathen out—that is to say, it is religion who gives the soul the spiritual weapons wherewith to war against the passions and hell, typified by the heathen. Excalibur is to be used and then cast away, but not until the soul itself leaves its earthly tenement, after which it no longer has need of a weapon, for it

then passes from the body militant either to the church triumphant or suffering.

Let us here consider the description of the image of the Lady of the Lake as it is depicted sculptured on the gates of Camelot in "Gareth and Lynette":

> "And there was no gate like it under heaven;
> For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined
> And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
> The Lady of the Lake stood: all her dress
> Wept from her sides as water flowing away;
> But like the cross her great and goodly arms
> Stretched under all the cornice and upheld:
> And drops of water fell from either hand;
> And down from one a sword was hung, from one
> A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
> And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish;
> And in the space to left of her and right
> Were Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
> New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
> Were nothing, so inveterately that men
> Were giddy gazing there; and over all,
> High on the top, were those three queens, the friends
> Of Arthur who should help him at his need."

It is scarcely necessary to make any comment on this passage. It speaks for itself. The upholding arms of the Lady of the Lake signify the sustaining power of religion in the social and spiritual order; the water flowing from her hands, absolution; the suspended sword, her spiritual weapons; the censer, prayer; and the sacred fish, the Christian symbol of Christ. Arthur's wars in the spaces to her right and left typify the soul's battles with time; the three queens above, Faith, Hope, and Charity, the theological virtues. Whilst Gareth and his followers are staring in wonder at the gate an ancient, gray-bearded man comes out from the city and asks them who they are. Gareth, keeping his incognito, tells him falsely, and at the same time asks him to convince his doubting followers of the truth of the city's reality, which they had just called in question:

> "'These my men
> (Your city moved so weirdly in the mist)
> Doubt if the king be king at all, or come
> From fairyland; and whether this be built
> By magic, and fairy kings and queens,
> Or whether there be any city at all,
> Or all a vision.'"

Camelot is the spiritual city, which the tillers of the field, whom the old seer afterwards calls cattle of the field, declared was no real city, but a vision—the carnal man, in other words, holding to matter as the only reality.

> "Then that old seer made answer, playing on him
> And saying, 'Son, I have seen the good ship sail
> Keel upward and mast downward in the heavens,
> And solid turrets topsy-turvy in air;
> And here is truth.'"

To those who are submerged in the grossness of their lower nature the truth appears as absurd as the wonders the old seer narrates. For all that there is truth in the narration, although incomprehensible to Gareth's henchmen.

> "'But an' it please thee not,
> Take thou the truth as thou hast told it me.
> For truly, as thou sayst, a fairy king
> And fairy queens have built the city, son.
> . . . . . .
> And, as thou sayst, it is enchanted, son,
> For there is nothing in it, as it seems,
> Saving the king; though some there be that hold
> The king a shadow and the city real.'"

If Gareth enters he will fall a victim to the king's enchantments; but if he dread to swear the king's vows,

> "'Pass not beneath this gateway, but abide
> Without, among the cattle of the field.'"

The spiritual man is a shadow to the carnal man, and this is truth to him, but it is falsehood to the one who knows the reality of things. He who wishes to abide within the spiritual city must swear the King's vows and keep them, and only in that way can he know the truth; otherwise he must abide without among the cattle of the field, who as brutes know only matter.

When Gareth, angered by the seer's mocking answer, retorts indignantly, he replies:

> "'Know ye not, then, the riddling of the bards?
> "Confusion, and illusion, and relation,
> Elusion, and occasion, and evasion"?
> I mock thee not but as thou mock'st me,
> . . . . . .
> And now thou goest up to mock the king,
> Who cannot brook the shadow of a lie.'"

You who are blinded to the spiritual nature of things, take my

words after the manner of your own affliction, blindly. The truth is confusion and illusion to you who regard it as a lie. It is not I who mock you, but yourself, mocking the truth, think all else mockery. You even dare to go into the presence of the king with this falsehood on your brow; but he will not brook such deception. He who wishes to enter into the spiritual city must do so cleansed and free from all taint of falsehood, and unless he be so purified that city will seem an hallucination and a mockery to him. Arthur, the spiritual man, cannot suffer falsehood to abide with him.

In these passages from "Gareth and Lynette" we have confirmation of the passages we quoted from the "Coming of Arthur": religion, as typified in the Lady of the Lake, arming the soul with its spiritual weapons, and endowed with a superhuman power to guard and uphold the social and spiritual fabric; the spiritual man lifting up the carnal to the vision of the truth by union with him, and bestowing upon him freedom from the flesh in binding him to the obedience of the noblest in him, the spiritual.

After Bellicent describes to Leodogran the founding of the Round Table she narrates the story which the dying Bleys told of Arthur's coming: how he and Merlin, descending to the beach on a stormy night,

> "Beheld, so high upon the dreamy deeps
> It seemed in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
> A dragon winged, and all from stem to stern
> Bright with a shining people on the decks,
> And gone as soon as seen."

They then "dropt to the cove," and as they stand upon the beach, borne upon a huge wave "full of voices," "and in a flame," a naked babe is washed up from the deep, whom Merlin catches in his arms and cries: "The king! Here is an heir for Uther." As the seer stands there a flame of fire surrounds him and the child,

> "And presently thereafter followed calm,
> Free sky and stars."

Merlin, when questioned by Bellicent as to the truth of this tale, answers her in "riddling triplets of old times":

> "Rain, rain, and sun! A rainbow in the sky!
> A young man will be wiser by and by;
> An old man's wits may wander ere he die.

"Rain, rain, and sun! A rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me and that to thee;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

"Rain, sun, and rain! And the free blossom blows!
Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Bellicent here stands for that human desire to pierce all mystery, to know whence comes that spiritual element; and Merlin answers her in what she calls riddles, because they are beyond her limited comprehension, for it is only the eagle's eye can gaze upon the full glory of the sun. Besides the allusion to Bleys' wandering wits, Merlin's triplets cloak a great truth, but which Bellicent fails to grasp, and hence calls them riddles. Life has its many vicissitudes, its rain and its sunshine, storm and calm, hopes and fears, but truth ever abides the same in the midst of all, whether clothed or naked. The soul, which is the house of truth, passes through all changes of time, all vicissitudes of space, but from eternity to eternity it passes.

"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Merlin's riddling angers her, but wisdom knows better than to unveil the light to eyes too weak to endure its brilliancy. So Merlin's words are riddles to Bellicent, yet she believes in the king, for her faith stands her in the stead of knowledge. Merlin has sworn,

"Though men may wound him, that he will not die"

—wisdom affirming the immortality of the soul, which passes but cannot die.

Leodogran is pleased with what he hears, but still doubts, and, growing drowsy, nods and sleeps, and sees a land filled with war, rapine, and fire, and on the top of a high peak, half-hidden in a thick mist, a phantom king, who cries out to others there in a loud voice; but they heed him not, and slay on, and burn, and cry out, "No king of ours!" Then his dream changes; the solid earth disappears, and the erst phantom king stands out the only reality of all, standing "in heaven crowned." In Leodogran's dream we have the turmoil and strife of life, the fierce war of the passions, blinding the healthy vision, poisoning the atmosphere, whilst men in the heat and rage of contest are crying out against their better natures and swearing the spiritual man is no king of theirs. Each is his own master and owes obedience to none. When the battle is over and the dust of contest laid, and

the smoke and flame of passion passed away which had obscured the light, the spiritual man stands out in his glory a crowned king, the only abiding presence where all else has perished.

Leodogran consents, and Guinevere is given to Arthur to wife, which twain Dubric the high-priest blesses, saying:

> "'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
> Other; and may thy queen be one with thee,
> And all this order of thy Table Round
> Fulfil the boundless purpose of the king.'"

The world is to become other by the union of the flesh with the spirit, "men lifted up above the brutish sense," and the spiritual order established in the Round Table to work the purpose of the king. At the marriage-feast the great lords of Rome, "the slowly fading mistress of the world," come and demand tribute; but Arthur refuses it, telling them that

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new";

that the reign of Rome is over; a new era, a new law, has come in, and the might of Rome is dead. Henceforth man is to be governed by a spiritual king; the old allegiance to the world has passed away, and a new kingdom has been established. Arthur and his knights strive with Rome, and, through being "one in will,"

> "Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
> The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reigned."

The spiritual order is established and proven in its warfare with the heathen, and the knights cemented together by their vows:

> "To reverence the king as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their king;
> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ;
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
> To lead sweet lives in purest chastity;
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds
> Until they won her."

By this means was to come about the cleansing of the realm, the purification of the heart and strengthening of the will by directing the desires to a pure object and disciplining them by repeated efforts to the attainment of its ideal. In this way the passions are to be subjected to the control of right reason; not stamped out, but guided to their true and proper objects. We

have here a grand and beautiful harmony effected—the affections, the will, and the intellect in unison tending to the goal of perfection: law, order, and justice reigning in the spiritual man. Dagonet, in the "Last Tournament," calls it "Arthur's music," the soul's harmony with the true and the good. But all this is soon to be broken by a hideous discord; this beautiful house which the soul has builded up to the music of truth and goodness soon falls into ruin and desolation. The music is broken by the discord of evil, and Dagonet, seeing the approaching dissolution, declares, in the "Last Tournament," that Arthur's harp, as before,

> "'Makes a silent music up in heaven,
> And I and Arthur and the angels hear,
> And then we skip.'"

But Tristram cannot hear, for he has sinned and broken that harmony. The first discord comes in the sin of the queen and Lancelot: the flesh rebels against the spiritual dominion of the soul, and in seeking its carnal gratification breaks the bond of union. Then follows the sin of Tristram and Isolt.

> "'Then others, following these my mightiest knights
> And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
> Sinned also.'"

The passions are let loose from the bridle of restraint, and finally leap beyond all curb. One defection succeeds another; treachery, treason, and war quickly follow; peace dies and strife again is born. The spiritual kingdom is broken up, for there is rebellion in the flesh.

To trace the course of this pollution through the successive tableaux of the different idyls is beyond our present scope. We will but take a hasty glance at the closing picture of the "Passing of Arthur."

The smouldering fires of treason have at length broken forth into the lurid flame of rebellion, and the king is about to fight his last great fight before he passes. Arthur is forewarned of his coming departure by the ghost of Gawain, who, blown

> "Along a wandering wind and past his ear,
> Went shrilling, 'Hollow, hollow all delight!
> Hail, king! to-morrow thou shalt pass away
> Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee;
> And I am blown along a wandering wind,
> And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight!'"

This is Gawain, "light of love" and faithless to his word, for ever blown about upon a wandering wind, and, like Dante's Francesca, bewailing that irrevocable past which he once revelled in as the very substance of life, and now, finding its emptiness, moans out the vanity of the world. But to Arthur, the spiritual man, who has ever stood firm in the midst of the shocks of the conflict around him, he promises rest, and passes on with his wail of perpetual sorrow.

Then follows the great battle in the west with its true Homeric proportions. Arthur and Bedivere remain alone upon the field, and Bedivere, in the full puissance of faith, hails him as king even in that last extremity:

> "'My king!
> King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
> There also will I worship thee as king.'"

Modred approaches them and Bedivere points him out to Arthur:

> "'He that brought
> The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
> Modred, unharmed, the traitor of thine house.'
> Then spake the king: 'My house has been my doom.
> But call not thou this traitor of my house,
> Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
> My house are rather those who sware my vows,
> Yea, even while they brake them owned me king.
> And well for thee saying in my dark hour,
> When all the purport of my throne has failed,
> That quick or dead thou holdest me for king.
> King am I, whatsoever be their cry.'"

Through Modred's treason the heathen had been brought back again; internal discord had opened the doors to the foes without; the lower man, through sin, had betrayed the peace and unity of the soul, whose integrity, now shattered, lay bare to the attacks of all malignants. Bedivere still declares Arthur king and reiterates his fidelity and allegiance. The spiritual man, in the midst of all afflictions, rebelled against and betrayed, still asserts his authority, and, rising up in the dignity of his right, cries out:

> "'King am I, whatsoever be their cry.'"

Those are of his household who swear his vows, and even in the

breaking of them, spite of their perfidy, must own him king, as did Gawain in his vision when he addressed Arthur, "Hail, king!" Arthur, sorely wounded, commands Sir Bedivere to throw his brand Excalibur into the lake, and then report to him what happens. After being twice faithless through temptation of the riches in the hilt, Bedivere flings Excalibur into the mere and reports to Arthur:

> "'Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
> But when I looked again, behold! an arm,
> Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
> That caught him by the hilt and brandished him
> Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'"

The soul's spiritual weapon, by which it had smitten its enemies in the battle of life, is returned to religion, the Lady of the Lake; for no longer is there need of it on the long journey to that "isle of rest," where is no warfare, but long peace and rest. Arthur is borne by Bedivere to the shore, where lies a black barge whose

> "Decks are dense with stately forms,
> Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream; by these,
> Three queens with crowns of gold."

These are the three queens who should help Arthur at his need; the three theological virtues now come to the assistance of the soul passing to the eternity beyond. Bedivere, at the king's command, places him in the barge, whence Arthur addresses him before departing:

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

The time has come when the soul must pass from the old order —life in the flesh—to the new order beyond space and time. The barge moves slowly from the shore, and finally vanishes beyond the horizon to Bedivere,

> "Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand."

He has passed; the spiritual fight is over;

> "And the new sun rose, bringing the new year."

CHURCH HYMN FOR PASCHAL TIME.

(TRANSLATED.)

To Christ the King let praises ring,
And at his royal banquet sing,
Who, clothed in robes of purest white,
Have tracked the Red Sea in your flight.

'Tis love of God's own Son divine
Gives sacred blood to drink as wine;
'Tis love is priest to sacrifice
Christ's body blest, salvation's price.

God's striking angel passes far
The doors with blood that sprinkled are;
The waters ope for Israel's path:
On Pharao close in drowning wrath.

Our Pasch and Paschal Lamb are one:
The Father's co-eternal Son,
The azymes of sincerity,
To minds from guile and malice free.

Hail, chosen Victim of the skies!
To thee all Hell subjected lies;
The bonds of death thy death has broke,
And hopes of life thy rising woke.

The gates of Heaven open fly,
The victor Cross illumes the sky;
While back to night flies conquered Hell,
Minion, and prince, and chieftain fell.

Our Paschal joy thou, Jesus, be
For time and for eternity.
From sin's death freed, new-born to grace,
May we possess thee face to face.

To God the Father, Lord of Heaven,
To Christ his Son, from death arisen,
And to the Holy Ghost, we'll raise
Our hymns in everlasting praise.

HEGEL AND HIS NEW ENGLAND ECHO.

The rarest quality in this world is what theologians call "prudence,"* or counsel, or judgment, and what ordinary people call "common sense." Its deficiency is often most marked in men otherwise most gifted. Great orators and great poets, even great statesmen, sometimes show a lamentable lack of it; but great metaphysicians most frequently lead the vanguard in the army of fools. We are not surprised to miss it in poetic characters in which imagination and passion predominate; but it is astonishing to find it lacking in men gifted with logical powers of extraordinary force. These are the thoughts that come naturally into the mind of one who reads George William Frederick Hegel's *Propädeutik*, in which he explains his theory of the "Logic of Being." The coolness with which this wonderfully gifted man wades through page upon page of serried argument to expound a system repugnant to the common sense of the average child, is but one instance of the imperturbable gravity with which other metaphysicians propound equally absurd systems of philosophy. He is the most logical and consequently the most absurd of the modern German metaphysicians.

Starting out with the admission of Kant's false assertion that it is impossible to get from the subject to the object in the realm of thought, like Fichte and Schelling, Hegel holds to the universal identity of all things. Kant would not concede that the mind apprehends any real object, or that there is a bridge uniting the subject and the object in thought, and consequently he led logically to scepticism, although he was not willing to admit the conclusion of his own premises. He spurred his reason to the dividing line, to the abyss which he said separated the thinking subject from its object; and then, balking at the imaginary chasm, he applied the whip of a *dictamen practicum rationis* to his intellect, and made it bound to the other side instead of walking along the straight road and the safe bridge pointed out to him by homely common sense and self-consciousness.

Fichte, shutting his ears to the voice of the same monitors, and not willing to admit the "practical dictate" of reason, to get from subject to object identified them both, and made them

* *Recta ratio agibilium* St. Thomas calls it. Plato names it φρόνησις.

mere forms or modifications of his own personality. For him there is nothing in the universe but one large capital I, to which everything physical, intellectual, and moral is referable. Schelling advanced a step farther in the direction of silly systematization. Fichte considered everything objective a mere form of the I; Schelling made all things mere forms of the *absolute*. This *absolute* destroys the personal in nature and develops itself in the real order in the forms of weight, of light, motion, life, and organization, and in the ideal order produces virtue and science, goodness and religion, beauty and art. The absolute, personal I, of which all things are forms with Fichte, becomes the absolute, impersonal *not-I* of Schelling. Yet his conscience gave the lie to his theory.

Farther onward marched Hegel with a theory of his own which he intended to be an improvement on the two preceding ones. He built all things on what he calls the *idea*. Its object is being, which is found by analysis in all our conceptions. This being is conceived with various and often contradictory attributes. It is one, it is multiple; it is material, it is spiritual; it is absolute yet it is relative, it is finite and yet it is infinite. These attributes of being suppose one another at the same time that they destroy one another. Thus the finite supposes the infinite, and the infinite supposes the finite, as they are correlative terms; yet they destroy each other, for what is finite cannot be infinite, nor can what is infinite be finite. Therefore beyond the finite and the infinite we must look for a term common to both, a term neither finite nor infinite, yet which can be either. Such a term is *being*, taken in its most general sense—that is, being without any properties, modes, or determinations. This idea of indeterminate, abstract *being* supposes another idea—namely, the idea of *nothing*. We cannot conceive being without thinking of its opposite, no-being; nor can we think of no-being, or *nothing*, without thinking of being, its contrary. The ideas of being and nothing are therefore correlative ideas. But these ideas do not differ like those of the different beings already mentioned. For the being of which Hegel speaks is the same in all things and entirely destitute of properties, and, since no form or modification can be apprehended in it, it does not really differ from nothing. Hence the fundamental principle of Hegel's system—*nothing and being are identical.* Yet this *being-nothing* is not the same as absolute nothing. Being-nothing is a medium between being, properly so-called, and absolute nothing. This medium is the *becoming das Werden;* because, although it is

nothing real, it may become so. This *becoming*, in developing itself, produces logic, nature, and the human race! Such is the pantheistic nightmare begotten of this great man's mind in the full possession of his mental powers, and such is the system now in vogue even among hard-headed and practical New England thinkers.

"Τέκτει πρώτιστον ὑπηνέμιον Νὺξ ἡ μελανόπτερος ᾠόν."*

The "wind-egg" has burst, and out of it a high-soaring transcendental fledgling has sprung into existence in New England, in the character of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Hegel's pupils, young and intelligent Germans, used to listen in raptures to his vagaries, and go into ecstasy over his high-sounding phrases about the *idea*, which is ever producing God and the universe, the chimeras of human intelligence. In like manner the "Concord School of Philosophy" in Massachusetts has been, season after season, dilating on the Emersonian philosophy and writing essays on the words of the "master," as they love to call him. Clever men like Oliver Wendell Holmes blasphemously compare him to the Messiah and write his life as that of an original genius and a saint. Professor W. T. Harris and F. B. Sanborn extol him as a new Plato or a Socrates, and would have us take his poetry and prose as the great masterpieces of the age. And yet Emerson is purely a plagiarist. There is hardly an original thought in his works. There are odd forms of expression, conceits of thought, and striking peculiarities of style, a crispness and brilliancy peculiarly his own; but the matter, the groundwork, the ideas are all stolen. He read almost every volume of Goethe—fifty-five of them at least, according to his own testimony†—and the pantheism of the German poet impregnates his whole mind. In his essay on *Books* Emerson himself confesses that his learning is second-hand. A hundred passages in his works point to the Hegelian sources from which he drew his inspiration. "The receiver," the human mind, "is only the All-Giver in part and in infancy." Again he writes: "We can point nowhere to anything final but tendency; but tendency appears on all hands." This is Hegel's eternal *Werden*. Nothing is. Everything is only becoming or going to be. Such is the teaching. But how nonsensical it is! We know that things are fixed in existence and we see them. There are real trees and animals around us, fixed in their nature, their life, and their death. There

* Aristophanes' Ὄρνιθες, v. 695.

† *Life of Emerson*, by Holmes, p. 380. Boston: Houghton & Co. 1885.

is in them a tendency to death; they are going to die, if you will; but there is no indefinite tendency and nothing of the infinite in them. "The true Christianity is a faith in the *infinitude* of man." Humbug! Man is not infinite, and he knows it. Mr. Emerson knew that even he, great as his followers thought him, was limited on every side, physically, mentally, and morally. Why, then, this twaddle about the "infinitude of man"?

"The idealist takes his departure from his consciousness, and reckons the world an appearance. His thought—that is the universe." Here is another Hegelian aphorism in New England clothes. Now, if the "idealist"—that is, the transcendentalist—takes his departure from his consciousness and he is not crazy, he knows that he is a distinct, finite existence; and that the universe, the trees, flowers, birds, stars around and above him, are realities and not appearances. Botany is as much a science of reality as astronomy; and the transcendentalist who asserts that their objects are only appearances and not realities deserves only to be laughed at. "His thought" is not "the universe," and he knows it. His thought is his mental act; the universe is external to him and not identified with his personality. He surely ought to know it, for every child does. A hot stove is a part of the universe, and when the child burns his fingers by touching it he knows that the stove is not in his head nor a part of himself. Mr. Emerson knew that the cabbages in his garden were not a part of himself. Then why pretend to believe that they were? And why should sensible men call such raving by the dignified name of philosophy? "The mind is one, and nature is its correlative," and in the light of these two facts "history is to be read and written."* This man expects every one to accept his assertions as gospel. The Concord School of Philosophy may do so, but we cannot. Nature is not the correlative of the mind; there is no essential connection between them; the one is conceivable as existing without the other, and their relation is purely accidental. History written from Emerson's standpoint is simply fiction and imagination. It cannot be written *à priori*. If it is a science at all, or if there is anything scientific in it, it is all *à posteriori*. It is a statement of facts, of the acts of free agents governed by an all-wise Providence, and not a development of the *me* or the *absolute* or the *idea*. Ordinary people think so and know so, and so did Emerson before he got moonstruck by reading Goethe, the German pantheist, and Swedenborg's dreams. Emerson shows evidence of insanity in some of his expressions. Thus

* Emerson's *Essay on History*.

he says, "I become a transparent eyeball," in his essay on *Nature*. We wonder, when he wrote that, whether he was not bilious and his "eyeball" bloodshot as he looked at it in the glass? How can the practical and usually sensible New-Englander be enchanted by such crazy poetry as the following?

> "The clouds are rich and dark, the air serene
> So like the soul of me, *what if 'twere me?*"

Was Emerson drinking when he thus could not tell whether the clouds and the air were himself or not? No, he was a sober man. Was he insane, or was he merely writing this transcendental stuff to make a name as an original thinker? We know that Seneca says, "Nullum magnum ingenium sine quadam mixtura insaniæ." We know that men have burned temples and leaped into volcanoes, impelled by a desire for notoriety, the morganatic sister of fame. Has the New-Englander been copying Hegel for the same motive?

> "Saying, Sweetheart! the old mystery remains
> *If I am I; thou, thou or thou art I?*"

If Emerson could not really tell the difference between himself and his sweetheart, she should have boxed his ears to bring him back to his senses and a knowledge of his distinct personality. He should have taken counsel with his dog to get proof of the identity about which he is always in doubt:

> "If it be I, he'll wag his little tail;
> And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

The dog might be a better authority than the "clouds" or the "sweetheart."

The fact is, the New-Englander out-Hegels Hegel in fantastic expressions. Hegel is dry and logical. His style is sober, his opinions themselves are the monstrosities of his system; but his argumentation is consecutive, and he insists on convincing his audience. Emerson disclaims any such purpose. "Do not set the least value on what I do, or the least discredit on what I do not, as if I pretended to settle anything as true or false. I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker, with no Past at my back." * Here is a confession for a pretended philosopher to make! He has nothing to give to hungering humanity. He means to unsettle convictions, disturb the peace and happiness of minds, and give nothing in return. He has no reverence for the hoary and venerable past with its creeds and churches, some of

* Essay on *Circles*.

which have done so much good for the moral regeneration of mankind; no veneration for the Mosaic laws which, given from Sinai, are the perfection of reason in the government of human morals; none for the Christian Church, which abolished paganism, barbarism, and their atrocities, and is still engaged, like its divine Founder, in "going about doing good." What is the use of such a man, of such a seeker, who upsets all that men hold dear, burns their homes and temples over their heads, and sends them adrift in the cold, bleak world of doubt and uncertainty? To borrow his own expression, he has been engaged in "tapping the tempest for a little side-wind"; and he has filled himself with the wind! Sensible people, however, will follow his advice. They will not "set the least value" on what he says or does. They will hold to the teaching of inner consciousness and continue to believe in their distinct personalities. The transcendental lover may believe, if he pleases, that his sweetheart is himself; but the common-sense Yankee farmer will believe no such rubbish, nor will he give up his reason to believe that he is the "cloud" or the "breeze," or the west wind or the south wind, though the "Concord School of Philosophy" may consider themselves the whole cave of Æolus, if they please.

THE FRENCH QUARTER OF NEW YORK.

THERE is little in the external appearance of the French quarter of New York to distinguish it from any other industrial section of the city. Its streets, houses, stores, and saloons are as un-French as they could well be. There is hardly anything in the costume of the people to single them out as natives of sunny Gaul. The well-washed blouse which the workman wears at home is replaced by a more or less dilapidated coat retired from Sunday service. A battered derby stands in lieu of the natty round cap of silk or alpaca of the old country. The female population show a still more decided falling-off in neatness. Save on Sundays, when they, and the men too, come out in all their splendor, they are untidy to the verge of slatternliness. And on the day of rest, when they emerge from their chrysalis of week-day grime, the butterflies are nearly undistinguishable from the American variety. But for the names over the doors, the loud tone of street conversation, the animated gestures of

the passers-by, and the national physiognomy, which defies disguise, the casual visitor to the French quarter of New York might thread its uninviting thoroughfares without suspecting that he was in the midst of an alien population.

Yet, for all their changed externals, the French of New York are thoroughly French from the skin inwards. In essential habits and in nearly all their ideas they are less modified by their surroundings than any other of the foreign elements, save perhaps the Chinese. Here, be it understood, we speak of the French of Celtic race. The Alsatians, who form such a large portion of the "colony," amalgamate readily enough with the native population. Like all bilingual peoples, they pick up a third tongue readily. They are not fixtures in the French quarter, being helped to employment all through the city by their knowledge of German. The genuine Frenchman, on the other hand, is practically confined to the limits of the district where his language is understood. On arriving he generally makes a desperate but short-lived effort to master the speech of the country. As a rule he gives up the distasteful task soon. There is a free school intended for his benefit in Thirteenth Street, but the scholars, plenty as blackberries when the session opens, may be counted on the fingers at its close four months later. Having acquired a certain familiarity with the most energetic expletives in the English language, the French immigrant puts his abbreviated Ollendorff on the shelf and concludes that his professor does not know how to teach. Others, more modest, shrug their shoulders and say that "Frenchmen have no talent for language." The fact simply is that they have no idea of the price an adult must pay for fluency in a tongue hitherto strange to him.

One of the results of the French immigrant's ignorance of English has been mentioned. He practically becomes a unit in a small community isolated in the midst of a vast, busy population to which he is a stranger. Small as the French immigration is, that portion of it which becomes fixed in New York is out of proportion to the demand for labor. The Parisian *ouvrier* has left a city of two millions and a quarter for a French town in America a hundred times less populous. When he gets employment he is not as well paid as English-speaking workmen, and he is constantly out of work. The change is for him generally the reverse of an improvement. The higher wages are swallowed up by the excess of idle time. The immigrant has to give up the wine which he invariably took with his meals while the money

he brought with him lasted. He abandons the cigar for the pipe. He cuts off one luxury after another, and not until most of those to which he has been used have been amputated can he make ends meet in a kind of a way. When a year or two have gone by he is often in debt and too frequently demoralized. He cannot understand the English drama, the German concert has no attractions for him, he gets tired of playing at soldiers in the Lafayettes or the Rochambeaus, the innocent amusements provided for him are few and far between—and the saloon is always open, warm, well lighted, snug, and inviting. Drunkenness is a most un-French vice, but it is not unknown in the French quarter of New York.

The French artisan at home is apt to be discontented. It is no wonder, then, that, under conditions more trying to his patience than those encountered in his own country, he should be a grumbler. To hear the French New-Yorker talk about the institutions and people of America, one only marvels that he does not take the first steamer back to Havre. Doubtless many do go home, and a great many more would if they could; but there is a remnant who do not seem to have the slightest idea of changing their *penates*, and who yet delight in painting the country of their adoption in the blackest colors. Much of this is due to that same ignorance of English before dwelt upon. An assertive individual—and there are many such among Frenchmen everywhere—has only to launch some monstrous absurdity, based on some misconception of a law or a custom, to find a ready and credulous audience. We heard a leader of opinion of this kind triumphantly citing, in proof of the hypocrisy of American legislation, that several members of the board of aldermen were themselves owners of saloons. This gentleman was firmly persuaded that the aldermen made all the laws for New York City, from carriage regulations to the organization of the National Guard. Another delusion, which is fortunately not very current, is that a written agreement of separation between man and wife enables the parties to remarry without violating the law. Those who have travelled in the interior, or who by some other process have assimilated the fact that different States have different laws, scoff at it as a proof that America is as backward as France before the proclamation of the immortal principles of '89. They have, of course, not the remotest notion how much the men of '89 were indebted to the authors of the English Bill of Rights and the American Declaration of Independence.

The Sunday-closing law is an inexhaustible theme for the

ridicule and scorn of French New-Yorkers. That the open and systematic connivance of the civic authorities at its evasion lends a handle for deserved satire there can, of course, be no question. But this is not the point of view from which Frenchmen chiefly look at it. They regard the law as a monstrous invasion of human rights which no legislature has any title to commit. It is, of course, useless to talk to them of the religious aspect of the matter. Even religious Frenchmen—and we regret to say they are few among the French working-class in New York—have a conception of Sunday radically different from that prevailing here. But it is even vain to suggest that honest legislators may sincerely believe they are striking at crime by repressing drunkenness, or that they are protecting the workingman by withdrawing temptation from him in his unoccupied hours. No! it is all hypocrisy, all make-believe religion. Let them send a man to the Island for being drunk, but let him drink when he will. They forget that in France men cannot drink when they like, or gamble at all in public, and that the old-country restrictions are based on very much the same principle that underlies the Sunday-closing law.

French workmen of almost every trade are constantly landing in New York, but a relatively small proportion of them find employment in the handicrafts to which they have been trained. After getting rid of their savings and enduring their first sharp trials they gravitate into some one or other of the industries of which the French quarter is more especially the seat. Numbers engage in artificial-flower making, feather manufacture, lace and fringe making—trades which are poorly remunerated and have a long slack time. Mechanicians, stove-makers, pork-butchers, pastry-cooks, and confectioners have a fair chance in the French quarter. Bakers—mostly Alsatians—are well paid and have pretty constant employment, as they have for customers, along with their own countrymen, the "upper ten" of New York, whom many of them follow in their summer migrations to the seaside. Then there are the cooks, of whom Frenchtown has its due quota, since its inhabitants hold fast by their native fare and regard American cookery with horror unspeakable. And here be it said in parenthesis that the elaborate meals which the humblest French workman appears to think demanded by nature may to some extent account for his inability to make ends meet. As has been said, he gives up wine at an early stage of his New York experience, for fifteen or twenty cents makes an addition to the cost of a meal wholly disproportionate to his income. But he

must have French bread, which is dearer than common American bread, and he insists on soup and boiled beef as preliminaries to other solids preceding his dessert, while black coffee afterwards is indispensable, and a "stick" in it rarely foregone.

To return to the cooks. He must be a poor artist indeed, or one singularly devoid of push, who remains long a denizen of the French quarter. All America is before him where to choose, French nationality being supposed to carry with it some innate fitness for the artistic preparation of human food. This is so well known to other foreigners of the profession that they make all haste to get up some French in order to be able to pass themselves off as born culinary artists. Germans become Alsatians, and Italians gallicize their names and insist they were born in Provence or Gascony. The French cook commands high wages and is a personage. He rules over a large staff of assistants, whom he appoints himself and carries about with him in his migrations. These are all French, or must at least understand French in order to take the commands of their general, who is above learning English. Some of these *chefs* put on airs of superiority to the common run of mankind which would be considered impertinent in a Verdi or a Millais, and we would be scarcely surprised to hear that, like Thackeray's Alcide Mirobolant, they were in the habit of sitting down to a piano to seek inspiration before composing a *menu*. One of the results of this irrational run on French cooks is that a vast number of American worshippers on the altar of fashion devoutly receive badly-prepared victuals from the hands of men who were perhaps blacksmiths or ticket-porters before a short residence in the French quarter of New York revealed to them the golden opportunities open to persons of their nationality in this country.

It has been said that a majority of the immigrant workmen have to change trades to suit themselves to the special demands of the quarter. Their native intelligence and manual dexterity enable them to do this with great readiness. It is otherwise with another class of French immigrants, men of fair or superior education whom misfortunes or defects of character have compelled to seek their bread abroad, or who have come here prompted merely by the vague notion that fortunes are easily made in America. Most of these have either no knowledge at all of English or such an imperfect reading acquaintance with it as is of no practical use to them. Their only chance is to get employment in some educational institute, and for every one such place there are dozens of applicants. Failing this, failing

means or liberty to return to France, they are surely doomed either to menial occupation or to misery. As domestic servants there is an opening for them, or they can enroll themselves under the orders of some *chef*. The alternative is starvation wages at factory work for a few months in the year, with the parks as a lodging for the rest of it. We know of an ex-captain of engineers—probably cashiered for misconduct, but undoubtedly an ex officer—whose present occupation is dish-washing in a restaurant. Another—a handsome, bright young fellow, who shows official documents to prove that he held a cavalry commission and was wounded at Villiers-sur-Marne—was recently a chronic applicant for lodgings at the Salle d'Asile in South Fifth Avenue, and sold pins in the streets for a living. An ex-artillery captain is a corn-porter on the North River. An ex-notary lights the fires and sweeps the floors in an up-town school for four dollars a week. A talented young artist was lately barkeeper for his board in a little beer-shop near Washington Square. And most New-Yorkers have heard of the Vicomte d'Aspremont, who died last year, who had been a commandant in the French army, had devoured two large fortunes, and ended his days as a newspaper-carrier in the French quarter at the age of seventy-five.

A class of men who are very apt to go to the bad in the French quarter are ex-non-commissioned officers. Used for years to having all their work done for them, having forgotten whatever trade or occupation they had on entering the army, without acquiring any knowledge in exchange which can be of service to them here, they are the most helpless kind of immigrants. We knew of one whose history here affords material for reflection. Though he had passed the examination entitling him to leave the army after a year's service, he preferred to stay, and for several years held the rank of sergeant-major. He had previously been an apothecary, and on leaving the army set out for this country on the strength of his acquaintance with that branch of the medical profession. He had barely money to pay his way for a month, but when that was gone he had a remarkably fluent and persuasive tongue to fall back upon. He used it to some purpose, inventing the most complicated stories of his expectations to keep his landlord in patience. Month after month went by, the ex-sergeant-major denying himself nothing, especially in the line of drinkables. In his language he was as profane as the sapper to whom *rien n'est sacré*. He was so "advanced" an infidel as to have no patience with the superannuated ideas of Vol-

taire and Jean Jacques. All of a sudden he dropped swearing, took to drinking soda-water, and received visits from a clerical-looking compatriot. A week or so later he disappeared. For a length of time no tidings of him could be had, but the duped landlord subsequently discovered that his present calling is that of evangelical missionary to the French population of New York. Though a couple of years have elapsed since this notable conversion, the credulous host is as yet not a dollar the better for it.

A majority of the workmen inhabiting the French quarter retain their original nationality and comply with all the formalities exacted from Frenchmen residing abroad. The young men get funds from the consul, when they are due, for military service; the older ones get regularly excused when their turn comes to serve their twenty-eight days. In fact, the man who "declares his intentions" is looked upon with no friendly eye in the quarter, unless he happens to be an Alsatian. Logic, indeed, demands that France, having been unable to prevent the Alsatians from being forcibly turned into Prussians, should leave them free to get rid of that abhorred name in the handiest way they can. And, by the way, frequently as the Alsatians become American citizens, they remain French in feeling to a degree singular in men of Teutonic blood who are rarely able to express themselves easily in French and always retain a strong German accent in speaking it. Now and then, but very seldom, one comes across an Alsatian who accepts the *fait accompli* in his native country. He is generally found to have been corrupted by rubbing elbows with Germans in Dutchtown or by having taken to himself a helpmate of Teutonic nationality. When such a one as this gets into society with countrymen of his who fought or starved in Metz, Strasbourg, or Paris fourteen years ago, even though the latter be naturalized Americans, he not unfrequently has to leave the company more precipitately than is pleasant to him.

American politics are a profound mystery to the denizens of the French quarter. Those who are American citizens allow themselves to be led by the noses by a few politicians of their race with extraordinary docility. On critical occasions—as at the last presidential election, for instance—all the *vauriens* of the quarter, be the date of their arrival in America ever so recent, become possessed in some mysterious way of naturalization papers, and doubtless show their gratitude to the political managers who have smoothed their way to citizenship. But, as has

been said, the majority remain Frenchmen, and the politics with which they occupy themselves are French politics. However rational may be the political views of an immigrant on his arrival, he is greatly in danger of being converted to some "ism" by a short residence in the French quarter. It is impossible to enter one of the dingy saloons—how unlike the French *café!*—where the workmen foregather in their hours of leisure, without hearing some real or pretended hero of the Commune mouthing doctrines which can only be appropriately called anarchical, though often enough the pot-house orator would protest that his "ism" is not anarchism but collectivism or some other form of political insanity. Gambetta, long before his death, was denounced by these wiseacres as a reactionist, a deserter to the *bourgeoisie*, a traitor to the democracy; and Jules Ferry is at present their *bête noire*. Some years ago Federative Communalism—the programme for which the insurgents of 1871 fought, in so far as they can be said to have had any programme at all—was the favorite political doctrine with the would-be leaders of thought in the French quarter. But that has been in great measure left behind. The yearning to be "advanced," and communion with the German and Russian refugees, have led the ex-insurgents to adopt the wild doctrine that civilization must be destroyed before the rights of labor can be secured. Every Russian, German, or even Irish outrage is hailed with triumph as indicating the steady march of the saving nihilistic idea. Toleration, the rights of minorities, even the right of the majority, are scoffed at as antediluvian notions. And the principle of nationality is denounced as a monarchical invention for the enslavement of peoples.

It is, indeed, this internationalism of the revolutionists of the French quarter which chiefly safeguards the bulk of their countrymen against their pestilent influence. The French immigrant may go once to the celebration of the anniversary of the Commune, but he seldom returns to it. He is surprised and shocked to hear German spoken all round him and to recognize in the faces of the most enthusiastic commemorators of the Paris insurrection a strong family resemblance to the foreign soldiers who, two weeks before its outbreak, were still camped in the Champs Elysées. The Commune may be all very well, but then it must be a French Commune—that is to say, if it be at all a thing to be desired, seeing that so many Germans seem to want it. In sum, notwithstanding all the international anarchism talked in the French quarter, it may be safely asserted that the great majority

of its inhabitants are good French nationalists. They may have irrational hopes about the benefits attainable through governmental processes, and they may be determined to hostility against a government by the mere fact that it happens to be in power; but they would throw up their work to-morrow at the bidding of any French executive, and go home merrily to fight Germany or defend the sacred soil of *la patrie*.

JESUS TO THE SOUL OPPRESSED.

I CANNOT take thee yet, My child: the journey
Is still a little longer; nerve thy heart
To meet with fortitude the weary hours
That oft confront thee in the great world's mart.
Rest on My love, whate'er thy trials be—
The most afflicted heart is most belov'd by Me.

I know each pang with which thy soul is wrestling,
And fain would take thee, had I not in store
A crown of light for all thy brave endeavors—
Each cloud surmounted makes its beauty more.
Amidst the harsh world's tumult and the fret,
Abide awhile, My child; I cannot take thee yet.

Not yet, poor soul! A few more darksome hours,
And sore temptations met and overcome,
A few more crosses bravely, meekly carried,
Ere I can proudly call the tried one home.
Nerve, then, thy heart; the toil will soon be done,
The crown of self-denial nobly earned and won.

For soon will come a day when all thy conflicts,
As waves receding on a stormy sea,
Will vanish from thee, and some fair, glad hour
Will bring the tried and chosen unto Me.
Then thou'lt be freed from ev'ry pain and smart,
And rest thy tired head upon My wounded Heart.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER II.

OF ROYAL LINEAGE.

THE railroad depot at Clayburg was the hot-house of the most interesting news of the town, where the male gossips and the notable men assembled before train-time to discuss business and public matters, and catch the first sight of the very few strangers whom destiny's wave threw upon the Clayburg shore. The most inveterate loafers at the station were Billy Wallace and Squire Pendleton. When threatening rheumatism did not interfere, or absence from the town, the two veterans might be seen, the one coming down from the square house on the hill, and the other turning the curve of the bay, at precisely one half-hour before the train was due, or to depart, both in their every-day clothes; the squire rolling pompously along, as became a stout man of historical fame, and Billy making up for his diminutiveness by the erectness of his body and the general majestic severity of his manner, both conscious that when they walked forth in silent power the whole town walked also, or at least looked on. So invariable was this custom that the dwellers along the route, and particularly those concerned with meal-getting, never looked at the clock, but "Maria, tea-time! Billy Wallace is just comin' down the hill," or "Sally, you'd better wind the horn an' call in the men, for I see Squire Pen'l'ton roundin' the p'int," made up for the stroke of time-keepers. Among the rising generation, whose respect for the fathers of the town was misty, they were known as the "time-keepers," "the twin clocks," "train-starters," and other appropriate names which never reached the ears of the worthy gentlemen; otherwise there would have been considerable havoc in the ranks of the rustic youth, the squire insisting most particularly on being paid that respect which his position demanded, and punishing the want of it with awful severity. On a spring evening, when the fishermen were beginning to appear with early catches, or when a few hotel men and laborers arrived to open up hotels and prepare for the summer season, all the town assembled there and hummed and hawed on

the platform while the light of day faded behind the islands and the red water changed into gray or was covered with mist. It was not rare to see Père Rougevin or Mr. Buck or the Methodist minister sauntering in and out among the groups. Père Rougevin was more at home there than either of the Protestant clergymen, and his short figure, reserved smile, and right-hand gesture were noticeable in every group as he passed from one to another and exchanged witticisms or the newest stories with those inclined. The père had an inveterate fondness for a story and a love of interesting bits of gossip. He was fond of striking people and curious people and people with a history, and, as a consequence of gratifying these propensities, he was a most interesting talker, a capital story-teller, and never called your attention to a person or a thing without having a queer incident to relate in its connection. For instance:

"Do you observe, sir," he would say to the stranger, "that stout, florid, imposing old man yonder whom you just heard called the squire? You do, of course. Well, he was concerned in the late Canadian rebellion, was hunted by the two governments, and a reward offered for his head," etc., etc.

"That graceful shaft which you see on the hill in the distance covers the grave of a very sweet girl who died here some years ago. I merely mention it because her brother is the famous New York politician, Hon. Florian Wallace, an old pupil of mine." And then at your desire you were treated to a faithful and vivid description of the most interesting points in Florian's history. Having a wide extent of mission, he might be said to have the gossip of four countries at his disposal; and he was, when he allowed it, the centre of a group whose ears tingled with delight as they heard the news of the day, local and universal, served out so delicately and so expressively, and with a flavor of ingenious and witty comment to brighten the dish. The squire was a source of awe to all his little world, and his ponderous voice, as he referred for the one thousandth time to the occasion when the two governments were "after my head," could be heard over all sounds and brought every ear in that direction. As a sort of echo Billy sat beside him with his wrinkled features moving, moving, moving, and eyes blinking and winking, jerking out sharp, short notes of approval or confirmation. Billy was the best moral support the squire could find, for he swore to everything which that bald sinner asserted.

"If it isn't so," the squire would roar, with a series of brimstone expletives, uttered in a low key when the clergymen were

present, "may I be eternally married to every cussed widow in the county."

"I'd swear to it," Billy would cry, "on me life."

"And two is testimony, gentlemen," was the squire's last invariable remark, which clinched the matter legally for all time.

On one particular evening in April—it was very cold, too, but the sun was shining—the usual crowd were standing about the station in wait for the evening train. As it rattled into the depot the loungers ranged themselves along the platform in the most favorable positions for seeing the passengers alight, the squire visible, by his tall form and glowing face, over every other soul, and Billy exalted for the moment on a barrel. No strangers were among the passengers, who were town residents or people already too well known to raise a ripple of excitement. The disappointment was too common, however, for people to feel or express any surprise, but the squire gibed the conductor on the railroad which ran between Utica and Clayburg without so much as a new importation.

"There was one," said the conductor, "quite a man, too, but he got off at the rear end of the car."

"That's the sort of a divil we want to see," said Billy, running off down the platform; but there was no trace of the stranger.

"Oh! we'll see him, if he stays long enough," said the squire musingly. "I was just thinking, as that train came in, how you and I would look and feel if Florian was on it."

"Eternal thunder! Don't speak of it," said Billy, as if struck electrically.

"And what an almighty jam of people would stand here, and what screaming and hurraying, and handshaking and speechmaking! I declare, Billy, I think it would throw you and me into apoplexy."

"Wouldn't want to be here at all," said Billy. "Certainly—apoplexy. Couldn't stand it, ye divil—couldn't stand it."

And he poked the ticklish squire, and danced about until he was red in the face from laughing and exertion. The squire laughed, too.

"It just tickles me to think of it," continued he, "and I know him since he was a child so high; and he coming back a Congressman, and a big gun in politics, with prospects of better things before him. Why, I'd just go mad."

In order to give proper vent to his feelings the squire swore considerably—for there was no one in the immediate vicinity save

habitués not to be scandalized—until a second glance showed Père Rougevin in the dim nearness. An eloquent jerk of the thumb to Billy and a grimace showed the little man the cause of his sudden silence, and the père, coming over in a casual way, asked if he were not to call on him that night to have a game of checkers, and would he not leave now with him; which was a polite way of preventing the scandal of further swearing.

"Jes' as you say," humbly replied the squire. He was stunned and conscience-stricken, for the père had never before heard so much wickedness issue at one burst from his respectable mouth:

Left to himself, Billy began to parade the platform in deep meditation. The lamp with its strong reflection was shining at the door, and he passed and repassed the line of light, stopping at times to blink at the curious scientific phenomenon of a thing you could not look at steadily. Out on the water a few patches of twilight were still burning like expiring lamps, and a few forms walked and talked in the gathering darkness, while trainmen and officials rolled in the freight and hurled bad language at the bad boys. It was after a few turns up and down the platform that Billy became aware of a gentleman's presence a few feet distant whose outline impressed him with a sense of strangeness. His face could not be seen, although it was turned towards Billy, and he was idly leaning against the building. With the boldness customary to townspeople Billy walked up to him, bade him good-evening, made remarks on the weather, asked if he was a stranger in town, how long he was going to stay, and could he be of any use to him; to some of which the stranger did not reply, and at the rest merely grunted—grunted so meanly and impolitely that only one consideration prevented Billy from knocking him down, which was the fear of his being an acquaintance playing a dodge on him. He resumed his walking, and noticed that the gentleman was observing him closely, whereupon he turned abruptly and went home. He was half-way up the street when it occurred to him that this might be the traveller who had eluded them by stepping off at the rear end of the train; and he turned back at once, determined to see his features and be able to point him out to the squire next morning. Billy was a rapid walker, and as he had walked up the hill in the heat of indignation, so he rushed back again in the heat of curiosity, and rushed upon the stranger standing unconcernedly under a lamp-post, looking around him. He turned his gaze on Billy. It may have been the unexpectedness of meeting him that puzzled the old

gentleman's faculties, for he stopped in confusion, gasped out "The divil!" faintly, and fled with the idea that the stranger was in pursuit.

Mrs. Winifred, sitting calmly in the back parlor sewing, and weaving in a tear with an occasional stitch as she thought of the gay voices that made the night pleasant years ago, heard the door open and shut violently, and saw Billy as in a vision appear and throw himself in a chair exhausted, with the sweat on his brow and his face wrinkleless from terror. Nothing alarming in Billy's appearance ever provoked alarm in Mrs. Winifred, and she continued her sewing without comment or question.

"Divil! divil!" Billy kept muttering until his breath came back to him.

"The favorite word, dear," she said placidly. "Always in your mouth, and always in your company, I'm afraid."

"It was a face—the face of the divil," continued Billy; "a bad face, worse than Buck's—oh! ten times worse—an' he's standing under the lamp-post at Briggs'. Clear as day. My dear," said he suddenly to Mrs. Winifred, and the unusual epithet aroused the lady at once, "the divil has visited Clayburg at last."

"No wonder you're frightened," was her consolatory remark, with her quiet laugh to accompany it. "Seemingly, you and Squire Pendleton had better keep indoors at night."

"Oh! you'll see this divil night and day," said Billy; and finding that there was something unusual in his fright, Mrs. Winifred tried to get the story from him, but he became sullen and refused to speak. She went on with her sewing. Behind her, but some distance to her left, was a window looking out into the garden, and opposite to the window hung a mirror so placed that, without seeing herself in it, Mrs. Winifred could see the window, whose curtain was only half down. In one casual glance at the mirror she saw outlined against the darkness behind the window a white, peculiar face. Mrs. Winifred was a queer woman in some of her moods, as the present instance will show. She dropped her eyes immediately on her work, in fear that her senses were misleading her; and when she was certain of the place, the hour, the work in her hands, and the very stitches, she looked again. There was the face still, ugly, pale, and cruel—the very face that had so disturbed Florian during the winter in Washington. She could see nothing else but it. Its eyes were fixed on Billy as he sat between her and the window, and seemed as if they would never leave the study of his features. A feeling of horror began to creep over her, a nervous

dread that the terrible sight would direct its glances to her; but she was so fascinated and terrified, and doubtful of herself, that she did not venture to move, only sat there staring and fearing and waiting like a criminal for his fate. And at last the eyes did fall on her, and, with one wild scream of terror, the spell was broken and the face disappeared. Billy, jumping a foot from his sleep in the chair, found her nervously sewing as usual. He looked around him in amazement.

"What's up?" said he.

"You," she answered, choking down her sobs; "perhaps you have seen your divil since. Seemingly, I have."

Disgusted, Billy proceeded to retire without giving due attention to her words. Mrs. Winifred had a nervous time of it for an hour or two before following his example, when it came to locking doors, closing shutters, examining rooms, closets, and those terrible spaces under beds. She saw nothing to cause her further fright, however, and slept at least two hours in fitful dozing.

It became known the next day that a foreign gentleman was stopping at the hotel known as the Fisherman's Retreat; and this was the first piece of information which was hurled at Billy when he made his appearance next morning to institute inquiries as to the stranger with the mysterious countenance. He could speak but very little English, and seemed to be a sort of Dutchman, and to all appearances impressed the people very favorably. He came into the office while they were discussing his probable antecedents, and at once fixed his eyes—greenish, unpleasant eyes—on the wrinkled face. It was more than Billy could stand without an explosion, and he went away hastily, and so long as the man was in the town contemplated him at a distance.

The mysterious stranger made himself acquainted, by sight at least, with all the villagers, and was more talked about than if he were the president. One day he would spend his time wandering about the docks, watching the boats or the stormy waves; another he would be seen in this or that quarter staring, simply staring.

Père Rougevin, reading his weekly *Freeman* after dinner, was moved to look out of the window by a passing shadow, and saw the stranger's face the very first moment; thinking it a very disagreeable one and not willing to show it any courtesy. The stranger was looking at the church—a plain, homely affair not worth inspection—but it pleased him so much that he came in to

ask by signs for permission to enter. The père spoke to him in French, German, and English, but he shook his head, muttering very raw syllables.

"You are a Russian," said the père; and the man made a dubious gesture which was translated as an affirmative by the light that spread into his stolid, unpleasant face. The priest went out with him, and he looked over the church solemnly, examining some parts curiously, and with a bow withdrew when he was satisfied, following the père into the house, and with many signs expressing his gratitude before he left.

"I think we had better look to our valuables while he is in town," said the priest to his servant; "he would not hesitate to murder us, I fear, for it is seldom one sees so ugly a countenance."

And so Mrs. Buck thought when it first fell under her sharp glances. She had heard the reports in the town about the mysterious stranger, and was desirous of seeing him. Her desire was gratified, one morning, as she stood on the veranda coaxing her young son for his airing. A stranger came down the street, and stopped pleasantly to smile on the pretty boy defying his mamma so bravely and so wickedly. Young Florian received the advances with a great distrust, which, after one glance at the stranger, she had no wish to banish. Shallow as she was, the venom expressed in it pierced her; and as she did not again look at him, the man stood ostensibly coaxing the child, with his eyes greedily devouring every line of her fair face. When Florian junior began to yell his distrust to the air the man retired, and Mrs. Buck was furnished with matter for three days of speculation as to who and what he was. Her final conclusion contended that he must be a vile assassin, and many in town agreed with her.

Coming down the road one fair morning in time to meet the train, Squire Pendleton's ponderous glances rested sorrowfully on the marble shaft which bore Linda's name, and then brightened a little at sight of a stranger examining the monument and the grave. Who could this be? The squire had heard of the new-comer and the mystery that surrounded him, and this he felt to be the man. What was he doing there? Around that grave, too! He came down the road as the squire passed, and gave that gentleman an opportunity to put on his most awe-inspiring, Mackenzie's-rebellion look, and to roll forth a sonorous good-morning, to which no answer was given, nor did the great personage seem to inspire him with any respect.

"I said good-morning, sir," he repeated with restrained force; and the stranger, beginning to comprehend the drift of his remarks, bowed and smiled effusively, but said nothing.

"Foreigner, I suppose," thought the squire, with contempt. "Lucky for you that you recognized my greeting, or it would have been all the worse for us two. I saw you surveying that pretty monument on the hill," continued he without unbending, and flinging mentally all sorts of epithets at the man's disagreeable looks. "Nice stone; beats Italian marble all to smash; wears well for the climate. After next election we don't import any more stone—oh! no. Cut and carved by home talent. In a century or so we shall discount your sculptors fifty per cent. We've got the money and the brains, but we need time—time."

This was what the squire called tall-talk, and was bestowed only on foreigners who looked like sneerers at republicanism. But the stranger grunted something like "pshaw" in answer to the tall-talk.

"Sir," said the squire most villanously, "do I understand you to say 'pshaw' to my remarks?"

The gentleman bowed and smiled in so doubtful a way that Pendleton knew not how to take it, but concluded that his intentions were not insulting. The frown on the squire's face was a menace to the stranger, and his appearance showed that he felt a coming danger. His wide nostrils began to swell, and his ugly expression was intensified, and it seemed to the squire as if his very clothes began to bristle. At this interesting crisis the whistle of the approaching train brought Pendleton to his senses.

"Late, by the almighty cats!" he said, and blushed—yes, blushed like a school-boy; and, regardless of appearances, he fled for the depot with all speed, leaving the stranger to stare in cold surprise after him.

There were a number of enterprising citizens gathered on the dock at another time watching the approach of a sail-boat flying a white pennant—a privilege allowed only to those who had caught a muskallonge on their fishing-trip. Père Rougevin was there, and Billy and the squire.

"Who's the lucky man?" said the père to the squire.

"I rather think it's the hermit," he replied, "but he doesn't usually fly a rag in honor of his victory over the big fish. I suppose he has caught more muskallonge than any man on the river, but I never knew him to put up the flag. He's a queer fellow, but a good one."

"He ought to take out the divil on a fishin'-trip," said Billy, with a dry laugh. The père looked at him inquiringly, and the squire for a time could not make out his meaning.

"Oh! you mean the foreigner. Yes, he ought to get a chance at a muskallonge and have his fancy tickled with the idea of a whale."

"You are speaking of the Russian," said Père Rougevin—"the man with the peculiar face and look, pale and red-haired?"

"Russian or Prussian or Hessian, it doesn't matter; but I think him a pretty hard bit of humanity, and he can have no good object in moving around this place. If I catch him tripping I'll arrange a few months in jail for him."

"And he's a Russian!" said Billy, repeating the word many times, as if it surprised or pained him. "Who'd think so to look at him? A man might be a divil in this country, and ye couldn't tell from his face where he was born."

"He seems to have made a stir in the town," said the père, "frightening people; and yet Simmonds tells me he is very well-behaved and pays as he goes. A man is not to blame for his face, I suppose."

"It is the hermit," said Pendleton, as the boat approached the dock and the red beard and sharp blue eyes came into view; "and yet the boat isn't his. He's got his canoe in tow, and there's something covered with a blanket. Halloo, boys! here is an accident, as I'm a sinner."

The crowd wished to cheer as the sail-boat swung into her landing, but Scott stopped it with a gesture, and the loud remark of the squire sent a thrill through every one. They gathered silently around the hermit as he stepped on the dock and displayed a muskallonge nearly four feet long.

"It's not mine," he said shortly. "The men who caught it are dead. There's one of 'em"—pointing to the blanket in the boat—"the other is at the bottom of Eel Bay. This is their fish and their boat."

The first fish and the first disaster of the season! The squire reverently removed the blanket, and those present took a look at the drowned man, a young fellow in rough clothing; but no one knew him, and the vessel was tied up. The fish was carried, at the hermit's request, to the hotel. Then Scott took his seat in his canoe and prepared to return to his island. Numbers of people came running down to see the dead body, and among them the stranger walked coldly and leisurely as one who goes to be interested. His manner was in contrast so sharp to the

hurried steps, pale faces, and sympathetic looks of the crowd that he was visited at once with unpleasant attentions.

"There *he* comes," said Billy in a whisper to the squire—"the divil! So easy, too, and he knowing well there's something wrong."

"We have a curiosity here," the squire said to Scott, "a real Russian that has done more in one week to upset this town than any man could do in a year. I won't say why, for I'm anxious to see if he strikes you as he strikes most people. He's a Russian, didn't you say, Père Rougevin?"

"I supposed so," said the père, "from his looks and his language."

"He's pretty far out of his way, then," the hermit said, pulling down his cap in readiness to start.

"Wait and have a look at him," said the squire; "here he is."

The stranger appeared at this moment in the front line of those crowding around the dead body, and stood in profile to the group, unconscious that the hermit's sharp eyes were upon him. Pendleton watched for the changes he expected to see in Scott's face, but he was disappointed.

"Hard-lookin' sinner," Scott said, as he swung the canoe around and paddled off.

"'Twould take something more than a Fourth of July parade to move that man," the squire muttered angrily. "I don't know but that we should have detained him for the inquest."

"The inquest will not come off till the coroner arrives," said Père Rougevin. "Eel Bay is his chief treasury. I do not know how many souls have found the gate of eternity there."

With the inquest the story had nothing to do, but it was noted by the townspeople that the stranger departed instantly from Clayburg, and, although no word was uttered, it was generally understood that a great many people of matured thought were positive that in all human probability the dead body fished out of Eel Bay and the face of the stranger had a mysterious and awful connection. What it was none dared to say, and with the memory of the face the tradition of its appearance in Clayburg has faded.

All the letters which reached Florian from his native town during the summer nearly brought him to despair by their terrific descriptions of the mysterious stranger, and one day there arrived a plain note, posted in a place unknown, warning him to be on his guard against the man, for he meant him evil. It

was plain that this individual was making himself familiar with Florian's affairs. A man does not meddle without an object. Florian felt himself in possible danger. His first impulse was to put the matter in a detective's hands, but after reflection he decided to take another course. Recalling the incident of Count Vladimir and the stranger in conversation, he thought it probable that they might be acquainted, or even connected, since the stranger appeared to be a Russian. Then it occurred to him that he had opened himself to the count with unnecessary frankness, and had told him enough about his past life to make the work of a spy trivial and successful. This idea plunged him into a maze of speculation which threatened to have no end, and he cut it short by going to visit the count.

Vladimir and he had become very good friends, and the young nobleman had come to New York for the sole purpose of seeing political life under the guidance of his distinguished friend. He did not trouble himself much about the political life when he had made the acquaintance of a few fast men of the city and had found means to pass the time pleasantly in his usual haunts. Gambling and horse-racing, fine dinners and questionable company, had irresistible attractions for this scion of a noble house. Florian tried often to bring him into the paths of virtue, but desisted on finding that the count considered his advice impertinent and puritanical. It was not difficult to acquire an affection for the young fellow, and Florian deeply admired him. He was handsome, open-hearted, and engaging, and sinned with such thoughtlessness and relish that the grave Congressman often wished his own disposition had as little malice. In the presence of so attractive a scamp his own correct notions looked a little odd and silly, and he occasionally dropped a few of them in order to seem of a similar nature to this butterfly; so that in time he came to like descriptions of doubtful character in which the count was apt to indulge, and to attempt them himself in a constrained fashion which secretly amused Vladimir, and by degrees he raised about himself an atmosphere rather obnoxious to the pure in thought and word. But this was one of the accidents of his position, he thought, as became a man who was destined to meet all sorts of people and be placed in all sorts of circumstances. He must look upon these things as trifles. He felt very disappointed in himself, however. To think that he should be so thoroughly deceived by this boy, to have all his life drawn from him so apishly that it might furnish matter for a spy's recreation, was galling! He did not allow it to dis-

turb him, however, and when he entered the count's apartments was as offhand as usual and showed no feeling in mentioning the incident of the mysterious stranger.

"My dear count," said he, "I have no objection whatever to an inquiry into my past life, but if I am to furnish the material I have a right to know the object. What possible interest can you or any man have in ferreting out an open record? My life from birth has not been remarkable and has no mysteries. I could have saved you some trouble, if you had come to me in the beginning and stated the matter candidly."

The count had just risen from sleep and looked pale and heavy. "The work I had to do," said he, "required secrecy for two reasons: that it might be more deftly done, and might awake no unreasonable hopes in the bosoms of American citizens whose birthright of freedom they would not exchange for an earldom."

"Peace!" said Florian. "That is tolerated on the Fourth of July only."

"Well, be it known, my friend, that I am commissioned by the Prince Louis of Moscow, father of that Prince Louis to whom you bear so remarkable a resemblance, to search for two or more of his relatives who came to this country just thirty years ago. It is whispered that the good prince, whose character is not of the best, was under the necessity of doing some dirty work years ago that he might get into his present lordly position. He trumped up a charge against a young and noble relative; said relative fled with his wife and two children to this country; the prince entered upon his relative's possessions, and the story ended. Now, in his old age Prince Louis fears for his wealth and standing. He begins to look for a Nemesis. To avert it he commissions me to find the exiled prince or his children, and settle with them for a respectable sum to remain here and leave him in the enjoyment of his estates. He gave me some portraits to help the search. You so closely resembled one of them that I took you for a possible heir and sent to inquire into your antecedents. I shall now show you the portraits. First, do you hold me absolved from any crime against your majesty's fame and honor?"

"By all means," said Florian. "You have proceeded admirably, but you are on a wrong scent, my friend, though I must say I regret it."

"And why, if I may ask?"

"I would like to barter for the mess of pottage with Prince Louis; money is more to me now than a princeship or a kingship."

"Money, money, money! It is the one cry that makes itself distinctly heard amid the jargon I have endured since I came to this country. I have never met a people with noses so like miners' tools, well fitted for digging up gold. What a nation you will be when your children are educated into this notion!"

"The portraits, count—the portraits," said Florian impatiently.

Vladimir brought them out from an inner room and placed them for his inspection.

Florian noticed the rich cases before he opened them, and tried vainly to make out the monogram. The faces were done in oil and well executed. The first was a young man with reddish hair and smooth, delicate face, of too fine a nature evidently to cope with the gross wickedness of the material villain, his relative; and the second a lovely woman of dark complexion, whose sweet face was indicative of great strength of character.

"I should fancy this woman would not take very well to flight," he said after a pause. "She would hold her castle to the end."

"So she did, and died," the count responded. "There are more ways than one of bringing an enemy to terms."

Two children of lovely appearance took up the third case, and Florian laughed at the idea of these being taken for himself and dead Linda. There was no resemblance, except that the eyes of the boy were of a brown color and the dark eyes of the girl sparkled with some of Linda's mischievousness. But between himself and the exiled prince there certainly was a very striking resemblance, and it extended in a lighter degree to the portrait of the princess. The count watched him closely as he examined the pictures, to see what impression they made on him; but Florian felt only disappointment and disgust.

"Has your Russian friend reported to you yet?" he asked. "For I suppose I have some right to know."

"He has," the count answered frankly; "but he had nothing more to say than that you did not resemble your father or mother, and had not been baptized in Clayburg."

"True, and I could not say where I really was baptized. But if you wish it we shall go together to Clayburg and interview my parents and friends. It is a queer time of day to bring up question of my paternity. We shall have to proceed cautiously for two reasons. My mother is nervous and my father hot-tempered, and inquiries among the townspeople, if too open, might act unpleasantly on my good name."

"Oh! I assure you the whole matter will be conducted most

honorably and delicately. Allow me to thank you for your kind offer. I accept at once, and, having done with you, I shall proceed to persecute some other individual. But have I your pardon, Florian, for my want of candor? I was so fearful of—"

"Not a word, count. I only wish you had succeeded in proving me a prince. It would have been a great help in my political life. Let me advise you. Get rid of your troublesome friend, and do not use him as a—an agent. His face is against him."

"He is a helpful fellow and a good fellow. But his face *is* against him, although I do not pay attention to it now. He disturbed you, it seems. He impressed you as—"

"An assassin," said Florian, with an outburst of long-restrained disgust and horror.

"Ah!" was all the count said, and Florian could not tell why the simple exclamation set him wondering as he went away.

CHAPTER III.

FLORIAN THINKS OF MARRYING.

MADAME LYNCH and Frances were spending the summer among the mountains, and the big house, with its wide halls and staircases, was uncommonly dull. Florian found it so whenever he came in worn out with the day's labor and the jaggedness of life in general. He missed Frances exceedingly, for in the private reception-room she usually sat at the twilight hour, and her music was the first thing he heard on entering the house, her form in its light drapery gleaming through the darkness the first he saw, and he found it pleasant and restful to sit listening to the sweet melodies. He admired Frances for her gentle, lady-like ways and her good breeding, for her small hands, her cleverness, and her beauty, and did not think it a fault, although it might have been dispensed with, that she was deeply religious. He admired Mrs. Merrion from a different standpoint—from what standpoint he could hardly define; only he would not wish to have one the other, for the reason that Barbara's ways would not very well suit a Catholic lady, and if *chic* was to be admired it suited very well where it was.

Unconsciously, almost, Frances had grown into his life since Ruth was lost to him. Those evenings by the piano had left their impression on him. It would be very sweet always to have her waiting in the twilight for him in his own house; and she

was so very good and beautiful, not very brilliant as Barbara was, not so full of character as the strong-souled Ruth, but unique and perfect in her way, and made to reign over a household. It troubled him when he thought what was his idea of a politician's household and a politician's wife: balls and parties and receptions to be given and attended, at which she was often to complete by her charms what he had begun in the busy world. It did not promise much of real home enjoyment, but it would not last always. With her religious feelings so well cultivated, Frances might some time prove an intractable wife in matters which could not grate upon without injuring conscience. The political world had great moral knaves, and yet it would be an absolute necessity to receive them hospitably, to feast and entertain and cajole them. It was humiliating, but when one prepares to fly high he must stoop a little at first. Barbara was a brilliant woman, and, though fond of home-life, admirably suited to such a position. If there were such another! But it was idle to think of it.

It might be venturesome to give Frances the position his wife was expected to fill. He did not wish to do violence to so gentle a spirit, but when it came to a question of his life-interests he felt that he could be hard and unyielding as iron. It would never do to make the mistake of marrying a scrupulous and therefore obstinate woman. He had no wish to attempt the breaking of any woman's will or to add domestic infelicity to his political troubles. With such a woman as Barbara Merrion to be asked in marriage, his work was done. Surely there were more like her, but in his experience he had never met them, and now it was too late to begin the search. He might be exaggerating the defects of Frances. Love and association do a great deal towards making a husband's will the will of his wife. She was very gentle, and so unsophisticated that it would be quite easy to bring her to a disagreeable work by plausibly hiding its bad side and bringing out into prominence its best parts. When he sought for instances in the girl's character to support this inference he was surprised not to find any. She was inclined to yield to persuasion, but her yielding was ever of the right kind, towards good, and he recalled an incident in which she had politely ignored rude persuasion. He felt amused at the habit which he had long ago acquired of taking for granted the success of any enterprise he undertook. It was a fashion of successful men. He was not at all certain of winning Frances, but if the attempt was to be made he was determined to do his best, as he always did. It occurred to him to consult Mrs. Merrion.

Women know one another thoroughly, and she was a sharp-minded female, generous and over-willing in giving advice, and would be happy to help one of her warmest admirers. She was residing for the summer in a villa on the Jersey coast, whither the count and himself often journeyed to dine, as it was but an hour's ride from New York. It had surprised the gentlemen that she should choose so quiet a spot instead of following the fashionable crowd.

"Well, I am in a mood," said Mrs. Merrion, "a serious mood, and I am going there to read, to think, to listen to the sea roaring, and to enjoy the moonlight nights alone."

"She must have some exquisite plot hatching," was the count's comment; but Florian, who thought he understood her better, saw no reason to doubt the plain meaning of her words.

There was time to catch the noon boat and return late the same evening, and he hurried away at once to the dock. In the hall he met Paul coming in from a walk up-town. The poet looked pale and dragged, and his step had lost its springiness.

"Halloo!" said Florian, with a coldness which all his assumed offhandness could not hide. "How is the drama getting on?"

"So, so," answered Paul, with a weary smile, as he climbed the stairs to the attic chamber. A coolness had come between them since Ruth's departure. They avoided one another as much as possible because of the strain which it cost to keep up a semblance of the old familiarity. To Paul it was a real pain, for he saw no cause why they should degenerate into mere acquaintances; but so fate had ordained, and they drifted apart day by day until they had lost sight of each other. When he reached his attic he found Peter in the customary attitude on the bed, snoring as if he had not enjoyed eight hours of sleep the preceding night. He did not wake him, but the noise of moving about brought Peter's eyes into view, much swollen and leering doubtfully.

"I kem up, Paul, b'y," said he, "to have a chat an' a smoke; an' seein' ye were gone, I made meself comfortable. Was it sleepin' I was? An' snorin' too? Well, it's a convanient place to snore. Ye disturb nobody. Yer lookin' pale, b'y, wid yer long, beautiful face an' yer yallow curls! There's not a purtier b'y in New York than yer own self this minit, an' ye have a heart which isn't a gizzard like that blackguard politician's. Yer workin' too hard; night an' day yer always at it. Sure yer a rich dramatist now an' can afford to be idle for a while. Throw sorrow to the winds an' dull care to the dogs, an' take a

good glass of Irish whiskey, a good sleep—but I see it's Frances yer mournin' after; I noticed ye began to look pale from the day she went to the mountains. But she'll be back again, sure."

"With a husband, I think," said Paul cheerfully.

"No, b'y, no!" cried Peter, jumping from the bed with unusual energy. "If I thought that I'd go to the mountains at once. I'd fight a duel with every mother's son o' them. I'd shoot her husband. She'll never marry unless she takes the man I lay out for her."

"And whom have you laid out?" said Paul.

"Yerself, of course. Well, never mind who," he replied, with a laugh, "but it's not the lawyer."

Paul began to write reluctantly, for he was not in the humor.

"Throw away them things," said Peter in disgust; "better for ye to be doin' somethin' to save yer soul instead o' writin' milk-an'-water dramas. I'm always sick after I review one o' them for the journal."

"No sicker than I for writing them," said Paul, giving way to depression and throwing aside the papers. "This is a poor way to make a living, and very painful. I feel as if I were pulling my brains out piece by piece and putting them on paper."

"So ye are, b'y, but fortunately ye have a big supply. Ah! but it's beautiful to have brains enough for twenty. It gives ye power. An' then it's not so hard as ye make it out. I'd rather write a drama than say me prayers. See, now, it's a greater work, for ye are instructin' thousands that never say a prayer, may be; an' if you could introduce a girl prayin' and a little lecture on prayer, it's beyond countin' all the good ye'd do. Cheer up, me b'y! Yer dramas are the neatest things of their kind, and it gives me a real pleasure to write them up for the journal; it does, indeed."

"Well done, Peter!" said the poet, with a laugh; "you are at least consistent in your inconsistency."

"Don't be laughin' at me," said Peter gruffly; "remember the story of the laughing boys and the prophet. I'm old and I'm entitled to respect."

"But then this writing is so childish," said Paul sadly; "you never can rise above it. It is a butterfly sort of work, which flutters through this season, dies, and next season flutters again. I have no extra pay for it, although I am one of the most popular writers. The manager will not let me out of a certain groove. I shall stay in that till I die."

"Just so. It's a bad idea, a groove. I never could stand

that anyhow. Well, ye can better yerself; it's always in yer power to do that, b'y. Now, there's the Repeal movement, with O'Connell and Davis, and the writers of the *Nation*—"

"That's the work," said Paul, with enthusiasm, "if we had some of it to do here. There's a soul in it. I could starve and write for such a cause."

"Faith, yer not far from starvin' now, ye poor creature, an' yer looks show it. An' why can't ye cross the ocean an' throw yerself into the cause? I'll go with ye, b'y, an' we'll both raise the hearts of Irishmen as the American contingent. I'll do the talkin' an' ye'll do the writin', an' we'll live from house to house on pure whiskey an' potatoes. No Saxon fol-de-rols for us, no insipid water, no beef, no h'ale, but potatoes an' whiskey, whiskey an' potatoes, from night till mornin'. Divil a bit else I think they have in some counties. I'd like a few fresh vegetables in the spring, an' a dessert finishes up a meal purty well, but sure whiskey has all these things rolled into one. The tears of Erin are the only substance that can make the b'ys forget their own sorrows and think more deeply of their country.

"'Ould Ireland, you're me darlin'.'"

He sang the notes as he danced about the room cracking his fingers, and finally he plunged over the dressing-table head-foremost.

"Now that you are cooled off," said Paul, as Peter disconsolately rubbed his head, "will you give me some advice on the matter? I need change and excitement. I think it would not be a bad idea to go to Ireland."

"Are ye in earnest, b'y?" said Peter, fixing eyes and mouth upon him.

"Are not you in earnest, too?" replied the poet in pretended surprise.

"Well," said Peter, with some hesitation, and then briskly, "of course I am. Would I have mentioned it if I wasn't? It's a glorious thing to die for one's country. Shoulder arms and down with the Sassanagh! I'll shed me best blood against the English. Drive them out root and branch, particularly the landlords. O Paul! just fancy me behind a hedge, an' a landlord comin' along the road, an' me takin' aim an' thinkin' of all his bloody acts of tyranny, an' his rack-rentin', an' the thousand other circumstances to nerve me arm. Pop goes the weasel! down he tumbles, an' you turn the whole thing into poetry an' send it to the *Nation*. Me name 'ud go down to posterity as the

Landlord-Killer. I'd become as terrible as a rover of the plains—"

"Shut up," said Paul, clapping his hands to his ears; "you are going mad."

"I will if you say so. This jumpin' about tires me."

"And now let us hear something sensible," said Paul. "If I went to Ireland I suppose the first thing in order would be a spirited article or poem which, with my services, I would offer to the leaders."

"I s'pose so. Pshaw! b'y, what would smart men like them want wid a mere b'y scribblin' dramas all yer life an' not—"

"That will do, Peter. The next thing would be to settle down to work and make a living some way."

As Paul appeared to be looking at the scheme in earnest, and as a practical plan for getting away from the severe routine to which he had been bound for years, Peter's enthusiasm grew beautifully less.

"Ah! b'y, I was only jokin'," he said, resuming his seat. "An' now let us have a plain, sensible chat on love—the all-devouring, none-excepting love that fastens alike on age an' youth, an' burns as fiercely in the Indian's veins as in the Caucasian's. Paul, yer a poet: what is love?"

"You've had a longer experience than I," said Paul, "and ought to know. I confess that I don't."

"Love," said Peter mysteriously, "is a conglomeration of accidents which—a—a—forming, or I should say rushing—a—a—a—tumultuously into the heart of man, by their multitudinous variety—a—a—a—smother his real nature an' make him a jackass of the first water. Now, b'y, that's what must happen to you in regard to that sweet beauty in the mountains. I often thought what a fine thing it 'ud be for ye to go *incog.* to her hotel, win her heart without her knowin' it, get married an' come back—"

"To her mother's attic, hey? That would be a surprise for Frances."

"Oh! no. Of course ye'd have the whole house when ye'd marry the heiress."

"I would not hesitate a minute," Paul said seriously, "if I thought madame would give us the establishment and retire."

"Well, I dunno about that either," Peter responded dubiously. "She has a mighty tough grip on the money an' the place, has the ould lady. But see, Paul, I have a plan that I've been thinkin' of this long time, an' it's a mighty good one, I'm sure, if ye'd listen an' act on it."

"I'll listen, of course," said Paul.

"But it must be a secret," said Peter, coming close to him and beginning to whisper his mysteries.

Whatever they were, Paul listened for a short time only, when he rose up and pushed Peter violently into the hall, locking the door after him and enduring in silence his pathetic reproaches outside. With an effort he resumed his writing. His face in the afternoon light looked doubly pale and wan. The garret was cool and the waters of the river were shining pleasantly far away, with steamers and sails dotting their surface. Paul's thoughts would rise occasionally from the paper and float off into the realms of the might-have-been with unusual persistency. He was beginning to be haunted again by the face of Ruth! Some words that a stranger had uttered about Miss Pendleton's conversion and her present mode of life had waked what, after all, was but a sleeping image when he had thought it dead and buried. He did not care to indulge the feeling, but the face which had haunted him for years before he saw its substance was not to be so easily loosed from fancy's meshes. So he dreamed and suffered in patience.

Meanwhile Florian had gone on his way to Seagirt, and, arriving an hour after dinner—for the old-fashioned meal-times were kept there—found Mrs. Merrion unexpectedly absent. She had promised never to be away from home when the boats arrived. Neither did the servant know whither she had gone, and he was left to walk the verandas impatiently and to stray through the rooms. The cottage was small and built without any pretensions to beauty. It had a good situation and was comfortably furnished, and many of Mrs. Merrion's latest sea-sketches ornamented the walls. He wandered from room to room, idly inspecting them, and finally intruded into one which perhaps it was intended he should not have seen. It was a mere closet holding a desk, and a chair and prie-dieu, some pictures, books, and statues. But the character of this furniture almost took the breath away from the honorable gentleman. On the desk lay a few manuscripts, and an open book beside them suggested copying. The book was the *Imitation of Christ.* At the back of the desk hung a crucifix; the pictures were of a pious character, and one was a copy of a miraculous picture; the books were either controversial or works of pure Catholic devotion. As he recollected that these things were not intended for his eyes, he withdrew hastily to the outer air.

What new freak was Mrs. Merrion meditating, and was this the quiet and seclusion she had spoken of? Where had she gotten these ideas? He had never spoken to her on religious matters, and he was unaware of any Catholic acquaintances who would lead her to such thoughts and doings. Evidently this freak would spoil Mrs. Merrion without doing her any good, and he thought, with a jealous pang, how much this incident resembled Ruth's conversion. He had been her nearest friend, yet was unable to make any religious impression upon her, when a strange poet comes along, speaks a few words, and forthwith she is all tears. Who could be the stranger in this instance?

While he was discussing the point and gloomily wondering over its future results Mrs. Merrion returned, her cheeks very red after a lively walk, and with many meek apologies for her delay. He looked at her curiously and remarked the change which had almost imperceptibly come upon her. Formerly she would have thrown the blame of her own delay on his shoulders, and maintained her position with saucy defiance of truth, reason, and politeness. Now she was a meek, quiet culprit awaiting a well-deserved sentence. She was losing her *chic*. It was really painful, and he told her so immediately.

"I suppose it's the sea air," she said, with a touch of the old archness; "it makes everything damp and clinging. You can hardly stand up when the wind is full of salt."

"But the wind is blowing off the land now," said he. "It pains me to see you so changed. I hope you are not ill."

"What nonsense!" she cried; "you have been coming and coming all the summer, and never noticed it before. Why should you notice it now? I am happy enough, and one should be different at the seaside from what one is in the city. Wait until I resume my position in society—if I ever do—"

"Oh! 'if I ever do'!" repeated Florian in mock amazement.

"Well, well! Ruth Pendleton went into a convent and you were not surprised. Why should not I do the same?"

"Oh! by all means. You are just suited for it."

"Have you any news from the city?" she said.

"Yes; I am going to be married."

She turned upon him a pair of wide, startled eyes, and, unseen by him, a faint pallor crept about the trembling lips.

"Well," said he, delighted, "other people are married; why should not I be?"

She did not speak at once, but turned to the window and looked over the plunging sea.

"It is hard to know which sex can do the strangest things," she said; "they seem to vie with each other."

"In foolishness, you mean. However, I have not dreamed of a monastery yet. I am waiting to hear your questions about the lady, but you seem to have forgotten your natural curiosity. To tell the truth, I hardly know who she is myself."

"No? Have you fallen in love with an ideal?"

"I have not fallen in love at all. I am to marry as a political necessity. I shall marry a woman I care for, of course, and who cares for me—"

"It is not essential—in a political marriage," she said, with sly sarcasm, then took a look at his stolid, darkening face from under her gipsy hat. But he was thinking and not gazing, and missed the by-play.

"I know that, but I came to ask for your advice. I am in doubt as to the wisdom of asking a certain lady to be my wife—I shall demand so much of her in return for my own condescension. I would not wish to embitter her life by making demands which she could not supply. You can tell me whether she is capable of sustaining the burden of becoming Mrs. Wallace. You know Miss Lynch?"

"De Ponsonby's daughter? Oh! quite well; and she is of your own religious belief, too, which is an advantage."

"Perhaps it draws me towards her out of many indifferent fair ones, and she is very beautiful."

"And very good, I know—pious as an angel, without losing a woman's vivacity or interest in worldly matters."

"Her piety I consider a drawback. Women are not like men in these matters. If moved at all they are carried too far, and they mount a mere ceremonial observance and call it standing on principle. Such women are dangerous."

"Very true. But Frances Lynch will not be dangerous unless you come within reach of her claws."

"You think she has claws, then?"

"Nature always provides its weak children with ugly means of defence, and the weaker the animal the uglier its weapon. Then, you know, woman has a tongue, but that is nothing."

"Oh! yes, it's a great deal. But I came to you for advice. You know the kind of a woman I need. Do you think she is the woman? I am not egotistic. I have not won her, but I shall try to win her if you can make my doubts certainties, like the good fairy you are and always have been."

"If I do I shall ask a service at your hands," she answered

softly. "Well, my advice is, never mind so much the general unfitness of the lady to be your wife. If she is a lady such as Frances Lynch is, she will be well able to hold the first place in your house. Follow your heart first—"

"I did follow it once," he interrupted, "and you know how it ended. I shall not try it again. The first part of your advice seems sensible, though. It agrees exactly with what I had thought."

"And the last part, not agreeing with what you had thought, is not sensible. That is fair reasoning."

"Never mind. Shall I take it for granted that you distinctly encourage me to offer myself to Frances?"

"Why, no! That is most unjust. Are you trying to make me responsible for your marriage?"

"Forgive me, but in my haste I misunderstood your meaning. I understand now. You think, as I do, that the lady would be an admirable wife for any man, and therefore for me. Well, the next time you see me it will be at the feet of Miss Frances. I thank you for your very kind advice. Perhaps I might be useful to you in return."

"Perhaps so," she said shyly. Florian was in despair. These manners were not Mrs. Merrion's, and while they became her, as everything did, they did not please him so well as the ordinary sauciness and defiance. If the oratory was the cause of it he would like to abolish it. She waited for some time after her last words before speaking. "I have something to show you," she said reluctantly. He knew it was the oratory, and she led the way there. He was now at liberty to express his surprise, while she stood blushing.

"I see it all," he said; "this is the meaning of your desertion of the fashionable world, of your loss of old-time cheerfulness and your increase of melancholy. Who would have believed it?"

"You seem to pay great attention to my moods."

"If you are to pay attention to women you must watch their moods, for their moods are themselves. I don't like to believe that this summer's mood is you. Perhaps it will pass before winter."

"Oh! I hope not, I hope not," she said earnestly. "Would you not wish me to become a Catholic?"

"It is natural, I suppose, to wish it. But it does not suit every soul to get the faith. I hope it will not do you any more damage. I would like to be of service to you and to advise you.

The first thing I advise is, don't enter a convent. It's the worst possible place for a convert."

"I will not, if you say so," she answered mildly, and, the bell ringing for tea, they changed the conversation. It was pleasant to Florian how much at ease he felt with Mrs. Merrion, and he thought with some regret of the change which his marriage would make in their present happy relations. He was meditating on this as they walked down the beach towards the dock when the hour of departure came. He had offered her his arm, and they had stopped to gaze on a vessel disappearing seaward with its colored lights twinkling through the twilight. The sea was moaning heavily at their feet.

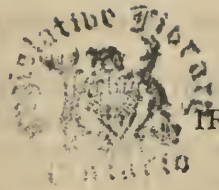
"It makes me sad," she said, "to see a vessel going off like that into the depths of darkness and the sea. It pictures our lives a little, doesn't it? Our destiny carries us off out of the old happy paths into the new unknown ones, and we have only the colored lights of past memories to brighten the way. If this could but last for ever!"

"It is too beautiful to last for ever," he answered.

And they went on their way in silence down the moaning beach.

"O Linda!" murmured Florian as he stood on the steamboat's deck. The name frightened him. It was forced from his lips as if by some unfelt power within him. This voice from the grave no longer struck a tender harmony. It jarred like an angry accusation. How had he not changed from the Florian who stood by the death-bed in Clayburg, his soul echoing to the breathed prayer, "That we may meet again!" How he was stumbling! Whither, whither was he rushing? And in the dimness and the vastness, the voice, growing fainter, seemed to plead: "Halt, my brother! Turn back—that we may meet again!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



IRELAND'S MODERATION.

I.

ALMOST every educated American has been unconsciously influenced against Ireland and the Irish cause by the unfriendly spirit of England, as expressed, not in her historical records only, but in her current literature, her oratory, her dramatic and pictorial art, and in the popular music of the day. The Irishman of English and English-American art is not "created a little lower than the angels," but only a little higher than the gorillas. The Irishman of *Punch*, for example, and of *Puck* and *Harper's Weekly*, is never seen in actual life either in Ireland or in America. He is as purely a creation of imaginative art as Caliban, or the stage Yankee, or the "good Irish landlord" whose tenants shoot him from "behind hedges" in parishes where there are nothing but stone fences; for, if such a creature ever lived on this planet (which I doubt), he has perished as completely as the dragon that St. George slew, or vanished like the fairies who once frolicked around Tara's Hill. Yet this hairy, grinning, and semi-articulating gorilla is persistently presented as the type of a race sensitive, emotional, affectionate, and courageous; a race whose barefooted peasant women receive the traveller in their earth-floor huts with more than the dignity of hereditary queens and with the warm, pure welcome of sisters; a race whose history is a shining trail of human glory, luminous with the genius of poets and warriors, and orators and saints.

The American never knows how much he has been influenced by these slanders until he has lived among the people they asperse; nor then always, unless he has not an open mind only, but a heart to feel for sorrows not his own, and unless also he carries in his mind's satchel, so to speak, a few crumbs, at least, of that humor and imagination of which even the poorest Irishman has usually so bountiful a feast. Garrick's description of Oliver Goldsmith is really a clever portrait of the Irish race. It is a race rich in great traits and great contradictions. When the "Saxon" invader seized their land the Genius of Ireland gave to her sons a dreamland in compensation for it. The "Saxon" might hold the good fields, but the Celt owned the "good folks."

The Puritan might destroy their sacred temples, but he could not evict the sacred memories that still cluster around them.

II.

These caricatures of the Irish evoke in Ireland so many refutations, by eye and ear, that I have never yet met an American who, after visiting that country, did not hesitate to tell the whole truth about it, lest (being so hostile to the popular belief) his testimony should be discredited as prejudiced and untrustworthy. For example, there is no Irish fact that impresses the impartial student more than the political moderation of the Irish people. Again, he sees—if he has studied, not systems only and history, but men and practical politics—that, of all white races, the Irish are the quickest to forgive, and therefore that they would be the easiest to govern, if only they were chivalrously treated. They are a race to whom insults are crueler than wrongs; who would forgive the grievances of centuries in an hour, but who would nourish for centuries the memory of an hour of contumely. This is one of the contradictions of Irish character. What is its genesis? An old race of warriors, after centuries of self-rule and domination, find themselves governed by a nation that sneers at them. Their pride resents the indignity, while their religion restrains them from the ancient pagan system of retaliation. The old Asian pagan and the old Roman Christian are still waging war in the Irish heart. That the Christian so firmly holds back the pagan is one of the greatest of religious miracles. Yet who regards the Irish as moderate, or forgiving, or easy to govern?

Yet, again, what most impresses the impartial student in the character of English rule in Ireland is its callousness and its pettiness. It is cruel and paltry in about equal proportions. It not only stabs but it *nags*—that is, it systematically and persistently enforces a policy that both starves the body and wounds the spirit of the people.

These opinions also are opposed to the common belief.

III.

Are the Irish moderate in their demands? Let us see.

What the Irish ask is the chance to live in decent comfort on their native soil; to own what they earn, after duly paying their just debts, after "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—and unto God the things that are God's." They do not

demand the restoration, without compensation, of the land that was wrested from their ancestors. They are willing—they are eager—to pay for it. While they may theoretically deny the rightful claim of the invader to compensation, they recognize his power and the practical necessity of paying him ransom money for release.

What the Irish ask, as to land legislation, if granted, would injure no man, and no class, and no nation; it would even and inevitably result in yielding a greater revenue to England herself; it would render an army of occupation and a perennial plague of constabulary locusts, now needed, unnecessary in Ireland; it would increase the population and the wealth, and *therefore* the conservative power, of the island, and of the British Empire with it; it would promote every good, moral and physical, that just and wise governments desire to foster and seek to extend among their people. The experience of many and diverse nations, the teachings of saints and philosophers, political science and the natural law, unite in bearing testimony to the truth that the native inhabitants (or the first legitimate community) of a country are the rightful owners of its soil, and that they cannot be deprived of that birthright without results disastrous to the morals of the people and injurious to the land itself, and therefore to every industry that derives its welfare from the prosperity of the cultivators of the soil.

Is not *this* demand moderate?

IV.

The next demand of the Irish people is for Home Rule—that the Irish shall govern Ireland, as the people of New York govern the State of New York, subject only in imperial affairs, as we are subject in federal affairs, to the authority of the general government.

Without reference to British precedents, this demand commends itself as a rightful and wise and moderate policy. Every people has the natural right to govern itself—not necessarily as a democracy, but within itself and without foreign dictation or other external domination. Whether by acquiescence or by election, the rulers whom any people prefer are the rulers best adapted for them—that is, most fitted to promote their general welfare and thereby the manifest intention of the Overruler.

Now, the government of the Irish by the English is a government of force. It is neither the government of their deliberate

election nor is it sanctioned by their voluntary acquiescence. It may offend many Irish patriots for me to say it, but I do believe and say that, given Home Rule to Ireland and the self-ownership of the soil, a large majority of the Irish people of to-day would prefer to remain, as Canada remains, a self-governed member of the British Empire. But, without these two conditions precedent, no permanent peace is possible between Ireland and England. For centuries every generation of the Irish race has made its protest against the existing system of English domination; and with the world-wide spread of democratic ideas and of democratic aspirations, it would be idle to suppose that the future will be less prolific of protestations than the past. We may have a peace, but it will be a truce of hate only.

V.

But while, as Americans, we believe that every people are best governed by themselves, within themselves, the Irish race have no need of invoking any "abstract theories," any so-called "glittering generalities" of American political philosophy, to justify their demand for Home Rule in Ireland.

The final test of wisdom in all worldly policies is—Success. Any policy that always fails, whether in commerce or politics, is an unwise policy. Now, whether we take seven centuries, or seven generations, or seven decades, or even seven years—or any single century, generation, decade, or year—and examine the records of English rule in Ireland during that period, we shall be compelled to return a verdict of—*failed*. Of course, in thus examining, we must hold that government is the human science of so ruling peoples as to promote their general welfare, not the mere tiger power of keeping a firm clutch on human prey, or else the verdict might be—nay, it would be—reversed; because whatever else England may have failed to do, she *has* succeeded in maintaining the grip that she began to get over Ireland in the days of King Henry II. and completed in the days of King Henry VII.

But she has *not* converted the Irish people, although Henry VIII. and his equally saintly successors tried it; and she has *not* exterminated the Irish people, although Oliver Cromwell and his savage swarm of psalm-singers tried it; and she has *not* banished the Irish people, although Lord John Russell and his equally senile imitators tried it.

In each of these Irish policies England has failed utterly.

Neither has she absorbed the Irish people in blood, as the Saxons were absorbed; nor by protection, as European revolutionary exiles have been absorbed in England; nor by personal interest and political sympathy, as America absorbs every immigrant of every race who lands on her hospitable shores.

The Irish to-day, as a people, are as distinct in sympathies from the English as the Picts and Scots and the ancient Britons were distinct in civilization from the Romans in the days of Cæsar.

Thus, failure is the perennial result of English rule. Yet the Irish are not made of a tougher texture than other races; for, thrown into the crucible of American nationality, they fuse as readily and rapidly as any other people. But, like all great races and great men, while they easily blend they cannot bend. English rule has not sought to blend them but to bend them, and therefore its history in Ireland is a long and dreary list of political bankruptcies.

I have no desire to be unjust to the English people. They are a positive, ruling, unimaginative race, with a rough and crude, almost protoplasmic, sense of justice, which—owing to their insular position—has degenerated into a general and profound conviction that whatever is English is right. Now, when a policy is both right and English—as sometimes happens—they show magnificent traits in advocating or defending it; but the same bulldog tenacity, and the same want of insight, impel them to set their teeth mercilessly into the hearts of foreign peoples when they themselves are in the wrong. It makes them cruel, and it makes them petty also. As absorbers of weak races the English have always failed. As rulers they are hated and feared —never loved and cherished.

VI.

These traits explain many of the saddest episodes of Irish history. The most radical English friend of Ireland will never admit, even as an abstract historical proposition, that the Irish have any inherent right to an independent nationhood. Still less will he grant it as a problem of practical politics. Now, although the question is an abstract question only, having no place whatever within the sphere of practical statesmanship, yet this English incapacity to see that any race within the empire has the natural right to be independent is a key that unlocks many historical chambers of horrors not in Ireland only but in every quarter of the globe.

This stolid trait of the English is the source of incessant irritation in Ireland, as well as of serious wrongs. The English never try to understand the Irish. If they should do so, and should discover the secret ciphers of Irish character, they would make it an easy task for statesmen to "create a more perfect union," even while and by re-establishing "Grattan's Parliament on College Green."

VII.

They would see, for instance, that the Irish are a people whose love of the past has become one of their most distinguishing racial characteristics. The Irish are proud of their old warriors and saints. The ruins of their ancient churches and palaces are tenderly revered. A round tower; an old Celtic cross; the swamp where the last of their pagan kings and the abbey where the last of their Christian kings were buried; the holy wells; the fairy mounds; the sites of the cells of St. Bridget and St. Columbkille; the "sentinel hills" where the watchman stood to give notice of the approach of the soldiery when the priest was saying Mass in some secluded glen in the not-so-far-away days of the penal laws; every memory and every relic of the ancient times—each and all of them are cherished with a love that no other race seems capable of feeling, and hardly of comprehending when they see its manifestations.

The desecration of such shrines—or what the Irish people regard as the desecration of them—is a perpetual and galling reminder of the overthrow of their independence as a nation. No wise ruler would keep alive such memories. Yet the English do it in Ireland.

I well remember the shock it gave me, as an American, when, stopping over at Athlone for dear Goldsmith's sake, I saw, opposite the hotel there, an ancient bell-tower, and was told that it had been confiscated from the Catholic Church and was now actually held by the Church of Ireland. To be sure, in my early boyhood, I had seen in the Scottish Lowlands the ruins of great abbeys and monasteries, but I had seen there also the remains of the works of the Romans who did battle under Cæsar: and the Roman legions had not disappeared from the scene more completely than the Roman Catholics. No sense of an injustice done to any living men jarred on the enjoyment of the marvellous beauty of fair Melrose or of Dryburgh Abbey, where the body of Walter Scott lies buried. But in Ireland there is hardly a relic of ancient Catholicism that does not arouse a

sentiment of shame in the heart of an American non-Catholic, and that does not arouse a spirit of resentment in the heart of the patriotic Irish Catholic.

Their noblest and most cherished religious monuments were not only defaced by English troops and confiscated by the English government, but they are still kept in ruins even where the people desire to restore them, and they are entrusted to boards from which Catholics are practically excluded, and exhibited by ignorant Protestant guides who have no sympathy with their ancient memories. Every guide I met near these ruins was a Protestant, ignorant and bigoted, whose religion consisted in hating the pope and whose patriotism consisted in hating the Celt. The majestic ruins of the Rock of Cashel, for example, are shown by a babbling Orangeman, who is generally drunk. The tomb of the last Irish Christian king at Cong is owned by a rich Protestant brewer, whose wealth was won by debasing three generations of the Irish race, and every representative of whose family has been noted as an enemy of every national movement, from the earliest days of O'Connell to the latest days of Parnell. I visited the church at Drogheda, built, as the guide told me (with a base exultation), on the site of the Catholic church in which Cromwell slowly burned to death the helpless worshippers, and whose troopers, as he wrote to Parliament, "knocked on the head" the unarmed friars who sought to escape the flames. I supposed it to be a Catholic church until I entered it and saw that it was a Protestant church. Everything I had read of the terrors of the siege of Drogheda at once rushed into my mind. I heard the shrieks, I saw the writhing forms of the victims, and I rushed in horror from the building. The guide thought that I was sick. He could not understand my feelings of indignation and amazement. He saw nothing out of place in worshipping God in *that* place. "Sure, it was a decent church!" He was only puzzled how a Protestant could feel as he saw that I felt about it.

VIII.

Now, altogether apart from any question of the validity of ancient titles; admitting, to avoid vain arguments, that a conqueror has the right as well as the power to confiscate church property—what an American sees in the policy of England with respect to these Irish ruins and other ecclesiastical and ancient national edifices, judging it from a strictly secular and political

point of view, is the want of common sense shown in it, the unworthiness of it, the paltriness of it—in one word, the brainlessness of it.

What possible good can come from this policy of *nagging;* of reminding a proud people of old sword-thrusts by present pin-prickings; of harrying a race who fought bravely before they were defeated, and who have shown themselves ever since the equals, in every field of human endeavor, to the race that overwhelmed them by its numerical preponderance?

Our North overthrew our South; yet to-day the South is loyal. If there had been no other problem to settle there than the political problem, the moral effects of the civil war would have been effaced within a decade of Appomattox. It was because so many of the Southern people believed—unjustly but honestly believed—that our policy of reconstruction was a *nagging* policy, that we liberated and enfranchised the blacks in order to humiliate the whites, that it needed two decades to fully restore unity of national sentiment as well as unity of national power. If our North had adopted the English policy in Ireland, our South to-day would have been more disloyal than when her boys in gray rallied under the banners of Jackson and Lee. "Your magnanimity," said fiery Roger Pryor, "disarmed us!"

Common sense should teach England to restore to the Irish their sacred ruins, both national and ecclesiastical, and thus make them stony monuments of her magnanimity instead of ivy-clad memorials of ancient wrongs.

But the Irish do not ask for such restorations. They are even expected to express gratitude for such acts as that of Baron Guinness-Ardilaun for "restoring St. Patrick's Church" in Dublin, *not* (as an American might suppose) to the lineal heirs and successors of its builders, but only to its former architectural semblance, leaving it still in the hands of the impenitent holders who now possess it and use it for divine worship—of a class of men who seem to believe that God will listen to the prayers that arise to His Throne from a stolen church!

But it would require too much space to outline the extent of the policy of nagging that prevails in Ireland, and, besides, further indications of it are not needed to illustrate Ireland's moderation under causeless and ungenerous irritation.

IX.

Is Ireland's demand for Home Rule a moderate demand? Let us examine this question, not from an American but an Eng-

lish point of view. Let us admit, to begin with, that the policy of all nations, ancient and modern, our own included, founded on the instinct of self-preservation, would justify England in resisting by the sword any attempt to dismember the British Empire in the interests of Ireland or of any other nationality. Furthermore, we might admit that it would be legitimate in England to resist by law any policy that would be sure to foster a spirit of rebellion. We can easily admit these propositions without denying the right of every people to win their legitimate independence.

But England is estopped from the plea that the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland would be a revolutionary policy. Excepting the United States, no country has sanctioned the policy of Home Rule, under imperial rule, so often and so universally as England. She has even gone further than the United States in the extension of the principle and admission of the wisdom of this policy, because she has permitted it in some colonies, and almost forced it on Canada, *without* first exacting a recognition of the supremacy of the imperial government. America insists everywhere on implicit obedience, at least, to the national authority, and it would rather lay a score of States in ashes than abandon that position.

X.

England's territorial possessions are found in every zone; and wherever they are found Home Rule exists, excepting only in India, Jamaica, and Ireland. The position of India is exceptional, and it need not be discussed here. Jamaica is a Crown colony. It has no responsible Home Rule. Jamaica, like Ireland, is disaffected. "Whites," "browns," and "blacks"—her entire tri-colored population—are discontented.

Elsewhere there is loyalty to the red flag wherever it floats. Home Rule, in different forms, has been granted to the British colonies of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, British Columbia, Manitoba—north of us; to the Bahamas, to the Bermudas, to Barbadoes, to British Guiana, to St. Kitt's, to Dominica, to St. Vincent, to Tobago, to Nevis, to Alderney, to the Isle of Man, to Guernsey, to Malta, to Honduras, to Natal, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Sierra Leone, to Australia, to Australia West, to New South Wales, to New Zealand, to Queensland, to Tasmania, and to Victoria.

XI.

Why, then, should Home Rule be denied to Ireland? Surely no one will assume that the Irish are less intelligent than the natives of the colonies to whom Home Rule has been conceded.

Besides, Ireland demands no new right, no untried experiment. She asks only what she has possessed and what was taken from her, as England now admits, by bribery and corruption—"Grattan's Parliament in College Green," under which, short-lived as it was, statistics show that Ireland made unparalleled strides toward a stable prosperity.

XII.

Thus: the Irish demand for Home Rule is sanctioned by natural law, by the acknowledged failure of the English policy in Ireland, by the unvarying success of the experiment of self-government in the British colonies, as well as by the resplendent example of America; by every consideration of justice, of experience, and of prudence; by a generous regard, not for the interests of Ireland only, but also and equally for the welfare of the English people, the peace of nations, and the success and permanence of free institutions wherever they exist.

The demand for Home Rule is moderate because it is just, and because it *is* just it should be granted—not grudgingly, but with an eager alacrity. England is a powerful nation, but she is not strong enough to resist the just demands of any great race to-day when it is led by men of clear vision and strong will, who ask for no more than what is rightfully their due, and who can neither be cowed nor bribed into silence.

Such leaders Ireland now has in Mr. Parnell and Archbishop Croke, in Bishop Nulty and Mr. Justin McCarthy, in T. D. Sullivan and William O'Brien, and in a brilliant group of young men, both in secular and religious life, of whom they are the types and representatives. Sooner or later they are sure to succeed; for prudence in leadership is as indispensable as patriotism, and these eminent champions of the Irish race to-day are distinguished as much by their civic wisdom as by their love of the old isle of heroes and of saints.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ALTHOUGH her sympathetic outworks had been stormed and taken by the unexpected but determined assault that had been made upon them, the inner citadel of Mrs. Danforth's common sense was still unbreached. It would have been strange if the thought of her daughter's marriage in some not very distant future had never occurred to her as a desirable and likely issue for some of the perplexities with which that future at present seemed entangled. But American mothers of a generation back probably speculated little, as a rule, on that contingency, and seldom formed deliberate plans having it in view. That their girls would marry sooner or later was a thing to be expected at one period of their lives, pretty much as chicken-pox and measles might be at another. Chance and propinquity were likely to bring about each result in its appropriate season, and with good constitutions and reasonable care the patients might always be counted on to survive the attack and gain from it a happy immunity against repetitions.

But in Katharine's case the mother had hardly ceased, as yet, to regard her as a child. At the time of her own marriage she had been several years beyond her daughter's present age, and the tie which then united her to her husband had only drawn closer the bonds of a friendship which dated from almost the earliest consciousness of either. As her thoughts now followed the train of associations induced by what had just occurred, she reflected that she could not reproach herself with having been too easily won, even then. She had kept her lover dangling for a while in a suspense which perhaps might have been more agitating had its result been less clearly foreseen, but which, at all events, had satisfied her maidenly pride, as the remembrance of it now doubly irritated that of her motherhood. Whatever might be the ultimate result of this hasty wooing, which seemed to have terminated where in all conscience it should scarcely have begun, the girl, at least, ought not to go scot-free of reprimand. Curiously alike as these two were in certain obvious ways, having the same tenacity of grasp and singleness of intellectual vision, the same apparent want of expansiveness and cold-

ness of exterior, they were as curiously unlike in all that lay below the surface. If the depths of her heart had remained unstirred, as those of the majority of her sex probably always do remain, and she had yet lived the ordinary life of women, Katharine would have grown into a still more apparent likeness to her mother in the course of years, but to do so she would have had to crush out, or suffer to die of inanition, a thousand longings and aimless, vague regrets which the elder woman had never known. It was as if the same snowfall had enveloped, in the soft white mantle which veils all dissimilarities, here the unsuspected subterranean fires of a volcanic region, there a smooth, fertile plain lying under temperate northern skies, which, when its spring-time comes, blossoms with pale and faintly odorous flowers, and rustles, later on, with homely, nourishing grain.

Prepossessed as she had undeniably been in favor of Katharine's suitor by her only conversation with him, and quick as she was to recognize the advantages which might follow from an early marriage contracted under favorable conditions, what the mother was most clearly conscious of at present was an instinctive revolt, if not against the thing itself, at least against the manner of it. Nevertheless her criticism extended to her daughter only. As regarded men in general her creed was very simple. They were a sort of irresponsible creatures, prone to hasty impulses, impetuous and rash by nature, and incomplete without that sober drawback of womanly good sense and prudence contemplated by Providence in instituting the indestructible and ordinarily inevitable tie of marriage. That a girl should be sought after was natural and to be expected, but it was equally natural that she should fly the pursuer and not yield at the first summons to surrender. She had, indeed, long felt that her daughter's nature lay in some ways outside the range of her understanding and her sympathies, but what she had observed at this unlooked-for revelation of it was as incomprehensible to her as were the feelings by which it had been prompted.

"What does she know about him? What *can* she know about him?" was still the burden of her thoughts as she went about superintending the household tasks which had been suspended in this unprecedented fashion, and the early dinner to which, in spite of her scruples, she had determined to invite the victorious invader of her domestic sanctuary. "And how *could* she—oh!" until the exclamation, half-surprise, half-displeasure, with which her cogitations occasionally terminated when they reached this explosive point, excited Hannah's sympathies and drew forth

from her a well-meant but coldly-received suggestion as to the stomachic value of peppermint essence. She followed Mr. Giddings to the door when he departed, to make an inquiry and give a prudential injunction.

"You are staying with the Whites?" she began. "You cannot, surely, have mentioned this—this affair—as yet?"

"Reassure yourself," the other answered, with a smile. "I will wait now for your permission before making further disclosures." And then, seeing her disturbed and anxious face, "Really, I beg your pardon a thousand times for my precipitation. But if you knew how unexpected was the opportunity, and how great the temptation to profit by it! Don't be too hard on her, I beg you. I see you have a rod in store, but, in all fairness, it is my shoulders and not hers that ought to feel it."

"Oh! you!" she said, with a fine feminine scorn which translated itself into her tone and gesture in a manner he found irresistibly amusing. "Men act according to their kind, of course. But so ought she!"

"I wish I could make you see," he answered, as he shook her hand in parting, "that it is because she acts so entirely according to her own kind that I find her so altogether charming."

"There is a pair of them," he mused, as he walked slowly down the hill, "and the mother's innocence is at least as characteristic and unworldly as her daughter's. But if Katharine's had taken the same turn, how inexpressibly uninteresting it would have been to me!"

Katharine had fled to the shelter of her own room when Mrs. Danforth re-entered the parlor, and there, for a while, the mother left her undisturbed. The girl felt an almost physical need of solitude and silence. The joy, the exhilaration of the morning had all vanished, and though the strength of the passion which had swayed her was undiminished—though it had been deepened, even, by the tale she had listened to—yet she had rightly compared the nervous shock she had received to that which one might feel who discovers at sunrise that he has been travelling, careless and unconcerned, on the very brink of a bottomless abyss. Gratitude for actual safety becomes for a moment a secondary impulse, and the imagination tortures itself with a vivid presentation of the horrors that have been escaped. It was characteristic of Katharine that when at last she put these from her by an effort of her will, and opened her consciousness once more to the sense of what seemed to her an absolute and perfect

happiness, her compassionate thoughts went straightway to the unfortunate woman whose history had revealed to her a hitherto undreamed-of depth of duplicity and guilt.

"Poor creature!" she sighed beneath her breath. "How could she bear to tell a lie to him!"

Mrs. Danforth, meanwhile, *malgré* her perturbation, had settled herself mechanically beside the basket of mending which Hannah brought up from the ironing-table. But her needle moved more slowly than its wont, and accomplished fewer of those marvels of fine darning on which she prided herself with sufficiently good reason. Her purpose to give her daughter almost the first serious rebuke she had ever felt called on to administer remained as fixed as ever, but beside it was growing an increased satisfaction with the prospect that apparently lay before her. And when at last the girl came down and took her usual place on the hassock beside her mother's knee, and bent her head in silence over her work, the memory of the past which the child had made so sweet to her, and with which she suddenly seemed the only connecting link, softened her voice and made the task she meant to undertake more difficult than she had anticipated. But she warmed to her work when once she had begun it. A prolonged pause, which had nothing unusual in it save the mutual sense that something different from the ordinary commonplaces of daily intercourse lay beyond it, ended in the inquiry:

"How happens it, Kitty, that you allowed me to be so taken by surprise by this gentleman? Why did you never mention his name before?"

The answer to this was comparatively easy, though it came in a tone a trifle lower and more hesitating than usual.

"How could I? I heard auntie tell you that we met him, and that was all there was to say."

"Did you expect to see him again? Did he say anything special to you last summer?"

"I don't know—I thought perhaps he might come here with Richard. He said he was a friend of Mr. White's, but not much of anything else."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite."

"Then yesterday was the first time you had any talk together! Anna was out, I suppose? What time did he come?"

"I don't know. It was dark enough for Dinah to light the gas when she brought him in."

"And Hannah says you came home with a headache just at tea time! You made quick work, my dear."

The girl blushed furiously, but returned no answer. The mother went on again with her inquisition.

"How could you know your own mind if you had never considered it before? What do you suppose he must think of you for being so ready to throw yourself into his arms the instant that he held them out? You curtsied to him, perhaps, and thanked him for his kindness?"

This thrust came so near the truth that Katharine, finding no parry for it possible, only drooped her head still lower and kept silence.

"He told me himself," pursued the mother, "that you accepted him at the first word, without knowing the least thing about his position or his prospects. I knew you were odd and unaccountable in many ways, but certainly I would never have believed that a daughter of mine could have so little sense of what is delicate and modest. I am ashamed to have it to say to you, but your haste seems to me almost less than decent."

Tears of mingled shame and anger welled up into the girl's eyes. The mother watched them dropping on her work, and saw that even the fingers that held it glowed with a sudden red. She began to relent, and when she spoke again it was in a tone less like the cutting of a whip.

"I have nothing to say against him personally. He seems an honest man and one likely to know his own mind. But you, who are always blowing hot and blowing cold—how can you know anything of yours? And then appearances, no matter how fair they are, are nine times in ten deceitful. For aught you or I know to the contrary, he may be just such another as old Sammy Fidler, who used to lie up in the Presbyterian graveyard, under a broken tombstone, with his six wives all round him, as if he were Bluebeard in the midst of his victims. He came over here from Ireland when I was little, and set up a school to which all the first people in the city sent their children. He was so well educated and so smooth and fair-spoken, not to mention his having some money into the bargain, that everybody made much of him, and presently he got one of the Pruyn girls to promise to marry him. She came very near doing it, too; but one morning a sloop from New York landed a veiled lady at the dock, who came into mother's the first thing, because our house happened to be nearest to the landing. She threw up her veil, and behold, she hadn't any nose—only a black patch, with two

slits in it, where one ought to have been. They said she was the daughter of a wealthy man in Ireland, who tried once in a foolish freak to run past a sentry on duty, without knowing the countersign. The man put up his sword to stop her, but on she went, and the blade came down and sliced her nose clean off. Her father gave her ten thousand pounds dowry, and Sammy Fidler married her. He got tired of looking at her after a while, I suppose, and ran away with a good share of her money, thinking she would never be able to trace him. But such secrets are like murder—they will out; and here she was, asking mother if she could give her any information concerning the whereabouts of her husband, Mr. Samuel Fidler. That ended Sammy's game for one while, at all events. He lived with her then until she died, and afterwards found five other fools to take her place, one after another."

As usual, the current of reminiscence had swept Mrs. Danforth into the haven of placidity. She had in reality no doubt of the good faith of her new acquaintance, and was far from surmising either the nature or the strength of poor Katharine's impulse to impart to her the grounds of her security in this regard. But the girl's loyalty had already been transferred into new hands, and she found nothing more convincing to say than "I thought you seemed to like him, mother. You said you thought him honest. And if he were not, he would not be the dearest friend that either Mr. White or Richard Norton has."

"I like him well enough—as well as one can like a stranger who presents his card and then asks for all you have as coolly as though you had simply been taking care of it for him all your life. But marriage is a more serious thing than you seem to think it. It lasts for life. You may repent of it a thousand times, but you can never undo it once. And that is why, for you especially, who seem to drop your friends so lightly and without the least regret almost before you have had time to know them reasonably well, it would have been better to let common sense and judgment guide you, and not such a sudden fancy as I have seen you take up so many times already. How long ago is it since you were so wrapped up in that teacher of yours, Miss Falconer? I heard nothing but her name for one spell, and then it was all over."

Katharine laughed. "Well," she said, "that was different."

"I know it was different. But you are the same fickle-minded creature that you always were. You don't know yourself well enough to act in such haste. But you are your father's

child all over in that way. It was a word and a blow with him, too; but he kept to his word when once he gave it."

Katharine's self-possession had returned by this time. "I am not really fickle, mother," she said. "I am only a scientific explorer. I have been geologizing for gold and have always hit on iron pyrites. Give me credit for never trying to assay and coin it. There comes Anna up the stoop. You won't tell her yet, will you?"

"Not I, indeed," rejoined the mother, whom the question had reassured. "I shall tell nobody until I have had time to think it over and make inquiries."

CHAPTER XXX.

"THE age of miracles has not passed," said Mrs. White, sitting that evening in matronly state behind the tea-tray in the library. "The impossible certainly happened to me this afternoon."

"Youthful simplicity spoke in that remark, Mrs. White," returned her guest, on whom her eyes had fallen as she finished it. "In my experience it is only the impossible which can be reckoned on with any degree of probability."

"Perhaps this ought to be counted as one phase of your experience, then; it went so far beyond the range of mine that I did not quite know how to receive it. Fancy, Arthur! Cousin Eliza invites us three to pay her a visit, to take tea and pass an evening with her."

"You will give Mr. Giddings rather an odd idea of the hospitable instincts of your relatives," said her husband, with a constrained sort of smile, "if an occurrence which ought to be so ordinary strikes you in that way."

"Oh! you know how she is, Arthur. If she were a Romanist she couldn't have much stiffer notions about heretics and unbelievers. It is my father's cousin, Mrs. Danforth," she explained, turning again to Mr. Giddings, who was engaged at the chimney-piece in cleaning and filling the great pipe which formed the usual solace of his evenings, and whose use was not interdicted even here.

"My wife pretended at first to dislike my cigarette," Mr. White had said the night before, when the question of an outdoor stroll during its enjoyment had been mooted, "but I soon found that if I prolonged my smoke a little the doors between these rooms did not long remain closed. She is getting accli-

mated, and, like a sensible woman, prefers rational talk with tobacco to silence without it. Make yourself at home, old fellow. The house is wide, you see, and I retain ownership of just this one corner in it. But if tea is not served here I shall be much mistaken."

"The mother of the young lady whom I found when I came in here yesterday?" asked Mr. Giddings, with an unmoved face, tapping the bowl of his pipe gently on the marble as he spoke. "I might have mentioned, by the way, that I had met Miss Danforth once before. I think I told you in Boston that I spent a week in the Adirondacks last August with a friend who hails from this city. He turned out to be an old acquaintance of all the members of her party, and they passed us on their way out of the woods."

"That is odd!" said Mrs. White. "She never mentioned meeting you to me."

"Wouldn't it be odder still if she had?" he asked. "If one kept in one's memory and talked of all the strangers one casually meets, life would not be long enough to attend to what few other things there are to speak of."

"That depends," said Anna, with a shrug and an enigmatic smile. "Perhaps it will help us come to a decision on the affair in hand. I went up there this afternoon to propose to my Cousin Kitty to come home with me and finish the evening which her headache interrupted so *mal-à-propos* yesterday, but her mother was unaccountably stiff in her refusal. She astonished me, however, before I came away, by giving me the invitation I just spoke of, and doing it so seriously that I have been wavering ever since between surprise and curiosity as to her motive. Of course I told her I would bring it about, if possible. I knew I could count on Arthur, but you are such an uncertain quantity, Mr. Giddings, that I promised to send word later on concerning our engagements. I left you a loophole for escape, you see."

"I am entirely at your disposition for the very short time I shall be here," he returned, "but a little curious to know why such an apparently commonplace invitation should seem to require a miracle to bring it about."

"That is because you don't know my Cousin Eliza."

"The thing is wider than that," said Mr. White. "Unless you had tried it, Louis, you would never understand the strength and bitterness of the religious rancor that still animates the elder generation of the orthodox part of our American community. The new leaven is spreading rapidly among their children, but

it was a revelation to me on coming here to find myself regarded in so many quarters as a wolf in sheep's clothing, who must be kept out of the fold even at the risk of something worse than incivility and coldness. I have young people listening to me every Sunday, and teaching in my Sunday-school, whose parents refuse to recognize me in the streets, and would not hesitate to spread any kind of prejudicial report they thought likely to result in driving me from the city. They are beginning, though, I think, at least in certain quarters, to consider that a man may possibly have some claim to the ordinary courtesies of life in spite of his belief or want of one. For example, I received last week a note signed by a temperance committee, all of them members of orthodox churches, asking me to be one of a set of speakers on that topic in different churches throughout the city. I accepted, as a matter of course, and to-day's post brought me a notice that I have been announced to hold forth in one of the Methodist meeting-houses some evening in December. But it is uphill work. I have been tempted a thousand times to throw it over and devote myself to something that holds out a prospect of more immediate fruit."

"That is our old bone of contention," returned his friend. "All that is of positive human value in your system, so far as I have ever been able to see, is just as clearly, and, to my notion, much more effectively and practically, taught in that you are endeavoring to displace. And the other has a decided advantage in the leverage it gains in motives which you have put it out of your power to appeal to."

"You are less pugnacious than I am. The old Adam in me stirs at the sight of the dreary stupidities, the logical absurdities and downright falsities that underlie the structure of popular orthodoxy as it faces us here. I can't help hammering away at it and trying to make people see that what they are really aiming at—the perfecting of life, the systematic culture of the affections and sympathies, with a view to the gradual amelioration of humanity—has absolutely no connection with a set of arbitrary beliefs, let them concern who or what they may. To my mind, it would be quite as sensible to contend that a beaver or a bee must have clearly-defined notions on geometry before it can build its habitation, as that men must settle their base of action on a creed which concerns the next life—supposing that one exists—before they can be trusted to do justice and love mercy in this one. All my personal experience goes to contradict that assumption, and my reading of the book of humanity

in general confirms what my knowledge of myself had previously taught me."

"Happy man!" said Giddings, smiling. "The sweet ingenuousness of your boyhood flourishes in perennial bloom, I see. Supposing your contention to be true—perhaps it may be, in the long run, though I greatly doubt it—why should you rouse bad blood by refusing to let what is, on your own showing, well enough alone? You want men to be honest and industrious, good fathers and good citizens, and so does your next neighbor, who pounds the cushion of his pulpit and shouts himself hoarse in denouncing hell-fire on those who persistently refuse to live up to that programme. Which of you gets the larger audience and produces the more immediate and permanent effect?"

"If that is your test, why not leave the cushion-banger at the outset and go on to his still more successful rival, the priest? I doubt if all the churches in the city, putting their forces together, could muster on a wet Sunday such a throng as I have seen overflowing the cathedral here and kneeling uncovered in the rain at six o'clock of a cold, winter morning. I have a certain respect, too, for the priest, for his creed, his methods, and his results, which I find it impossible to entertain for these others, who hate him with only one more degree of energy than they do me. I laugh to scorn his premises, which are pretty nearly identical with theirs, but he is at least consistent in what he attempts to build upon them."

"He does seem to touch some springs which æsthetic ethics might possibly fail to reach, doesn't he?"

"Well, you, at least, have what looks like a substantial reason for thinking so. Something of the same kind, though on an infinitesimally smaller scale, happened, I remember, during my earliest experiences in housekeeping, with an Irish servant to the fore in the kitchen. Some of our belongings which had mysteriously disappeared during her reign below-stairs reappeared again, at least as mysteriously, except on the supposition that she had been enjoined to return them, after her departure. A bundle was thrust into the area and the bell rung, one dark night, and there were our missing spoons, enveloped in a hitherto unmissed blanket. But what can you argue from that, except that there are a good many ignorant and vicious people in the world, and that coarse means are best adapted to them until the day when they can be reached by something finer?"

"I might argue," said his friend, "if I were concerned to de-

fend the divine justice and the divine mercy, or even the divine verity—as I might feel myself concerned supposing I called myself in any sense a Christian minister—that all history and all probability going to confirm the notion that the ignorant and the poor will be the majority in the future, as they have been in the past, it would be natural to suppose that their Maker had adjusted means to ends, where their moral and spiritual needs are concerned, at least as nicely as in the case of the beaver and the bee of whom you were just now speaking. If moral responsibility has any deeper basis than the mere need of society for an effectual police force, it must have roots as profound and consequences as far-reaching in the case of a red Indian, whose most pressing present need seems to be deliverance from his white friend's whiskey-bottle, as in yours or mine. If, to bring about that deliverance for either of us, it is necessary—as in his case, at least, it seems to be—to persuade us that we have accountable souls, that we cannot escape personal immortality, and that it depends on ourselves to make eternity everlasting misery of a sort we can appreciate, or an equally intelligible happiness, I should myself say that either those statements are true, or else that we might as well get what pleasure we can, right here and now, and in whatever shape we can find it, undisturbed except by the equal right of our neighbors to go and do likewise. Practically, the people who have settled the negro and the Indian questions for us thus far have acted on that theory, though I don't suspect them all of consciously holding it. Whatever their speculative notions may be concerning the immortal souls of the 'nation's wards' or those of their private chattels, they seem to me to have acted pretty steadily on the underground conviction that they don't possess any of their own."

"You are as impracticable as my Cousin Kitty," said Mrs. White. "If we have gone over that ground once in the last year, we have gone over it a dozen times. Isn't that so, Arthur?"

"Yes," he answered; "she is another of these people whose minds seem to throw a sort of calcium light on just one point, and to leave them in total darkness on all others. When we were up near the Scottish border I noticed the ships coming into Newcastle for coals, and unloading their useless ballast of stones and earth. Ballast-hills they call them as they gradually pile up—made of refuse from distant shores where it also possessed no apparent usefulness to mankind. Afterwards, as we were returning to England from Paris by way of Havre and

Southampton, I remember seeing in the outskirts of a little seaport town, where we passed a day, certain cliffs from whence much of this rubbish must have been taken, and the boats in harbor hoisting in their loads. I recollect thinking of Miss Danforth at the time. She might be of so much use in the world, if only she could get over her bad habit of looking straight at the immediate object in hand, and demanding *Cui bono?* before being willing to take one step forward. Suppose a ship, well built, full rigged, tide and weather propitious, refusing to start unless its hold can be laden with articles of real value. Dirt and rubbish are of value enough if they will keep her steady until she reaches the coal-bearing coast."

"I don't quite catch the force of your comparison," said Mr. Giddings. "Argument by analogy, when the analogy is between a soul and a piece of machinery, is apt enough to be misleading in any case. If I were going to apply your figure I should begin by denying that any sort of ballast is useless, providing that it is necessary and the only thing to be had supplying sufficient weight. But suppose I deny that any motives you can offer me have force enough to keep me on a steady keel? I must, in the nature of things, be the best judge of that. I want to be sure that Newcastle exists, and that there are coals there, and that they will give me just the kind of warmth I stand in need of, before I shall put my shoulder to the work either of excavation or exploration. My pipe is out and so is my tobacco, and, reasoning from experience, I conclude that if I don't go out also and stir myself up before bed-time I shall have more hours of wakefulness between now and morning than will be altogether pleasant. Will you take a walk, old fellow? I will return him in good season, Mrs. White."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON the whole, the course of true love in the case of these two ran with exceptional smoothness and rapidity to its appointed term.

"I begin to think," Louis said during one of the brief but frequent visits which diversified the winter, "that it is time to make a determined stand against so much unalloyed happiness. It alarms me by its unlikeness to anything I have known before it. What do you say to propitiating Hymen and the Fates by an unbroken absence until April, and a total cessation of all correspondence? I might recover mental health and energy,

perhaps, on a *maigre* diet of that description. At present I am demoralized by superabundance. A sky all sunshine and the prospect of a future without clouds is too unprecedented to be real."

"I am not too happy," answered the girl; "I am only just happy enough. But I give you leave to stay away. You might send me a copy of the *Chronicle* now and then, perhaps, with a marked article whenever you have anything new and important to say about the tariff question or the attitude of Southern politicians, so that I may be sure that you are still in existence. I shall have my political horizon enlarged to a fabulous extent in that way. And, for my part, whenever I succeed in making a light gingerbread without constant supervision, I will forward you a specimen by express."

"You are a heartless little humbug, and I have a hundred minds to take you at your word. The sad thing is that I am too much of Tony Lumpkin's way of thinking. I don't care about obliging you, but 'I can't abear to disoblige myself.'"

Katharine smiled and sighed at once. "Ah!" she said, "let us take the goods the gods provide and not look at them too closely. One of these days, perhaps, there will be nothing but the remembrance of them left to either of us. I am like you—I fear and hope, and never feel secure but when I know you are close at hand."

The marriage was to take place late in April, the earliest date which Mrs. Danforth would consent to fix.

"Things will be settled by that time," she argued, "or, at any rate, I shall know just how they stand, and can make my arrangements accordingly. Even that is far too soon for an ignoramus like Kitty. Her time has been simply thrown away for these last three years learning a lot of useless things and leaving her in utter darkness as to what she ought to know. From one week's end to the other I can't trust her to remember how much saleratus ought to go into biscuits or how much sugar into cake."

"It is fortunate that I hate cake," said Louis, "and that I am on the point of securing lodgings above a graham-bread baker. Saleratus has been strictly prohibited by my attendant physician."

"You laugh," the mother answered, "but what a woman needs to know is what belongs to the care of a house; and that this child of mine has yet to learn before I graduate her into marriage. It takes either a philosopher or a fool to make even

a fire properly, they say; and as Kitty is no fool, she will have to submit to training."

The result of Mrs. Danforth's inquiries, made for the most part through the intermediation of her brother-in-law, had proved highly satisfactory. Mr. Warren himself was in a state of as nearly unmixed jubilation over it as was possible to a man of his temperament, taking to himself some unexplained credit as the remote cause of a condition of affairs which relieved him of anxieties more pressing than he had heretofore been willing to admit.

"I was afraid," he said, "that it was going to be a pretty close shave, not merely to save anything out of the wreck, but to wind up without a compromise and paying a percentage on the dollar. It would never have done to have trusted the girl's future entirely to the chance of your living, so long as there was anything besides it, and my mind was fully made up that neither the house nor the rent from it should be diverted from her, even to avoid that disgrace, so long as I could stand between it and you. But now she and her husband can settle it when she comes of age, and meanwhile he is not likely to object to the rents accumulating until then. And if you are going to give up this house and take to boarding until they come back, you can easily manage in the end to pay dollar for dollar. There couldn't have been a better way out of the difficulties. As to the man himself, I took a fancy to him on the spot, and I don't often go astray in that direction."

On one point only the mother had conducted her investigations in person.

"You are a friend of Mr. White's," she said to Mr. Giddings during the course of his second visit to the city; "do you share his views?"

Louis was beginning to comprehend his prospective mother-in-law, and was not, besides, altogether averse to a little diplomacy of the straightforward order.

"White's views are rather hazy," he replied. "I shouldn't like to be obliged to define them to myself or to listen too attentively to his exposition of them. I can safely say they are not mine."

"But you have some?" the mother urged. "You are not a professing Christian, I suppose—few young people are until they have had a good chance to find out for themselves that life is not all sunshine and plain sailing. But you don't deny the truth of Christianity?"

"I don't deny—I don't affirm. I simply know nothing. Speaking literally, I suppose I ought to call myself a Christian; I certainly was baptized one."

"Humph! what has that to do with it? I was baptized one, too, when I was a baby, but there was not much Christianity in me until I was converted. Your people were Episcopalians, then, I take it?"

"No; my mother went just one step back of that. As for my father, he was like most men who die at forty after a life too busy and too happy to leave room for much thought about uncertainties."

"One step back?" Mrs. Danforth repeated, with a disturbed face. "You don't mean that your mother was a Catholic?"

"Precisely, but one who had the misfortune to lose her faith."

"You have curious notions about misfortune. Then you were not trained that way? It is well for you, since you are bent on Katharine."

"You mean that it would have made a difference with you?"

"I would never have consented. I could not have prevented it in any case, I suppose, but that would have marked the limit for me. An unbeliever is bad enough, but an idolater is worse."

"Oh! I am an idolater, if you come to that," he answered, turning the subject with a jest. "Haven't you observed my unremitting devotions at the shrine you have here?"

"It is a shabby pair of divinities you have between you," she retorted, "but at least they are better than stocks and stones."

Katharine had listened in silence to this dialogue, but later on she returned to the subject of her own accord.

"You were fencing with my mother awhile ago," she said. "Why do you do that?"

"I have such a respect for truth," he answered, smiling. "I hate to waste it. Besides, though I fenced, all I said was literally true. I don't deny and I don't affirm Christianity, and I am, as a matter of fact, what the majority of Christendom has for nearly nineteen centuries agreed to call a Christian. That is as certain as that I am my father's son and hope some day to be your father's daughter's husband. Why did you accuse me of fencing?"

"Because that is just what you were doing. But tell me, what is it that you really believe? The night I saw you at Anna's"—and the blood came up hot again in the face that kept, nevertheless, its steady, serious eyes bent full on his—"I remem-

ber often—I never shall forget, I think—all that you said to me, and how repeatedly the name of God came to your lips. You have said it sometimes since, but not often, and not that way. What did it mean to you?"

"When you ask what one means," he answered, as seriously as she had spoken, "you enter a purely intellectual region, and in that region such a question strikes me dumb. I have never been able to give myself an intelligible account of my intuitions, and, not being able, I usually succeed in banishing them from my consciousness. I like to be master of all I survey within myself, and, when in full possession of my waking faculties, these wandering tramps of the imagination get small hospitality from my reason. But there are things in one's experience which may fairly make one doubt whether the discursive reason really has a right to the supreme place we are inclined to give it—whether we do well to make it both executive and judge—and demand that even our deepest instincts shall bear its stamp upon their passports. I cried out to God when I found that you were mine, and that the chord that throbbed in my heart vibrated as I hoped it would in yours, as inevitably, as instinctively as I suppose I shall do if I approach death with my consciousness intact. But what I meant by it I cannot tell you. If I could I should probably be a Christian in something more than the bare, actual fact of baptism."

"Ah!" said the girl, "how often I have longed for God! It seems to me that my childhood was full of the thought of him, and that it passed away only when that thought became obscured to me. I tried, too, to make my reason give me an account of that longing, when I turned back from the road that it seemed to me my reason had first pointed out to me, but it grew dumb, like yours. It speaks no more, but it never ceases to fret and to torment me. I am in a worse plight than you, for I cannot cry out to him even when my heart is stirred to its foundations. I feel guilty, and I don't know why."

"If I say," he answered, "that you and I have come together on ground lower than that of our intelligence, I mean simply that it supports and underlies it. We shall emerge into clear air in that region also in due time, I doubt not. My creed is very short even now, but it is very natural and easy for me to say *Credo in unum Deum* when I have you. I was always like the traveller in the fable. The sun thaws me out of my cloak, when the wind only binds it closer round me."

"How hard it is sometimes," the girl began again after a

somewhat protracted pause, "to know what is right, when all your profoundest instincts draw you one way, and all your duties, or what you suppose to be your duties—certainly all your habitudes and all the inclinations of those who are about you—draw you in the other. You are looking for happiness, of course, but it seems to you then that it lies at neither extreme. When it came to the point with me I could not determine to take my own way; yet, after all, I took no other. And you heard what my mother said just now. The inconsistencies of Christianity, or rather of Christians, are what puzzle and perplex me most. She was quite in earnest. If you had been Catholic I could have gone to you only in face of her absolute prohibition. And yet they believe all that she believes to be essential. And Mr. White denies it all, but she would not have refused me to you if you had owned to her that you do the same."

"She must stand or fall to her own master," he returned. "Certainly it is for neither you nor I to judge her."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOME NON-BELIEVERS ON EASTER IN ROME.

In the course of some recent reading we were forcibly struck with one thing—the completeness of the effect of the church's dignity as manifested in the Eternal City on the minds of unbelievers. Let a visitor have been ever so sceptical, so narrow, so hostile to Catholic traditions, the glory of the church in Rome never failed to reach his inmost soul and overwhelm it and compel his reluctant homage. How happy for such a man if that moment of light lasted for him! Especially did the ceremonies of Easter impress the sceptical beholders. One of the most eloquent passages in modern Spanish literature appears in a recent book * of Castelar's, descriptive of the intoning of the "Miserere" in Holy Week in St. Peter's. The passage is a jewel from a garbage-heap, for the book reeks with stale Voltairianism and the stock slanders of flippant unbelief.

"No pen," says Castelar, "can describe the solemnity of the 'Miserere.' The night advances. The basilica is in darkness. Its altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the 'Tene-

* *L'Art, la Religion, et la Nature en Italie.* Paris: Hachette et Cie.

brario' is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funereal torches in the distance. The music of the 'Miserere' is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir, admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of a tempest, as the vibration of wind upon ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again like a lamentation from the depths of the earth or the moaning of heaven's angels, breaking into sobs and sorrowfully weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and loosing their shrouds to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated and vibrates as if words of horror were rising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness, dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness. It is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under the sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony. To weep thus, to lament like the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates or among the scattered stones of the temple—to grieve in these sublime cadences becomes the city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. . . . Rome, Rome, thou art grand, thou art immortal, even in thy despair and abandonment. The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish as the conquerors who made thy greatness have departed. None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will for ever preserve."

The reader must only conjecture how much this passage loses by translation from the majestic Spanish of which Castelar is truly the greatest living master.

A very different kind of witness is Mr. Lyman Abbott, an American writer, who records some interesting impressions of Easter in Rome.* He says:

"It would be unjust not to advise the reader that it is claimed that all this effort at splendor and magnificence is purely and wholly a tribute of man to honor the religion which God in his love and mercy has given, and that no part of it is for man's own honor.

"Two circumstances lend confirmation to this view and give to the ceremonials of the Romish court a peculiar character which distinguishes them from those of royalty.

"One of these is the honor which the Supreme Pontiff himself pays to the symbols of the Deity. He yields allegiance to no man; but he publicly and solemnly proclaims his allegiance to a Divine Master. Before the altar he bows as the commonest peasant in his church must do, and stands before the Host in reverential attitude and with uncovered head. The same veneration which he demands for himself as the representative of Christ he pays to Christ. When he showers his benedictions upon the people or walks the street in ecclesiastical procession they uncover before him. Woe to the luckless wight who dares refuse this token of homage to his sacred person! But when on Holy Week he carries the sacred emblem,

* *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1872.

converted by ecclesiastical benediction into the real body and blood of Christ, to his private chapel in the Vatican, he walks bareheaded, protected from the burning sun by a canopy borne above him by eight attendant bishops and by an umbrella carried by a ninth ecclesiastic. Thus he teaches the people, in theory if not in fact, to transfer to God the honor which they pay to him. The whole system of ecclesiastical homage, rising in such elaborate gradation from the lowest to the highest rank of the hierarchy, constitutes the successive steps by which the worshipper ascends to the very throne of God."

We find in another Protestant writer, William W. Story,* an admirable description of the glorious festival.

"Easter has come," he says. "You may know it by the ringing of the bells, the sound of the trumpets in the streets, the firing of guns from the windows, the explosion of mortars planted in the pavement. . . . By twelve o'clock Mass in St. Peter's is over and the piazza is crowded with people to see the benediction; and a grand, imposing spectacle it is. Out over the great balcony stretches a white awning, where priests and attendants are collected and where the pope will soon be seen. Below the piazza is alive with moving masses. In the centre are drawn up long lines of soldiery with yellow and red pompons and glittering helmets and bayonets. These are surrounded by crowds on foot, and at the outward rim are parked carriages filled and overrun with people mounted on seats and boxes. There is a half-hour's waiting, while we can look about, a steady stream of carriages all the while pouring in and, if one could see it, stretching out a mile behind and adding thousands of impatient spectators to those already there. What a sight it is! Above us the great dome of St. Peter's, and below the grand, embracing colonnade and the vast space, in the centre of which rises the solemn obelisk, thronged with masses of living beings. Peasants from the Campagna and the mountains are moving about everywhere. Mounted on the colonnade are crowds of people leaning over beside the colossal statues. Through all the heat is heard the constant plash of two sunlit fountains that wave to and fro their veils of white spray. At last the clock strikes. In the far balcony beneath the projecting awning, that casts a patch of soft, transparent shadow along the golden, sunlit *façade*, and surrounded by a group of brilliant figures, are seen two huge fans of showy peacock plumes, and between them a figure clad in white rises from a golden chair and spreads his great sleeves like wings as he raises his arms in benediction. That is the pope. All is dead silence, and a musical voice, sweet and penetrating, is heard chanting from the balcony. The people bend and kneel; with a cold, gray flash the forest of bayonets gleams as the soldiers drop to their knees and rise to salute as the voice dies away, and the two white wings are again waved. Then thunder the cannon, the bells clash and peal joyously, and a few white papers, like huge snowflakes, drop wavering from the balcony; these are indulgences, and there is an eager struggle for them below. Then the pope again rises, again gives his benediction, waving to and fro his right hand—three fingers open—and making the sign of the

* *Roba di Roma.* By William W. Story. London: Chapman & Hall..

cross, and the peacock fans retire, and he between them is borne away; and Lent is over."

The most awe-inspiring of all the Easter ceremonies is certainly this solemn benediction given, "Urbi et Orbi"—"to Rome and the world"—by the Sovereign Pontiff. Borne into the great gallery over the porch of St. Peter's, the pope stands at a stupendous height above the watching multitudes that swarm in the court below, his robes radiant with gems and heavy with gold, his tiara sparkling with diamonds, the mitred prelates attending him likewise gorgeously invested. A silence as of death is spread over the vast, majestic place as Christ's vicar enunciates the words of blessing. As there is no temple in the world equal to St. Peter's, there is no ceremony in the world so impressive as this.

"The scene of the benediction on Easter day is truly magnificent," says an anonymous author.*

"The pope comes out on the balcony of St. Peter's; thousands upon thousands fill the area below. He stretches forth his arms towards the waiting multitude, pronounces his blessing upon them, upon the city, upon the world. The moment of the blessing is indeed solemn and imposing, and, in the midst of the stillness of death, nothing is heard but the voice of the pope and the waters of the fountain; and immediately afterwards the cannon of St. Angelo announce to the world that it has been blessed.

"The illumination of the dome of St. Peter's in the evening is also a magnificent sight; if the second, sudden, and much more splendid illumination be a sensible image of the church upon earth, the first appeared to me, as I viewed it from a hill in the distance, to partake more of the genuine character of art. As the dome from moment to moment seemed to extend its giant form, it appeared to me as if 'a temple not built with hands'—an image of the living Christian church—had been let down from heaven. As I stood gazing with astonishment at this overwhelming spectacle, the well-known voice of a beggar close beside me called out, *Povero cieco* (poor blind man). I had often heard this before; it had never appeared to me so pertinent and striking."

"Who shall picture," says William Ellery Channing,† "the splendors of a beautiful Easter Sunday in St. Peter's? Who can imagine the overwrought feelings of the pious Catholic? As the Holy Father passed in the pontifical chair, followed by the most sacred bodies of the church, and the centre of admiration to his united children, I involuntarily knelt upon the pavement and murmured my prayers; as he blessed the prostrate multitude from the exterior I offered up to Heaven my ardent gratitude for being permitted to take part in this great jubilee."

Thackeray, in one of Clive Newcome's letters to Pendennis

* *Rome: Its Ecclesiastical and Social Life.* London: Newby.

† *Conversations in Rome.* By William E. Channing. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

from Rome describing the Easter ceremonies, makes his young hero indulge in the following remarkable outburst:

"There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart who writes himself English and Protestant must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbor cliffs on clear days; one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us, and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great mother-church I believe among us many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolution, and the like commonplace of Protestant satire. Lo! yonder inscription which blazes round the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost; and, as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world that this is Peter, and on this rock the church shall be built against which hell shall not prevail. Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have been burning before it for ages. Round this stupendous chamber are ranged the grandees of his court. Faith seems to be realized in their marble figures. Some of them were alive but yesterday; others, to be as blessed as they, walk the world even now doubtless, and the commissioners of Heaven, here holding their court a hundred years hence, shall authoritatively announce their beatification. The signs of their power shall not be wanting. They heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, cause the lame to walk to-day as they did eighteen centuries ago. Are there not crowds ready to bear witness to their wonders? Isn't there a tribunal appointed to try their claims; advocates to plead for and against; prelates and clergy and multitudes of faithful to back and believe them? Thus you shall kiss the hand of a priest to-day who has given his to a friar whose bones are already beginning to work miracles, who has been the disciple of another whom the church has just proclaimed a saint—hand-in-hand they hold by one another until the line is lost up in heaven. Come, friend, let us acknowledge this, and go and kiss the toe of St. Peter. Alas! there's the Channel always between us; and we no more believe in the miracles of St. Thomas of Canterbury than that the bones of His Grace John Bird, who sits in St. Thomas' chair presently, will work wondrous cures in the year 2000; that his statue will speak or his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence wink."

Here is a German writer of sceptical tendency somewhat similarly impressed. He writes under a *nom de plume* in *Die Gartenlaube:*

"When the Paschal morning pours vast populations into the vast nave, and above an ocean of heads you see coming, his brow bearing the triple crown and his frame dignified by the sacerdotal habit, this prince of priests and father of kings, then the mind pictures that vast line of descent, and all the popes appear to you in one only. That sparkling and voluminous tiara, which makes you think of the sovereign of Nineveh; that dais high in the air; those great fans and feathers which evoke reminiscences of

India—all amaze you in the presence of the majesty which approaches you thus.

"Seen close, when you can discern his features, the Holy Father causes a lively sensation; this comes from a formal contrast between the dominant and bold situation of the only sovereign of our levelling times who still has human beings to bear him, and the modest, fatherly, and collected bearing of the prince who seems to cling to the world only by the blessings that he scatters. The pope chants correctly and has the modulation of a true master. His basso-cantata voice has the roundness and power of a bell; it fills the bays of the basilica, and when from the height of the Loggia the Sovereign Pontiff blesses the city and the world, none of the nations represented before the basilica loses a syllable."

We find in a book of Taine's, *Italy, Rome, and Naples*, the following eloquent description of the crowds which on Easter Sunday fill the church of St. Peter's:

"The crowd is spread all over, in the square, on the stair-cases, in the porticoes, engulfing itself, with a prolonged murmur, in the immensity of the basilica. In this human ocean the slow, undulating billows gradually form and break before the statue of St. Peter; the flood advances and recedes under the reflex of preceding waves. Pushing and crowding, every moment augments or decreases the disorderly movement of this mass, a tumultuous and noisy confusion of steps, of rustling robes, and of words rumbling among the grand walls; while aloft, above this agitation and murmur, one perceives the peaceful, vaulted spaces, the luminous void of the ceilings and domes, the statues and ornaments superimposed sublimely one above the other and filling the winding abyss of the cupola.

"In this sea of bodies and heads a double rank of soldiers, chanters, and choir-boys form an aisle in which flows the solemn and pompous retinue; first are the *garda nobile*, red and black, and wearing casques; then red chamberlains; further on prelates in purple; then masters of ceremonies in *pourpoints* and black mantles; after these the cardinals; and last the Sovereign Pontiff, borne by acolytes in a chair of red velvet embroidered with gold, and on his head the triple golden tiara. Fans of the plumes of ostriches wave around him. He has a benevolent, affectionate expression; his fine, pale countenance is that of an invalid; you think with regret how much he must suffer at this moment as he gives his benediction with a quiet smile. . . .

"The people, the peasants, look as if they were gazing on God the Father. You ought to see their faces, and those especially round the statue of St. Peter."

We will conclude our little string of extracts by a passage from one of the saints of the church describing the joy of the Roman crowds celebrating the festival of exultation in the fourth century. St. Gregory Nazianzen draws a vivid picture.

"All labor ceased," he says, "all trades were suspended; the husbandman threw down his spade and put on his holiday attire; the very tavern-keepers relinquished their gains. The roads were empty of travellers, the

sea destitute of sailors. The mother came to church with the train of her children and domestics, her spouse and her kinsfolk. All Christians seemed for the day members of one tribe. The rich wore their gayest attire, and the poor borrowed from their neighbors and seemed as well dressed as the wealthy. The very slaves shared in the general joy and exulted like their free-born masters. Every sorrow was put to rest on Easter day, nor was there any one so overwhelmed with grief as not to find relief in the magnificence of this festival. Now the prisoner is loosed," continues the saint, "the debtor is forgiven, the slave is liberated, and he who continues in bondage receives desirable benefits."

What a miracle it is, this joy of the faithful at Easter time! Have you ever dwelt on the striking fact that joy is the exclusive privilege of the faithful? that faith alone is accompanied by joy, while melancholy is the companion of scepticism? The devil is inevitably sad. "Which way shall I fly?" cries Satan in *Paradise Lost*—

> "Infinite wrath and infinite despair!
> Which way I fly is hell."

And Satan's followers participate more or less in his settled melancholy; whereas the faithful in a certain degree resemble the angels, who are all light and joy. "If I had the pen of an angel," says Nicholas Caussin in his *Holy Court*, "I could not convey what God does to the hearts of those who love him and keep his commandments—the ecstatic joy and delight he infuses into their souls!" Reflect upon it—there are no truly joyous peoples in the world but the Catholic peoples. The Mohammedan is sad, the Buddhist is sad, the Protestant German is a gloomy, suicidal soul. But the Irish, the most unfortunate, is the gayest race on earth. It is not the race, it is the faith which does it. When England was Catholic she was "Merrie England"; since John Bull lost the faith he has become sunk in the dismal dumps and takes to wife-beating and gin. It was while the French were sincerely Catholic they became famous for their gayety. Now their hilarity is an absinthe-fever; and in its morning headaches the "*grande nation*" rivals the dolefulness of the herring-mongers of the Low Countries. Last of all, here is young America at the knee of mother-church, learning of her the cheerfulness that God loveth. Oh! may that happiness be in store for our own country. May she soon be bathed in the holy "sunshine of the heart" that is only known within the ring of the true fold, within the light of the true church!

SILENT.

I.

"ABIDE with me," I said.
And lo! the Master led
My tender feet beyond his garden-walls.
O'er dreary waste of sand
Still, still I held his hand,
And climbed the rocks where song-bird never calls.
And there I sang
Of his sweet waterfalls.

II.

And when I would return—
For all my soul did yearn
For Eden shade, and song and river flow—
With kingly smile he said,
"Abide you here instead,
And o'er these rocks make tender grasses grow,
Whereon the few there be
To climb this height for me—
Who feast, and song, and ease of flesh forego—
May rest and sing
Of joy thou shalt bestow."

III.

And still might love restrain
Her dumb, rebellious pain.
"Have pity, Lord, nor ask for wheat or flowers;
Sweet song Thou gavest me,
Sweet song I give to Thee;
How can I sing in exile from Thy bowers?
There let me serve
The feast Thy love endowers."

IV.

And yet the Master said,
"Wait here for me instead;
My gardens bloom wherever love obeys. . . .
Release from bitter pain
My pilgrims here shall gain—
'Tis thine to wake their melody of praise.
Now they are dumb
Who walk these desert ways."

. . . . . .

O sterile, hateful spot!
And yet I flee it not.

For when I would he scourgeth me full sore.
And in my bitter pain
My eyelids shed the rain
These brambles drink, and only grow the more.
My rock is bare—
The pilgrims shun my door.

V.

'Twas yesterday I heard
A voice like singing bird—
A pilgrim climbing—ah! how could he sing?
And he bore sorest loss—
And more the Master's cross.
My well was dry—the thorns have choked the spring—
Far spent was he,
But fainting he did sing:

"Dear Lord, if Thou canst see
In my humility,
My barren life, some sign of hidden germ,
That yet may break
The earth and take
Form of Thy will, though it be thorn to burn,
Spare it, dear Lord,
From drought and worm.

"Reveal in favor sweet
What wouldst have to complete
The harvesting Thy purposes do claim;
And if my life untaught
In beauty yieldeth naught,
Let love pay its full tribute still the same—
A tuft of grass
If not much grain."

VI.

In the long silence then
He waited my "Amen." . . .
Ah! bitter night when song was dead with me!
"Farewell!" at dawn he sang.
"Farewell!" the valleys rang,
And "farewell" from the Eden by the sea.

VII.

And song—sweet song
Said no farewell to me.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF CHRISTIANITY INDICATED BY ITS HISTORICAL EFFECTS. By Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 900 Broadway.

The ten lectures comprised under this title were delivered before the students of the Union Theological Seminary and the Lowell Institute of Boston. It would be interesting to know what effect they and the course of Dr. Fisher's lectures have produced in the cultured, free-thinking circles of Boston. They are levelled against agnosticism, and also that kind of gnosticism which pits γνῶσις against πίστις. Dr. Storrs is specifically an orator, and his productions are marked by that kind of eloquence in style which needs to be spoken and listened to for its full effect. The rhetoric is sufficiently elaborated and polished, the argument sufficiently well sustained, the matter solid and copious enough to make of admirable lectures very readable as well as instructive essays for private perusal. The mass of excerpts from many men of many minds, each one of whom is made a tributary to the stream of the author's discourse, enhances the value of the text and makes a sort of anthology which has its own separate interest. The publisher has done his work extremely well. Such a book as this is particularly in need of an index. The one who has to make an index, and the one who looks in vain to find one, are alike to be pitied. In this case, since there is a clear, copious index, the one who made it is worthy of praise, and the reader may congratulate himself. Ten or a hundred able writers might write each ten or a hundred able lectures on the philosophy of religion and Christian history without exhausting its vast and fertile field. Dr. Storrs presents a few generalized views of, as it were, extensive and crowded areas, seen from a balloon at a great elevation. It is often true that *fallacia latet in generalibus.* The philosophy of history furnishes countless ambushes for fallacies. Generalizations are not, however, so hidden when they are fallacious that they cannot be hunted out by a skilful reconnoissance in force, nor are they necessarily fallacious. There is a philosophy of history which is one of the most formidable antagonists of Christianity. There is another which is one of the most powerful of the forces arrayed in its defensive and aggressive polemics. The dispute between the two contrary systems of generalization turns on the validity of the induction from the facts. It is boldly asserted that intelligent and educated men cannot much longer maintain the truth of historical Christianity. What ought to take its place when it has been universally given up, whether theism, pantheism, atheism, optimism, or pessimism, some gnostic system or agnostic no-system and chaos of ignorance, is matter of fierce dispute among the anti-Christians. The argument for theism and natural religion against agnostics, Christianity and revealed religion against the gnostics, from history; which consists in marshalling certain, indubitable facts with all possible completeness, and making from these a logical induction as valid as that on which Kepler's laws are based; is a principal part of Christian polemics. This is the contention of Dr. Storrs: that certain facts are effects of the Christian religion, by which their causes are

made known and intelligible. The secular edifice of Christendom or Christian civilization rests on the Christian religion as its foundation, which itself rests on the reality of the Gospel-history of Christ, which in turn is based on the religion of pure monotheism. In a word, God is manifested as Creator and Lord, Christ as the Messiah of God, in the effects of Christianity; wherefore, it is divine. There is a condensed summary of the arguments of the preceding lectures in the Tenth Lecture, which is an excellent piece of composition, both in respect to reasoning and style. Dr. Storrs has kept mostly within the domain belonging to the preamble of Christianity. It would be difficult to find a work on religion in which there is a greater or even an equal proportion of the contents to which the suffrage of approbation must be given by all who can in any sense of the word be called Christians. Indeed, all except certain "lewd fellows of the baser sort" admit with Goethe that Christianity has taken humanity up to the greatest height as yet attained. Even these must, therefore, assent to a large part of Dr. Storrs' argument. There is just as much reason why mankind should stay on this height, and climb higher in the same path under the same guidance, as there ever was for ascending. No God, no true manhood; no Christ, no God; no genuine humanitarianism without theism; no theism without Christianity. Dr. Storrs does not take the lugubrious view of the future of Christianity—viz., that its great day is on the decline, and the blackness of darkness before the world. Quite the reverse. But we cannot protract our remarks any further. If this volume has a large circulation it will be a good omen.

THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND. (Histoire des Religions. Problèmes et Conclusions. Par l'Abbé de Broglie.) 1 vol. 12mo. Paris. 1885.

This book will be welcome to many of our readers as meeting, from a Catholic point of view, a growing need of the period. For some time back, but particularly during these latter years, the religious history of mankind as a whole, and the endless variety of its shapes, have been the object of much attention and study. At all times, indeed, religious beliefs and practices have had the privilege of attracting the notice of those who visited and undertook to describe strange countries and peoples. They are also referred to constantly by those ancient writers to whom they were familiar, but as things of daily life, and with scarce any attempt to discover their antecedent forms or to account for their origin and growth. Such problems were reserved for our times. In fact, up to a recent period the religions of the greater part of the human race were but very imperfectly known, and to deal with them as a whole was practically impossible.

The Germans, as might be expected, were the first to take them up. Nor could they have fallen into better hands; for the German mind, with its peculiar gift of collecting and mastering numberless details, its breadth of comprehension and power of seeing into the distant past, was peculiarly fitted to deal with the difficulties of the subject. Hence, from Kreuzer down to the "mythologists" of the present day, a series of studies covering the whole field of investigation, and, taken together, fairly representing the strong points, as also some of the faults, of the great German historical school.

France followed, but, until recently, with little to show of original work

save in the wide researches of her great Orientalist, Eugène Burnouf. England, last engaged on the general issue, is rapidly making up for lost time. In fact, everywhere at the present day the whole question is held prominently before the public mind. Special chairs are established in several universities with no other object, and from the higher regions of learned research it is being brought by our reviews and daily papers within the reach of the general reader.

And here comes the danger which has to be met. Those forms of religion, past and present, now coming for the first time to be generally known, whilst suggesting to thoughtful minds the most interesting problems, give rise at the same time to a number of objections against the Christian faith of which unbelievers have not been slow to avail themselves. We meet with them in works on ancient history and modern travel, in learned essays and in the pages of our periodicals. The very fact of their being put forward, not as objections, but as the ascertained results of enlightened and unprejudiced research, gives them additional power to unsettle the faith of unwary readers.

It is for the latter that the book of Abbé de Broglie is invaluable. There is hardly a general question raised by the study of religions which he does not deal with, no serious objection which he does not meet. His work is the summary of his public lectures given on the subject at the Catholic Institute of Paris during a period of several years. There is consequently much in it of condensed thought. The tone is that of one perfectly conversant with the facts, who looks them full in the face and never strives to blink or minimize them because they may prove inconvenient. Facts are inconvenient only for such as are unwilling to part with their prejudices or delusions. What the abbé wants is clearly to get at the truth. For instance, the strange and striking resemblances between the religions of the East and certain Catholic doctrines and customs, of which so much has been said, the writer deals with in a spirit of manifest candor, aiming only at fixing the exact nature and extent of those resemblances and then endeavoring to account for them. Hence the perfectly reliable character of his facts and of the conclusions they lead him to. Those who have devoted any special study to the subject may question some of his minor positions, but we venture to predict that to them the book will be particularly enjoyable as containing the impressions of a thoughtful and highly cultivated mind on the many grave problems which have not failed to occur to them.

To all enlightened Catholics it will be gratifying to see so important a subject taken up at last in a truly Catholic spirit by one so competent to deal with it. A book of this kind in English would be a help and a protection to an ever-increasing number of Catholic readers. Perhaps a translation of the present might best suit the purpose. To such as are familiar with French, in its present form it will be found equally useful and interesting. Its thoughtful and moderate tone is in keeping with the author's other philosophical writings, whilst the style, in its perspicuity and sober chasteness, more than once reminds one of the eminent literary gifts of the family to which the distinguished professor belongs.* We would call atten-

* Abbé de Broglie, formerly an officer in the French navy, is brother of the eminent writer and statesman, Duc de Broglie, and grandson of the celebrated Madame de Staël.

tion to the tenth chapter ("La Transcendance du Christianisme") as containing one of the most striking and unassailable arguments we have met with in favor of the Christian religion. The eleventh and last chapter is a most interesting and valuable summary of the conclusions to which an unprejudiced mind is led by an attentive study of the religions of mankind.

ORIGÈNE ET LA CRITIQUE TEXTUELLE DU NOUVEAU TESTAMENT. Par M. l'Abbé Martin, Professeur à l'École Supérieure de Théologie de Paris. Paris: Victor Palmé. 1885.

A new and startling theory as to the text of the New Testament was propounded by the well-known author of this pamphlet in an article published in the July number of the *Recueil des Questions Historiques.* The present publication is a defence of the position taken in that article. As is well known, the principle assumed as certain by all schools of textual critics has been that the nearest approximation that can be made (so far as texts are of service for such approximation) to the genuine text of the New Testament is in and by means of the most ancient manuscripts known at present, and especially by means of the Sinaitic, the Alexandrine, the Vatican, the Ephraem, and that of Beza. There is no agreement as to which of these is the best; Tischendorf has chosen the Sinaitic, Westcott and Hort the Vatican, but all agree in making some one or other or the whole the standard and criterion. In direct opposition to this generally-received principle the Abbé Martin contends that these manuscripts, instead of being trustworthy guides to the original text, are positively misleading, and that security from error will in general be insured by distrusting them. He maintains that these manuscripts were never intended to be faithful copies of the text received in the church at the time they were written; that they contain an eclectic text, the product of the traditional text, combined with readings found in the Fathers, and especially in Origen. They may, therefore, be called critical editions of the New Testament, made for the use of the Eastern Church, of which the traditional text is the base, but modified by the various readings found in Origen and the other Fathers. The extent of these modifications was greater or less according as the acquaintance of the respective editors with the Fathers was greater or less. This is the theory which a long, careful study of Origen and the Fathers along with the texts, without any preconceived notions, has forced on the abbé, and to the proof of which he has devoted this pamphlet of sixty-two pages. We had intended to make an abstract of his argument, but have found it impossible to do justice to it in the space at our disposal, and we are unwilling, handicapped as he is by the novelty of his theory and by the weight of authority against him, to add to his difficulties by a necessarily inadequate presentation of its proofs. All, however, who are interested in textual criticism are bound, it seems to us, to give this pamphlet careful consideration.

MONTALEMBERT: A Biographical Sketch. By Joseph Walter Wilstach. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

All who are already well acquainted with the life and work of Montalembert will be glad by means of this interesting sketch to go over again the chief incidents in a compact form; while those to whom this little book affords the first opportunity of making this acquaintance will find in it a

good introduction to that fuller study which the life and works of so prominent a defender of the faith in our times deserve. The author has singled out the salient features in Montalembert's career, and—a thing essential to the understanding of that career—has been careful to bring out its relation to the principal events of his time. The "Table of the Important Contemporary Events in France," which is prefixed to the work, is a great help for this purpose. The first idea which most people have of Montalembert is, of course, that he was a "liberal." Mr. Wilstach enables us to understand in what sense and how far this is true. In his speech on the Sonderbund, delivered before the House of Peers in 1848, Montalembert said: "That to which I have been devoted is liberty in its entirety, liberty for all and in all things"; and it was the fear—a foolish fear, as every Catholic must see—lest the doctrine of infallibility should be made use of against the political ideas which he held dear which made him oppose the definition of the doctrine as inopportune. But by liberty he did not mean radicalism. Radicalism in his eyes was despotism in its most odious form. "Liberty sanctifies the rights of minorities; radicalism absorbs and destroys them." He was opposed, consequently, to the extension of the functions of the state, and gave his support to the dictum of Aristotle, that the smaller the number of things over which a government exercises its authority, the longer that government will last. Neither can it be said that he rejoiced in the advance of democracy. "I am no democrat, but I am still less of an absolutist. Looking on in advance, I see nothing anywhere but democracy. I see the deluge rise—rise continually everywhere, and overflowing everything. I fear it as a man, but as a Christian I do not fear; for where I see the deluge I see also the ark. Upon that great ocean of democracy . . . the church alone may venture forth without defiance and without fear. She alone will not be swallowed up there." Mr. Wilstach tells us also that the subject of universal democracy is said to have embittered his last days. If Montalembert had made a study of the American Constitution, and had seen the checks and safeguards which its framers devised in order to bring this power under control, would he have been so down-hearted? Other notable points are the struggle for the rights of the church as regards education, and the relations of Montalembert with Napoleon III. In the account of these and other things Mr. Wilstach writes in an interesting and pleasing manner. Sometimes, however, he seems to be striving after effect. Moreover, there are a few strange words here and there, and at times common words are used in a strange way. At first we thought this arose from a want of familiarity with the English language, but it would seem on closer study to spring from the laudable desire of writing forcibly. We can assure Mr. Wilstach that the modern English vocabulary is copious enough to express with all desirable force any idea he may form, without his being under the necessity of coining or resuscitating such words as "pregnable," "anarchize," "nocent." With the exception of these slight blemishes this sketch deserves praise, both for the matter and the style, and is worthy of its subject.

OFFICE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, FOR THE USE OF MEMBERS OF THE NOCTURNAL ADORATION. Baltimore: Foley Brothers. 1884.

This is an English translation of the whole of Matins and Lauds of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, to which is added the Office for the Dead.

The Douay version of the Psalms is used, the English breviary of the Marquis of Bute furnishing the remainder. The compiler, Father William E. Bartlett, Pastor of St. Ann's Church, Baltimore, has been instrumental in spreading this confraternity in that city, and offers this as an aid to the members for spending the night-watches in a profitable manner. The print is very large, and the rubrics are simplified.

We have much pleasure in recommending this translation of what many consider the most sublime office in the whole breviary, and also the confraternity itself. The priest who introduces the Nocturnal Adoration among his people (and Father Bartlett has proved that it is no very difficult matter) brings within the reach of men living in the world one of the practices of contemplative prayer of which holy church is so fertile, and enables them to taste the fruits of holy silence and solitude, and clothes with attractiveness a high degree of mortification.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL: A History of the Ancient Sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel in Genazzano. By Monsignor George F. Dillon, D.D., Missionary Apostolic. Rome: Printed at the offices of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1884.

The object of Mgr. Dillon in writing and publishing this work is to promote the devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel among English-speaking Catholics. Impaired in health, as he tells his readers in the preface, by twenty years of missionary labors in Australia, he spent a considerable time in Italy in order to regain his strength. This stay gave him a better opportunity of learning the real religious state of the masses of the people than is afforded by the fleeting visits ordinarily made by tourists, and of this opportunity he made the most. He mixed much with the people, especially in the country districts, and studied to ascertain their most intimate convictions and feelings. He found that they have been shamefully misrepresented. "No people," he says, "could be more devoted to their religion than the mass of the people of Italy"; and in the Pontifical States the bulk would gladly receive back the temporal government of the pope. "Italy," he says in the preface, "is still pre-eminently a land of faith and fervor. . . . At no period of its Christian history were the mass of the inhabitants of the country more attached to their religion, more firmly fixed in its principles, or more devoted to its practices than at the present moment. . . . Nine-tenths of the masses are earnest and practical Catholics. In general, family life among them equals the purity and innocence of the farm-homes of Ireland. They live, in truth, by faith." This is what his own observation showed to be the true state of things. What is the cause of this unyielding faith and devotion in the midst of so many trials? This was the question Mgr. Dillon put to himself; and its answer he finds in their remarkable devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, practised as they practise it; and believing that this devotion, and especially the devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel, which has proved so powerful for good amid such trials in Italy, will be equally efficacious among those with whom his own long experience has made him so well acquainted, cast, as they are, as exiles in the midst of the frost-laden blasts of heresy and worldliness, he has made this effort to explain this devotion. In some five hundred pages he gives the history of the victory of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel over paganism, the miraculous

translation of her shrine from Scutari to Genazzano, with a critical examination of the proofs of this wonderful occurrence, and an account of the numerous miracles which have been worked at her sanctuary. Special attention has been devoted to the Pious Union of Genazzano, for it is by means of this that the devotion possesses a world-wide character and is capable of serving the practical objects Mgr. Dillon has in view. The chapters on the Devotion of the Italian People and on Roman Ecclesiastical Education deserve special attention. There are many other things of great interest in this book which make it well worth reading. While he writes with all the zeal and enthusiasm which every one must have for the object of his devotion, we do not think any Catholic will think him exaggerated or injudicious. As he says, "he has had to treat largely of the supernatural. Yet he desires to say no one ever came to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel less inclined to be credulous than he was. But in the sight of miracles wrought before one's eyes, and carefully examined and proved, one can only say that the hand of God is not shortened, and the miracles wrought through the intercession of his Mother will never cease. The facts narrated will speak for themselves. With regard to these facts the writer has endeavored to be scrupulously accurate, and in this, at least, he believes he has succeeded." Prefixed to the work are letters of His Holiness Leo XIII. and Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda.

Histoire des Persécutions pendant les Deux Premiers Siècles d'après les Documents Archéologiques. Par Paul Allard. Paris: Victor Lecoffre. 1885.

This is one of the numerous literary offspring of the great works of Rossi on the Roman catacombs. M. Allard was the French translator of the *Roma Sotteranea* of Northcote and Brownlow, an English work in which the substance of Rossi's Italian folios was recast, condensed, and made generally legible. The present history of the persecutions from M. Allard's pen is derived from these archeological discoveries in the catacombs and from the literary remains of the early centuries of the Christian epoch, both Christian and pagan. The period covered begins with A.D. 64 and ends at A.D. 313. The treatment of the subject is thoroughly historical and sharply critical, with ample references to authorities; yet it is in the manner of a flowing and pleasing narrative adorned with all the charms of a purely literary style.

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Manning. Arranged by W. S. Lilly. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

Selections from the writings of eminent authors are often merely anthologies, or collections of choice gems. Mr. Lilly's arrangement of extracts from the works of Cardinal Manning is somewhat different from and more than an anthology. The cardinal is a very consecutive writer. Not only does he handle each single topic in a consecutive manner, but his distinct works are consecutive in relation to each other, embracing many topics under a general method, in their mutual bearings and common relation to general principles. Mr. Lilly has arranged his excerpts methodically and judiciously. They present, each one, an epitome of the eminent author's exposition of a single topic, and in their collective arrangement an epitome of

his general and consecutive doctrine as a whole. Thus there is a completeness in the work which is very satisfactory. It is useful and agreeable reading to those who have read the cardinal's writings, and also to those who have not done so. It is cream—cream of political, philosophical, and religious essays which are *sui generis*, with their own peculiar character, excellences, and value, distinctive of their quality and mode of treatment, as compared with other works on the same topics and of the same doctrine. Mr. Lilly's volume is so handy, so easily to be had and read, and so full of interesting and instructive matter that it is well adapted to wide and general circulation.

CHRISTIAN MANHOOD AND ITS DUTIES: A Sermon. By Rev. James J. Moriarty, A.M., Pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, Syracuse, N. Y. Syracuse, N. Y.: T. W. Durston. 1884.

This is what in old times in New England would have been called an election sermon, having been preached the Sunday preceding the last general election. It is a good sermon, well worded, glowing with fervor, entirely unpartisan, direct and to the point, and displaying the zealous pastor of souls in his true relation to politics. "It is not the duty of priests," it says, "to tell you for whom you should vote, but it is their duty to tell you to vote honestly, fearlessly, conscientiously." We venture to say that as years pass on we shall have more of such preaching. May it all be as eloquent and judicious!

A PROTESTANT CONVERTED TO CATHOLICITY BY HER BIBLE AND PRAYER-BOOK; AND THE STRUGGLES OF A SOUL IN SEARCH OF TRUTH. With a Preface by the Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. Buffalo, N. Y.: Catholic Publication Company. 1884.

This book is small but precious, for it is the artless story of God's dealing with a noble soul. Mrs. Fanny Maria Pittar was reared a Protestant of the bitterest kind in the city of Dublin; but she was faithful to grace from the dawn of reason. At the first suggestion of doubt she began to inquire. The reader may fancy her earnestness when he learns that perplexities arising in her mind while hearing a sermon she forced the minister to consider on the spot: she confronted him at the foot of the pulpit-stairs. To resolve her doubts on another occasion she brought about a private controversy between a Catholic priest and a Protestant minister; and, not being quite certain about a quotation from Luther, she went alone to the library of a great university and sought and obtained a verification of the translation.

One of the great charms of this book—for it has more than one—is that it is truly a woman's book. The struggles of the heart and of the intellect cross each other on every page of the narrative. How great those struggles were, especially just before the final victory, may be guessed from the fact that not only did she suffer bitter persecution, but was even for a time separated from her own children.

One question that we are inclined to ask a convert is about the first impulse that pointed towards the church. The answer in the case of Mrs. Pittar reveals not only the wonderful ways of God's providence, but also the value of reading Holy Scripture with a reverent mind.

Give this little book to a fervent, old-fashioned Protestant, and it will doubtless do a good work.

DILUVIUM; or, The End of the World. By George S. Pidgeon. St. Louis: Commercial Printing Co. 1885.

Having been requested to notice this book, we will not refuse the author any help which a notice may give him. It is perhaps worthy of remark on its own account, as a curiosity.

The object of the work is to warn the world against the digging of the canal by which it is proposed to turn the waters of the Mediterranean into certain portions of the desert of Sahara, which are known to lie below the ocean level. The author is aware that it is not expected or regarded as possible to flood the whole desert; in fact, in his calculations he assumes that only about one-fifteenth part of it will be inundated. This is a large figure, but let it pass.

Now comes the astounding part. Assuming that only this surface—about 220,000 square miles—will be covered by the sea, and that only to a depth of 275 metres, or, say, 900 feet, he calmly concludes that the volume of water thus put on it will be equal in weight to about one-thirty-fifth of the entire mass of the globe; and that consequently the most serious consequences must be feared from the transference of so large a fraction of the earth's weight from one part to another. There is no telling, according to him, what terrible catastrophes may not ensue.

The slightest examination will convince any one familiar with the simple formula for the volume of a sphere that to cover the whole earth and sea with water a mile deep would only add about one-thirteen-hundredth part to its whole volume; and, on the well-determined value which we have of the density of our globe, would only add about one-seven-thousandth part to its weight. Now, according to the author's own estimate, the portion of the earth's surface which is to be covered is only about one-nine-hundredth part of the whole; the weight of the water turned upon it, then, even if a mile deep, would be only one-six-millionth that of the earth; and if, as he assumes, the water would be only nine hundred feet deep, its weight would be about one-sixth again of that, or, say, one-thirty-six-*millionth*, instead of one-thirty-fifth part, as he imagines, of the weight of the globe.

What is the cause of this astonishing mistake, which he certainly would have detected, if he had drawn the roughest diagram to represent the facts? Simply, as it would seem, that he has misunderstood the figures of the authority which he quotes for the weight of the earth. He gives it as 5,852 trillions of tons, according to Dr. Dick. But he seems not to be aware that what Dr. Dick, using the English system, calls a trillion is what we call a quintillion. In short, our author, in his comparison, makes the weight of the earth only one-millionth part of what it actually is.

Dr. Dick's trillion is a million million millions; our trillion is a thousand thousand millions—that is the whole difference, and, as will be seen, entirely explains the unfortunate error into which Mr. Pidgeon has fallen.

This curious misapprehension is really the text and foundation of the whole book. Remove it, and there is nothing to speak of left. The only consideration amounting to anything which is brought forward is that of the climatic changes which might be feared in Europe if the warming influence of the Sahara were removed. This certainly is a point well taken; but, considering that it is but a small part of the great desert

which is to be flooded, the fall in temperature would probably be imperceptible except by careful meteorological observations. This objection to the proposed canal has of course been brought up before.

It is a pity to see so much time, study, and ingenuity wasted. The author could write something much better than this, if he would only take more care.

IN THE LENA DELTA: A Narrative of the Search for Lieutenant-Commander De Long and his Companions. By George W. Melville, Chief-Engineer U. S. N. Edited by Melville Philips. With maps and illustrations. 8vo, 477 pp. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

Of the several books which have been written about the unfortunate Arctic expeditions of the last five years, this is certainly the best. Commander De Long's diary lost sight of Mr. Melville after the separation of the whale-boats in the storm of September 12, 1881. Mr. Melville takes up the narrative of the more fortunate *Jeannette* survivors at this point. He details their reaching the Siberian settlements, their terrible march northward in search of De Long, and the return home of the decimated expedition. It is a consecutive, detailed, authoritative story, told with frankness and simplicity, of one of the most extraordinary adventures in the history of Arctic explorations. It is impossible not to be thrilled by this recital, terrible, shocking, uncomfortable as it is. The descriptions of some of the hardships endured by these explorers are so realistic as to make one shudder, and in their graphic simplicity they are almost Homeric. But one constantly exclaims, "What a waste of heroism!" Arctic exploration seems to be as barren a field for enterprise as an Arctic sea. And yet Mr. Melville, nothing daunted by his experience, is anxious to go in search of the north pole again, and appends to his volume an improved scheme for getting a new expedition there! The illustrations of the book are excellent.

AN IRISH GARLAND. By Sarah M. B. Piatt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

There is some good work in this little collection of poems. All of it is careful and conscientious; the diction is lucid and often very elegant. Mrs. Piatt seems to be at her best in the expression of tender pathos. "On the Pier in Queenstown" is an exquisitely touching picture of a poor Irish widow, amid the throng of gay and laughing tourists returning to America, whose only son, "a young man, tall, with dark, curled hair, the rose of Ireland in his cheek," is emigrating;

> "And there sat she—her cap of snow
> No whiter than her head, her face
> (A gracious one, I thought) bent low
> In withering hands—there in her place
> While, careless of us all, she wailed
> For one who in the steerage sailed."

Among the other poems in the garland, "A Child's Cry," "The Confession of my Neighbor," and "The Gift of Tears" are specially good.

THE CROSS OF MONTEREY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Edward White. San Francisco: The California Publishing Co.

Several of these poems relate to legends in connection with Father Junipero Serra and the earlier missions in California. "The Cross of Monterey" is, perhaps, the best of these. They display considerable descriptive power and are infused with a local coloring which is not overdone, notwithstanding the temptation offered by the glowing Spanish atmosphere of the Pacific region. The following verse is a specimen of the author at his best:

"And the Indians told the padre
That Portala's cross that night,
Gleaming with a wondrous splendor,
Than the noon-sun was more bright,
And its mighty arms extended
East and westward, oh! so far!
And its topmost point seemed resting
Northward on the Polar Star."

"The Midnight Mass" is one of the legends which the peasants at Carmelo tell

"Of Junipero the Padre,
In the sweet Castilian tongue:
Telling how each year he rises
From his grave the Mass to say,
In the midnight 'mid the ruins,
On the eve of Carlos' day."

"The House on the Plain" tells how Padres Serra and Palon, being overtaken by night on the plains, saw a house before them, where they were sheltered and entertained by an old man, a lady, and a beautiful child. In the morning, on resuming their journey, they meet a muleteer, who tells them there is no such house on the plain. They look back—it has vanished. Then the padre, after a pause, exclaims that the truth has come to him:

"By spirit hands was built that house,
And the old man whom we saw there
Was Joseph, the good Virgin's spouse,
And Mary was the lady fair.

"And well I know the youth was He,
The meek and lowly Nazarene,
Who died for us on Calvary,
The thief and penitent between."

"Waiting for the Galleon," "The Discovery of San Francisco Bay," and a sonnet on San Francisco deserve mention. In some of the other poems there is an attempt at Bret-Hartean humor which is not a success.

WILD FLOWERS FROM THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE. Poems and Dramas. By Mercedes. Philadelphia: Press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1885.

The author of these poems and dramas is a Sister of Mercy; the object of their publication is to aid in completing and supporting the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburgh. Under these circumstances, is it possible for us to perform with all due justice and severity the office of the critic, and to judge the work without favor or bias, on its merits, not, on the one hand, lavishing undeserved praise, or, on the other, playing the part of the candid

friend? Our own opinion we find very well expressed by the writer of the preface: "There are" in these poems "heart and soul and faith." Not a few of them possess a melodiousness and persuasiveness which recall some of the best hymns of one of the best modern hymn-writers—Dr. Bonar. An occasional fault in the versification, however, detracts from the pleasure they give. But we venture to say that no one who loves holy things —our Lord, his church, his Sacred Presence—can read some among these poems without his love for these sacred objects growing warmer. The words may not imprint themselves on the memory, but a deeper sense of the worth and reality of those things which alone are of value and which alone are real will have been left in the mind. The second part consists of dramas written for various occasions, which always, we are told, appeared with success. The volume is beautifully bound and printed, and is in every way well suited for a gift-book.

THE GRAY MASQUE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mary Barker Dodge. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1885.

The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD are not unacquainted with the poetry of Mrs. Dodge. Two of the pieces collected in the volume under notice—namely, "Birthdays" and "Sabbath Rest"—were first published in this magazine. Much of the poetry in this volume rises to a very high level; all of it is wholesome and pure. This is a rare distinction in a day when nearly every versifier thinks it necessary to make some offering at the shrine of the senses. Mrs. Dodge finds her inspiration in the domestic affections, in the mysteries and consolations of religion, in the beauties of nature, in the patriotic sentiments, and in themes of history that appeal to the imagination. Every line she writes is sincere and conscientious work. Her Muse is graceful and very tuneful.

IRENE OF CORINTH: An Historic Romance of the First Century. By Rev. P. J. Harold. Lewiston, N. Y.: Index Publishing Co. 1884.

The history and topography of the tale *Irene of Corinth* are very accurate, and there is dramatic talent shown in the plot and persons of the story, graphic power in its descriptions. Its principal scenes are Jerusalem during the latter part of its siege by Titus, Rome, and Alexandria. The interest increases from the beginning to the end. Among the historical personages introduced, two of the chief ones are Matthias, the last Jewish high-priest, and St. John the Apostle. Irene and her brother, Cyprian, are niece and nephew to Matthias, though Christians; another principal person of the story, Anna, is his daughter, who is converted to the faith through her cousins. The lover of Irene, Julius, is a Roman centurion, who becomes a Christian. The destruction of Jerusalem, the triumph of Titus, and the persecution of Domitian are vividly depicted during the course of the narrative of the personal adventures of these four, which are up to the highest mark of the romantic. To our taste the romance would have been improved by a more solid and subdued tone of coloring, a diminution of its intensity, and a more castigated style of composition. The author of that remarkable story, *Dion and the Sibyls*, informed the writer of this notice that he spent thirteen years of labor upon it. As he was a gifted man, the result of his careful labor was a true work of art. Mr. Wallace spent three years upon *Ben-Hur*. Father Harold has the gifts which need only experience,

study, and labor in perfecting his composition to make him an author of works similar to these in excellence. The first three centuries of the Christian era present an inviting field to one who will undertake the composition of classical, Christian romances which are true pictures of the real life and history of those times. It will not be time lost which is spent in writing or reading such a kind of works of fiction. *Ben-Hur* has done more good than some volumes of sermons or didactic instructions. *Irene of Corinth* will do good as well as give pleasure to those who read it. We recommend it especially for all young people, and think it worthy of a wide circulation, especially if it be republished in a better edition.

The Walking Trees, and other Tales. By Rosa Mulholland. With Illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1885.

Lina's Tales. By Mrs. Frank Pentrill. Same publishers. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

It is a big word to say that *Walking Trees, and other Tales* is one of the best of Rosa Mulholland's books for the young. Miss Mulholland, as a writer for the young, is unsurpassed among living authors. Her children's stories are invested with a certain aerial quality which distinguishes them above even the work of Andersen and the Grimms. Perhaps this is because Miss Mulholland's genius is exquisitely Celtic. "Walking Trees" is not only a delightful child's story, it is a poem. Little Leo has a fancy about seven tall ash-trees that grow on a ridge of upland in front of his father's house. He believes they *walk* and go off on expeditions every night. He watches one night to see. Sure enough, they tear their roots out of the ground and start. One of the trees invites him to go with them, and, being a brave little man, he jumps up into its branches. The trees tramp away to a strange country so near the sky that when Leo climbs to the topmost branches and gives a spring he finds himself in a bed of fleecy cloud. Leo's adventures in cloud-land with the cloud-man, the summer-cloud children, the beautiful women poised in the great lake, the sky, and called Hours, with the rain-children in Bad-weather country, in the home of King Storm, and in Snow country, are a series of delightful fancies, of which the descriptions are alternately droll, gorgeous, dramatic, and delicately poetic. The description of what Leo sees at the Gates of Sunrise, and the account of the palace of King Storm, where among "vast halls lined with crystal pillars" the visions of what is being done on earth by all his minions, from the shipwrecking tempests to the zephyrs fanning the buds open, are to be seen—"dim pictures, wide and dim, with lights and colors struggling in them, as if out of a deep and wonderful distance"—are about the finest things we have read in this kind of literature. "The Girl from under the Lake" is a daring development of the legend of Lough Neagh, and is, if possible, a more charming conceit than "The Walking Trees." Both stories to a certain extent recall *Alice in Wonderland*, but that *spirituel* quality of Miss Mulholland's imagination places them in a different category altogether from that fascinating fabrication. The two other stories in the volume are "Little Queen Pet and her Kingdom" and "Floreen's Golden Hair."

Lina's Tales, by Mrs. Frank Pentrill, are an admirable collection of very short stories for young people. The book is quite a little volume, yet it contains two sets of stories, one of eight, the other of ten, separate pieces.

THE MONEY-MAKERS: A Social Parable. New York: Appleton & Co. 1885.

The Money-Makers is advertised as "an answer to *The Bread-Winners*." What is *The Bread-Winners?* It is a curious comment on this kind of patent literature that one asks one's self this question on hearing again the name of that once so ingeniously-puffed book. *The Money-Makers* is an attempt to gain notoriety by the same devices that helped to sell the other book—an anonymous author, a "social parable," and the query, "Who wrote" the thing? The author of the present affair takes occasion to impress the fact that he wrote it in a little over a month. It has all this appearance. It appears to be the work of some smart New York press-man who thinks he knows a great deal of "inside facts," and who feels that he is the coming satirist of the age. It is very knowing and very juvenile. We have counted seven foreign words in one sentence. In one page, describing something done by a New York newspaper man, we find allusions to Froude, Motley, Carlyle, Mary Queen of Scots, the court of St. Germain's, Henry VIII., Essex, Bacon, Charles Stuart, Henri Quatre and the Valois kings, Savonarola, the sunshine of Fiesole, the pyre in Florence, the methods of the Borgia, Leo X. and "Monk Luther," the Galileans, Tiberius, Cromwell and his "Greek predecessors," George III., Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Ovid, Suetonius, Numa, Tarquin, the great Julius, Louis XVI., Napoleon I., Montesquieu, Alexander, Charlemagne, Philip II., and the black bread and *Lebenwurst* of the peasants whom the author met in the wilds of Bohemia! It is as if the young man had been fed on intellectual black bread and *Lebenwurst* all his life and suddenly got a meal of learning, which having bolted ravenously, it lies upon his chest and gives him the nightmare. The whole book is pitched in the same absurd key. It pretends to make "revelations"—for the author is possessed of the idea that "newspaper men know everything"—but it reveals nothing that the public who follow the newspapers don't think they know as well as he. Its characters are "portraits from life," thinly veiled under pseudonyms, of certain well-known editors, bankers, railway presidents, politicians, and so forth. This may make the book piquant. But as a whole *The Money-Makers* is a failure to handle properly somewhat promising material.

THE WANDERER; or, Cast Away in a Great City, and other Stories for Boys. Boston: Thos. B. Noonan & Co. 1885.

STORIES FOR STORMY SUNDAYS: A Collection of Tales for Young Folks. Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Same publishers.

What an excellent title is *Stories for Stormy Sundays!* You can almost see the young folks grouped together in the cosey room, one of them reading a story aloud, while the rain beats against the window-panes and imprisons them within-doors for the day. The youngsters who have such a book to read as the one bearing this happy title will not miss their open-air fun very much. The stories are so short that eighteen of them fit in a handy volume. That they are well suited to Catholic children, the fact that they are reprinted from the *Ave Maria* is a guarantee. *The Wanderer, and other Stories* is a set of four thrilling and at the same time edifying tales for boys.

1794: A TALE OF THE TERROR. From the French of M. Charles d'Héricault. By Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1885. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

M. d'Héricault is a French writer of the first rank; and we know no translator of French into English who surpasses Mrs. Cashel Hoey, herself an original author of distinction. This book of D'Héricault's translated by Mrs. Hoey is worthy of the collaboration. It is a tale of the Terror, but not one of the thousand-times hackneyed order. M. d'Héricault has given his mind to the study of a special and engrossing phase of the French Revolution. Between the noble and the peasant—whose vicissitudes the novelist has not yet tired exploiting—there was the vast bourgeoisie whose children became "that generation of French people who grew up without a religion." How did the Revolution affect the social and moral life of this great class? M. d'Héricault's book is a partial answer to this question. He has thus gone off the beaten track. He has drawn a vivid picture, made a stirring drama, in illustration of this theme. The time, the interesting period of the Terror, abounded in contrasts grotesque and tragic; and M. D'Héricault has misused none of his materials.

BIOGEN: A Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life. By Professor Elliott Coues. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1885.

This essay, which was read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, and of which this is the second edition, has a threefold object. The first is a criticism of the attempts which have been made to explain the fact of life without having recourse to a vital principle. "Granted," says Professor Coues, "that all substances, including protoplasm, have been evolved from nebulous matter; granted that evolution to the protoplasmic state, and in the very manner claimed, is required for any manifestation of life; granted even that life always appears in matter thus elaborated, it does not follow that the result of the process by which matter is fitted to receive life is the *cause* of the vitality which it manifests. Sequence is not necessarily consequence; and in this matter it does not seem that even a *post hoc*, much less a *propter hoc*, can be maintained. For all that is known to the contrary, protoplasm and vitality are simply concomitant. If any causal relation is to be established, it must be upon other considerations than have been presented. I believe the relation to be causal, but the reverse of that claimed: *vital force being the cause of the peculiarities of protoplasm.*" So much for the philosophical cogency of the physico-chemical theory. Its unscientific character is shown from the fact that while it involves the theory of spontaneous generation, the existence of a single case of spontaneous generation has never been established. Moreover, living protoplasm never has been and cannot be analyzed, and its composition remains unknown. It is dead when it is analyzed, and must necessarily be dead; and consequently chemistry and physics can give us no information as to what constitutes the difference between a thing alive and the same thing dead, for it cannot analyze the live thing. The second object of this essay is to give the true solution of the problem. By the way in which he does this Professor Coues shows that he must be numbered among those true philosophers who make it their first duty to take the facts in their entirety, and afterwards to explain them if they can;

but who never attempt to explain the facts away in the interest of some darling theory of their own. And so he appeals to the data of his own consciousness. "I can only declare that I do not believe my mind to be matter-made only, because it is so made that I cannot so believe. The consensus of mankind has reached this identical conclusion. While I cannot imagine what life is or may be apart from matter, so far is it from being impossible for me to conceive of life apart from any known conditions of matter that it is impossible for me not to form that conception. This is, of course, to invoke the 'vital principle,' to postulate the reality of a kind of force called 'vital,' as a veritable Biogen, or life-giver, which may be where no known form of matter is, and can therefore exist apart from such matter, and not as a resultant of any such material forces; . . . some real entity which defies the observation of the senses." The necessity for making this postulate Professor Coues proceeds to draw out; but for this the reader must himself go to the work, as the argumentation cannot be compressed into our limits. After having shown the necessity of a vital immaterial principle for the explanation of the facts, the third object of the author is to show how the wholly immaterial spirit is connected with the wholly material body. Spirit is nothing if not immaterial; it cannot act directly upon matter; there must be something intermediate in order that there may be interaction. This intermediary is, according to Professor Coues, a certain substance which serves for the manifestation of the spirit, to which he gives the name of Biogen. While agreeing with Professor Coues that he has a similar (we will not say the same) right to assume the existence of this semi-material substance as scientific men have for assuming the existence of luminiferous ether, we cannot, on philosophical grounds, accept his hypothesis. Granted that the manner in which spirit is to act on matter is a mystery, yet it is but one mystery, and it does not diminish but increase the number to interpose an intermediate, semi-material substance. *Non sunt multiplicanda mysteria.* It is better to leave things as they were. This essay well deserves reading; taking into account the high authority of its author and its own merits, it cannot be neglected by any student of this subject. We shall look out with some interest for the answers to the questions asked by Professor Coues on pp. 59, 60. The style is bright and vigorous, and renders what is itself an abstruse matter interesting and intelligible. We congratulate Professor Coues on the courage and ability with which he has faced the lion of materialism in the den of their "Philosophical Society."

Friends in Feathers and Fur, and Other Neighbors. For young folks. By James Johnnot. New York: Appleton & Co. 12mo. 1885.

Here is a new method of teaching natural history to young folks. As far as we can judge, we think it a good method. It attempts to treat the subject more simply and familiarly than natural-history books usually do. The author presses everything into his service, from a nursery-rhyme to a fairy-tale, which brings the animal world in the youthful mind into pleasant association. The illustrations are so clear and good that he would be a dull child who is not interested and enlightened by them.

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COINCIDENCE OF THEISTIC, CHRISTIAN, AND CATHOLIC ANALYTICS.*

THE man who believes in God, if he would be consistent and logical, ought to believe in Christ, and, if he believes in Christ, ought to believe in the Catholic Church, of which the Vicar of Christ is head. True, genuine theism, as a universal and practical religion, identifies itself with Christianity, Christianity with the Catholic communion of the Roman Church. The analytical, inductive process of reasoning in proof of the being and perfections of God is by way of ascent from effects to causes up to the First Cause. The same kind of argument for the divine origin of Christianity traces its effects, through nearer and remoter causes, to the faith of the apostles, to Jesus Christ, and finally to God. So, likewise, effects and facts in the history of the Catholic Church, and the Papacy its centre, traced to their origin, indicate coincidence in the same line of causality terminating in God. For the same reason that we say the stars are the work of God, we say Christianity is his work, and the Bible, and the hierarchy, and religious orders, and episcopal councils, and the primacy. The *order* shows the mind and hand of the divine ordainer; the *origin* his creative act. The effects produced, by their tendency toward the *Final* Cause, their orderly sequence, and their excellence, manifest the concurrence of their second

* *The Divine Origin of Christianity Indicated by its Historical Effects.* By R. S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. *Which Is the True Church?* By C. F. B. A. (Allnatt). *Characteristics of Cardinal Manning.* By W. S. Lilly.

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causes with the *First* Cause, and exhibit the presence of an efficiency which it alone is able to exercise.

Among these effects which are facts and events in the historical order, intellectual and moral effects hold the first place. The subject of them is man, who is the chief being in his own world, who is an end in himself, to whom inferior beings are subordinated, whose destiny and development are the sufficient reason for the arrangement of things in his environing sphere, and for the entire course of its events.

The existence of his intellect and will, the tendency of his intellect toward the intelligible without limit, of his will toward good without bounds, furnish, therefore, to minds of the highest order the most convincing evidence that the first cause of his being is personal, self-conscious, intelligent; the supreme intelligible and lovable Object of uncreated and created intellect and will.

The whole moral order of mankind, the rule and standard of personal virtue, the law of conscience, social and political institutions, and all else which unites individuals and nations in organic relations, are for the sake of the intellectual and moral perfection of human nature, for the fulfilment of human destiny. They have their root in the belief in God, an eternal law, the soul and its immortality, in all which constitutes the substance of pure and rational monotheism. The more clear and pure these concepts are, the more is the intellect and will of man perfected, and the better are all the social, political, and generally moral outcomes of constructive and organizing power in mankind.

This belief is therefore of divine origin, it is from God; it is unaccountable and inconceivable, except as having its foundation in reality, in the being, the creative efficiency, the sovereign direction and providence of the supreme intelligence and will. Natural theology and natural ethics are indissolubly bound together. The ideas of God, of worship, of the dignity of man, of the law of duty toward self, toward one's family, toward society, are all cognate to each other.

The line of argument proceeding from the intellectual and moral effects of Christianity to demonstrate its origin and cause in God, as presented in the first of the books whose titles are prefixed to this article, designates in Christianity the presence of all the elements found in other religions and in philosophy which can be traced to an original and universal religion, or to the common ideas and aspirations which are spontaneous in

human nature. But it shows, farther, a transcendence of Christianity above and beyond all religions or philosophies, in respect to the essential elements of theology and ethics, the principles of general enlightenment and human progress.

The argument can be carried much farther on the same line. Christianity not only promulgates rational monotheism in such a way as to make belief in One God and his perfections easier, clearer, more certain, more universal, more practically efficient than it ever was or could be otherwise; but it reveals the personality, the interior life, the blessedness, the goodness diffusive of itself upon the creation, of the One God, in a transcendent manner, by the revelation of the Trinity. The Three Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are disclosed to the contemplation of faith which raises the intellect far above the plane of reason. The revelation of the Incarnation brings God still nearer to man, and man nearer to God, by means of the descent of the Eternal Son into human nature, his conception and birth of the Virgin, his human life and teaching, his death, resurrection, and ascension. In the revelation of the Son, the Father is revealed as our Father, and the Spirit as our Life-giver. This is a far higher and better theology than the purely natural theology of philosophers, or the dimmer supernatural theology of the foregoing revelations.

Moreover, Christianity teaches that dignity of man, unspeakably greater than his natural dignity, which has been given him by his adoption as a son of God. It glorifies humanity by the unspeakable elevation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. Manhood is infinitely more glorified by that highest of all elevations and unions, the hypostatic union of the human to the divine nature in the Person of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Marriage and social life, the entire moral order, political organization, the universal brotherhood of mankind, the sphere of intellect and imagination, of science and art, the end and the progressive development of humanity—all are ennobled by those relations of man to God, through Christ, the redeemer and restorer of all things, which Christianity discloses and realizes. The enlightening and improving and generally beneficent effect of Christianity upon the natural order of human affairs is an accompaniment and a sequel of that grace which illumines, purifies, sanctifies, and brings to everlasting beatitude the souls of men.

That civilization which is the secular outcome and environment of the Christian religion is now, as it was in past times, the most excellent flower of humanity in the natural order. The

religion itself, as religion, is now, even more than ever, considering the failure of all others and the hopeless decadence of all philosophy which is apart from Christianity, unique and transcendent in the world.

It is, moreover, reasonable to hope for a wider, even a world-wide extension in the future of this best of all civilizations and religions, and for renovation and improvement in Christendom, both in the secular and in the spiritual order.

The great agent and instrument through which all the intellectual, moral, and religious effects which the doctrine and the law of Christianity have brought to pass in the secular and in the spiritual order, in past ages—effects by which the divine origin of Christianity is indicated—is the Catholic Church. This is the testimony and the judgment of non-Catholic writers of great and universally respected authority. Christianity, being unaltered and unalterable in its spirit, doctrine, and law; its embodiment, organic instrument and medium, is now the same that it was, and must remain the same always, even to the consummation and end of the world; that is, it must always be the Catholic Church. The centre and the seat of sovereignty in the Catholic Church is the Church of Rome. The last and highest of all the second causes of the effects of Christianity, the cause which is next to the First Cause and immediately moved by it, is therefore the Roman Church, the Papacy; and all the arguments proving the divine origin of Christianity from its intellectual and moral effects deliver the whole force of their logical impetus in a stroke which drives home and fixes immovably the thesis of the divine origin of the Papacy. Up to a certain point, the plea for the identification of the ideas expressed by the terms "Christian" and "Catholic," both in an abstract and a concrete sense, has become superfluous through the concession of enlightened Protestants, theists, and even partially of agnostics. This is emphatically true of the historical school of professed exponents of Christianity as a grand world-idea and world-power. Among these writers on the historical aspect of the Christian idea, those who make a demonstration of the positive truth and divine origin of historical Christianity as a revealed religion, from its historical effects, are obliged to identify Christianity with Catholicity, in a certain general sense of this latter term, during the entire historical period between the age of the apostles and the era of the Reformation. They are, moreover, compelled to seek for a historical continuity of that which they regard as a truly reformed and purified Christianity

with the Christianity of the past, and to claim a substantial fraternity with the larger portion of modern Christendom, by stretching the definition of Catholicism to a width which will make it cover and shelter their own position. So far they have abandoned the primitive and extreme theory of Protestantism, and have become more catholic.

The field of argument is therefore narrowed and shortened in all its dimensions, so as to include only the question of the identification of the Papacy with Catholicity. This one question being determined in favor of the Papacy, every other disappears by evaporation; and from these two premises—Historical Christianity is of divine origin: The Papacy is of the essence of historical Christianity—logically follows the conclusion: The Papacy is of divine origin. The corollaries from this proposition will embrace all things belonging to faith and morals, doctrine and law, for which a Catholic wishes to contend.

The labor of proving the second premise is almost entirely taken from our shoulders by the concessions of those who are not Catholics, and some of whom do not call themselves Christians. In their historical exposition of the progress and effects of Christianity, they cannot and do not try to separate the supreme and controlling power of the Roman Church from the other principles and active powers which are co-ordinated in an organic unity in the universal society which, as a moral and juridical person, is properly called "the Catholic Church."

Gibbon, in his summary of causes and reasons for the triumph of the Christian religion—the most singular case on record of an advocate destroying his own cause by his plea—mentions as one of these causes the hierarchical organization of the church. This presupposes unity in the episcopate, which never did or could exist except through a common centre and head.

Renan ascribes the organization of the episcopate to the Roman Church:

"What was in process of development in the Christian Church about the year 120 or 130 was the episcopate. Now, the creation of the episcopate was evidently the work of Rome. . . . Thanks to the Church of Rome, the religion of Jesus thus acquired a certain solidity and consistency. . . . The phrase 'Catholic Church' breaks upon us from all sides at once, as the name of the great communion which is destined thenceforth to come down the ages in unbroken unity. . . . ROME was the place in which this great idea of Catholicity was worked out. More and more every day it became the capital of Christianity, and took the place of Jerusalem as the religious centre of humanity." *

* *Hibbert Lectures*, pp. 148–199.

Dr. Salmon, of Trinity College, Dublin, speaking of Pope Clement's Epistle to the Corinthians, a document of the first century, says:

"Very noticeable in the new part of the Letter is the tone of authority used by the Roman Church in making an unsolicited interference with the affairs of another church." *

Neander admits that—

"Very early indeed do we observe in the Roman bishops traces of the assumption that to them, as successors of St. Peter, belonged a paramount authority in ecclesiastical disputes. . . . In the Montanist writings of Tertullian we find indications that the Roman bishops already issued peremptory edicts on ecclesiastical matters, endeavored to make themselves considered as the Bishops of Bishops, and were in the habit of speaking of the authority of their '*antecessores.*" †

Even Mosheim says that—

"No one is so blind as not to see that between a certain unity of the universal church, terminating in the Roman pontiff, and such a community as *we have described out of Irenæus and Cyprian*, there is scarcely so much room as between a hall and chambers, or between a hand and fingers." ‡

Neander, Trench, and other writers of the same class connect closely the ecclesiastical pre-eminence of the Roman Church during the Ante-Nicene and Nicene period with its unswerving orthodoxy. Casaubon says:

"No one who is versed in ecclesiastical history can doubt that God made use of the Roman pontiffs during many ages to preserve the doctrines of the true faith." §

That this was the case during the whole period between the end of the first and the beginning of the fourth century is notorious. The Sixth Œcumenical Council states as an undoubted fact that the First Council of Nicæa was convoked by Constantine and Sylvester jointly; Gelasius of Cyzicum (A.D. 470), that Hosius presided in it as legate of Pope Sylvester; and the Roman Council of A.D. 485, that the council "referred the confirmation and authority of matters to the holy Roman Church." ‖

From Sylvester to Gregory the Great—*i.e.*, from the fourth century to the seventh—it was the Roman Church which upheld the Nicene Creed and the faith in the divinity of Jesus Christ against Arian and Semi-Arian heresies, not exclusively but principally. Mr. Palmer says:

* *Dict. Chr. Biog. and Lit.*, vol. i. p. 558.
† Bohn's Ed. *Hist. of Ch.*, i. 298.
‡ *Diss. de Gall. Appell.*, etc., sect. xiii.
§ *Exercit. in Annal. Baronii* XV.
‖ Allnatt, *Cath. Petr.*, third ed. p. 130.

"We find that the Roman Church was zealous to maintain the true faith from the earliest period, condemning and expelling the Gnostics, Artemonites, etc.; and during the Arian mania *it was the bulwark of the Catholic faith.*" *

Strictly speaking, it is the fourth century which is the period of the Arian mania and of the life-and-death struggle over the Nicene Creed. Carlyle admitted that this was the struggle for life of Christianity itself.

When we come down to the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, the period of the councils from the third to the sixth, of the Nestorian, Eutychian, and Pelagian heresies, crowded with great bishops and doctors, rich in literature, momentous in historical crises, the position of the Apostolic See is so manifest and so unhesitatingly acknowledged by historians that it is almost superfluous to cite evidences or authorities.

Guizot says that "it was the Christian Church which saved Christianity" in the fifth century, and that "after the fifth century the Papacy took the lead in the conversion of the pagans." † Milman says it was "as the successor of St. Peter, of him who was now acknowledged to be the head of the apostolic body, that the Roman pontiff commanded the veneration of Rome and of Christendom"; that "the majesty of the notion of one all-powerful ruler," "the discord and emulation among the other prelates," "the manifold advantage of a supreme arbiter," "the unity of the visible church"—"all seemed to demand, or at least had a strong tendency to promote and to maintain, *the necessity of one Supreme Head.*" ‡

The same author says that "on the rise of a power both controlling and conservative hung, humanly speaking, the life and death of Christianity"; and also that "from the sixth century to the fourteenth the papal power was the great conservator of Christianity." §

I have touched but lightly on the Papacy in the first six centuries. I am aware that those to whom a historical view familiar to scholars is something novel might ask for a fuller treatment. I may refer all such readers to a long series of articles in this magazine in which I have treated these topics more fully. And, besides numerous other works in English, I may refer them to two of small bulk and cost, but very full and complete, by Mr. Allnatt—*Cathedra Petri* and *Which is the True Church?* And in these two books all my citations in this article will be found,

* *On the Church*, ii. vi. 3.
† *Civil. in France*, ii. 173.
‡ *Latin Chr.*, i. 104, seq.
§ Ibid. ii. 100. *Essays*, p. 364.

with the most exact references to original sources, as well as many others to the same effect.

In regard to mediæval Catholicism, every well-read person knows what a treasury of testimonies is available in the works of Guizot, Maitland, Milman, Hallam, Leo, Neander, Herder, Von Müller, Lecky, Carlyle, Froude, and many others. The whole chorus proclaims in unison with Von Müller that "all the enlightenment of the present day . . . came originally from the HIERARCHY"; and with Lecky, that "Catholicism laid the very foundations of modern civilization." *

There is another thing which must be taken into consideration. The hierarchical and papal constitution of the church cannot be regarded merely as a certain form of church government, an ecclesiastical polity. It must be considered also as the *Ecclesia Docens*, or magistracy of doctrinal and moral teaching, with its continuously affirmed and universally admitted claim of supreme and infallible authority, and with reference to the actual doctrine and law which it ever declared and enforced. Now, Nicene Christianity embodied not only the dogmas of the Trinity, the Incarnation, Original Sin, Redemption, Grace, the Inspiration of the Scriptures, the irreversible, everlasting separation in destiny of two classes of angels and men, and whatever else is held to belong to orthodox doctrine by a common consent of many Protestants with all the formularies of the Greek and Catholic churches, but several other things besides. The protest of the Reformers was against mediæval Catholicism, as a concrete, complex system, a whole which was false as such, and worthy to be renounced, although retaining some things from the genuine and pure ancient Christianity.

Isaac Taylor, whose writings were to me exceedingly attractive in my younger days, in his work on *Ancient Christianity* has maintained and very satisfactorily proved that Nicene Christianity was identical in all important respects, as to doctrine and practice, with this mediæval Catholicism of which Protestantism is the opposite and the antagonist. What is the inference from this position? That the Protestant religion is based on the denial and rejection of all ancient and historical Christianity.

George Eliot read the writings of Isaac Taylor when she was about twenty-two years of age, in the year 1841, and just before the sudden and complete transformation which occurred in her religious opinions. One of her friends of that epoch, and her husband, Mr. Cross, agree in thinking that the perusal of *Ancient*

* *Hist. of Switzer.*, iii. 1. *Hist. Rational.*, ii. 37.

Christianity prepared her mind for accepting a little later Mr. Hennell's and Strauss' theory of the purely natural and partly mythical origin of Judaism and Christianity. The process is perfectly plain and intelligible. It is taken for granted from the beginning that mediæval Catholicism is human, natural, and mythical. Some kind of "evangelical religion" is supposed to have been the original, genuine, historical Christianity of the apostolic age, and of some two, three, four, or five next following centuries, during which a slow and insensible alteration was taking place of pure and simple Christianity into Catholicism with a germ of the Papacy at its centre. Now, when such a person as George Eliot, with a mind confessedly of a very high order, strictly and intensely religious according to the so-called evangelical type, becomes convinced that Catholicism was substantially in being and dominant at the epoch of the decisive conquest achieved by Christianity over the Roman Empire, and that this Catholicism in blossom at the early and heroic age of Christianity became the flower in full bloom and the ripe fruit of mediæval Catholicism—the highest actual realization of the ideal as yet attained by humanity—what must be the result? Such a mind must either seize the conclusion that Catholicism is divine, or lapse into unbelief in the divinity of Christianity and of Christ its Founder. The influence of early evangelical training and of the prejudices of education was so strong in the mind of Marian Evans, the bewilderment of controversy and dissension over the origin and the original nature of the religion of Christ was so great, that the first alternative did not present itself as reasonable and credible. During the period of her evangelical piety, as she herself tells us, her mind and reason had been on the rack. As soon as what seemed to be a plausible way of accounting for Judaism and Christianity without admitting miracles and a supernatural revelation was opened before her mind, she eagerly freed herself from the rack. It is surprising how quickly and easily she dropped the garment of her evangelical religion. She is a specimen of a large number of similar individuals. Her case furnishes a singular instance in proof of the slight hold of Protestant orthodoxy upon the reason and conscience, when thought and knowledge have awakened them out of a drowsy acquiescence. Just as Hume has been in philosophy, so Gibbon has been in history, the real precursor and leader of a series of followers, many of whom have been walking backwards towards infidelity while their faces have been turned towards Christianity. Hallam, Milman, Guizot, Neander, and other very

able and well-meaning writers have been defending Christianity on a line of retreat, like Lee's last backward march on Richmond. Ewald, Comte, Renan, Froude, Carlyle, Strauss, George Eliot, Emerson, Theodore Parker, Francis Newman, Lecky, and others have carried out Gibbon's plan of campaign, and have broken through one fatal gap, which left an open road to the citadel. This gap is the admission that Catholicism with its papal centre, although it be to such a considerable extent identified with historical Christianity, so grand, useful, and even necessary in its place in history, and indeed the chosen agent and instrument in the hand of Divine Providence for the regeneration, enlightenment, and civilization of Christendom, *is nevertheless purely human and natural, a clever invention of the Roman hierarchy.* The history of Christianity is the history of Catholicism ; its triumphs and conquests, its beneficent effects in the secular and in the spiritual order, those intellectual and moral results which all, from Comte and Lecky up to Milman and Neander, unite in glorifying, are the achievements of Catholicism, principally through the Papacy. Is that which has produced such effects a natural and human cause ? Is it something which was constructed upon the apostolic foundation from new and foreign materials ? Did it, nevertheless, so supersede and hide original Christianity that it was universally received and believed in as apostolic ? Then it is quite credible that the four gospels grew up in a similar manner, that the apostles laid their foundations, each after his own peculiar ideas, in a like human and inventive way upon the ground of their Master's teaching. Then he was not the founder of a kingdom ; he was not the author of the religion which was called by his name ; there is no evidence that he was or ever claimed to be divine ; and the Christ of Catholic faith is a mythical personage, an ideal being, the real Jesus magnified and transformed by pious and credulous imagination. Thus the whole battery of Dr. Storrs' arguments from historical effects is turned aside and rendered powerless against the position of rationalists and naturalists.

In one sense, indeed, the conclusion that Christianity is of divine origin remains valid. But it is in the same sense in which Carlyle admitted the divine origin of mediæval Catholicism. It originated, namely, from the human effort, proceeding from a God-given intellectual and moral energy, to realize and embody conceptions of the divine. It was like Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Mohammedanism, possessed of a spirit, animated by a soul, of divine origin, and it was a better embodiment of this soul.

Theism may stand when Catholicism is presented as no more than the most beautiful of ideal myths. But Christianity cannot. Belief in a divine revelation, in a "celestial-miraculous" religion, cannot. There is One God, and Carlyle is his prophet: is a fitting formula of this modern profession of faith. Or, if one is disposed, he may take some other man of genius in Carlyle's place, besides a considerable number of Mahdis among philosophers and literary men.

Nevertheless Dr. Storrs' argument is really valid and conclusive. This may seem to be a paradox in view of what I have said above, but it is not. I made use of a metaphor, which always limps. To speak with precision, the argument itself is valid, but there is something mixed with it, foreign and incoherent, from which inferences can be logically drawn which contradict the legitimate, logical conclusions to which the argument leads from its premises. This incoherent streak of bad metal needs to be replaced by another kind, consonant to the general quality of the reasoning.

In so far as the analytics of theism are concerned, the entire notion of God teaching men the truth by means of that which is false, employing myths and illusions, leading mankind through a cloud-land or dream-land of changing phantasies, or leaving them to weave these imaginary tissues for themselves, without any guidance, is contrary to a proper conception of the perfections of God, and inconsistent with a true theism.

The works of God demonstrate his existence and perfections by the argument from effect to cause. So, also, the religion which, from the beginning of human history, as its records from Genesis to the gospel of St. John testify, has been the instrument of the intellectual, moral, and spiritual perfection of men, testifies to its author, and is accredited as to its facts, moral precepts, and doctrines by his veracity. The effects of Christianity, which are effects of the providence which directs the course of events toward the Final Cause of creation, are from the same First Cause from which the creative act proceeded. They are, indeed, God's masterpieces. It is incredible that Christianity, the Bible, the mysteries of faith, the regeneration of nations in Christendom, should have had a human origin. Call, if you please, the character of Christ in the gospels, the story of his life, death, and resurrection, an ideal poem. It transcends the inventive faculty of human genius. It is the Divine Ideal in act. The triumph of Christianity is superhuman. "*And I saw: and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow: and a*

crown was given to him; and he went forth conquering that he might conquer." *

It is the Christ of the Nicene Creed, "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten not made, Consubstantial with the Father," who has gone forth, crowned, to conquer the world by intellectual, moral, and spiritual force, by truth and grace, by divine love, by that mercy in which he most delights to show his omnipotence. It is impossible that there should be a figure more spherical than a sphere, a line between two points more direct and shorter than a straight line. The Catholic faith is orbicular, the way to God through Christ the straightest way. The idea of Godhead, the idea of manhood, the law of the spirit of life, the end to be attained in beatitude, the moral ideal of human perfection, in Christianity, are transcendent. It is absurd to suppose any higher possibility. *Incessu patet Dea.*

Now, as God alone can form the human body, create the human soul, and unite the two in one living, organic substance; so God alone, the author of the spirit and soul of Christianity, could give it its fitting embodiment. The orbits and the laws of the heavenly bodies have been fixed by the Creator who gave them existence. The theistic argument from design and order proves the intelligent will of the First Cause from the adaptation and efficiency of means toward ends, the wise arrangement of second causes in co-ordinate and consecutive relations, directed under a reign of law, in a course of events, toward the Final Cause.

In the course of divine, governing providence, the true religion, especially in its final and perfect form of Christianity, draws a parallel line on which the same argument from design travels with equal force and directness to the conclusion that the Christian religion has a divine origin and author.

But still further: admitting that the Nicene faith in the divinity and humanity of Christ united in the One Person of the Eternal Son is the genuine Christianity of Christ, it follows that the fitness and moral necessity of the means by which this faith has been proclaimed, preserved, and perpetuated, by the same argument from design, proves the divine designer. The divine origin of the Catholic episcopate centred in the Papacy is proved by the argument which proves the divine origin of the faith. Trustworthy in respect to one article of faith, the Incarnation, it is equally trustworthy in respect to the "whole counsel of God," the total sum of Christian doctrine and law.

The adaptation of mediæval Catholicism and of the Papacy

* Apoc. vi. 2.

to produce the effects in the secular and spiritual order ascribed to them by common consent, the moral necessity of the mediæval Papacy to the production of these intellectual and moral results, the agency given to it by Divine Providence in Christendom—all these prove the same conclusion.

The general laws and the direction, impelling and regulating the progress of humanity toward its consummation, are from God, who created man. The laws of the universe, the orbits and revolutions of the heavenly bodies, are from the God who created the worlds. Jesus Christ, our God and Saviour, being the author of the doctrines, principles, and laws of the Christian religion, must have constituted and organized the church, and embodied in it the spirit and soul of Christianity, with a divine wisdom, with an arrangement of second causes and means, fully adequate to the effect intended, the fulfilment of his purpose to regenerate and save mankind. He must have given stability and perpetuity to his own institution, he must have founded and continued to govern his own kingdom—Christendom. To say that he did not, that he left this work to be done by men without any supernatural inspiration, or that he suffered a new and human organization and institution to supplant his own, and yet made this human invention the instrument of accomplishing that which his own divine institution failed to effect, is derogatory to his divine character.

It is also derogatory to the dignity of human nature to ascribe the greatest of its achievements to a belief which was an illusion. All the power of the Papacy and the hierarchy, of councils and their definitions, of the teaching and laws of the church, proceeded from the belief in the divine authority of the church, of the Papacy, of the Catholic rule of faith, of the entire system of Catholicism. If this was a deliberate invention, the authors of the invention were impostors, and all the rest were dupes. If it was not a deliberate invention, all were alike their own dupes. The dilemma is unavoidable. Ancient Catholicism was either the original, genuine, apostolical Christianity, or it was a human invention substituted in its place. When, how, by whom substituted? Substituted on purpose, or substituted by mistake? Whenever, however, by whomsoever substituted, the intention and work of Christ and the apostles was a failure, and the whole argument from the history of Christianity for its divine origin and the divinity of its Author falls to the ground. If the new, human religion was substituted on purpose, it was stronger than that which it supplanted, and its founders were

superior to the founders of the institute which they threw down to build their own on the ground it had occupied. If they erected their edifice in good faith, erroneously believing that they were following the plan of the divine Architect, it is evident that the plan was not clearly and intelligibly drawn. Was the New Testament the chart? If it were, and it could be so entirely misunderstood in an age so near to that of the apostles, with what show of reason can any sect or individual pretend to draw out a scheme of Christianity, now, from the New Testament which is certain, commands belief, is capable of bringing Christians into unity, and can be successfully put in opposition to the consent of ages and multitudes in Catholicism?

What is to be the consummation of the great Christian Epos in this world before the end comes, is a question of the most momentous character and of the most intense interest. Have we before us no other prospect than that of decadence and a catastrophe? Is the prophecy that the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ but partially, as yet, fulfilled, and awaiting its most complete accomplishment? "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, and to whom have his counsels been revealed?" Some take a bright and hopeful view of the coming ages, and they can give probable reasons for it. Dr. Storrs is one of these; and surely it is more agreeable and encouraging to cherish a hope of this kind.

Suppose that a renovation of Christendom, the downfall of Islam, the conversion of the Jews, the general gathering of the nations into one fold with us, under one Shepherd, are really determined in the eternal decrees of God! They will, then, infallibly come to pass. It may be necessary that God should intervene in an extraordinary way, that stupendous miracles should be wrought, in order to bring about this result. Yet the history of Christianity will be consecutive, homologous, and in the main composed of a series of events in the human order, regulated by the general law of divine providence, and linked together in the ratio of second causes producing intellectual and moral effects which are the sequel of those which have gone before, and have been produced by Christianity during the ages which have elapsed and that which is now passing. Every age is the child of the one which was before, and the parent of the one which comes after. "The boy is father of the man." If Christianity has had its manhood and is sinking with the world into old age, mediæval Catholicism was the most perfect development of early historical Christianity, and whatever it is

still capable of achieving is by virtue of the remaining vigor of its youth and adult period. If Christianity is exempt from the common law of human institutions, and destined to achieve its greatest triumph in the last age of the world, it must show forth in more colossal stature and gigantic proportions the figure which it had in infancy and youth, and its universal empire must be an expansion from its centre outwards.

If we look facts in the face, and argue upon historical data, we cannot see any probability of union and renovation in Christendom otherwise than by a general reconciliation to the Roman Church. We cannot see any species or form of Christianity which seems in the least likely to prevail throughout the world, except Catholicism. If there is any religious movement in Christendom going on which is a gravitation towards a common centre, that centre is Rome. The opposite movement of agnosticism, even, as a sort of reconnaissance of the region of chaos and old night, may change, perhaps is beginning already to change, into a reaction towards Christianity.

I have seen lately an extract from a private letter of a man of high distinction, whose name would give great weight to his words, if I were at liberty to mention it; which reads as follows:

> "The pendulum is swinging back from the extreme of agnosticism, and I think this generation may yet see a union of all Christian forces, not in doctrinal statements, but in earnest endeavors to uphold faith and apply charity to all the problems of modern society."

Such earnest endeavors can only be towards union by a movement from different points towards an objective point of concentration, where the forces can unite and act together in one organic body, having one faith and one law of charity. Agreement in the conviction and belief of what is the authentic and genuine Christianity is necessary to a real and practical union. "To say that Christianity is Catholicism, and Catholicism is Christianity," writes Cardinal Manning, "is to utter a truism. There cannot be two Christianities, neither can a fragment be mistaken for the whole." *

Historical Christianity is identified with Catholicism centred in the Papacy from its earliest age, and it cannot change its nature. As it was in the beginning, so it is now, and must ever be until the end of the world. It is the mountain of solid rock which must fill the whole earth, and not a heap of drift and detritus from its sides shovelled into an artificial mound.

* *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, p. 20.

THE MORAL SIDE OF THE TENEMENT-HOUSE PROBLEM.

THE tenement-house problem is an old story, yet is constantly taking new aspects. The physical effects of massing people by the hundred under one roof are shown by the records of the boards of health in all our cities. Economists reckon the annual money loss by preventable deaths at millions of dollars; but I am chiefly concerned at present with the moral side of the subject.

New York is distinctly a city without homes. Two-thirds of its population live in tenements, and the remainder either occupy palatial but cheerless "brown-stone fronts" on Murray Hill and its vicinity or "board." The rich and the poor are increasing, while the great middle class of thrifty and intelligent people are being crowded into the suburbs.

"As the houses so are the people." What, then, can be the condition of the people of New York, when we know the condition of their houses?

The moral effects of tenement-life are seen in the growth of intemperance and immorality, in the disruption of families, the turning of children into the street, the creation and fostering of crime. District-Attorney Fellows declares that there is less outward crime in New York than in any ordinary city of 250,000 inhabitants. Yet the amount of social vice and immorality in the metropolis is astounding. Notwithstanding the efforts of benevolent societies to place neglected children in institutions or to transport them to homes in the West, our streets are overrun with gangs of "toughs," who are the direct product of the tenement system and who are a constant nuisance to the community. It was this very class of reckless youth who committed the worst excesses of the draft riots of 1863 and who set on fire the Cincinnati Court-House.

The harrowing stories of crime and brutality related day after day in the newspapers are chiefly significant because of the wide influence which such occurrences exert. Every tenement-house is a community in itself, and the malign example of vice cannot fail to exert its full influence. The drunkard, the wife or child beater, the immoral woman, and the depraved child infect scores of their neighbors by their vicious acts. How is it

possible to preserve purity amid such homes, or to bring up children to be moral and decent?

On the corner of Cherry and Catherine Streets, a century and a half ago, eleven negroes were burned at the stake on the charge of poisoning the wells. Any one familiar with the locality might fancy that the ashes of the fire, wind-scattered over the tenement region around, had entailed on it an everlasting curse.

Every one has heard of the worst type of "barracks" and "dives" which for years have been a notorious feature of the metropolis. It is needless to describe them or their inmates—ignorant, filthy, and more or less debased, especially the Italians, Poles, Russians, and Bohemians. While these constitute only a small part of the total tenement population, yet the half-million people who dwell in New York tenements are all subject to influences which seriously threaten their moral and physical health.

Take the bald facts of overcrowding in these houses, and what a lesson it tells! In Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, and Baltimore the average number of inmates per house is from six to nine. Of the total number of dwellings in New York, 10,314 contain one family, or six persons, including domestics; 16,982 houses or flats contain one family on a floor, or twenty-five persons; while 18,966 tenements accommodate fifty persons each on an average, or almost a million persons. This is unexampled crowding of population. In 1864 it was estimated that half a million persons lived in tenements. To-day the number is not far from a million. At this rate of increase what will be the total at the beginning of the next century? From 5 to 15 per cent. will fairly represent the proportion of very bad tenements, or, say, 2,600 as a maximum. Every year must add to this number, as time and neglect bring ruin upon houses which are now with difficulty kept in decent repair.

Among the Italians and Polish Jews taking lodgers is the rule, and six and seven persons of all ages and of both sexes will be found in one or two rooms. Only by night-inspections can the extent of this crowding be known. Tenement-houses are filled to suffocation. Hardly a vacant room is to be found in them. New tenements are rented in advance of their construction, and occupied before the paint is fairly dry, and while still reeking. In the "Gap," in West Twenty-sixth Street, I found a room and closet bed-room which had been occupied by a man and his wife, four women, and two children, with occasional lodgers. A physician reports finding two adults and five children, the oldest a girl of thirteen, occupying one bed in a tenement-house.

The fact that the chief inspector of the Tenement Commission found scarcely any houses in which there were no violations of the sanitary code speaks volumes as to the condition of these buildings.

The returns from New York tenement property vary from six to twenty-five per cent., according to the rapacity of the landlords and the helplessness of the tenants. The more miserable the people the higher the income squeezed out of them. Rents in comparatively good tenements up-town are not much less than in wretched buildings in the lower parts of the city. The report of a charitable society says: "Our poor are seemingly at a loss to know where to find suitable accommodations within the limits of their means and answering their requirements." It is one of the greatest misfortunes of the respectable poor that they cannot escape contact with debased and disagreeable people. Constant regret is expressed that poverty compels them to live in close contact with undesirable neighbors. Miss Octavia Hill, an active advocate of tenement-house reform in London, says: "It is a most merciful thing to protect the poor from the pain of living in the next room to drunk and disorderly people. 'I am dying,' said an old woman to me the other day; 'I wish you would put me where I cannot hear S—— beating his wife; her screams are awful. And B——, too, he do come in so drunk.'"

Probably seventy-five per cent. of the maladies of the cities, which often pass over into the better quarters, arise from the tenement-houses. Ninety per cent. of the children born in these dens die before reaching youth. The amount of sickness is proportioned to the death-rate. There is a gradual physical degeneracy. Wasting diseases prevail. Infantile life is nipped in the bud; youth is deformed and loathsome; decrepitude comes at thirty. The slow process of decay is aptly called "tenement-house rot." The frequent expression of the poor, "We have no sickness, thank God!" is uttered by those whose sunken eyes, pale cheeks, and colorless lips speak more eloquently than words of the unseen agencies that are sapping the fountains of health. The pure Londoner of the third generation is very hard to find, because the progeny soon ceases. When he is found this is what he is: "A picture of physical decline, involving shortness of stature, narrow chest, deformity of jaws, miserable appearance (squint prevailing), scrofulous diseases, and small head." The only thing a pure Londoner is fit for is to "light porter" and to sell papers. When we have had another decade of tenement-life the native New-

Yorker may show similar traits. Children in the tenements become inured to horrors, but it gives them a prematurely aged look. A child of twelve lately appeared as a witness in court and told how her mother tried to throw herself out of a window in a drunken fit, and she stood by and saw her, while her father sought in vain to prevent the horrible catastrophe. The report said the child's face was like that of an aged person. A high medical authority points out that the children of vicious parents, and those not born in wedlock, are not as vigorous as those which are legitimate or whose parents are moral and decent people. It is the general rule that abandoned children become criminals and vagrants with few exceptions. No institution can replace the home, and a paid official, particularly if appointed for political reasons, is a poor substitute for a parent.

In talking recently with a police justice of his experience on the bench, he said the tenements were simply "moral pest-holes," and cited scores of examples of the ruin they had wrought on young and old.

> "A flare of lamp-light in a shameful place,
> Full of wild revel and unchecked offence,
> And in the midst one fresh, scarce-sullied face,
> Within her eyes a dreadful innocence."

This fitly describes the lot of the growing child amid the contamination of the tenement-home.

These dens of iniquity are a disgrace to civilization, a satire on Christianity. Says a well-known city philanthropist: "So long as these terrible rookeries exist in our midst, which are a shame to us in their filth and their foulness, we cannot be said to have even begun to act out the true dictates of brotherliness." A professor at Johns Hopkins University once said that the national, State, and municipal systems of government might be destroyed, and yet in a nation whose families were pure society would soon reconstruct itself; it may be said conversely that if the family is destroyed the state will soon decay. Sanitary Inspector Tracy speaks of the almost total destruction of decent morals which results from a constant and unavoidable commingling of the sexes. If the sexual immorality of the tenement-houses of New York could be laid bare by some Asmodeus, the community would be aghast at the revelation. A prominent physician remarks: "The only law of God which is heeded by the poor in the tenements is to 'increase and multiply.'" A patrolman at Roosevelt Street who accompanied a *Sun* reporter through

the neighboring slums, where the reporter noted particularly that the residents were not the very poor or seemed to lack food or money, made the following observations:

"He was no sentimentalist, but he spoke gravely of the effect of such scenes and modes of living upon little children brought up as participants in them. 'If outcast women were to behave in the streets as do some of the young girls brought up in those places,' said he, 'we would be obliged to lock them up. Their mothers look on from the windows and laugh at what would startle you if you should see it."

My present object is simply to state the facts without attempting to suggest specific remedies. Sanitary laws have done much, but private effort can do more, to remove unsanitary conditions. With the example of Gotham Court before us no one can deny the possibility of effecting a vast improvement in existing tenements. In 1859 this huge building contained 504 persons, of whom 148 were sick at one time. During two years and eight months there were 98 deaths. At this rate over 1,000 persons would have died there in the intervening twenty-five years, while the number of sick cannot be estimated. Yet through private effort this den of misery, whose former death-rate is exceeded nowhere in the world, has been within recent years completely transformed, and is now filled with decent, respectable tenants, who are rarely sick. In every tenement-house a like change might be made, and with such a reduction in mortality and improvement in morals as would astonish the world.

To deal adequately, however, with the tenement problem we must apply preventive measures. A London missionary well says: "We are mitigating the extreme sufferings of the destitute, but we are not arresting those deeper causes which breed destitution." The *Bitter Cry of Outcast London* echoes this admission and declares that the tide of suffering is rising faster than the means of relief. A Sister of Charity said to me: "We are fighting against a dead-wall of ignorance and apathy in the New York tenements." What New York wants is a revival of civic pride in her citizens to stimulate them to give their time and thought as well as their money to public duties. Our people are too absorbed in their private affairs and content to delegate responsibilities to ill-paid and harassed officials. Self-interest should teach them, if necessity does not, that a different course of action is imperative. But above all the clergy and all who are interested in the moral welfare of the community need to feel the urgent necessity of mastering and reaching a practical solution of this vast problem.

SOME HEROES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Among those who have written of mankind, Dickens knew best the world around him, especially in that class whom, being a large majority, it is most important to understand. Sprung from almost the lowest stratum, having suffered many of the pains which befall their varied conditions, even when a little child his eyes were ever looking around him, and, though unconsciously then, studying and learning them well, destined never to lose the interest which such knowledge inspired, but to devote a hard-working life to imparting it to others, among other purposes in order to impart to them a compassion that he never ceased to feel. Never a demagogue nor a vulgarian nor a snob, when rich, illustrious, courted by the great he busied himself as when poor, unknown, and friendless, and died in the midst of his benign work. The recollection of some accidents of his childhood was always painful—not from shame at the contrast with established prosperity, yet not without some, a shade of bitterness in the reflection that a child so sensitive to hurt should have been subjected, sometimes unnecessarily, to such privations. Before reading the *Biography* of Forster we knew that to him who had written the histories of Tiny Tim and Jo of Tom-All-Alone's early sorrows had come that could not be forgotten.

Such things as these, as was the case with Akenside and Gifford, sometimes make either a satirist or a despiser of those in one's same lot. In minds except the greatest it is not unnatural for both shame and resentment to rise from such humiliating recollections. Even among the greatest, tears must sometimes come in the eyes and a shadow be upon the heart; but these qualify them better for the histories which they are to indite. They are only the greatest also who can become just historians of the poor and humble. Of these Dickens was never an undiscriminating champion. As the best of his creations were taken from their midst, so were his worst. The latter, indeed, had become known right well in the jails and ships of transport to penal colonies. He would make known the former as well—important information in a community such as London city, where, not as in country life, the social positions of the high and the low are so far apart that, passing and repassing each other every day, not only is there little accord of sentiments and feelings,

but unhappily often an utter ignorance on the part of the upper of the characters of the lower, their conditions, aims, and possibilities. The poor are known to be poor indeed, and many the charities that are extended. Yet money-charities are far from being the highest. Indeed, money-charities, when not bestowed from a sense of their necessity to the giver, or from a sort of pleasant consciousness in the giver of a condescension from peculiar loftiness of mind, are sometimes bestowed for the purpose of buying one's self off from those more benignant, seeking acquaintance with the afflicted and oppressed, and visiting them with intent to comfort and relieve. Dickens knew these classes,* their squalid poverty, their sickliness, their hopes and despairs, their desires to pull the rich out of their great houses and splendid equipages, and soil their fair garments in the dirt on which their own beds were laid, their children born, and their poor meals spread. But he knew as well their integrity, their fear of God, their unvaunting courage, their love of wives, parents, children, brothers, sisters, friends, their merry-hearted drolleries, their absurd sentimentalities. He knew all their grief and their frolic, sympathized where sympathy could be afforded, pitied where it could not, and laughed when he could laugh without the petulance that embitters instead of sweetening mirth. It is a rare gift when one who portrays the earnest can do as well with the sportive. Scott had done so, and, to a less degree, Miss Edgeworth also; both late, because readers of books had not yet come to be profoundly interested in the multitudes. It was reserved for Dickens to bring in the satyr as he is in his native wilds. I say satyr, for in such condition, between man and beast, the multitudes seemed long to have been regarded. By the hand of Dickens these were shown to be human beings with eyes, ears, wants, aspirations like those of the gifted and the fortunate.

* Forster in his biography says: "That he took from the very beginning of this Bayham-Street life his first impression of that struggling poverty which is nowhere more vividly shown than in the commoner streets of the ordinary London suburb, and which enriched his earliest writings with a freshness of original humor and quite unstudied pathos that gave them much of their sudden popularity, there cannot be a doubt. 'I certainly understood it,' he has often said to me, 'quite as well then as I do now.' But he was not conscious yet that he did so understand it, or of the influence it was exerting on his life even then. It seems almost too much to assert of a child, say at nine or ten years old, that his observation of everything was as close and good, or that he had as much intuitive understanding of the character and weakness of grown-up people around him, as when the same keen and wonderful faculty had made him famous among men. But my experience of him led me to put implicit faith in the assertion he unvaryingly himself made, that he had never seen any cause to correct or change what in his boyhood was his own secret impression of any boy whom he had had, as a grown man, the opportunity of testing in later years."

There is somewhat surprising in the rashness with which, when first feeling his mission, he went to its work. Yet rashness belongs to the young, and, when it succeeds, its successes are splendid. Witness the Cockney in *Pickwick;* in *Barnaby Rudge* the idiot and the raven; the pauper in *Oliver Twist;* the child of shame under a coward schoolmaster's rod in *Nicholas Nickleby;* in *Curiosity Shop* a motherless child with no friend but God; in *Bleak House* another, most unhappy for not being fatherless also, and yet another, even nameless, persecuted for the sake of a secret accidentally lodged in his simple breast, and dying in neglect, want, and exile; in *Copperfield* a perennial prisoner in the Marshalsea.

What reflections were to be had, what morals deduced, from these histories of the lowly? Betterment of the conditions of poor-houses and mean boarding-schools, awakening to the miseries entailed by the endless delays, hinderings, and sellings of Chancery decrees, and fixing regard upon other evils which had shocked him when a child, and now nigh overwhelmed him with horror. The eminent success of his efforts for these superior purposes was due, perhaps, mainly to the humor which he possessed in greater abundance than any novelist of any time. Fortunate for his own being, fortunate for us, that his spirit was so healthy. Bitterness could never rise in the heart of one who could laugh as heartily as he could weep. Not less did he pity the privations of the lowly because he could be amused by their harmless absurdities. What these were he knew not only from observation but experience. His "home," as he styled it, had once been the Marshalsea, its inmates his parents, brothers, sisters, his special friends and acquaintance. Suffering, unmixed, constant, dwelt not here more than pleasure unalloyed among the prosperous. The little joys of the humble how he loved to exaggerate, in order to show how easy it was to multiply and enhance them, and thus conciliate and persuade to this humane purpose! For charity comes from the laughers ofttimes more abounding than from the weepers. The singing girl who in tattered garments stands upon the cold pavement and carols a merry roundelay will often delay some that hasten past her who lifts only the song of wailing that is known to belong to all her kind. Often it is that the mirthful man, more readily than the serious, will draw from his pockets and bestow to what has made him laugh yet another time.

It is not contended herein that the mind of Dickens was always bent mainly to the production of beneficent results; though

we do believe that these were never wholly absent from it. He was intent upon describing states of existence in all their phases' of lights as well as shadows. That the sportive in him predominated over the serious was a special felicity. Whoever has read Forster's *Biography* has been amused as heartily by the real as ever he was by the unreal. Take the following:

"I was such a little fellow, with my poor white hat, little jacket, and corduroy trousers, that frequently, when I went into the bar of a strange public-house for a glass of porter or ale to wash down the saveloy and the loaf I had eaten in the street, they did not like to give it me. I remember, one evening (I had been somewhere for my father, and was going back to the borough over Westminster Bridge), that I went into a public-house on Parliament Street—which is still there, though altered—at the corner of the short street leading into the Cannon Row, and said to the landlord behind the bar, 'What is your very best—the VERY *best*—ale a glass?' For the occasion was a festive one for some reason; I forget why. It may have been my birthday or somebody else's. 'Twopence,' says he. 'Then,' says I, 'just draw me a glass of that, if you please, with a good head to it.' The landlord looked at me in return, over the bar, from head to foot, with a strange smile on his face, and, instead of drawing the beer, looked round the screen and said something to his wife, who came out from behind it with her work in her hand, and joined him in surveying me. Here we stand, all three, before me now in my study in Devonshire Terrace—the landlord, in his shirt-sleeves, leaning against the bar window-frame; his wife looking over the little half-door; and I, in some confusion, looking up at them from outside the partition. They asked me a good many questions, as what my name was, how old I was, where I lived, how I was employed, etc., etc. To all of which, that I might commit nobody, I invented appropriate answers. They served me with the ale, though I suspect it was not the strongest on the premises; and the landlord's wife, opening the little half-door and bending down, gave me a kiss that was half-admiring and half-compassionate, but all womanly and good, I am sure."

This occurred when he was about nine years of age, living on seven shillings a week, "insufficiently fed." "I know," he says, "that but for the mercy of God I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond."

The man who could thus write about his own childhood's existence showed that the droll was remembered and dwelt upon as often as the sad. It was a pleasure-giving smile with which he contemplated the urchin balancing his economic resources with the importance of producing effect upon the trading world.

The hero of many of the children in the novels of Dickens was himself.* At one time he was Jo, moving, ever moving

* "My father had left a small collection of books in a little room up-stairs to which I had access (for it adjoined my own), and which nobody in our house ever troubled. From that

before the pursuant detective; at another he was Paul Dombey looking up with awe to Mrs. Pipchin, and when alone wondering what may be the voices of the sad sea-waves; yet at another Kit honorably bent upon the fulfilment of his promise to lead his younger brother to the knowledge of "what oysters is." Childhood, in its privations, in its innocence, in its ambitions, in its dreams, no man was ever so acquainted withal, and none ever so delighted to portray it. In the case of Little Nell there was danger, for a space, that the judgment of the artist would be swayed by the feeling of the man and fall short of consummation of a creation so felicitously conceived. Convinced by the reasons of a friend, who argued that the survival of sufferings of the kind undergone would not well comport with the ends of fiction, he yielded; and when the picture was finished Jeffrey said there had been nothing to compare with it since Cordelia. It is among these children that we must look for the pathos needed as well by a novel as a tragedy. The story of Jo of Tom-All-Alone's, more brief, is scarcely less touching than that of Little Nell. He whose home had been in the Marshalsea had known Jo long before his story was to be told, and others like him. Homeless, nameless, friendless, and harmless, except that a fatal secret in a great family had been lodged by accident in his simple breast, he moves and moves till the powers of locomotion are exhausted, when a good man appears, too late for any other office than to teach him a little part of one prayer and fold his arms

blessed little room *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Robinson Crusoe* came out, a glorious host, to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy and my hope of something beyond that place and time—they and the *Arabian Nights* and the *Tales of the Genii*—and did me no harm; for whatever harm was in some of them was not there for me: *I* knew nothing of it. It is astonishing to me now how I found time, in the midst of my porings and blunderings over heavier themes, to read those books as I did. It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles (which were great troubles to me) by impersonating my favorite characters in them. . . . I have been Tom Jones (a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature) for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few volumes of voyages and travels—I forget what now—that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees, the perfect realization of Captain Somebody, of the Royal Navy, in danger of being beset by savages and resolved to sell his life at a great price. . . . When I think of it the picture always rises in my mind, of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard and I sitting on my bed reading as if for life. Every barn in the neighborhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard had some association of its own, in my mind, connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Pipes go climbing up the church steeple; I have watched Strap, with the knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself on the wicket gate, and I *know* that Commodore Trunnion held that club with Mr. Pickle in the parlor of our little village ale-house." Then the biographer adds: "Every word of this personal recollection had been written down as fact some years before it found its way into *David Copperfield*."

upon his breast. Hereat comes that outburst of indignant remonstrance against a Christian community wherein such things are allowed to exist:

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead!

"Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."

With self-made men who try not to forget nor conceal their lowly origin there is often the disposition to talk of it much, and exaggerate the hindrances which their extraordinary genius and spirit have overcome. With others the proclivity is to praise their forebears when these are so far removed that praise, not known to be unmerited, will not be ridiculous. From both these infirmities Dickens seemed to have been uncommonly free. He neither ignored nor sought to praise. Forster tells that the original of Micawber was the novelist's own father, and that he was quite vain of the office of an amanuensis to his son. We can well believe this of one whose creations so frequently were elaborated from characters whom he had well known. There are few things in literature more humorous than the intimacy between this boy of a man and little Davie. The taste of such a work it is not to the point here to discuss; it is mentioned as another proof of how closely the author had studied human life among its humblest elements, and with what consummate skill he could invest them with unflagging interest.

Fortunate it was, we repeat, that the mind of Dickens was not embittered by the poor life of his childhood. The love and the power to write satire rise in either an unloving or a disappointed spirit. What might have been done in pleasanter fields by Archilochus of Paros but for the accidents attending his fondest ambition we cannot tell, knowing no more of the antecedents of his youth. But it was his lot to love the beautiful Neobule, daughter of Lycambes. The maid returned his passion, and the father gave his consent to their union, but afterwards withdrew it because, though the youth's father was a man of high consideration, his mother, it was ascertained, had been born a slave. Whereupon the disappointed lover vented his feelings in such verses (the first of their kind) that Neobule and her sisters were said to have hanged themselves out of shame and despair. Whoever will take the pains to study the lives of the satirists will find, more often than he might expect, transmission of the personal bitterness of the Parian founder

through the generations of his successors. The sadness that darkened the young life of Dickens was upon that of all his manhood, often drawing from his eyes floods of tears; but it was of a kind to create compassion for distress such as no English writer has ever evinced, yet a compassion tender, loving, sometimes indeed changing to indignation, not against individuals, nor even against society for acts of positive injustice, but for neglect or tardiness in ascertaining the wants of the destitute multitudes and providing for their betterment. Such a man can look upon the sportive as well as the earnest side of life among these multitudes. The more he compassionated the one the more he could be amused by the other. For, indeed, it would be a hard life for the poor if they had no seasons of fun and frolic, no simulations of sentimental experiences, no harmless exaggerations of their own importance, no attempts of enacting upon their own little stages representations of the doings of the gifted and the great. Therefore merryheartedness is among them as well as privations and sorrows. The poor man's holidays have a relish peculiar to themselves, and their gushing abandon in merrymakings is one of the most pleasing things to witness and is one of the most interesting themes for the study of the philosopher.

In the portrayal of this side of humble life doubtless all agree that Dickens has never been equalled. From *Pickwick* to *Drood* in the great novels, the novelettes, the *Christmas Stories*, the brief sketches, humorous characters come on and on, making us wonder if the list is never to have an end. How many thousands have they made actually weep with laughter!

The prodigious success of these works was almost as surprising to the English public as was the genius to construct them. Let us reflect somewhat upon this success. How was it that the man who presented characters taken from the lowly exhibited them so that we looked and listened with an interest beyond that ever felt in contemplation of the great lords and dames in fiction heretofore? How is it that these uncultured, poorly-fed, often homeless waifs on the ocean of society, persons with whom ourselves had no previous acquaintance, delay us as much as, even more than, Montrose, Leicester, Osbaldiston, Bradwardine, even kings and queens of English or Scottish story? It is because the historian of those, better than any other, knew how to wake the chords of human sympathy, the emotion which when exalted to its utmost is our most powerful, our most benign, our fondest and dearest. This world is

far more sympathetic than generally it seems to be. No man can live without sympathy of some sort. Even old Timon was put to shame by the philosopher pointing to his eagerness that the indifference which he pretended should be known and observed. They are few, and they not of the best, on whom neither a sad nor a humorous story can make an impression and prompt to a charitable action. One may claim to despise this world, yet he will linger and mingle in it as long as he can, and, when about to depart from it, indulge the hope that he will not be forgotten except for the evil he has done. Even the gossip, as Carlyle says, is a lover of mankind, and backbites because the standard that she has fixed for her victims they persist in refusing to attain. Dickens was almost the first who was really great to attempt, not, indeed, a diversion of sympathy from any of those to whom heretofore it had been extended, but to include within its sweet influences those who needed it most. It seems like an anomaly that the course of pity should so long have been mainly upward. The tragic poets made mankind weep over the sufferings of Prometheus, Orestes, Œdipus, Medea, Lear, the Prince of Denmark; and it was beautiful how even the humblest pitied the misfortunes of the great. The multitudes who constitute nations, who make up the world, who build cities and highways, who fight wars and defend and uphold kings and governments—these had small space in books or upon the stage. In the fulness of time Richardson, a commoner, gave representations from among them, and even the prosperous and titled, notwithstanding the weak sentimentality of these new endeavors, felt how abundant and refreshing were the tears that came to their eyes. Then Fielding, of the blood of the Denbighs, laughed his laugh at the misdirected feeling, and Tom Jones made ashamed those who had wept with Pamela and Clarissa. Scott came on, a scion of the stock of the Buccleughs, and he dwelt mainly on the sorrows of Montrose, Amy Robsart, and others of noble and gentle blood. But he was a man with a heart in his breast that could feel for men and women less than these. The most pathetic, the most admired recital that he ever made was that, in *The Heart of Midlothian*, of the sorrows and struggles of the daughters of Deans, the cow-feeder. The success of these few tentative endeavors in sympathies of the cheapest was prophetic of what was to be when a man born and reared amid the scum of mankind should have the heart, and the genius, and the opportunities to represent life therein in such forms as to enlist men's attention to all the purposes that he had in view. At first he was thought to

be interested only in the sportive side of that humble existence, and would only lead men of leisure to laugh at what was baldly ludicrous and nothing more. But when he had exposed their levities, lest men should conclude that they had been created only to be ridiculed, he proceeded to show the serious and the respectable among those who, even as the prosperous, reflected the image of the Creator. It is very pleasing to contemplate how he strove to exhibit in some of his very humblest characters loyalty to every behest of honorable manhood. Take the nameless Jo, for whom what might not have been done but for the want of examples and opportunities? Let us hear the words of the dying little exile when they have at last driven him where he can "lie down and get a thorough good dose of sleep." They had asked him if he knew any prayers.

"No, sir, nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin' wunst at Mr. Snagsby's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he was a-speakin' to hisself and not to me. He prayed a lot, but *I* couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gen'l'men come down Tom-all-Alone's a-prayin', but they all mostly said as the t'other ones prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin' to their selves, or a-passin' blame on the t'others, and not a-talkin' to us. We never knowed nothink. *I* never knowed what it was all about."

Yet he begged them to put in his will his message to Mr. Snagsby that "Jo, what he knowed once, is a-moving on right for'ards with his duty, and I'll be wery thankful." Or let us take Joe Gargery. What a limited volume of understanding! What a blundering giant of a booby!—blundering the more ridiculously when specially striving with the proprieties of deportment and conversation! How humbly triumphant at his one great essay at elegiac verse! These make us laugh until we cannot sit longer in our chairs, but must go lie down and rest our heads upon pillows. Yet how loyal was Joe—to his shrew of a wife, always making prominent her one great distinction, she being "a fine figger of a woman"; to his ungrateful and rather worthless brother-in-law, even while, with the delicacy of the best society-man, keeping himself aloof when his presence was embarrassing to one who had risen so far above his beginnings. Courageous as simple, manlike as humble, Joe Gargery merited the name that a true man likes most to be given him. He was a gentleman.

To interest justly in these multitudes required pre-eminent genius and the spirit of an apostle. Dickens had both. A patriot, his love of country radiated from its central point, warm-

ing most his familiars with whom he had freely shed tears both of sorrow and of joy, and, when become renowned and powerful, striving to draw closer together the widely-separated constituents that made up the people of his native country. Faithful to the demands of fiction, he taught more continuously than any novelist that neither the greatest good nor the most despicable evil is peculiar to any class, and that among the very humblest were characters equal to the best and equally to be respected by all mankind.

It is not difficult to account for some of the adverse criticism of Dickens (especially of late) on the ground that his characters were so much overdrawn, and therefore less faithful representatives of real life than those of Thackeray, George Eliot, and more particularly some recent novelists. The characters of Thackeray are indeed natural, often painfully so; and if the purpose of fiction were to represent life just as it is, he would be at the head of the list of artists of all times. Many women are like Rebecca Sharp, and many men like Barnes Newcome. Many doubtless are the quarrels among the genteel in the privacy of home, and the disputants come forth with smiling faces and deceitful words. But *is* the purpose of fiction to represent this life just as it is, and worse than it is—to exhibit birds in their cages at seasons when in their most revolting uncleanness? Is it to put before our eyes men and women, boys and girls, and, tearing away the veils with which they try to hide their deformities, show us that these husbands and wives, ostensibly discharging relative duties with reasonable fidelity, are all perfidious to solemnest obligations, accustomed in secret to quarrellings and abusings; and that these boys and girls, even the best, apparently pliant to sweet domestic control, long to see their parents dead, and then, while clothed thickly in black and subdued to demureness in walk and conversation, chuckling in secret at the removal of constraints and the fulfilment of *post-obit* expectations? More than these, when such things are shown in the strongest as the weakest, must we be reminded that we are no better, we nor our children, but that we, like all gone before and all to come after us, reek with ingratitude and perfidy? No. This is not the purpose of fiction. It is to represent human life, indeed, but, in its most elaborate endeavors, to represent the extremes of good and evil and to lead each to its appropriate consequences. The poet (and for this end the novelist is a poet) makes new concretes out of the discordant elements of this lower world. He paints virtue with as little blemish as is possible to a fallen estate, and

vice irredeemable except by repentance and abandonment. The struggle between these combatants may be fierce, sometimes appearing doubtful even to the most valiant; yet in time either victory or deliverance must come to the upright who have refused to despair—whether present triumph, like that of Nicholas Nickleby over the reprobate Ralph, or translation, like that of Little Nell or Jo of Tom-all-Alone's? It is easy, therefore, to understand why many of the great poets have been unhappy. From their efforts to rescue themselves from despair by means of the creation of better worlds than this have we gotten some of our most important lessons and sweetest consolations.

For what end did God impart to a few of those fashioned in his image a portion of this his most peculiar attribute—this power to create worlds wherein the virtuous man is more surely and highly exalted, and the vicious more surely and condignly punished, than at the bar of this world's tribunals? Partly that we may get the benefit of examples always more efficacious than the most studied precepts of the wise, and partly that we may be kept from despondence, from the jarring discords around us. It is a wholesome thought that the good are better than really they be. It is hurtful to believe them to be worse. For our human hearts take on other forms of ambition than to surpass in goodness the best of those around us. The multitudes of mankind are not only more capable, but they prefer to follow than to lead. There is a certain degree, if not of self praise, of self-gratulation when we sincerely point to one whom we admit to be superior not only to what we are, but what it is possible for us to become. We often assuage our remorse for failing in the practice of virtue by the hearty praise we bestow upon those whom we acknowledge it to be not possible for us to imitate, and such praise often rescues one who otherwise might lapse into despair. Let the artist, therefore—the artist who is not a mere painter of portraits—bestow, if he will, upon his pictures a touch here and there to render more attractive the beauty we love to admire. Even the painter of portraits does a graceless thing when he lifts the hair or tears away the kerchief of his original, merely to show a ghastly scar whose existence we would rather have ignored. So of the sportive. When the time comes for us to laugh, let us laugh with breasts healthy, full of mirth that is as harmless as exuberant. Such as these are imparted by the characterizations of Dickens. The best things and the worst are ever in contrast and conflict. We see the saddest and the gayest, and for both tears come to our eyes, bringing the sweetest relief that

the human heart ever gets from a surfeit, whether of sorrow or of gladness. In reading the *Biography* these tears, so like and yet so dissimilar, will often flow as they flowed from his own eyes in contemplation of the varying conditions of mankind. With him humor was an antidote to the sadness which, if he had yielded to it, would have overwhelmed him. In one of his letters he tells of a strange dream that he had in Italy, wherein a lately separated relative seemed to have appeared before him and advised him to seek refuge from his religious doubts in the Catholic faith. It is painful to contemplate how a mind in which the serious predominated could never find the assurance which it sought. There was some bitterness mingled with the tenderness in inditing the will of poor Jo; and herein we can tell some of the thoughts of the great writer when putting into the mouth of a dying child words humbly complaining of the insufficiency of those who undertook to guide in the Way of Life. A man so beset must often turn for relief from the severe to the lively; and the more profound has been his sadness, so the higher in hilarity will he rebound.

Another cause for the relegation of Dickens from the position he once occupied has grown out of a change in the tastes of the reading public that has led to preference for the delicate and the nice in art, literary as well as pictorial. It is the miniature rather than the life-size that pleases now, or, if the life-size, with curious, elaborate drapery. Favorite is the mosaic, compounded, like the melancholy of Jaques, of many simples, and conjoined with microscopic painstaking and accuracy. The analyst of a hero's or heroine's motives for conduct more and less important, especially in genteeler circles, finds now more admirers than not only Dickens but Thackeray and George Eliot. Even the Becky Sharps and Maggie Tullivers are postponed to opulent ladies with trains sweeping with pleasant rustling over costly carpets, jewelled hands daintily plying fragrant fans, and tongues chattering with exquisite modulation on somethings, and on nothings also. But such a taste will be, as its likes have ever been, of temporary duration. Genuine art will ever endure, however often it may be passed by for a brief space by those who are beguiled by new ornamentations in unimportant particulars. We remember how Cowley was for a time preferred to Milton, and the poets of the Restoration to those of the period of Elizabeth, and how dramatic poetry in general declined with the rise of scenic decoration. The bonanza kings, their wives and daughters; the *nouveaux riche*, removed from low to up-town, or from

East to West End, are pleased, or believe themselves to be pleased, with witty sayings, bright dinner and tea-parties among the gentility, cunning analyses of human motives in varying positions, and just enough of pathos and humor as may effect a pleasing sigh or an unexpected brief smile. As in the time of Richardson, even thoughtful minds have become somewhat wearied of being stirred by the thrillingly earnest and comic, and ask for repose. Writers of ability notice this condition of things in the reading public, and more or less reluctantly conform to their demands. How often does history repeat itself! In his twenty years of exile Charles II. grew to be not only not a patriot, but not even an Englishman. Restored to the throne of his ancestors, he brought to his court those tastes which the French men of letters had been forced to adopt by the lack of rhythm and melody in their language. Lord Orrery, a time-serving courtier, was the first to begin with the use of rhyme in dramatic composition. An interesting chapter is that which tells of the struggles of Dryden in these degenerate times. If otherwise he could have gotten his bread, "The Indian Emperor" and "The Conquest of Grenada" would never have been put into rhyme. Even as it was he turned at length from the pursuit of things foreign to his native country, and languished in poor old Soho, with what consolation was to be had in the thought of being again faithful to the behests of patriotism.

It was always curious what various and often what trifling and unsubstantial causes may divert art from its legitimate purposes, and with what little complaining artists themselves—real artists, with genius and feeling—will work in conformity with tastes which they know and feel to be not only untrue but vicious, and prefer to an enduring fame a capricious favor whose end they cannot fail to foresee. It is so with pictorial art, as those most versed in such matters tell us. It is less sincere, less genuine than it was a score or two of years ago. But they tell us also that it is bound to return to its native simplicity and integrity. So it will be with fictitious narrative. So will it ever be with contending forces. The fittest will survive.

STRAY LEAVES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF DAVID RIZZIO.

Plotted against by her brother, on whom the Queen of Scots bestowed so many favors, shamed and impeded by her vicious husband, it is not to be wondered, under the circumstances, that the queen made the most of the honesty of her secretary, who was entrusted with the secret political correspond ence which the circumstances of the times forced upon her. She may not have been wise in the expression of her appreciation of Rizzio's talents and devotion. The gross-minded Scotch nobles could not comprehend the meaning of platonic friendship existing between men and women of high culture and pure minds. It is no wonder that Rizzio soon incurred the deadly hatred of the nobles and chiefs. Sir James Melville, in his *Memoirs*, relates many narratives of the conduct of the nobles and gentlemen towards the queen's Italian secretary. "The lords frowned fiercely upon Rizzio, and others would thrust him bodily aside, muttering some gross expressions." *

In a letter of Sir George Douglas to his friend Andrew Kerr, he boasts how he "stood upon Maister Rizzio's lame foot, and made him yell out for his brother Joe." Kerr often spoke of the dagger in relation to the secretary.

Darnley was quite ready to fall in with the murderous designs of Lords Morton, Ruthven, and Douglas; he had a personal feeling against Rizzio—not that of jealousy, for such would have been absurd. Rizzio had honestly and wisely advised the queen not to confer upon Darnley the "crown-matrimonial." This judicious advice won the enmity of Darnley, who soon became the tool of those who had far more extensive designs to accomplish than the assassination of Rizzio. It was also said that Rizzio had lent sums of money to Darnley and Douglas, and "both repudiated their bills." Darnley was heavily in debt, "without the queen's knowledge"; and Sir George Douglas had the character of rarely paying his debts. In the negotiations for murdering Cardinal Beaton he expected to have received as much money from the English Council as would "square

* Sir James Melville's Account of the Murder of Rizzio.

all his difficulties"; but the negotiations were broken off under extraordinary and disgraceful circumstances.

The work of death, according to the arrangements made, was not to be confined to David Rizzio, for a wholesale slaughter was contemplated. Those members of the Queen's Council who had shown themselves opposed to her deposition by refusing to concur in granting the crown-matrimonial to the queen's ungrateful husband, became marked men. The intended victims were the Lords Bothwell, Huntley, Atholl, Fleming, Livingstone, and Sir James Balfour—the last was, for some unexplained reason, *to be hanged at the queen's chamber-door.*

A selection was also made of the court ladies who were to suffer. Six of the queen's most confidential maids of honor *were to be tied up in sacks and drowned.* The queen herself, if she survived the horrors of the tragedy proposed to be acted in her presence, was either to be slain or imprisoned in Stirling Castle till she consented to acknowledge her husband's usurpation.*

The amount of dissimulation with which so young a man, yet of a bent so reckless and utterly unprincipled as Darnley, concealed these atrocious designs appears far more remarkable than the readiness with which his lost honor, his want of common sense, not to mention conscience, urged him to adopt many schemes in order to avert suspicion as to his deadly plans. Darnley challenged Rizzio to play a game of tennis with him, and was actually thus engaged with his victim the very day preceding that appointed for the assassination.† On this occasion the conspirators suggested that it was "a good opportunity to despatch 'Auld Davie.'"

"No," replied Darnley; "the best time to select is when he is at supper with the queen and her ladies; and then we can strike terror or blows, as required."

The accounts concerning this tragic narrative are somewhat contradictory. The statements furnished by such men as Randolph and Lord Bedford must be received with caution, for they were aware of the entire conspiracy for many weeks. Did these agents of the Queen of England do anything to avert the murder? According to their own despatches—still extant—they undoubtedly did much to promote the assassinations which quickly followed.

My narrative now almost arrives at the fatal moment of this savage butchery—a scene which some Scotch nobles may still

* Reports to Cardinal de Lorraine in Teulet.

† Italian Memorial in Labanoff's Appendix, vol. vii.

look back on with shame and downcast eyes. On Saturday evening, the 9th of March, 1566, about seven of the clock, when quite dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with one hundred and fifty men bearing torches and deadly weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own companions. At this moment the queen was at supper in a small room, or cabinet, which opened from her bed-chamber. She was attended by three of her ladies, four gentlemen in waiting, the captain of the guard, and her recently-appointed secretary, David Rizzio, who, accompanied by two pages, stood behind the queen's chair.* The bed-chamber communicated by a secret staircase with the king's apartment behind, to which the assassins had been admitted. Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where the queen sat, and, with apparent affection, kissed his wife. A mysterious silence ensued, and in about five minutes a change of scene took place, when Lord Ruthven, clad in complete armor, rushed into the room. He had just risen from a sick-bed; his features were sunken and pale from disease, his voice hollow, his whole appearance haggard and weary; yet murder in its direst form was traceable upon his countenance. In the words of one of the ladies present, he "appeared like a vampire thirsting for more blood." The queen became terror-stricken; still she had the courage to tell Ruthven to retire from her presence—a command returned by a look of insolent scorn.

"Are there no true Scots present," exclaimed one of the ladies, "who would strike down this coward ruffian who styles himself *the* Lord Ruthven?"

The young lady's interrogatory was received with a coarse laugh by the men who stood near the door. In another moment torches flamed in the outer chamber, and the clash of arms was heard amidst ferocious shouts from the followers of the chief assassins.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed the queen, with hands uplifted to heaven, "what is all this about?"

A momentary silence, and then a shout of "Forward!" was heard.

George Douglas bounded into the room like an uncaged

* Sectarian and party writers allege that Rizzio *was seated beside the queen* at the supper-table; but such was not the fact. The secretary and pages partook of their meals in another apartment.

tiger. Dagger in hand, he looked every inch a murderer to whom pity or mercy was unknown. He was followed by Kerr, of Faudonside, and the other assassins.* Lord Ruthven unsheathed his dagger and called out that their business was with David Rizzio, and made an effort to seize him.

"If my secretary has been guilty of any crimes," said the queen, "his case shall be investigated; and if he has done wrong to any of my subjects the law shall punish him to the utmost extent. The law makes no distinction between the lord and the peasant when they have done evil. I wish you all, however, to understand that I will not permit any man to take the law into his own hands."

This short speech of the queen, which was delivered with firmness and dignity, excited an ironical laugh from Sir George Douglas.

"Here is the means of justice," exclaimed one of the assassins, producing a rope.

"O good queen!" said Rizzio, "I am a dead man."

"Fear not," said her highness in a firm voice. "The king, my husband, will never suffer you to be slain in my presence; neither can my husband forget your faithful services."†

At this stage of the proceedings Darnley looked quite bewildered. He trembled from head to foot, whilst the assassins uttered another ironical laugh and pointed at him with scorn. Ruthven, in an insolent tone, told Darnley "to take charge of his wife, *and hold the woman tight till—*" The savage slogan yell, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" now resounded through the palace. Morton and his eighty followers, impatient of delay, rushed forward to the scene of slaughter, and were disappointed that several of those whom they came to murder were absent. Rizzio, bleeding profusely, again caught the queen's robe. His last exclamations were: "*Mercy! mercy! for the love of Jesus Christ!*" A scene of horror ensued; the queen cried and supplicated; the tables and lights were overturned.

"Drag Auld Davie out," exclaimed several voices.

"I must plunge my dagger in him again," were the words of George Douglas.

The end of the tragic scene was now at hand. The cold-blooded and coward husband of the queen came forward to play

* See Queen Mary's Despatches to the Archbishop of Glasgow; Keith; *Queens of Scotland*, vol. iv.; Fraser Tytler, vol. v.

† Birrel's *Diary*; Adam Blackwood; *Queens of Scotland*, vol. iv.; *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. iv.

his part and fulfil his pledge to the conspirators whose miserable creature he had become. He succeeded *in unlocking the death-grasp with which the unhappy victim clung to the queen's robe, and then forced his outraged wife into a chair and stood behind it, holding her tightly that she might not rise.* This scene extinguished Mary Stuart's fast-fading love for her cruel and profligate consort; and, perhaps for the first time in her life, she felt what species of resentment gives birth to hatred. All further obstruction to the murderers was now removed. They plunged their daggers in the body of the dying man, each blow accompanied by fearful oaths and words of demoniac triumph. The body was mangled by fifty-six wounds and left in a pool of blood. Kerr and Douglas returned to the scene and further disfigured the reeking corpse, tied it up with a rope, and flung it into the street. During the struggle Andrew Kerr, the most sanguinary of the blood-stained men present, placed a pistol to the queen's breast, and, with a terrible imprecation, assured her he would shoot her dead if she offered resistance. The queen stood undaunted. She exclaimed in a firm voice: "Villain, fire! Fire, if you respect not the royal infant in my womb!"* The assassin was not moved by the speech of the queen; he pulled the trigger, but the pistol accidentally hung fire. Nor was this the only attempt made on the life of the defenceless Mary Stuart during that dreadful night, when a set of miscreants, reckoned amongst those who were called "the Scottish nobles," covered themselves with infamy. James Bellenden, brother of the lord justice clerk, aimed a murderous blow at the queen under cover of the tumultuous attack on unfortunate Rizzio; but his purpose was observed by one of the pages in attendance upon the queen, who, with equal courage and presence of mind, parried the blow by striking the rapier aside with the torch he had been holding. The name of the page was Anthony Standen, a handsome young English gentleman. When an old man and residing in Rome, Mr. Standen related many particulars of the terrible scenes that occurred on the night of Rizzio's murder. He had a personal knowledge of the principal actors.

When the murder had ended, Lord Ruthven returned to the royal presence to make himself, if possible, more hateful to the queen, who became dreadfully excited upon beholding the bloody hands of Ruthven uplifted in thanks to Heaven for what had just occurred. As the excitement caused by Ruthven's presence had somewhat calmed, the queen stood still with clasped

* Italian Memorials in Labanoff's *Mary Stuart.*

hands, in prayer, evidently expecting that her own life was the next to be sacrificed. After his blasphemous thanksgiving for a barbarous murder Ruthven indulged in gross allusions to the queen's ladies. He threw himself upon a seat and called out for a goblet of wine. "Wine, wine I must have quickly." Then, addressing himself to the queen, he said: "Good queen, you are in no danger. But your favorite is done for; and my dagger and my hand aided in *sending him down to hell.* So perish every man or woman who are enemies to our *holy religion of the reformed gospel!*" * Ruthven not only attempted to vindicate himself and his associates, but he added enduring poignancy to the queen's feelings when he assured her that the conspiracy and the murder were all planned with the express approval of her own husband, who actually led them into her private apartment, and "held her down whilst they were plunging their steel into the body of Maister Davie. What think you of your husband now?"

The queen, starting from her seat, intensely excited, uttered the following words: "*My* husband! *my* husband! Then *farewell tears! We must now think of revenge.*"

Mary Stuart's high spirit quailed not a moment before Ruthven. With renewed energy of mind and spirit she continued her address to Ruthven, who sat opposite with rude and undignified bearing. "I trust," said the queen, "my Lord Ruthven, that the Almighty God, who beholds this scene from the highest heavens, will avenge my wrongs and move that which shall be born of me to root out you and your treacherous posterity." † The prophetical denunciation of the Queen of Scots as to Ruthven was fully accomplished by her son (King James) on the house of the "red-handed Ruthven." "That poltroon and vile knave, 'Auld Davie,' was justly punished on the 9th day of March, in the year of God 1565–6, for abusing the commonwealth, and for his other villany, which we list not to express, by the counsel and hands of Sir George Douglas, the Earl of Morton, Patrick Lord Lindsay, and the Lord Ruthven, with other assisters in their company, who all, for their just act, and most worthy of all praise, are now unworthily reft of their brethren

* Anthony Standen's *Narrative* (Antwerp edition).

† Notes of Anthony Standen, who was present and stood behind the queen throughout this terrible scene; also the statements in corroboration of the ladies in waiting; Ruthven and Morton's Narrative; Keith's Appendix; Spottiswood and Tytler. The statement put forward by Ruthven and Morton must be considered as the allegations of the principal assassins. Anthony Standen and the ladies who were witnesses to the whole proceeding must be accepted as the genuine evidence of what occurred.

and suffer the bitterness of punishment and exile."* The above remarkable passage was written by Knox during the exile of Morton and the other assassins of Rizzio. Knox adds a "fervent prayer that God will restore them to their country, and punish the 'head and tail' that now trouble the just and maintain impiety." The marginal note explains that Knox was then predicting the fate of his queen and her ministers. "The head," he observes, "is known; the tail has two branches—the temporal lords that maintain her abominations, and her flattering counsellors, blasphemous Balfour, now called Clerk of Register, and Clair, Dean of Restalrig, blind of one eye, but of both in his soul, upon whom God shortly took vengeance." Andrew Kerr was Lord Ruthven's nephew.† Many years subsequent to the death of Rizzio, Kerr married the still young and handsome widow of John Knox. This poor lady became the wife of another bad husband. A cruel, licentious, drunken creature was this dagger-man. Yet, strange as it may appear, Sir Andrew Kerr ranks amongst the "saints of the Kirk of Scotland."

On the night of the murder of Rizzio the queen was made a prisoner in her own palace. The excitement was immense; the assassins took to drink freely, to pray, and to fight amongst themselves. The dagger was again in use. On Sunday the rebel lords, with Moray at their head, returned to Edinburgh, where they were received by Darnley, who cordially welcomed his cousin Moray. Let it be remembered that Moray and his companions were fully aware of the assassination on the previous night. Moray had an interview with the queen, when "she flung herself in his arms and wept bitterly, exclaiming, 'If my dear brother was here poor Rizzio would not have suffered the terrible death he received last night.'" Moray "cried heartily, and assured his sister that he would protect her and *shed the last drop of his blood in her defence.*" Only a few hours after this scene Lord Moray assembled the "enterprising" of the late murder, and several of the disaffected who had returned to Edinburgh with him. The questions Moray submitted for the consideration of this band of assassins was "whether it was expedient to imprison the queen at Stirling Castle or put her to death at once," remarking that "delays were dangerous." Lord Lennox, the father of Darnley, was present at this council as the friend of Moray, who, at the same time, was secretly pledged to have his

* *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, by John Knox, vol. i. p. 235.

† Lord Ruthven did not live to see the results of his evil deeds. A sudden and a violent death closed his career; and history ranks him amongst the worst of his order.

(Lennox's) son "*murdered as soon as possible.*" A "more secret meeting" was held at Lord Morton's house, where the fate of the queen was again discussed. The conspirators desired particularly to know what course Lord Moray would recommend. He replied, without hesitation, "*that they should put the queen to death quickly.*" "Put to death quickly" that trusting sister whose tears had so lately commingled with his own—they had wept together, as we have seen—as she clung to him in her agonizing welcome of trusting confidence, the confiding dependence of a sister who had neither husband nor friend to shield her. This unparalleled brother concluded his address by telling his audience that *it was for the good and the security of their holy religion that the queen should die.* And again he impressed upon his followers that "delays were dangerous." *

Within a few hours the most extraordinary incidents occurred, and the queen's faith in human nature and its professions of loyalty and love was tested to the utmost. The conspirators in the case of Rizzio had quarrelled amongst themselves and suddenly laid the whole plot before the queen, and in the most distinct and positive manner accused Darnley of being the "instigator and contriver of the murder." To prove this they laid "the bonds or covenants before her highness," and the dreadful truth broke upon her in all its horrors.† Mary now understood for the first time, but from a hostile source, that "her husband was the principal conspirator against her, the defamer of her honor, the plotter against her liberty and her crown, the almost murderer of herself and her infant child." Darnley stood convicted as a traitor and a perjurer, false to every principle of honor, false to his wife, false to his sovereign, and, like the basest of criminals, false to his associates in crime. ‡

The queen was reduced almost to despair, not knowing in whom to confide. Up to this time Mary did not believe in the reports of her husband's treachery to herself and his desire to dethrone her. Seeing the results of his own conduct, Darnley made a confession to the queen implicating his accomplices in conspiracy and murder. When too late he ascertained that his own life was in as much if not more danger than his wife's at this very period. Then, subordinating all to the "principle" of self-preservation, he besought pardon and obtained it. But the con-

* Adam Blackwood's *Life of Queen Mary*, Maitland Club edition; Tytler, vol. v.

† Italian Memorial in Labanoff; *Queens of Scotland*, vol. iv.; MS. letter, State Papers; Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil.

‡ *Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty*, vol. iv.

spiracy of the red-handed "nobles" made flight necessary. Many plans were arranged for the escape of the royal couple from Holyrood; but all proved hazardous. Mary's spirits rose with the excitement of the adventure. At last a scheme was devised which proved successful. In order to avoid suspicion the king and queen retired early, but rose two hours after midnight; the queen being only attended by one faithful maid, Margaret Cawood. The party stealthily descended a secret stair to a postern leading through the cemetery of the royal chapel. The night was dark, which added to the difficulties of the fugitives, but the guards were asleep or intoxicated. At the outer gate of the cemetery the faithful young Standen was waiting with a horse for Darnley, who seemed to feel his situation much, for he sobbed and cried; next came the queen. Her doctor stated that there was danger in lifting a woman in her delicate condition to a pillion; however, after some fear and excitement, Queen Mary was seated behind brave Arthur Erskine. Traquair took charge of Margaret Cawood, and Anthony Standen and Bastian rode singly, accompanied by three young ladies, who were well muffled and played their part courageously. The party cleared the precincts of the palace without alarm being raised, and after a sharp gallop arrived safely at the residence of Lord Seton. Seton, with two hundred armed cavaliers, was in readiness to receive his queen and to escort her to Dunbar.* Invigorated by the sharp air and exercise, Queen Mary insisted on taking a horse to herself, and was not only able to support herself in the saddle, but performed the last twelve miles of the journey with such speed that she and her chivalrous body-guard arrived at Dunbar before sunrise and demanded admittance to her royal fortress. The warder's challenge was answered by the startling announcement, "Your queen!" Four-and-twenty hours had scarcely elapsed since Lord Moray and his rebel confederates had swept past the fortress on their triumphant return to Edinburgh, escorted by one thousand spearmen, proclaiming as they marched along the tidings that "Holyrood Abbey was occupied by the followers of Lord Moray, that wicked little Rizzio was served out as he deserved, and the queen a prisoner in Darnley's hands, who meant to destroy her for the public good."

Such had been the current reports. Now it turned out that

* Prince Labanoff's Appendix; Lord Herries' *History of the Queen of Scots.* Jane Kennedy states that Herries, then very young, was present at many of those adventures. Randolph's letters to Cecil at this period correctly describe the extraordinary scenes which were passing, and the courage and perseverance of the Queen of Scots.

the royal couple—Mary and her handsome, worthless husband—had eloped together, and were riding, side by side like romantic lovers, in the gray light of morning. The whole thing appeared so strange to the warder in command that he ventured not to raise the portcullis till he had ascertained how the châtelain stood affected. The suspense was quickly over; the governor of the castle hastened to offer homage to the queen and her husband. Darnley received a cold reception from the more devoted loyalists. But when the base part he had taken in the brutal murder of Rizzio became known a feeling of horror possessed every right-minded person. Having been duly admitted to the Castle of Dunbar, the first thing the queen did was to order a fire to be made to warm herself. "I am cold and hungry," said her highness; "I want some new-laid eggs and a warm drink." The queen cooked the eggs herself, which caused Archibald Mackenzie, a chivalrous old follower of the Stuart family, to burst into tears. "My royal mistress to be allowed to cook eggs for her breakfast! Oh! has Scotland lost her pride?" *

On this occasion the queen walked through a crowd of her supporters, the majority of whom belonged to the Kirk congregations, and she said something kindly to each, and thanked them for the devotion they evinced for her cause that morning. Darnley, who was present at "this interviewing" of the queen by a crowd of some hundreds, remained silent, and was perfectly unnoticed.

This scene in the hall of Dunbar over, Mary Stuart sat down and wrote letters to her French relatives, detailing her recent troubles. In the letter to her uncle, the Cardinal de Lorraine, she subscribed herself "your niece, Marie, *queen without a kingdom.*" Mary was mistaken when she signed herself a queen without a kingdom, for the hearts of the people of Scotland were undoubtedly with her at that period. In a few days thousands flocked to the royal standard. Men sixty and seventy years of age came from remote districts with their sons and grandsons, ready and willing to defend their queen—the granddaughter of their "beloved Bonnie King Jamie."

The rebel league now began to split, and the dagger-men were quite willing to betray one another. The principal men amongst the assassins of Rizzio fled to England, where they were entertained by the agents of Queen Elizabeth till their evil services were again required.

A distinguished writer of the present day, and sometimes

* *Memorials of the Royal Flight to Dunbar.*

a reasonless defamer of Mary Stuart, describes her at this crisis of her eventful history: "Whatever credit is due to iron fortitude and intellectual address must be given without stint to this extraordinary woman. Her energy grew with exertion. The terrible agitation of the three preceding days, the wild escape, and a *midnight gallop of more than twenty miles within a few weeks of her confinement* would have shaken the strength of the least fragile of human frames; but Mary Stuart seemed not to know the meaning of the word *exhaustion*. She had scarcely alighted from her horse than couriers were flying east, west, north, and south to call the Catholic nobles to her side. She wrote her own story to her minister at Paris, bidding the archbishop in a postscript to anticipate the false rumors which would be spread against her honor. . . . .To Elizabeth Mary wrote on this occasion with her own hand—fierce, dauntless, and haughty as in the days of her prosperity.* Queen Mary demanded to know whether the Queen of England intended to support the traitors who had slain her most faithful servant in her presence." †

In eight days after her flight from Edinburgh the queen returned to her capital, when the inhabitants, young and old, came out to meet her. Lords, chiefs, and knights crowded around their sovereign, who was at the head of an army of nearly twelve thousand men. The queen's popularity was immense, whilst her husband was detested by the people of every party in the state. He seemed to have been deserted by the Presbyterians, with whom he had sought an alliance. Darnley's father (Lord Lennox), who was connected with the conspiracy to murder Rizzio, was ordered by the queen to leave the country. Moray, whom Mary had never ceased to trust, was once more pardoned and recalled. On the very day he received his sister's letter restoring him to his place he was actually corresponding with Morton and Randolph, the deadly enemies of his queen. About this time a fresh conspiracy, and one which subsequently proved fatal to Mary, was formed. The principal actors in the late plot and murder were all united as to what should be the fate of Darnley, and his assassination became merely a matter of time. In the new conspiracy were Lords Morton, Moray, and Lething-

* The letter of the Queen of Scots above alluded to is to be seen amongst the State Papers of Elizabeth's reign. This letter, viewed in many forms, and considering the circumstances under which it was written, is a marvellous document. The strokes are thick and slightly uneven from excitement, but strong, firm, and without sign of tremulousness. When the queen wrote this note she had just ridden twenty miles without any refreshments save *a goblet of water from a ditch on the highway*.

† Froude's *History of England*, vol. viii.

ton. Lord Ruthven, George Douglas, and Andrew Kerr were "ready for action when called upon."

A few words more to my American friends in reference to Marie Stuart about the period of her marriage with the French Dauphin. "Love, or even poetry," according to Brantôme, were powerless to depict Marie at this still progressive period of her life; to paint that beauty which consisted less in her form than in her fascinating grace; youth, heart, genius, passion still shaded by the deep melancholy of a farewell; the tall and slender shape, the harmonious movement, the round and flexible throat, the oval face, the fire of her look, the grace of her lip, her Saxon fairness, the pale beauty of her hair, the light she shed around her wherever she went; the night, the void, the desert she left behind when no longer present; the attraction, resembling witchcraft, which unconsciously emanated from her, and which drew towards her, as it were, a current of admiring eyes and hearts; and the tone of her voice, which, once heard, resounded for ever in the ear of the listener. Such was Marie Stuart when the bride of the short-lived and lovable Dauphin of France.

COMMON SENSE *VERSUS* SCEPTICISM—REVELATION.

No historical fact rests on such a body of testimony as that which we possess for revelation. By the "fact" of revelation must be understood only the action, not the *ipsissima verba* of all the Scriptures. Mere quibbles about difficulties as to language must be hushed amid the grandeur of the action. Language is at its best but an imperfect instrument. Human language cannot convey divine mysteries. In a vast number of manuscripts, whose history has to be traced through a period of not less than three thousand years, it would be wonderful if, in a literary sense, there were not apparent discrepancies, and expressions of which the force is misunderstood. Even accepting "inspiration" in that strictly guarded sense which the church has ever been careful not to exceed, language is but language, and its relations to divine truths must be those of an imperfect instrument to sublime measures. As when we listen to a piece of music—of which the "language" and the "argument" are comparatively more suggestive than are words—we

grasp a meaning which was more intended than expressed, so in reading revelation we are conscious that its syllables fall short even more than do our faculties. It is as a whole that we accept the two Testaments; and common sense tells us that the whole is divine.

Of the New Testament alone let us speak now; for its truths are the developments of that dispensation of law which was the framework, the scaffolding, of the perfect temple. Common sense tells us that *with* the Incarnation must have come that elevation of soul and body which was inconsistent with the dispensation of law; so that domestically and socially, as well as interiorly in spiritual sense, there must have been an uplifting of the whole human family. And here we meet a first objection of the sceptics. The differences of *enactment* in the Old and New Testaments are differences perfectly suited to the two conditions; while as to difference in *doctrine* there is absolutely none—there is only increase of nearness of communication. There is no contradiction, no change of divine purpose; there is growth only in dignity of "drawing nearer" to the highest ideal of man's sonship with God. As in nature, so in dispensation, all is movement. From chaos to order, from intimation to full teaching, growth is consistent and harmonious. There is no break in the divine analogy of creatureship. From the infant to the complete man, from baptism to canonization, as from the promise of redemption made to Adam to the consummation of that promise on Calvary, nothing stands still; everything is progressive, till the final crowning of redeemed souls at the last day.

Again, in connection with this divine analogy let us notice the Catholic doctrine of "election," since the sceptics are offended at what they understand by election—in the sense mainly that *some* men are born Christians, *some* men live and die in pagan ignorance. Yet this fact of election, so conspicuous in Christianity, is harmonious with all that we know of creation; some beings, some things, being chosen for pre-eminence in all departments of known creatureship in the universe. Thus the principle of choice is universal. Without it we cannot conceive of Creation. Nor is injustice done—even in purely human estimate—in this gradation of beings, of privileges. The sceptics are very bold in their accusation of injustice against the whole doctrine of election—or selection; not seeing that this doctrine is everywhere paralleled in every department of the visible creation. And that we may answer such objections in their newest

phases, let us notice some false assumptions which have been published in England by the "philosophical" sceptic, Mr. Herbert Spencer. This gentleman wrote contemptuously in the *Nineteenth Century* of five (supposed) dogmas of the faith, four of which he most culpably misstated. Thus he wrote contemptuously of "the damning of all men who did not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness which most men have never heard of." Needless to say that no such doctrine is Catholic. No man can be damned for his ignorance; that is, for not being a Christian in Christian knowledge. But the election of some men to a full knowledge of the truth, while other men are not so elected, but are left to the "uncovenanted mercies," is a fact which is perfectly harmonious with all that we know of the whole mental as well as of the whole material creation. Almighty God is not powerless to provide adequate rewards for *all* his faithful creatures of *all* conditions. But Almighty God has the right to prefer some creatures before other creatures, equally in this world and in a future state. In the same spirit Mr. Herbert Spencer wrote contemptuously of "the visiting on Adam's descendants, through hundreds of generations, dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit." Now, the first answer to such an objection is that "heredity" is perfectly consistent with all that we know of created life. The river which is poisoned at the source (and the imagination will supply numerous parallels in almost all the departments of known movement) sends poisoned streams through every channel it permeates; the sole difference, in Adam's poisoning, being that the effect was long-continuous—so long, indeed, as the human family shall last. Yet an antidote was supplied to the poison—an antidote far more powerful than the poison—at the very first moment of the fall. Man was suffered to fall in the present life, but was instantly made to rise in the future life. Thus the separation, both in kind and in duration, was as the infinite compared with the finite. Where, then, is the injustice complained of? The whole mystery of probation is, indeed, profound, but common sense can detect its simple justice. And the whole scheme of redemption, in connection with creation, while it may stagger us with its magnitude, its immensity, is yet obviously divine in the fact that the *greater future* is substituted for the loss of the *little present*. Just as the inheritance of evil, not only morally but physically, is an obvious condition of our present being, so the magnificent substitution of eternal reward for present heritage is worthy, so to speak, of the

Infinite God. *Why* our first parents were allowed to fall is a secret which is known only to their Maker. God does not look at things for to-day and for to-morrow, but for the whole compass of the eternal relations of all beings. Yet we, with our small minds, can detect this truth: that man, being fallen, yet being promised eternal happiness, cannot complain of the Infinite Friend who *now proves* him.

Thirdly, Mr. Herbert Spencer is aggrieved, as he expresses it, that "a perfectly innocent Son" should be sacrificed "to satisfy the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim." This is stating a truth in the wrong way. It implies that the "perfectly innocent Son" did *not* offer himself to his Father, but was offered by a sort of infinite parental cruelty. No statement could be more irrational, more impious. The harmony of the divine Mind would, to every real philosopher, be a postulate which would ridicule such an absurdity. The Blessed Trinity is necessarily a simple Unity. What nonsense, then, to suggest contrariety! Every child ought to see the truth: that just as nothing in human life is esteemed to be so chivalrous, so magnificently heroic or above nature, as that a man should give his life for his brother, so nothing—in our apprehension of the divine life—can exceed the sublimeness of redemption. That the Son of God should "volunteer" (to use a wretched human word which is quite incongruous with the eternal harmonies of the Blessed Trinity) to give his life for all sins of all men, not only that he might obtain man's forgiveness, but that he might uplift men to divine union with himself, is "consistent" with our ideas of the Most Admirable and of the infinite divine yearnings of divine Love.

Very briefly, again—since these objections have been much quoted, though in truth they are as "worn out" as they are feeble—let us notice one more foolish observation. "So, too," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "must die out the belief that a Power present in innumerable worlds throughout infinite space, and who during millions of years of the earth's earlier existence needed no honoring by its inhabitants, should be seized with a craving for praise; and having created mankind, should be angry with them if they do not perpetually tell him how great he is." How it was possible for man, who did *not* exist, to praise his Creator for having made him this learned philosopher does not tell us. Nor does he tell us how he knows that, before the creation of human beings, millions of intelligent creatures may not have praised God. Nor, again, does he explain why man,

having been redeemed by the most generous act of sacrifice known to creatures—an act of which we may safely affirm that the generosity of God knows nothing higher—should *not* praise God for such beneficence, and should *not* be incapable of gratitude. Nor, once more, does he recognize the fact that philosophy first reverences essential truths; and since God is infinitely *worthy* of infinite worship, he ought therefore to *receive* infinite worship. In other words, *not* to praise God as the Alone Perfect, as the Alone Source of the "is" and the "ever shall be," would be supremely unphilosophical and absurd, since it would be, intellectually and morally, to live always in the profession of an obvious and ridiculous falsehood.

Reason, which is the boast of the sceptics, and especially of men calling themselves philosophers, becomes irrational when it is made, first, to misstate truths, and then to draw wide conclusions from false assumptions. Common sense knows that in accepting divine mysteries it must first know those mysteries from divine source, and then remember that divine mysteries are *above* reason. There is all the difference in the world between a thing being *above* reason and *contrary to* the conclusions of common sense; for that the divine mysteries should be *above* reason is a first requisite for their being accepted, but that they should contradict common sense would be impossible. To put this truth differently: Common sense has the power to know exactly where its own knowledge fails, just as it has the power to recognize in a divine mystery characteristics which are above what is "natural." Take as an example "The Holy Trinity." Now, manifestly it is impossible for the human mind to even imagine what may be the nature of (as we express it) a divine Person. Therefore common sense says at once, "Knowing nothing about it, I know only that the Godhead is above reason." But common sense also adds: "There can be no contradiction to the conclusions of my own experience in the accepting a mystery which is above it; there can be only a just use of my common sense in the accepting what is assured to me by revelation." This is what we mean by the simple impossibility of divine mysteries contradicting common sense. Divine mysteries do not come within the range of common sense, and therefore cannot contradict common sense. Common sense inquires only as to the authority; it makes no inquiry as to the mystery. If common sense be satisfied that the authority is divine, it knows that the mystery must be divine; for just as it lies within the compass of common sense to appreciate the credentials of a divine

messenger, so it does *not* lie within the compass of common sense to judge God as to the measure of revelation. The same remarks might be made as to the mystery of the Incarnation, as to every Catholic mystery of the faith; that they cannot contradict common sense, because they contradict nothing that is *known*. They are divine truths, not human truths; *not* "known," in natural sense, but revealed. Now, the sceptics—witness the philosopher, Mr. Spencer—will not allow Almighty God to reveal anything, to teach anything, which *they* cannot justify by their own reason. Hence they are supremely unphilosophical. They argue—all unconscious of the absurdity—that the Infinite must be judged by the finite; that every dogma must be paralleled to private judgment; that even a miracle, though it be worked by Almighty God, cannot be true because *they* "do not see why." Yet, since they confess themselves incapable of comprehending the first principles on which even the natural life must proceed, how can they be judges of such correlative incidents as "fall in" with the whole scheme of the divine Mind? Take that "small" objection of Mr. Spencer's to which we have already referred (an objection which has been made by every shallow-pated sceptic who ever uplifted his own reason against God), that "the Innocent could not be made to suffer for the guilty." Who told the sceptics that the divine wisdom and the divine charity, together with the divine, infinite holiness, could not, and should not, and did not approve and, so to speak, necessitate such sacrifice? What do the sceptics know of the infinite comprehension of all the perfections of all truths of all eternity, or of the infinite hatred of God for the minutest imperfection, or of his estimate of relative values or costs? What can the creature know of the "conditions" of Infinite Holiness (*ut more humano loquar*) in their relations to the responsible creature? Or how can the creature use his limited reason to measure the reasonableness of his Creator, or apply his two-foot rule to gauge the immensity of even one of the yearnings of the Infinite? Reason becomes childish, a mere babbling of vanity, when it says it will not accept a divine fact because God estimates everything in his own way. Yet the sceptics always chatter about the yearnings of the Infinite God, as if they were his creator, not he theirs; and affect to teach him how he should act or should not act, according to their standard of "the perfect way." Hence their intolerable vulgarity. It may be indecent even to allude to a well-known American sceptic whose penny pamphlets now lie on London book-stalls and are bought by boys and girls with their Saturday money,

and who, with a brave dash of insolence, talks of the ways of Almighty God in the same spirit as he would talk of a vulgar stock-broker. To common sense the tone and temper of all such writers is quite sufficient demonstration of their character. There is, no doubt, such a thing as a modest scepticism, which struggles to believe and which will be rewarded; but the moment a man flings over all modesty, and sets himself to rave against religion, he shows that he hates truth and adores himself, and must be set down as a vulgarian gone mad. A man who loves truth will be, above all things, most discreet in never scandalizing the young or the unwary; a certain tenderness of disposition being an invariable characteristic of every one who loves truth for truth's sake.

Reason, in its first attitude towards truth—and therefore towards the whole of revelation—has to be assisted by those deeper yearnings of the soul which are beyond language because they are beyond reason. The yearnings of the inmost nature—or, spiritually speaking, the soul—are every whit as purely "rational" or "reasonable" as are the legitimate exercises of common sense. What is common sense but the aggregate operation of the aggregate experiences of the whole mind; a sort of combined force of all we know, all we apprehend, without process, mathematical or logical? And since the mind is made up quite as much of desires, of feelings, of affections, of instincts, as it is made up of logical processes or Q.E.D.'s, it follows that common sense will act on a total, not on a fragmentary, experience. The affectation of the sceptics is to separate pure reason from all the yearnings, all the instincts of the human mind; just as it is also its affectation to ignore all such facts as come under the title supernatural. Yet the supernatural, like the natural, has its laws; or, to express the truth better, its harmonies. Now, scepticism does not look for the harmonies of revelation, which are in themselves a sublime testimony to its truth; but shuts its eyes wilfully to the fact of such harmonies, and asks for evidence which would contradict unities. Thus scepticism cannot see that the evidence for the Resurrection is in perfect harmony with all the spirit of our Lord's life—so perfectly in harmony that the introduction of other evidence would be absolutely fatal to the unities. And the destruction of unities, of the perfect harmony of characteristics, would be the destruction of the (apparent) divinity of the New Testament. Briefly, let us notice this general attitude of the sceptic-mind towards the whole narrative of the New Testament, as a proof.

that it is the sceptic's fault, not the fault of the New Testament, that the "evidences" are assumed to be insufficient.

The criticism of the sceptics is "color-blind." It estimates the whole spirit and "animus" of the gospels as it would estimate a "case" that was tried in a court of justice, where witnesses are examined and cross-examined. Hence the philosophy of Christianity, which is one perfect harmony, reaching back to the Garden of Eden and reaching forward to the crowning of the redeemed, is, to the sceptics, an unknown "science," of which (as in the case of Mr. Herbert Spencer) not even the elements have been apprehended. Yet the New Testament is, *in itself*, its own complete vindication to any one who studies it with common sense.

For the characteristics of the four gospels, taken as "literary fragments," and without considering any correlative testimony, are such as place them outside, infinitely above, every record which has ever been made in this world of events. They propose to treat of certain facts largely witnessed, the great majority of those facts being supernatural; and they do so in a spirit, with a candor, with a simplicity, which show that falsehood is a moral impossibility. Not only is there no excitement, no enthusiasm, no attempt either to enlarge or to keep back, but there is a holy heedlessness—if we may use such an expression—as to what the reader may care to think or not to think. There are different accounts in the four records of the same events, written by intimate friends and brother-witnesses, with —as we should say in regard to records of ordinary events—a sort of innocent and, as it were, childlike indifference as to the "impressions" which such statements might produce. Now, imposture is always marked by painful effort; conspiracy is always spoiled by its exactness; even enthusiasm, when it springs from "pious delusion," glows too much and then shows reaction. But what hint is there of imposture, conspiracy, enthusiasm, in any one of the thousand fragments of the gospels? or who ever detected any "reaction," or suffered in himself any reaction, after reading the four gospels a hundred times? The gospels seem more still, more eternal in their repose every time we read them "right through." No criticism can penetrate that divine armor of serenity which shields the gospels from rude attack, rude inquiry. As an artless and perfectly holy enumeration of some of the events which took place in a Perfect Life, the gospels are convincing to common sense of their genuineness of *both* sight and faith; while the perfect harmony of their spirit,

of their "inmost soul," or divine peace—shunning all worldly testimony or approval—marks them off as alone in all literature.

Thus far we have noticed certain aspects of certain relations of common sense to the whole spirit of revelation. If we were to go on to speak of "common sense *versus* scepticism" in regard to our experiences of divine Providence, in the working in, and with, and through the human life, we should find that common sense can find more than sufficient answers to the objections of the most plausible of the sceptics.

ÉTIENNE BRULÉ.

IT was the month of April, 1609, and around the great council-fire of the Five Nations, which had been for generations in the special keeping of the Onondagas, sat eighty sachems solemnly debating a momentous question. The council had been summoned at the request of Yonondio, a venerable chief, whose head was whitened by the frost of ninety winters; and among the tribes who composed this formidable confederacy no warrior had ever excelled him in wisdom and prowess. But his words on the present occasion had awakened only astonishment and scorn. "We are five powerful tribes," he had spoken: "we are Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Senecas, bound together as one tribe and called Iroquois. Our sway extends from the Great Lakes to the sea, and as far towards the setting sun as the Father of Waters. But we are not content; we are for ever making war on the Hurons, who are our kindred by race and tongue. O my brethren, this is not wise. I have had a dream, my brethren, in which I saw men of another race—men with pale faces—invading our hunting-grounds. They were armed with thunderbolts, and one of their canoes was larger than all our canoes put together. I now say to you, may the rain of Heaven wash away all hatred between Iroquois and Hurons, and may we smoke together in peace. Let us form a league against the pale-faces. Do this before it is too late. Yonondio has spoken. Who will answer him?" Two or three ventured to agree with the old man; but no one opposed him with so much effect as Nachusa, a young sachem of the Oneidas, who reminded them of the many Iroquois scalps which hung in Huron lodges. "And, moreover," he said, "'tis rumored that

great chief among the pale-faces, named Champlain, has won the Hurons to his side. They have promised to lend him their tomahawks against us. Only a warrior who has turned squaw could propose peace with the Hurons." Here the grave countenances of the audience relaxed into a smile, and word passed from mouth to mouth, "Yonondio has become a squaw."

That evening Nachusa was strolling along the bank of the beautiful Onondaga River, thinking over what had been said in the council, and he half-regretted the scornful words which he had used against Yonondio, who no doubt was in his second childhood; and at this very moment Nachusa could hear voices jeering and calling him a squaw. "Poor Yonondio!" he murmured. "Yonder he is, talking with his granddaughter Oreola. I do believe she is the only person who is not flinging scoffs at him."

The young woman of whom Nachusa spoke had received during the past winter a good many presents from him, and Oreola knew that he ranked as the bravest brave among the Oneidas: no warrior in his tribe could boast of so many Huron scalps, and in her heart was a very tender spot for Nachusa. But she at the same time dearly loved her grandfather, whom she was now doing her best to console. "Only for you," she said, "my father would not have been what he was. Who could count the Huron scalps in my father's wigwam? And if I am strong and tall and handsome, 'tis because I am the grandchild of Yonondio." "You are very good," replied Yonondio. "You are sacrificing much on account of me. But look, Oreola. Unless my dim eyes deceive me I see Nachusa watching us. He loves you. He wishes that I were out of the way."

"I hope you may long be spared to me," said Oreola. "Alas! what good can I do now? I am a withered tree," continued Yonondio, clapping his hands to his ears, for he again heard voices calling him a squaw; and he murmured: "Let me wander off into the forest. It is time for Yonondio to die."

"No, no! Do not die," said Oreola.

"Well, were I not so old," added her grandfather presently, "I should turn my steps northward to the country of the Hurons, and I should seek Garangula, a noted sachem, who is almost as old as myself, and I should tell him of my dream about the pale-faces. Perhaps Garangula might send a messenger to our council-fire bearing a message of peace; and then perhaps Hurons and Iroquois might be wise enough to unite against the strange race that has come from the mysterious land beyond the

rising sun." "Well, grandfather," spoke Oreola, "I believe that the words you uttered in the council were words of wisdom. The red men had better smoke the pipe of peace together. And now, old as you are, you are not too old to undertake such a journey as you speak of to the Huron nation. I will accompany you."

"You inspire me; I will go," exclaimed Yonondio after reflecting a moment. Here he again clapped his hands to his ears, for a band of children passing by were calling out, "Ha! ha! Look at the old man who has turned squaw!" It did not take Nachûsa more than a couple of minutes to hasten to the rescue, and one of the mocking brats, whom he caught, he rapped severely on the head with his knuckles, which were like iron, till the youngster howled. But in the meanwhile Yonondio had turned away and placed a thicket of hazel-bushes between himself and the scoffers.

Oreola, however, lingered behind in hopes that Nachusa might address her; and he did. "You are displeased with me, dear Oreola," he began the moment he looked into her sad, reproachful face. "I am. You have set all the curs in town yelping at my grandfather," she replied. "Well, Yonondio is no doubt in his second childhood," continued Nachusa; "otherwise he would not have spoken what he did to-day in the council. And it was wrong in me to hold him up to ridicule; Nachusa is sorry for what he did." "So am I sorry," murmured Oreola, letting him steal her hand. "But say not that my grandfather is in his dotage because he told the council of his portentous dream; dreams are sent to us from the spirit-land, and his was meant to warn us against the pale-faces, who, unless we listen to Yonondio's dream and unite against them, may in time conquer both Hurons and Iroquois." "Who has the power to effect such a union with our deadliest foes?" asked Nachusa, smiling.

"Could my grandfather end his days better than by striving to bring it about?" answered Oreola. "Ah! I understand," exclaimed Nachusa after a moment's pause. "But is not Yonondio too old to travel to the country where the Hurons dwell? Would he not perish by the way?" "Not if I went with him," answered Oreola. "I should carry the pounded corn and the smoked fish; I should build a little wigwam for him every night, and before the dogwood blossoms were out we should reach there." "Well, you do not astonish me," observed Nachusa in a tone of admiration. "In your veins flows the bravest blood among the Onondagas. No difficulties, no dangers would dis-

hearten Oreola. But, dear Oreola, be not so foolhardy. I should never see you again: if you escaped the demons of the forest your beautiful scalp would adorn the lodge of some vile Huron."

"My beautiful scalp!" ejaculated Oreola, tossing her long raven hair to the breeze.

"And if they took your scalp, what would Nachusa do?" he added mournfully.

"Make gifts to some other maiden," replied Oreola. "Besides, my grandfather is a coward, you know; and you would not wish to woo the grandchild of a coward?"

"O Oreola! 'tis cruel to be always reminding me of my thoughtless speech of to-day. I did not mean to say that Yonondio was not brave." "Well, now I must leave you," said Oreola. "I hear Yonondio calling me." But ere she turned away the young chief pressed his lips to her cheek; then he watched her as she walked to the other side of the hazel copse, murmuring to himself: "She is the tallest maiden in her tribe. And what a light step she has!—it would scarcely crush a violet. And what a noble heart beats in Oreola's breast!"

Early the following morning Yonondio and his granddaughter turned their backs on the fortified town of the Onondagas; the sun had not yet risen when they set out on their quixotic journey to the Hurons, and the old man said to Oreola: "I shall not come to the Hurons bearing any message of peace from our council lodge, and, seeing two Iroquois completely in their power, they may not be able to resist taking our scalps. Are you afraid?" On which Oreola replied: "Although it may require a whole moon to reach the Huron country, I go with a glad heart, for I know that I am doing my duty. I am not afraid." As the maiden spoke she was bending under a pretty heavy load—a big bag full of cornmeal and fish, and another bag filled with tobacco and a deerskin blanket. Yonondio, being a man, would have carried nothing except his weapons and his wampum-belt even had he been in the prime of life. When they got to the edge of the forest they were overtaken by Nachusa. "Are you really in earnest?" spoke the young Oneida chief, addressing Oreola. "Are you going to offer friendship to our bitterest enemies? What would your father say to this, could he return from the land of spirits?"

"I am doing what my father's father wishes me to do," answered Oreola, looking up with difficulty. "And I beg you to leave me to myself; your presence gives me pain."

"Indeed! Are you happier without me?" asked Nachusa. For a moment Oreola did not answer; she was overcome with emotion. "No," she said presently. "But you and I may never meet again, and it is a great trial for me to bid you good-by. Let us say good-by at once. Let us have the parting over." "Well, ere we speak the last words I must ask Yonondio to forgive me," continued Nachusa. "No," spoke the old chief, waving him back. "There is no forgiveness in my heart for him who has brought mockery on my gray hairs." "'Tis not so with you, is it?" said Nachusa, laying his hand on Oreola's arm.

"I forgive you," murmured Oreola. "But now—now—" Here her voice broke down; and after whispering in her ear a passionate farewell, Nachusa turned away, vowing awful vengeance on the Hurons if they touched a hair of her head, and saying: "Oh! why did not old Yonondio die before he got into his second childhood?"

"I have learnt that the Huron chief, Garangula, whom I am going to seek, is not at his home on Lake Huron," spoke Yonondio after they had trudged a couple of miles in silence. "He is fishing on the stream which the pale-faces have named the river Richelieu. Thither we must direct our course." "Be the journey ever so long, I will accompany you," returned Oreola, staggering under her load; "and had you breathed to Nachusa even one mild word I do believe he would have come with us." "What! would you have had him come with us?" exclaimed Yonondio, his deep-sunken eyes darting flashes of anger as he spoke. Oreola did not venture to reply, but inwardly murmured: "Nachusa is the bravest brave among the Oneidas, and I am proud that he loves me."

"Yes," added Yonondio presently, with a grim smile, "I will forgive Nachusa. I will forgive Nachusa when the sun stands still in the heavens. Not till then." At this Oreola fetched a deep sigh, then leaned against a tree to rest herself. But her grandfather bade her not to lose any time. "Walk on," he said. "Night is the time to rest. 'Tis not yet night." Then on the poor girl trudged, following close at the old man's heels, who, without any compass to guide him, was making as straight as a crow might fly for the far-off river which empties into the St. Lawrence.

A whole moon they travelled, fording many a swollen stream, crossing many a marsh and mountain; Oreola never complaining, albeit she was not so strong as when she had set out, for she ate as little as possible in order that her grandfather might have

enough. But one day Yonondio fell and hurt his knee. It was a serious hurt, for he was not able to walk; and when three days had elapsed and he was still unable to proceed, Oreola grew uneasy, for there was not much corn left in the bag, and there were no blueberries to be found at this early season. "Oh! if Nachusa had only come with us," she often sighed, "he would have got us enough to eat."

Finally, when they had remained in the same spot a week, Oreola, leaving Yonondio in the little wigwam made of evergreen boughs, hard by a spring of water, took his bow and arrows and went forth in quest of game.

She had not gone more than a quarter of a mile through the dense forest when her ear was startled by the sound of a human voice. She instantly paused and listened with beating heart, for the words which were uttered were words she could not understand. Presently stealing forward very cautiously, Oreola discovered a man whose face seemed well-nigh as white as snow. He was kneeling at the foot of a tree; his hands were clasped; his eyes were turned upward. What was he gazing on so intently? Was he striving to catch a glimpse of the blue sky, which was scarcely visible through the shadowy pines and hemlocks?

Oreola's first impulse now was to flee, for she had never seen a human being of this color before; doubtless he was one of the pale-faces whom she had heard her grandfather tell of, whose weapons made such a fearful report and who were in league with the Hurons against her own nation. But curiosity proved stronger than fear, and Oreola stood still and strained her vision to discover who it was that the pale-face was addressing among the branches overhead. But she could perceive nothing larger than a woodpecker, which presently flew away as if scared by the voice.

At length Oreola deemed it wise to retreat, which she did, bending low in hopes that the stranger would not see her. But Étienne Brulé was a noted *coureur des bois;* no white man in New France had so keen an ear, so quick an eye; and in a moment, rising to his feet, he was in hot pursuit of the fugitive. At the same time, using the Huron-Iroquois tongue, he called on her in imploring accents to halt. But, fast as Brulé ran, it would have been impossible to have overtaken the nimble-footed Oreola had he not bethought him of discharging his arquebuse. The instant its deafening report echoed through the forest Oreola dropped to the earth in a paroxysm of terror; and when pre-

sently Brulé reached her she was lying with her face buried among the dead leaves, and when he begged her to get up she did nothing but moan and tremble.

"Fear me not," spoke Brulé. "Skilful as I am in threading my way through the woods, I confess now that I am lost; and I was praying God to show me which direction to take, when lo! you appeared." Still Oreola durst not look up. Nor was it until Brulé had stroked her arm and most solemnly promised not to harm her that she ventured to rise. "You are a mighty wizard: you shoot thunderbolts. I pray you to have mercy on me," she said with downcast eyes. "Thunderbolts!" exclaimed Brulé, laughing merrily. Then taking her hand, he placed it on the arquebuse. But Oreola shrank back and averted her face. "Well, now, maiden," he continued, "listen quietly and I will explain how I am here. Myself and another pale-face—but one who is much greater than I am; he is a chief among the pale-faces—left the St. Lawrence River half a moon ago to try and find a beautiful lake which the Hurons have told us is hidden somewhere in this region." At the word "Hurons" Oreola began to tremble anew.

"What is the matter? Do I frighten you?" said Brulé. "Are we likely to meet any Hurons?" inquired Oreola.

"I think not. But if we were to meet a thousand no ill would befall you."

"You look brave," continued Oreola. "But you could not protect me. An Iroquois scalp is too precious to a Huron."

"You are, then, an Iroquois!" exclaimed Brulé, gazing on her with greater interest than before. "Well, I repeat, have no fear. My chief is a powerful man among the Hurons; they all obey Champlain." "Champlain? Oh! I have heard of him," said Oreola.

"Well, day before yesterday I got separated from him," went on Brulé. "But you will help me to find his tracks, will you not? And then great shall be your reward."

"I will do my best," answered Oreola. "But if you and your chief are lost, my grandfather and I are almost starving; I must first bring my grandfather some food." "Well, see you not this hare tied to my girdle?" spoke Brulé. "I give it to you." Oreola was deeply moved by his generosity; she smiled and clapped her hands, then made him a sign to follow her.

"What a pity she is a heathen!" murmured Brulé, as he went along. "How I wish one of our Franciscan Fathers were here to instruct her in the faith!"

He had seen a good many Indian women since he had come to New France, but this Iroquois maiden surpassed them all. Oreola was nearly as tall as himself and as straight as an arrow. Among the high-born damsels at the court of France none could have boasted more beautifully-shaped hands and feet; and the mantle of otter-skin which she had somewhat carelessly flung about her revealed the perfect form of a child of nature; and at the same time Oreola was so strong and agile. "She is as fleet as a deer," said the enthusiastic Brulé. "And so graceful! Oh! what a pity that she is a heathen." For, like his master, Samuel de Champlain, Brulé was a fervent Catholic and always anxious to see the poor red men become Christians.

Lame as the old chief was, he managed to stand up and clutch his tomahawk when he perceived Brulé advancing toward him. Then upon Oreola he cast a stern, questioning look. "Grandfather, lay aside your hatchet," spoke the latter. "Here is a fat hare which this pale-face has given me; and albeit the mysterious weapon that he uses makes a noise like thunder, he has thus far done me no injury." "Has Oreola forgotten the ominous dream which came to me not long ago from the spirit-land?" asked Yonondio reproachfully. "Is not this stranger one of the race against whom that dream gave me warning?" Oreola did not answer, but motioned Brulé to withdraw a few steps; after which, picking up two dry sticks, she began rubbing them briskly together so as to kindle a fire, when Yonondio, who was too hungry to wait, seized the hare, and, without offering her ever so small a morsel, ravenously devoured the whole of it except the skin. Oreola, of course, did not murmur at this, but presently turned and said something to Brulé, who immediately shouldered his arquebuse. "Whither are you going?" exclaimed Yonondio.

"I shall not be long absent," answered Oreola, without stopping. "Come back and give me another hare," cried the old man. But Oreola, who seemed to have quite gotten over her awe of Brulé, did not obey, and he was left muttering to himself: "In my gray hairs I behold marvellous things; nothing now is too strange to come to pass."

"You are not afraid to trust yourself with me?" spoke Brulé, after a short silence.

"Something in your countenance bids me not to fear," replied Oreola, who greatly admired his long, black beard, and was wondering how Nachusa would look with one.

At these friendly words Brulé took her hand, and, as she did

not withdraw it from his clasp, they continued their way hand-in-hand until they could no longer hear Yonondio's voice calling Oreola back. But Oreola, after they had gone about half a mile, ceased to admire his beautiful beard; her eyes were following an invisible trail upon the leaves and moss. At least it was invisible to Brulé, experienced woodsman though he was. By and by Oreola said: "We shall see your chief before long. Look!" And she pointed to the ground. Still Brulé could distinguish no sign of footprints; and even when she stooped and put her finger on the very spot where Champlain had trodden only an hour before, he still could perceive nothing.

"What will you give me when I find your great chief?" she asked, while he was praising her keen vision, which so far surpassed his own. "This," he answered, showing her a small ivory crucifix which he always carried about with him. And now Brulé went on to explain what the crucifix represented, and Oreola lent an attentive ear, while her eyes continued to be riveted on the ground before her. "I shall repeat what you have told me to Nachusa," she said at length, after Brulé had spoken about our Saviour: how he had appeared on earth as a poor little child and finally been put to death upon the cross. "Nachusa! Is that the name of your grandfather?" inquired Brulé.

"Oh! no. Nachusa is quite a young sachem. Yet he has taken many scalps. There is nobody like Nachusa," she answered. Here a cloud came over Brulé's sunburnt visage. "But now do go on and tell me more about Jesus, the Son of the great Manitou," she said. "'Tis such a wonderful story! I will repeat it all to Nachusa." Brulé was about to go on when suddenly Oreola paused and raised her hand to her ear in the attitude of listening. "We have almost reached your lost chief," she said in an undertone. At this moment a voice cried out: "Brulé! Dear Brulé! God be thanked we are together once more." And lo! scarcely forty steps away, and separated from them by a fallen tree, was the lost explorer. In another moment Brulé and Champlain were clasped in each other's arms; then, kneeling down, they offered up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving. "Well, we shall be careful not to lose our pocket-compass again," spoke Brulé when they had risen to their feet. "And, master, I never should have found you except for this young woman." Here he turned to Oreola. "Indeed!" exclaimed Champlain. "She is an Iroquois," added Brulé. "What! an Iroquois?" And Champlain gazed curiously upon Oreola, who

was the first of this formidable tribe that he had ever seen. Then, in a tone of admiration, "Why, she might be taken for Diana," he said—"Diana with her bow and arrows."

"She has besides her beauty some very good qualities," pursued Brulé. "She is devoted to her aged grandfather, and to please him she has walked many a league on starving rations; and I do believe that if Oreola became a Christian she would make an excellent one."

"Since she put you on my trail so easily," said Champlain, "might she not help me to discover the lake which I am in search of?" "I shall ask her," said Brulé. But Oreola begged to be allowed to go back to her grandfather; and to his wigwam she accordingly retraced her steps, accompanied by Champlain and Brulé.

"This young woman," spoke the former, whose zeal for religion equalled his passion for discovery, "must not part from us without being baptized." "I have already told her about our Saviour," answered Brulé, "and she listened to me with great interest."

"And you gave her the crucifix which she has about her neck, did you not?"

"Yes; and were she only a Christian, and—and would consent to live at Quebec, I—" "Bah! bah!" interrupted Champlain; "when Oreola is baptized let her go back to her own nation. There are a good many Catholic Hurons, but not one Iroquois has yet entered the fold." At this Brulé heaved a sigh and looked at Oreola, who turned her big, black eyes on him and wondered what he was thinking about. "So handsome a maiden," continued Champlain, "must needs have many admirers; and by exerting her influence over them she would be of great use to Father du Plessis, who is most anxious to visit the Iroquois nation."

Having rejoined Yonondio, Oreola could not be persuaded to leave him again for almost a week, and the old chief, who was still unable to walk, was at first exceedingly sullen. But Brulé, who brought him hares and partridges, and made him a present of a small knife, finally won his way into his heart, and one day Yonondio asked him how he would like to be adopted by the Iroquois. "You would become a potent medicine-man among us," he said, "for you would teach us how to shoot thunderbolts." Here he touched Brulé's arquebuse. "And I would tell Oreola that she must be your squaw: Oreola is very obedient." "You tempt me strongly," answered Brulé in a

half-whisper. "But my master would not let me leave him. But might you not come and live at Quebec? There I would give Oreola more beads than she could count and make her very happy." "Quebec! Oh! no," answered Yonondio. "My days are nearly ended; I must not die among pale-faces. But if you love Oreola—and I suspect you do—become an Iroquois; teach us how to shoot thunderbolts; and in the five nations of our confederacy no medicine-man would be equal to you in power." Here Brulé shook his head and left him to join Oreola, who was seated on a rock mending her grandfather's moccasins, while Champlain sat near by instructing her in the faith. She no sooner saw Brulé place himself opposite to her than she made the sign of the cross, which delighted him beyond measure, and the rugged pioneer went so far in his expression of delight that Champlain said: "Brulé! Brulé! If you are in quest of a wife why not go back to Normandy for one?" "Well, our Norman girls are beautiful, but I never saw an Oreola among them," replied Brulé, his brown face turning red. "Bah! You speak thus because you happened to meet her in the forest. And it was so romantic to meet Oreola all alone among the solemn trees, was it not?" "Well, you know, master, how fond I am of roaming through the wilderness," answered Brulé. "Civilization has lost its charm for me; I am happier in a wigwam than in a house; and where could I find one better fitted to be my companion in my wild and lonely journeys than Oreola? Why, did you not say yourself that she looked like the goddess Diana?" At this speech Champlain burst into a hearty laugh, which astonished Oreola, who did not understand what they were saying in French. "What will you give me," she said presently, "if I go with your chief and show him the lake which he has come so far to seek?" "I will give you almost anything you ask for," replied Brulé; "for there is nothing too good for Oreola." "Well, promise me this—I do not fear it any more. Give me this." Here she touched the arquebuse with the tip of her finger. "But you are a woman. 'Twould be of no use to you," said Brulé, who wished that Champlain were not sitting so near and listening.

"But Nachusa would be so pleased to have it," continued Oreola. "And all my tribe would say, 'Look at Nachusa, who fights with thunderbolts.'"

"You asked me yesterday for this," said poor Brulé, holding up a small mirror and at the same time heaving a sigh, for it pained him to hear her mention Nachusa. "I did not give it to

you yesterday, but now I do. Is not Oreola satisfied? Will she not consent to go with my chief and find the lake?"

"What! Do you give me the mirror even before I go?" exclaimed Oreola, seizing it with surprise and delight. "Oh! you are indeed very, very good." And now for several minutes Oreola did nothing but look at herself in the glass. Then she rose and said: "I am willing to be your master's guide. But before I depart I shall say a prayer." With this Oreola said aloud a Hail Mary which Brulé himself had taught her; and when she had finished the prayer Brulé exclaimed in French: "It was certainly God who sent Oreola to us in order that we might make her a Christian. But, alas! in a few days she will be gone and I shall never see her again."

"I will baptize her before she bids you farewell," put in Champlain. "And after that, Brulé, you must be a sensible fellow and forget all about Oreola. She is a redskin; let her go back and become the squaw of this Nachusa of whom she speaks. And if Father du Plessis, or some of the other Franciscans, establish a mission among the Iroquois, Oreola's husband will no doubt prove exceedingly useful."

"Well, if Oreola gets baptized, if she declares herself a Christian, I—I—"

"Sh-h! Don't utter any more nonsense," interposed Champlain warmly. "And if the young woman has consented to guide me to the lake, let her do so without any further delay."

"I wish I were going with you," sighed Brulé. "No. You must stay here and take care of the old man. Oreola does not wish him to be left all alone." Here be it said that Oreola herself had known nothing about the lake in question until her grandfather had told her that morning where it lay; and now, after Brulé had whispered a few words in her ear, she motioned to Champlain to follow her, and in a few minutes he and she were lost to view among the trees.

As they went along Champlain told her of our Saviour's coming on earth and of his ignominious death on the cross. She had already heard it all from Brulé's lips, but was glad to hear it anew; and Champlain was still speaking about Jesus Christ, when lo! the gloomy forest came to an end and they found themselves on the summit of a high bluff, while before them lay the wilderness sea, its rippling waters gleaming in the sunshine, and Champlain's vision, good as it was, was not able to discern the far end of the lake.

After he had silently admired the scene a moment he went

down to the water's edge, and there Oreola was baptized. She seemed to be filled with joy at receiving the sacrament, and presently in earnest accents she said: "O great chief of the pale-faces! you tell me that Jesus came down from heaven to teach men how to be good and to love one another. Why, then, will you not persuade the Hurons to love the Iroquois? My grandfather says that you are forming a league with them against my nation. I can hardly believe it after listening to the words you have spoken." When Oreola paused Champlain's eyes fell to the ground, and for several minutes he appeared to be meditating deeply. To extend the power of France, as well as to spread the holy Catholic faith, were the golden objects which Champlain kept ever in view; and in order to accomplish them he had deemed it wise to court the favor of the Hurons, who seemed well disposed toward the Franciscan missionaries, and who might aid him in conquering the powerful Iroquois, whose sway extended over the fairest portion of the land. But was this policy the best? If his trusty scout and hunter, Étienne Brulé, really wished to marry Oreola, might not such a union with a maiden of the Five Nations be turned to good account? Might it not bring about a friendly league between Hurons, Iroquois, and pale-faces, which in the end would be for the greater glory of France and religion? These questions Champlain was asking himself, and, after he and Oreola had erected a cedar cross on the spot where they had caught the first view of the lake, he said to her: "Oreola, my friend Brulé has a heart burning with love for you; he has already made you a few gifts; he would be happy to have you dwell in his wigwam as his spouse. Oreola, if you consent the gifts which Brulé has made you will be trifling compared with my gifts. No young squaw among the Iroquois will be a quarter so rich as Brulé's wife. Take him to your country; adopt him; make him an Iroquois chief. Being now a Christian yourself, you and he will be happy together; and when Father du Plessis comes among you to preach the Gospel you will be there to give him welcome. What does Oreola answer to that?"

"Well, I sincerely wish that all the red men and all the pale-faces might abide in friendship together," replied Oreola. "Yes, send Father du Plessis to my nation, and I will do my utmost to protect him and make him happy. I hope that he will baptize my dear Nachusa, for I must tell you that my heart and Nachusa's heart are bound together as one."

Touched by Oreola's words, Champlain did not press the

subject any further. And now in silence they took their way back to Brulé and Yonondio. They had gone about three-quarters of the distance when they heard the report of a gun. In less than a minute it was followed by war-whoops, which caused them to quicken their steps, and Oreola became at once a prey to terrible fears; for if these war-cries were uttered by Huron throats, they portended certain death to her grandfather and herself. And while they were running as fast as they could, Oreola kept calling on Nachusa. "O my beloved, my beloved!" she cried, "where are you? Where is your death-dealing tomahawk?"

It was a harrowing sight which greeted them when they reached the opening in the forest where Oreola had left her grandfather. His eyes had already been torn out, and around him danced a circle of Huron warriors, one of whom was flourishing aloft the old chief's gory scalp; while beside him lay poor Étienne Brulé, his life-blood crimsoning the brown leaves. For Brulé had killed a Huron in trying to defend Yonondio, and had afterwards been mortally wounded himself.

But the instant Champlain appeared the dancing and howling ceased. The Hurons revered him as a wonderful medicine-man, whom they durst not disobey; and the one who had shot Brulé immediately hid himself. "I am about to die; I cannot see you, but I know who you are," exclaimed Yonondio, as Oreola flung her arms about his neck. "Oreola," murmured the dying Brulé, lifting himself on his elbow—"Oreola, come to me!" "Hark!" said the old chief. "I hear the voice of the brave pale-face. The whole band of Hurons were not able to frighten him. Oreola, go to the pale-face who defended me as if he had been an Iroquois."

The young woman turned and knelt down near Brulé, one of whose cold hands Champlain was wetting with tears. "Oreola," spoke Brulé in a scarcely audible voice, "press to my lips the crucifix which I gave you and say a prayer for my soul." Oreola offered up a prayer which Brulé himself had taught her, and while she prayed Champlain continued to weep. And well he might; for who would fill Étienne Brulé's place? New France had no other man so skilled in woodcraft, none who had penetrated so far into the unknown continent as he. "Oreola, why do you mourn?" exclaimed the sightless Yonondio. "Have they scalped the valiant pale-face? Oreola, why do you lament?"

If Oreola answered her voice was drowned in the unearthly

yells which suddenly burst from every quarter of the forest; and while the astounded Hurons—who knew too well what it meant—were lifting up their tomahawks, on rushed the Iroquois.

But swiftly as they were bounding upon the doomed Hurons, Champlain's arquebuse might have ended Nachusa's life had not Oreola dashed the gun from his hands by a blow of her grandfather's club. The struggle was desperate, but did not last many minutes, and when it ceased not one Huron remained alive; and Nachusa's bloody fingers were already twined through Champlain's hair. In another moment his scalp would have been torn from his living head had not Oreola stayed the uplifted arm. "Nachusa," she cried, "if you truly love me spare this pale-face's life." "Why, what has come over Oreola? She does not speak like an Iroquois maiden!" answered the astonished Nachusa. Oreola made no response, but clung to his tomahawk.

"Well, I will grant you the boon you ask," he said. "But I cannot understand such a request. Look! A Huron arrow is buried in your grandsire's heart. Does not Oreola love revenge?"

"The dead pale-face yonder," replied Oreola, pointing to poor Brulé, "taught me certain things which have softened my heart. I will repeat to you one of these days all the wonderful things he taught me. Perhaps Nachusa may then love even those who fight against him."

"Well, if the dead pale-face has been able to soften the heart of an Iroquois toward an enemy, I wish that he could arise and speak to Nachusa, for he must have been truly a mighty wizard," answered the Oneida chief. "Alas! Étienne Brulé cannot speak any more," continued Oreola. "But his heart, when it beat, did not know what fear meant; he was as daring as an Iroquois, and got his death-wound defending my old grandfather. If Yonondio could speak he would tell you so." "I do not doubt Oreola's word," answered Nachusa. "And had this pale-face lived we should have adopted him. He certainly has the mien of a warrior." Oreola now quitted Nachusa's side and passed a few minutes on her knees, pressing again to Brulé's lips the little crucifix.

Then when she rejoined her lover she coaxed him to send Champlain two days' journey toward the St. Lawrence River in the care of one of his warriors. "For the pale-face cannot see his way in the woods as we can," she said. "His eyes are not like our eyes." "I do not believe that among all the Iro-

quois maidens you will find another Oreola," interposed Champlain; "no bribes could make her unfaithful to you. O Nachusa! treat her tenderly, and do not chide her when she prays to the one true God."

Nachusa responded by flinging his arms about her neck. "The pale-face chief speaks what is true," he said. "There is only one Oreola, and I will pray to the same God that she does."

Within an hour the Indian guide was ready to conduct Champlain to a point whence he might find his way alone to the St. Lawrence. But ere the latter departed he insisted on having Brulé decently buried. Accordingly a grave was dug, and at its head Oreola planted a cross. Then she reminded the father of New France to send to her nation one of the missionaries of whom he had spoken. "Nachusa will make a wigwam for him," she said, "and he will teach us all to love one another."

"If he come alone, if he come without weapons, I will make a wigwam for him. I will give him corn and venison," spoke Nachusa.

"And I shall not forget to do this very often," added Oreola, making the sign of the cross. "And when I talk about the beautiful lake which we found together, I will always call it the fresh-water sea of Champlain."

With a heavy heart Champlain now turned his face northward. He never saw Oreola again. Nor did the Franciscan, Father du Plessis, succeed in founding a mission among the Iroquois, who, as we know, a generation later utterly destroyed the Hurons who had become Christians.

But Oreola to the end of her life said the prayers which Étienne Brulé had taught her. Nachusa, whose wife she became, shielded her from the ill-will of the medicine-men; and when at length she was laid at rest he fulfilled her dying request and erected a cross at the head of her lonely grave on the banks of the Onondaga.

A TALK WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

"Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet exors ipse secandi."
—Horace, *Ars Poetica.*

"I tried to keep this article within the limits you mentioned," writes a valued contributor to the magazine editor, "but it grew under my hand. It is quite impossible to treat the subject adequately in shorter space." With a sigh the editor places this communication on the apex of a pyramid which a grim curiosity has prompted him to compile. They are all letters from valued contributors, in which, with a difference only of phrase, the same announcement is made. He takes up the next letter—you are to fancy him at his desk going through his daily mail: "Dear editor, I fear the enclosed article is too long, but I give you full permission to cut it down." (How kind! comments the grateful man.) "I shall also be obliged if you will trim off any little roughnesses in the style which your literary eye may detect. I wrote the article rather hastily and have not had time to revise it carefully." The editor, being a man of unbounded leisure, appoints his next off-day—which he finds to be the Greek kalends—to be devoted to the revision omitted by this contributor. "Sir," a bold, precise hand portentously begins, "I was surprised and pained, on receiving your last number, to behold the manner in which my article has been disfigured—the ends knocked off, paragraphs, words changed, sentences inverted. I suppose this is what you style editorial revision—'improving' an article. Let me tell you that had I known my contribution was to be subjected to such treatment to suit your Procrustean rules, I would have elected to forego the pleasure of seeing myself in print." Metaphorically the editor cowers, until he recalls a letter in the same handwriting of some months back, in which the good offices of his Literary Eye were earnestly besought; so he puts the document in a drawer where it can exchange grievances with a whole Limbo of fellow-sufferers. A crabbed, sprawling "fist" next assails him. With difficulty he spells out: "I hope you have dismissed your proof-reader. If not, do so, or let some other fellow read the proofs of my article. Last time he had nearly all the Greek accents wrong, making

me quote nonsense, and in the statistical table he put a figure 6 in one place instead of a 9. I wish you yourself would verify the references this time. I have not the books handy, but you have the Astor Library at your elbow. By the way, I forget whether that Greek line is from the *Chorus of the Frogs* or the *Heautontimoroumenos*, but you will know. Also be sure and see if I have got it right." "Honored Sir," begins the next communication—and the editor takes a crumb of comfort from the reflection that this one, at least, addresses him with proper reverence—"Honored sir, if the accompanying article does not suit you I would be obliged if you would kindly write a criticism of it, pointing out its weaknesses and where it might be improved. You might also give me an idea of the kind of articles you like best, with full particulars as to length, style, etc., etc." The flattering respectfulness of this gentleman has not time to work its spell before it receives a severe antidote. A correspondent, who abstains from using "sir" or "yours truly," complains that he received a printed form when his article was returned. What particularly annoys him is the courteous phraseology in which the editor has taken pains to concoct this form with a view to saving the feelings of the Rejected. "Declining 'with thanks,' indeed!" writes this graceless fellow. "Do you even read the articles you choose to vote 'not available'? I regard this kind of thing as simply insulting. Do you think people who send you articles are fools that they cannot see through these attempts to cover up with printed soft-soap the real reasons for rejecting their work? Surely self-interest, at least, ought to dictate that it would be wiser to treat your friends with more courtesy and candor. A blunt, honest reason, written out and applicable to the particular case, would be more satisfactory than reams of your soothering, sham excuses in type." By this time the "shining morning face" which the editor buoyantly brought down-town with him has begun to give way to that look of yellow melancholy which his mid-day droppers-in-for-a-chat consider so uncomplimentary to their powers of entertainment. And he goes through his pile, which has not yet perceptibly lessened, reading fawning missives, threatening missives, abusive missives, plaintive missives, with a steeled heart: "As my story does not seem to be *bad* enough to suit your magazine, will you please send it back?" "My humble little piece has but few merits to recommend it, I know, but you will not deny it a place when I tell you that on my pen depends the support of a widowed mother and an invalid sister." "I am cognizant of the

personal [thrice underscored] motives which influenced the rejection of my three last MSS. [this one is from a lady, alas!], and I shall now consider it a duty to the public to exert all my influence in the press and in society (and that is not so slight as you imagine) to discourage the circulation of your magazine." So runs the daily chorus. Truly, as Mr. James Payn says in his charming scrap of autobiography, "until a man becomes an editor he can never plumb the depths of literary human nature!" And when the editor has done with his interviews with the proof-readers and printers' devils, *and the contributors who communicate in person*, and when he has eaten some way into the mountains of MSS., he invites a frame of mind suitable to the composition of amiable replies to his correspondence of the morning. What does it avail, this amiability, this expostulation? Positively not much. Like the old man of the fable, he alternately beats his ass, and wheedles it, and carries it on his shoulders, only to meet with the same result. He is misunderstood, derided, berated to-day the same as yesterday, to-morrow as he is to-day.

But it is written that the worm will turn if sufficiently trodden on. I believe the old man in the fable ended by dashing down his ass in disgust and bidding his criticisers go hang. Why should the magazine editor have to spend his time writing out replies to the same letters over and over again? It would be interesting to calculate how many thousand miles of the earth's surface would be covered by these amiable epistles if they were pasted together. How many æons of precious hours have been given to their composition! And all for nothing! It is a sheer waste of amiability. Every day correspondents are asking for the same information, and, having got it, are disregarding it in the same way, and having paid the consequences of the disregard, are hurling the same contumely. Why should this be? Has an editor no feelings? Why should he be expected to be a moral and a physical monstrosity, a Briareus with a hundred hands, a Juggernaut crushing modest merit beneath his wheels, a nimble Mercury and a Lady Bountiful, all in one? If the idea of the editor that exists in parts in the minds of his contributors could be gathered together and given living shape, Mr. P. T. Barnum would pay highly for it for his show. Has he no friends? Must this most misunderstood of beings go on suffering and misunderstood for ever? Will no generous party come forward and lay his case once for all before his public of contributors? . . .

Now, if the contributors would only bear properly in mind

that what one of those correspondents objects to is one of the great facts of a magazine, what an amount of trouble and disappointment would be spared all parties! A magazine is indeed a bed of Procrustes. It is of a fixed size; it has only so many pages; it will hold only a certain quantity of matter. This is doubtless an imperfection in the eyes of the average contributor; but it really cannot be helped. A contributor is informed, for instance, that there are just eight pages to spare for the article he proposes to write. He sends in an article of twelve pages. Procrustes takes his axe and off go the feet and scalp, the four extra pages. The victim howls, but he should have known what was before him. Procrustes is sorry: he has had to waste time and trouble. Besides, he has a heart sometimes, and hates to mutilate a fair form—sometimes, but not often. In this kind of work he is a case-hardened savage—he does it after reading his morning mail. There was an undergraduate once, of our acquaintance, who was the envy of all his class-fellows because he had the intoxicating privilege of contributing occasional leaders to a "great daily." How he used to polish those articles till they shone like statuettes of Parian marble! He was reading his proofs in the office one evening when the editor, dropping in, said in a cruelly casual voice: "That article of yours makes a column and a half, and there's only three-quarters of a column open." Pendennis looked up in dismay. "What's to be done now?" "A very simple thing," says the savage. "Give me that proof." And with two big scrapes of his blue pencil he had the article hacked down to half its size. "But it is ruined—mutilated—symmetry destroyed!" cries out the horrified parent. "My dear fellow, you would be astonished," Procrustes says, whistling through the speaking-tube for the foreman—"you would be astonished if you knew the number of people who will read that article in the morning and eat their breakfasts with good digestions." It was a bitter lesson, but one that the young man remembered.

The difficulty seems to be that contributors to magazines (always excepting the divine few) will not distinguish between the requirements of monthly magazines and those of quarterly reviews. They are quite different things. The monthly and the quarterly fill two distinct functions. Both are important. Both are portions of the same army—the press. But one is siege ordnance, the other is flying field artillery. If you load a field-piece with the charge of a Krupp gun, what will happen? The piece will burst, will it not? Some contributors seem engaged

in a conspiracy to burst up the monthly magazine. They keep sending articles only fit for quarterly reviews—articles of fifteen pages and upwards. In a quarterly article you can exhaust your subject; in the monthly, if you write about the same subject, you only give the cream of it. A magazine article ought not to exceed ten pages; a quarterly can carry articles of twenty, or even forty or fifty pages, like the thunderous *Edinburgh*. A man may have to read a hundred special books to make up a subject, and is he to boil down that reading into six, eight, or ten pages and give it to a magazine? Exactly. The ideal magazine writer must be prepared to make a sacrifice; he must have in him something of the self-denying quality that Fichte demands of the "true Literary Man." He must be able to condense a big subject into eight or ten graceful pages. Perhaps the subject has several sides which are not homogeneous and cannot well be treated together in a short space. In that case each side is itself a subject. Let the magazinist devote a separate article to each side; but let him take care to make these articles so independent each of the other, and each so complete in itself, that they can be published with intervals between them, and that a reader would never discover from one of them that any other preceded it or was to follow. The "series" is to be shunned as if it were the plague. To write in this way requires skill. Of course. A magazine article is an epicurean dish devised by a *chef*, who in selecting its ingredients knows how to leave out many tempting things for the sake of delicacy. After all, why should there be this difficulty in getting writers to practise brevity and neatness? All their professors of style, from Quintilian to Mr. Matthew Arnold, commend these qualities. "The secret of writing well," says Lord Lytton, "is to know what to leave in the ink pot."

And then, above all things, the touch of the magazine writer must not be heavy. His articles must be such as a tired man will read with pleasure and refreshment after his day's work. "He has gained every vote," says the most delightful of all critics, old or new, "who has blended the useful with the agreeable by delighting and at the same time instructing his reader; such a book earns money for the Sosii, such a book even crosses the sea and extends to the celebrated author a long duration of fame." Even if something or somebody is to be attacked, let it be with the rapier rather than the two-handed sword. Be the truth ever told, however unpleasant, but tell it with a smile. Life has its labors, and it is not the part of the magazine writer to add to them. You may bring your quarterly to the study; the

place for the magazine is the fireside or under the shade of boughs. It must bear a sweet for every palate. The grandmother, the girl standing "where the streams meet," the young man with all his ambitions before him, the man of toil, are of its readers as well as the scholar and the priest. But how can all tastes be suited with song and story, and essay grave and gay, if two or three burly writers insist on taking up the room of others? The Catholic World contains one hundred and forty-four pages; if all its writers confined their articles to eight or ten pages each, fourteen or fifteen items would appear in every number besides the reviews of new books. And if they tipped their feet with Hermes' winglets! A vision rises before the mind's eye of the editor: a dazzling phalanx, the ideal band of contributors, a band of lithe ten-page men, no Falstaffian wind-bags or eighty-one-ton artillerists among them, and he at their head, his trusty falchion (blue pencil) gleaming in the sun, exhorting them to lightness of touch:

"Step together; be your tramp
Quick and light—no plodding stamp;
Let its cadence, quick and clear,
Fall like music on the ear—
Eagles soar on silent feather.
Tread light,
Left, right—
Steady, boys, and step together!
. . . Each man's single powers combined
Into one battalioned mind. . .
Thus prepared we reck not whether
Foes smite.
Left, right—
We can think and strike together!"

No article should be sent to a magazine which has not received its author's final touches—which is not, as far as he is concerned, perfect *usque ad unguem*. Even then the author must be prepared to see it "edited." Every article has to pass through this process, and the magazine writer must bear it stoically. It is indispensable. There may be something in an article, otherwise desirable, which may not suit the particular magazine or may give offence in a particular direction. A magazine is not merely a vehicle for printing various men's opinions the responsibility for which is covered by the writers' names. It is edited with a purpose in view, and, while in non-essentials considerable latitude is allowed, the editor has to see that every

contribution tends in some way towards this purpose and in no way against it. Most changes in articles which their writers may not quite see the force of may be set down to this cause. This is editorial revision. That tampering with a contributor's text for the sake of "improving the style," which Carlyle complained of suffering at the hands of Jeffrey, is editorial impertinence. The true editor never tampers thus, except in cases where sense or taste is violated, or when a careless writer bespeaks his Literary Eye. The writer whose page needs this kind of overhauling is the person of all others whom the editor would like to "get at" when he feels wicked. But editing, properly so called, is the editor's right. In this matter he—yes, he, this so misunderstood personage—claims the privileges of an autocrat. If contributors don't like how he conducts his magazine; if, having put an article into his hands, they object to its having been edited; if they complain because an article has been shortened; if they feel aggrieved because, after many days, the bread they cast upon the waters comes back with a printed form declining it "with thanks"—why, then the editor only meets them with the remark of M. Géronte in the comedy, "What the deuce brought them aboard the galley?" They should have known better than to come there.

Nor let the man complain whose article, having been accepted, is a weary time before it sees the light of print. The magazine can publish but a hundred and forty-four pages a month. Let him visit the editor in his sanctum and see the safesful and drawersful of accepted manuscripts that are, with his own, patiently awaiting their turn.

To the correspondents who write that their article "has been pronounced the best by far that has appeared in your magazine for some time," or that the article which they send is "above the usual level of your contributions," the editor extends the assurance of his most distinguished consideration.

As for the young men and women who ask for "criticism," the magazine editor feels very kindly towards them. But he does not aspire to "the critic's noble name." His function is not to award merit wherever he sees it, or to pass opinions, but to select what he wants for his publication. He may see great things in many an article, but not the kind of things that suits him. Dearly he would like to write and tell the authors all about these excellences and to tender his poor advice. He even does write sometimes! (Oh! it is unknown how much the editor is wronged in common opinion.) But generally he finds his legitimate work as

much as he can manage with comfort. Some day an improved editor may be devised who in his leisure can be made to act as a bureau of literary advice. But at present he is an imperfect creature. Good contributors, bear this in mind and be satisfied with the considerately-worded printed form.

FOUR POINTS RESPECTFULLY RECOMMENDED TO THE ATTENTION OF CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS MAGAZINE.

1st. *Never let your article exceed ten pages.* (There are five hundred [500] words in a page of The Catholic World.)—Only the fiction in a magazine is privileged to occupy more than ten pages. Keep the article under eight pages, if you can. If it did not run beyond four or six pages, and were otherwise acceptable, it would be sure of almost immediate insertion.

2d. *Never allude to a "series."*—If you cannot treat a subject in a single article, devote your article to one aspect of the subject. Let that be a complete article which can stand by itself without dependence on any other. By and by, if you like, send in another article, equally complete and independent, dealing with another aspect.

3d. *Never send in an article which is not as perfect as you can make it.*—Count on no revisions or verifications.

4th. *Prepare your manuscript neatly.*—Let it all be written on the same kind of paper, held together by a fastener. Let the handwriting be as clear as print. A clean, legible manuscript gives an article a great advantage with an editor whose eyes are not of brass, and who has a heart to feel for his compositors and proof-readers.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER IV.

A CLAYBURG RECEPTION.

THE train which one summer evening rushed into the Clayburg depot with the crashing importance of a special express carrying the highest dignitaries in the land had Florian and the count in one of its coaches. When the old, familiar landmarks which he had known and loved as a boy began to appear, and when for the first time in eight years he saw the strip of bay over which he had sailed so often, and sniffed the fresh-water breeze, lily-scented, a scale seemed to fall from his eyes and a hard-crusted shell from his body, and all at once he began to renew old sensations and to feel light as a boy again. "I can tell you it affects me, count," he said, "to come back to these old scenes which twenty-odd years of life have made dear to me."

"It always does," the count answered; "but it's an amiable weakness, and should be discouraged in diplomats and statesmen."

Florian began to gather his traps together before they had reached the depot, and the count was annoyed.

"What's the need of hurry?" he said pettishly.

"If I know this place," Florian answered, smiling, "there will be a crowd at the station, and one glimpse of me would ruin our night's rest. There would be an immediate reception, hand-shaking till midnight, speeches and a band till morning—"

"That will do," said the count, seizing his baggage; "let us rather return to New York than endure such a trial. This America is awful, awful in its hand-shakings."

When they arrived at the depot both were standing on the last platform, and they jumped off on the opposite side as soon as the train stopped. A small boy standing near was about to rush away when Florian seized him by the collar and pressed a dime into his hand.

"Where do you live, Tommy?" said he kindly.

"Up thar," said Tommy, pointing off into the distance.

"Well, git thar," said Florian, "and don't get back for ten minutes."

As the boy disappeared the count said: "I do not understand this bribery."

"He was stationed at this end of the train to notify the loungers of our attempt to escape without being seen."

"Ah! I see you are up to all the tricks of the natives."

"I am one of them," said Florian, with a surge of tenderness in his voice; "it all comes back to me like swimming. I shall give you a sail to-morrow."

They left the bustle of the depot behind them, and on reaching the top of the short hill Florian made the count look at the twilight beauty of the scene. Vladimir was not an admirer of scenery, but he looked and saw the waters covered with long, shifting lights from the west where a faint red glow shone, and the distant islands, visible only by the lights of dwellings there. A feeble moon threw silver flashes where the darkness was deepest. The long line of docks was a forest of masts with their red and green and white lights showing like stars against the sky, and over the hubbub of the travellers at the depot could be heard occasionally the singers in the boats far out on the calm river.

"The stillness is quite oppressive," said the count, with a shiver, as they turned into the garden of Wallace's home.

"It is a place to make you think," said Florian pointedly.

"Heaven save me from that!" laughed the count. "It is the one glory of my life, and its joy, that of all men I can think least."

Florian entered the house without any ado, and left his valise in the square room which once belonged to him. To the servant who came to inspect the intruders he gave the message for his mother that Florian had come home. The count was a trifle curious when he heard the hurried, timorous step in the hall, and he watched Mrs. Winifred closely as she appeared dressed in plain black, with her white, pointed cap lying across her smooth hair. She was in an exceedingly nervous state and hardly noticed Vladimir's title, calling him Mr. Countbrenski a moment after the introduction. Preparing two rooms for the gentlemen, and seeing them retire to brush off the dust of the journey, gave her an opportunity to settle down into her usual placidity, which she did in Linda's room, where she sat crying and murmuring to the darkness, "O Linda! he has come back again."

The count was so delighted at not finding in Florian the faintest resemblance to his mother that he grew eager to begin work at once.

"I have still less resemblance to my father," said Florian. "But it would not do to scare my mother by broaching so abruptly an important matter. The idea of trying to prove her son the property of another woman! Your object would certainly be frustrated by such haste. You would get no information at all."

When they went down to the parlor Sara had arrived and was in ecstasies over the presence of her honorable brother and a count. Mrs. Winifred did not know whether he was French or Italian, but thought Florian muttered something about an embassy.

"Oh! he's from Washington," said Sara. "How delightful!" And the curtsey she made before Vladimir was a marvel of grace and dignity. The count devoted himself to her for the whole evening, and left Florian to prepare his mother for the examination of the morrow, which he did with great tact and delicacy. For Mrs. Winifred, on hearing of the horrors which the count had prepared for her, was stupefied by fright and despair, muttered "yes" and "no," and "seemingly" and "certainly" to Florian's consoling explanations, and altogether behaved so absurdly as to leave the impression of success on the great statesman. She was quite prepared for the ordeal, laughed in her soft, deprecatory way at the notion of losing her son to a Russian prince, and even expressed a wish to undergo an examination that evening. But Florian demurred and took the count off to smoke a cigar, while his mother fled again to Linda's room to cry her eyes out in consternation.

Billy came home at ten o'clock precisely and found two manly strangers chatting pleasantly on the veranda. One of them took his hand and shook it warmly, saying: "Halloo, father! Wake up to the dignity of a count and a Congressman on your veranda!"

It was very sudden, and in the succeeding five minutes Billy ejaculated "divil" two hundred times at least, following this discharge with a brigade of questions as to the how and when of their arrival. He did not at all wish to go to bed that night—was bound to wake up the village and have a bonfire, or at least get out the squire and have a night of it; but Florian vetoed these resolutions, and quieted him by agreeing to a public reception before his departure.

"Congressmen are scarce in this town," he said to the count in explanation of his father's enthusiasm, "and counts, Russian ones at least, an equal rarity."

"Fortunate town!" said the count, knocking the ashes off his cigar.

Mrs. Winifred, after the gentlemen had retired, urged Billy to go over to the squire and assist in laying plans for a public reception the next day. "And stay there to-night," said she, "that you may be up the earlier to-morrow." In fear of disturbing the guests the delighted old boy stole out on tiptoe.

The moon was shining clear and full when Florian and Vladimir reached their rooms, and the low-lying islands were distinctly to be seen. Florian called his attention to them.

"Not that you may admire their beauty," said he, "for I begin to perceive that you have other ideas of beauty, but to tell you of a certain old fellow who haunts these islands, and whom we shall visit to-morrow. He lives there solitary, fishing and hunting and reading Izaak Walton, and is full of a homely but keen philosophy, half-human, half-barbaric, which is really unique. He has an idea that politics will be my ruin."

"And looks through a man at the first glance, I suppose."

"No, he is not too acute an observer; but I think he can draw blood even from an elegant attaché. One must be thick-skinned to avoid a wound. It sounds like truth, too."

"If it has the ring it must be the metal," said the count.

As the count had asked the favor of being made acquainted with all the circumstances of Florian's birth as soon as possible, the examination was held the next morning after breakfast. Mr. and Mrs. Buck were present, and, with Billy, were informed of the reasons of the count's visit. Billy was highly amused, and Sara felt the inspiriting charm of acting a part in a real romance. The count saw in the manner of each member of the family that fate was against him. Father and mother might have shown a little agitation, and so have given a hope that their astonishment was but assumed. Billy, however, chuckled constantly, and Mrs. Winifred was as placid as usual.

"Seemingly," said she, with great composure, "we lived behind Russel's Camp for a number of years."

"We might have been there yet but for your tinkering," Billy snapped, with a sudden and vivid recollection of damages sustained in leaving the camp.

"Thank Heaven we are out of it, the horrid place!" said Sara. "I would never have met Mr. Buck there nor anybody; and where would you be now, my blessed little Florian?"

"The Protestant brat!" barked the grandfather, patting the child's head with secret tenderness.

"It was there Florian came to us, and Sara, and Linda, and one younger child who died before we left the place. Seemingly, none of the children were baptized in a church."

"How could they be?" Billy jerked out. He was in a chronic ill-temper before strangers. "There wasn't a church in fifty miles."

"How terrible!" said Sara for the count's benefit, "to be deprived of the consolations of religion—"

One withering look from Billy ended this speech, and, in fear of an outbreak, Mrs. Winifred burst in with "Père Rivet baptized our children and took the records with him to Montreal, I suppose. I couldn't say where. But, seemingly, it troubled me. For if Florian had wished to be a priest we had no certificate of baptism."

"Not much trouble to you now," sneered Billy; "he's a Congressman, the divil!—the very opposite of a priest. And your grandson, with a certificate handy, is to be a minister. Think of that, count—think of that, sir."

"We moved here," said Mrs. Winifred patiently, "when Florian was about five years old, and here we have lived since."

"Are you satisfied, count?" said Florian then; and the count nodded in some hesitation.

"I must apologize to you," he said, addressing the family, "for the trouble I have given you—"

"Oh! I assure you, count," Sara broke in, "it has been a very great pleasure. Just like a novel, indeed."

"I must thank you for the kind manner in which you have humored me. I am satisfied," laughing gaily, "that your son is your own. I shall never again trouble you in this way."

"But in other ways," said Sara, "we shall be so happy to serve you. Some troubles are real pleasures."

"Not such troubles as you, you divil!" said Billy.

"But such troubles as this," she answered good-naturedly, holding young Florian close to the wrinkled face; and the grandfather was forced to smile and chuckle in spite of himself.

The morning conference was broken up by the stentorian voice of the squire at the front gate welcoming Florian to the arms of his native town. At his back were a half-dozen of the democratic fathers of the village, anxious and happy to greet the lion of their fold, the standard-bearer of Juda, their David in the ranks of the Philistines. Count Vladimir shuddered at the grasp which each of the ancients in turn gave to Florian's hand and

the pump-handle shake which followed, and kept two books in his hands during the ceremony of introduction.

"Glad to see you, count," said the squire. "You are a rare bird in this part of the country, but I met a dozen of you in New York when I was there. Boys, this is a real, live Russian count, imported from Moscow, and Florian's friend. He's to be included in the reception. You'll make a speech, count, of course."

The very decided refusal of the count was drowned in the clamor which all present raised in behalf of the speech.

"The ladies of the whole town will be present," said Sara, "and it would be too bad to deny them the pleasure of hearing a count talk."

"Is not this a republican country?" said the count.

"Oh! but you are a rarity," Florian replied, "and must be heard as well as seen. You are on exhibition like myself."

"It is the one thing of this country—self-exhibition," the count muttered in a disgusted undertone, but aloud he said blandly, "If the ladies wish it I am their slave."

"How delightful!" thought Sara. "He talks just like an earl."

The squire, by request of one of the elders, wished to introduce them singly to the count, but this calamity was prevented by Mrs. Winifred. She had been sitting quietly observant of the proceedings, and now tumbled into her son's lap in a dead faint; whereupon the elders gathered about her in a close-pressed gang, and the count, having been caught between them with his protecting books in his hands, got such a democratic squeezing as he had never before experienced. The squire, however, hustled out his friends, and left the family to attend Mrs. Winifred.

"This never happened before in her whole life," said Billy, with tremulous lips, as she began to show signs of returning life. Florian whispered to the count, who followed him into the garden.

"It's a good thing to get away," he said. "That deputation would keep us till noon, when I wish you to see the islands and my hermit friend."

"Your mother—" began the count.

"She is all right. I knew your mission would make her overnervous, for she is very excitable."

They went down the street to the dock below the depot, and in a few minutes Florian had hired a boat and hoisted the sail to a favorable breeze. A few loungers stood on the shore and

watched curiously the ordinary human motions of so queer creatures as a politician and a count.

"Rustics are the same the world over," said Vladimir. "I could fancy myself in a Russian village this morning and not draw heavily on imagination."

"But such colors!" said Florian, waving his hand to the scene and taking a deep, delighted breath. "I feel like an old, dust-covered, moth-eaten volume opened for the first time for years to the sunlight and fresh air."

"That is anything but a delightful feeling," said the count. "I am chilly. This water-wind is too fresh and heavy for the lungs."

"Not for me," said Florian, putting his hands to his mouth and giving a succession of wild whoops—a trick learned in his schoolboy days. An answer was faintly heard in the distance to their right, then to their left, and finally all around came shrill, tremulous cries more or less distant.

"You see the strength of our traditions," said Florian. "That was the war-cry of the boys twenty years ago, and the new generation has not forgotten it."

"Was that informal reception of this morning a tradition?" said the count sarcastically.

"Washington went through it all fifty years ago," Florian answered. "It is one of the means by which we advance our popularity. The average American rates an honest hand-shake highly."

"I would feel like Coriolanus if I had to ask such suffrages."

"And you would fare like Coriolanus, no doubt. Now, if you have any taste for natural beauty, look at this."

They had left the river and were entering the curved channel which passed into the Bay of Tears.

"It is a bow," said Florian, "and we are the arrow. See, now we shoot heavenward." And like a transformation scene the narrow passage, in which the waters mingled their murmurs with the sighing of the trees, widened on the instant into a glorious bay where the waters slept in the sunlight and a silver-white mist lingered in the air. Even the indifferent count was touched.

"Your hermit has a royal dwelling," said he, "when such a vestibule leads to it."

"We shall see," Florian replied. A short run up the Canadian side of the river brought them to the landing-place. "This is the royal residence," said he to the count as they anchored.

To the disappointment of both, the hermit was not at home, but everything was in its old place, even the copy of Izaak Walton; and Florian saw with delight the absence of change, as if he had been gone but a day!

"This is the nearest approach to eternity that man can make. There has been no change here in twenty years, and I suppose the furniture of his brain and his heart are in the same placid condition. Such a man endures death with philosophy."

"Nonsense!" the count said; "on the contrary, he is always unprepared for so violent a change. With me a worldling death is one of those incidents which make life charming. There is a risk in holding life's jewel. Now, this hermit, as I suppose, is wildly virtuous, an ascetic—"

"No, no. He is sedate, stoical, serious, but not a devotee."

"Then he has taken to this life from a love of it, and not because a companion was struck dead by lightning at his side or because he had already exhausted the world?"

"I would like to hear himself answer those insinuations. It would take all your cynicism and wit to match him. Above all men he despises an indifferentist."

"What do you call this?" said the count, holding up a delicate handkerchief between his thumb and finger. "Was it not one such that damned poor Desdemona?"

"As I live," replied Florian, examining the article, "my hermit has strange visitors occasionally."

There were no marks by which its owner might be known, but the keen eyes of the count detected the letter "W" which had been worked with colored silk at one corner, and the color had faded.

"An initial belonging to you," said he, pointing it out. Florian looked at it thoughtfully for a few moments.

"It is just possible," he said, pressing the handkerchief to his lips, "that this is a relic of Linda—poor Linda! If so it would be a pity to deprive him of what must be dear to him. He thought so much of the child."

He put it between the leaves of Izaak Walton reverently.

"Then we shall not see him," said Vladimir.

Shaking his head for answer, Florian led the way to the boat. They were getting in the anchor when a curious kind of music reached their ears and drew their attention to a distant point around which a boat was sailing.

"It is a stringed instrument," said Florian, "or I would say we were to see a relic of the pipes which played before Moses.

It is the melancholy jew's-harp, and an unskilful hand is playing the one string. Perhaps it may be the hermit."

The boat coming into sight showed Père Rougevin's short, stately form at the tiller and a farmer's boy, with his feet dangling in the water, sitting in the bow. The priest was the musician, and the tune, which he still continued to play with vigor, was "Yankee Doodle."

"You must know him," said Florian, flinging out a signal to the other boat; "he is a leading man in this northern country, and can tell you more about Paris than you know."

"Or he knows," said the count ironically. "Is he the parish priest?"

Before Florian could answer the boats were alongside, and Père Rougevin stepped into theirs and shook Florian's hand warmly.

"You can return," he said to the boy. "I shall get home in this boat—that is, if you gentlemen are bound for Clayburg."

Florian assured him on that point, and introduced him to the count immediately.

"Count Behrenski?" repeated the père. "Have I not met you before, count? Are you not the son of the Baroness Loduski?"

"You know my mother?" said the count, with a feeble smile.

"I held the honor of her friendship in Paris when you were a mere boy," said the priest. "It pleases me beyond measure to meet the son of such a woman, noble in her courage against misfortune, in her attachment to the faith, in the beauty and the purity of her life."

Florian mercifully looked to his sail while this eulogium was delivered, but the count received the flattering yet cutting words with well-bred composure and promised the priest a deadlier wound in exchange for his Parthian arrow. For there was something in Père Rougevin's averted glance and reserved manner which would lead one to suspect a sarcasm on the very opposite character of so noble a woman's son.

"That music which we heard from your boat—" began Florian.

"The jew's-harp," said the père, showing it with a smile, "the stringed instrument of the wanderer. Yes, I was playing patriotic airs; but it is out of tune. I want a tuner. You know of none, count?"

"Why, any person given to harping on one string would do," said the count; "they have experience."

The père politely handed it to Florian amid a general laugh. As they went along Florian told him of the motive of their visit to Clayburg, and, without expressing any emotion save amusement, the old gentleman went on to point out to the count various objects of interest on their route, and the anecdotes, tragic or otherwise, connected with them.

"You probably visited the greatest curiosity of this region, but did not find him at home."

"You mean the hermit?" said the count. "No, we did not see him. This place seems like a domain of chance. You can find no one in the places usually allotted to them. All are wanderers."

"That is its principal charm. But there is some method in the chance, after all. As a good old lady remarked to me some time ago: 'Do you miss your prayers in the morning?' said I. 'No, father, I doesn't; but bein' kind o' busy with hayin' and the fishin', I puts 'em off till night, sir.' Work is done, and not fitfully."

The sound of distant music of a powerful and brassy quality reached their ears and drew their attention to the town, which from that spot looked very pretty with its white buildings and steeples shining in the sun. A crowd had gathered on one of the wharves, and a band was playing under the shadow of innumerable flags and banners, while cheering shouts and yells were faintly borne over the water.

"You will have the opportunity of seeing a political turnout," said Florian to the count. "There stands the deputation awaiting us, and hundreds of gentle hearts are palpitating now with the delightful thought of seeing a real Russian count. Mrs. Buck has taken the greatest pains to set your charms in their brightest light before all the ladies of the town."

"There is a natural weakness attached to man's fall, it seems," the priest said in measured tones, as he brushed some dust from his coat with dainty fingers, "which sets him in love with titles. No attention is paid to the character of the title-bearer. If every one, count, were as nobly borne as yours!"

"You are my mother's friend and eulogist," the count replied, bowing, "and think of me too highly. I am indeed proud of my name, but have done little so far to add to its lustre."

The boat had now put off from the dock to meet them, with the squire's red visage in the bow, and they sailed into port in his company amid the most frantic cheers of the multitude.

"Nothing, this, to Parisian enthusiasm," said the priest as they stepped ashore, "but more sincere and lasting, perhaps."

A carriage was in waiting, and, all having entered, they took

the last place in a procession of which the band had the first; and did it justice. The ride was short. They were transferred to a hotel balcony, which gave them the opportunity of seeing their admirers in an agony of exhaustion, sitting on the curbstones of the street, on barrels and boxes and staircases, and leaning out of windows in heart-breaking attitudes, while the sun beat down on them, and the band blared about and through them, dividing with the count the attention of the multitude. Every one was red, and every one had a handkerchief with which he mopped and reddened the more his perspiring face. Only one cool, shaded spot stood in view, on the opposite side of the street, where under a protecting canopy sat the well-dressed leading ladies of the town, headed by Reverend Mrs. Buck, and levelling opera-glasses at the titled victim of one part of this ovation.

The squire, as chairman and general manager of the reception, was in a new place every instant, mopping industriously at his blooming face and swearing in secret at the intense heat. His exertions to have the affair proceed smoothly were nobly seconded by the father of the Honorable Florian, who, while he thought himself the very centre of observation, was of no more consequence to the crowd than if he had been his son's remotest relative. When the brass band had wound up its disturbance with one prolonged crash of powdered melody the squire stepped forward amid cheers. With his back to Florian and his face to the crowd he welcomed to his native town this admirable specimen of the political youth of the time, congratulated him on the eminence he had won in the service of his country, prophesied his future glories and the glories he would reflect on Clayburg, and pledged to him the eternal, the undying, the immortal, solid, uninterrupted fidelity and esteem of the citizens of the town. Amid a second tremendous round of cheering Florian took his place and endeavored to out-adjective the squire in one of his most telling stump-and-spread-eagle speeches. There was frequent applause and sociable cries of "That's so," "'Rah for our boy!" "Flory knows where his bread an' butter be," "Hay-seed for ever!" until the count writhed like a man taking a whipping. When the speaker had ended the count was introduced by the chairman as a foreigner who much admired republican institutions and would tell them what he thought about them plump and plain. So the count intended sharpening his weapons of sarcasm and wickedly determined to inflict some suffering on those who had not spared him. But the mood of the people had apparently changed. Their humorous vulgarity disappeared, a

polite silence reigned, broken only by very modest applause; and the surprised nobleman spoke pleasantly to these rough people, who had tact enough to understand that their free American ways might be offensive to a Russian. What gentleman could do more? And the ladies were so delicately attentive and sympathetic, catching the most veiled and diplomatic allusions to their beauty and worth, and applauding with such discrimination!

There was some mixed speaking afterwards on the part of noteworthy elders anxious to put their opinions on record; and a very smart youth, whose kind has notably increased in the country, disgusted every one by his cheek, his vulgarity, and his affectation; to whom the crowd paid no attention, but, with many sharp criticisms on their defects, with many wishes that the dinner might not interfere with their talking powers, and with considerable laughing, scattered homewards, while the tired and heated count was led into the dining-room and placed at his seat amid a hubbub too horrible for description.

These hot, red-faced, perspiring Yankees were still full of spirits and appetite. It was dreadful for the count to see what hungry looks they cast at the dishes, as if the noise and confusion of the procession and the speech-making were incentives to appetite. Knives, tongues, and dishes clattered in unison; waiters ran hither and thither, in and out, tripped and sprawled, as if their reputations depended on the absurdities they were performing; the elders upset gravy-bowls and vinegar-cruets with social equanimity; everything was put on the table at once; everybody shouted his thoughts to his neighbor; a steam rose from every dish like a cloud, and around each man's plate was grouped an army of smaller dishes, to which his neighbor helped himself with genial freedom! The count groaned helplessly. And there sat the Honorable Florian, the cause of all the trouble, calm, cool, and elegant, full of good spirits, his pleasant voice rising above the din and roaring encouragement at his friend, until the band broke loose and sat upon all rivalry with a completeness of triumph and penetration that made the count feel as if he were eating that awe-inspiring music.

"Down South they call this a barbecue," the squire shouted at him across the table, where he struggled with a roast standing; "this is, of course, a leetle milder."

"Oh! considerably milder," said an ancient—"considerably, squire."

"Ya'as," drawled another. "I suppose it's only a shadow of

a real barbecue. The Southerners air apt to dew things with a rush, bein' a leetle fiery."

"That's where you'd see fun," the squire continued. "But still this is a pretty good specimen of a high old time. Of course with—"

A burst from the band crushed the words back into his mouth; but the squire continued to roar, and the count nodded politely while pretending not to see his neighbor carrying off his green peas. The gentleman had said, unheard by the count: "Seein' as you don't take to them 'ere, *I'll* try 'em."

After a time Vladimir passed into a dreamy state in which he seemed to be the centre of a revolving machine. He rather liked it on the whole, and as the motion grew slower and slower he began to realize that the table was cleared, the Yankees satisfied, and Florian speaking in the midst of a great and pleasant silence. Some comic singing followed, there was a general handshaking, of which he had a share, and finally he was conducted to the quiet of the Wallace home.

"How did you like it?" said Florian, when they had changed their clothing and sat looking at the sun shedding his latest glories on the river.

"I feel as if I had been through a campaign. If my greatest enemy had done this his revenge could not have been more complete. And this is the government of the people! O Coriolanus, Coriolanus! And the fellow who ate my peas! Florian, take me away out of this at once and for ever, and never, never, never drag me into such a barbecue again. It is well named. We have been here but twenty-four hours. I feel as if it had been as many years."

"We go to-morrow," said Florian, with a sigh. "I would like it to last for ever."

"Since it can't," answered the count solemnly, "amen!"

CHAPTER V.

PAUL IS HAUNTED.

WHEN Florian returned to New York he took with him the determination at once to set about his wooing of Frances Lynch, and to propose as soon as convenient afterwards. The task which he contemplated was not irksome. The courtship would be more prosaic than if he were an anxious lover, but a beautiful, high-bred, elegant woman was a treasure any man might seek

with eagerness and lose with pain. When he had the pleasure of next seeing the young lady—she was with Peter in the parlor—he took occasion to greet her with as much warmth and tenderness as was permissible. Under the restraint of his presence Peter grew silent, and, when he did speak, gave broad hints about people with gizzards instead of hearts. Florian had never taken kindly to the old man, and, having a suspicion that the fault was his own, was apt to be inconsiderate and harsh towards him. When Frances withdrew he turned upon him severely.

"You have a habit of making peculiar remarks in my presence," said he, "which I cannot but think applicable to myself—"

"If the cap fits ye, put it on," Peter answered sullenly; "there's many of 'em seems just made for you."

"If that is so," said Florian, "I wish it understood that you are not to put them on. If I am to endure it again I can find from Mrs. Lynch whether you or I am the preferred boarder."

"Why can't ye let another man's property alone, then," said Peter, with a frightened gasp, "and 'tend to yer Protestants an' convent girls?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean! What can I mean but that ye are interfering where ye have no right?" And jumping up, Peter began to walk the floor excitedly. "What business have ye smilin' so tenderly on a girl whose heart already belongs to another?"

"Stop a moment!" cried Florian sternly. "Do you say that Miss Lynch is engaged to any gentleman?"

"I say what I say," snorted Peter, "an ye have no business courtin' a girl that another has courted, is courting, and will marry, please God, if I have anything to do with it."

"May I ask who the gentleman is?" soothingly.

"Oh! it's well ye know, then," said Peter, with supreme scorn. "Who else would it be but Paul?"

"Paul!" muttered Florian, feeling the frown which he did not permit to appear on his face; and while Peter tramped the room with slowly reddening face and a continuous stream of talk in Paul's behalf, he allowed the fountain of his bitterness to open and pour out its waters on the memory of his friendship for the poet. He had connected Paul in some way with his failure to win Ruth the second time. Barbara was always talking of the matrimonial fitness of Ruth and the poet for each other, and Ruth herself had admired him. It was his advice which had brought about her conversion, and Paul himself had acknowledged his readiness to woo her if Florian had failed, until he

had learned of her Protestantism and by his withdrawal from the field had shown Florian's inconsistency. And now here he was again interfering with his matured designs. The lawyer shut his teeth with the bitter determination to destroy whatever affection existed between Paul and Frances. He knew and felt his own ungenerous spirit; but generosity of soul was not at present a strong point in his character. Peter meanwhile was walking, asserting, and working himself into a comfortable rage.

"D'ye think I'd see a pretty, decent girl married to a thief of the faith like you, an infidel—"

"Stop!" thundered Florian with his most tremendous frown.

"That for yer stop," said Peter, snapping his fingers and executing a Tipperary leap into the air. "D'ye think for one moment I'd stand by and see her give herself to a man that has no more Catholicity about him than the coat on his back, that goes to Mass only when it pleases him, that's betrayin' his religion for the sake of the world's honors an' uses his talents to discredit the mother that bore him? D'ye think I would, sir"—coming closer to him threateningly—"d'ye think I would—d'ye think—*I*—WOULD?"

By this time he was beside Florian with his hot, sullen face and panting lips. For the first time the real fun of the scene reached the politician, for he laughed suddenly and heartily in Peter's face.

"Oh!—ah!" said Peter, withdrawing to a distance, half-afraid that he had made a fool of himself. Then Florian said politely:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carter; I think I have made a mistake, and I am sorry for it."

"Ye have made a mistake," said Peter doubtfully, "and I don't know as apologies cover it, either. Well, I can't be less than a gentleman, anyhow; I never was. But ye'd better make up yer mind to leave the field to Paul. No good can come of yer interfering."

Florian bowed with a tolerating smile, which cut Peter so smartly that he stepped impressively to the other's side.

"Believe me," he said in a whisper, and the brogue disappeared from his lips like magic, "you will never marry Frances Lynch while I live."

With another bow, which was but an expression of polite scorn, Florian withdrew, leaving Peter to gloomy meditation in the parlor. "He thinks I can't do it," he muttered. "Well, let us see."

Florian was deeply annoyed at the manner in which Peter

contrived to work himself into his affairs, and tried vainly to put an end to it. Wherever he went in Frances' company the old man was sure to be present, haunting them like a ghost, breaking in on tête-à-têtes and making himself an unwelcome third. It did not take Florian long to discover that if there was any attachment between Frances and the poet it must have been in past time or existed only in Peter's fertile fancy. They were often enough together, of course, but there was no sign of affectionate intimacy, and the moment Florian's attentions became marked Paul gracefully disappeared from the scene. Nor did there appear to be any heart-breaking on either side. Save, then, for the single instance of Peter's impertinence, the course of Florian's latest true love could not run more smoothly.

But Frances was a provoking girl to woo, with all her sincerity. She made no advances. For other reasons the courtship began to lag, and Madame Lynch found it necessary to caution her daughter.

"This is the third time," she said, "in which Mr. Wallace has begun to pay you marked attention, my child. He never gets beyond the beginning, and I think you treat him with too much indulgence. I know that you love him, but it seems to me you would have done better to have dismissed him at the outset."

"How can I tell, mother," said Frances, clasping her hands, "but that I may have been in fault? With him I can never be frank, as with others, and I have often thought it might be my manner that repelled him."

"Men are not so easily repelled," said madame; "there must have been some influence stronger than you, my love, to draw him in another direction."

Frances by her silence acknowledged that she knew of such an influence.

"It is probable," continued madame, "that these influences are now gone, and you may reasonably hope that he is in earnest. But it is not a position I would like. Love makes one humble, I suppose."

The tears began to flow down Frances' cheek.

"I suppose I am weak," she said, with a wan smile, "but O mother! I do love him, and I never can cease to love him. It makes one over-indulgent, perhaps; but then the blame is not on my side, and my conduct has never given him reason to think that I care for him, has it?—any more than that I was willing to receive his attentions."

"You have been most discreet, Frank, I admit."

"I do not think he is a male coquette; he is too serious for that."

"He is something much worse," said madame—"he is an ambitious man. If you answer his views of what a wife should be, well and good; if not, Heaven pity you! I think his religion fits his politics badly. One must suffer, and it will not be his politics. His library is a great terror to me, for such a collection of evil works I have never seen anywhere. He reads everything."

"Ah! but it has not affected him," Frances replied with warmth. "He tells me of those dreadful books, and speaks proudly of their blunders and falsehoods and bad reasoning. His faith, I think, is very pure."

"Well, my dear, I shall say no more on the matter, but I advise you to give him his true position at once. His attentions ought to mean marriage. If they have not that meaning he should be taught to keep his place."

At four o'clock each afternoon Florian's quick, firm step was heard in the hall. Frances at that hour was either in the parlor with a visitor or in her mother's rooms; but wherever she chose to be he sought her company, always compelled to suffer the chagrin of finding Peter present or seeing him trot in stubbornly afterwards. They looked over engravings together, or he turned her music while she played and sang, or she accompanied him when singing, and Peter also, who had not a bad voice and was fond of showing it. Their conversation was chiefly on literary matters. Peter had lately read and criticised a novel by a new American author, and had cut it to pieces in his slashing way.

"Full of the new ideas of crime and divorce and socialism," said he. "The heroine is a man in woman's clothing, forward, indecent, unblushing, impertinent, crammed with ideas of woman's freedom, woman's rights, and woman's nonsense. No model for our young women. A piece to be in a lunatic asylum. I tore it to shreds."

"Did you read it?" said Frances to the politician.

"Yes," said Florian, "and I thought it very well written, but a little exaggerated and improbable. The heroine could find no place except in a novel, but she was a very pathetic representative of some bitter restraints on women."

"Yes," grunted Peter—"pathetic, indeed! Moanin' because she had a beautiful lover that daren't ask her to marry him, an' she not able to do it for him. The writer would remove such restraints, and have us dancin' jigs with mile-stones to keep out o' women's way when they got the power of askin'."

"It was very sad," said Florian, "and very well described. I agreed with the author. Women should meet us half-way."

"I do not think so," said Frances, fixing her clear eyes upon him. "I am a firm believer in the Christian idea of female modesty. It may entail much suffering, but it also cuts off much misery. Society has indicated certain signs whereby a man may know if his suit is acceptable, and they serve their purpose better than going half-way and doing violence to woman's greatest protection—her modesty. The women among whom you were educated held those ideas, did they not?"

"Yes, indeed," said Florian, "with one exception, and she was very charming."

"Indeed, I know the creature," said Peter gruffly, "and so do you, Frances. That Mrs. Merrion, a bold—"

"O Mr. Carter!" Frances broke in with a gesture.

"All right, if ye'll have it so; but I know her."

"You have but one instance," said Frances, "and exceptions only prove the rule."

"There's a tendency among females," Peter went on, "to make matrimony the end of life. That was another idea in the novel."

"This going into a convent," said Florian by way of counter-charge, "I do not condemn, but neither do I like it. A woman's highest sphere and self-completion is in the married state, and so we look with pity on an old maid."

"I do not," said Frances, "and I cannot see why it should be so, unless in a community where marriage is the crown of a woman's life. If marriage is to be so regarded, then the conditions of her existence must be changed."

"Just so," said Florian; "and she must be permitted to do half the wooing in order to prevent unhappy and unnecessary blunders."

"I do not fancy such reconstruction," she answered, smiling. "No doubt there are those who wish for it, but they are not men. Who desires a woman for his wife should come and sue. And a true woman will wait for the suing."

"And will you?" he said, with a sidelong look of laughter. But she had turned away, and his tender manner was entirely lost on her. He became more marked in his addresses after that, however, and Peter became correspondingly sad and noisy. He told his story to Paul.

"I'll die before I see her married to him," he groaned, pacing the attic. "I'll kill somebody."

"Kill yourself; you'll do as well as anybody," suggested the poet, who lay upon the bed, preoccupied and pale, "or write an article on him."

"If they'd only publish it," said Peter, "what a blast I'd give him! I wouldn't leave even a gizzard in him. But he is too big a gun to be shot at except in the surest way. O fiends and divils! but this is too much for me."

"Have a drink?" said Paul, coming to the rescue by instinct.

"Where, b'y, where?" And being shown the repository of the bottle, he pounced on it with shouts of joy. "Ah! the tears of Erin! Distilled in America's fair land of freedom. The only stream that can sink the sorrows of an Irishman. Long life to ye, Paul! But ye're lookin' pale, poor lad."

"I saw something hideous yesterday evening," Paul said, but Peter did not catch the words and went on drinking and talking.

The poet seemed feverish and restless after the steady work of the day, and the incident to which he alluded as hideous had not been without its effect on him. He was returning from a tiresome interview with a manager the previous evening, and stopped for a moment to look in at a shop-window, when he became conscious of some one staring at him rudely from within. He looked up. The same disagreeable face which had haunted Washington and Clayburg so unpleasantly had fastened its intent, evil gaze on him, and, like the stronger-nerved Florian, he shivered under the cruel glance. Although he went on his way cheerfully afterwards, he did not know what a power this face had of reproducing itself in the memory until it had remorselessly haunted him twenty-four hours. It came up at every turn of thought, luminous and frightful.

"I wonder what it means?" said Paul, depressed. Peter had been speaking with an energy born of liquor, and had brought down his fist several times on the table after asserting that something was diabolical. "What does it mean?" cried he. "It means that yer no man, or ye wouldn't sit there and see him walk off with Frances before yer two eyes, you omadhaun!"

"Who?" said the poet in wide-eyed wonder.

"That gizzard, of course," snarled Peter.

"On that track again, hey? Pshaw, Peter! I don't care for Frances, nor she for me. We couldn't live on the same floor without quarrelling."

"Before marriage, perhaps," said Peter, "but after—"

A knock at the door interrupted him, and he opened it to admit the servant bearing a card for Mr. Rossiter.

"Read it," said Paul.

Peter took up the card and read:

"'Mr. Wallace's compliments to Mr. Rossiter. Would he favor Mr. Wallace by coming down to his room to meet the Count Vladimir Behrenski, a noted littérateur anxious to make Mr. Rossiter's acquaintance?' What new trick is this?"

"I'm going down," said Paul; and he went.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAINT AGNES.

HER face was like the face of latter spring,
Her fresh, cool body's gracious flowering
With buds of only twelve green summers bloomed;
But when the martyrs were to tortures doomed
They brought her forth unto the pagan shrine
To offer sacrifice with fire and wine.
And when they led her to the altar there
She seemed so small before it, and so fair,
That many pitied her and would have saved
And bore her homeward, though the great gods raved
There in the temple at the impious deed;
For she was straight and slender like a reed,
With long, smooth hair of gold looped up and bound,
With light lips like the rims of vases round,
And sloping cheeks and delicate, deep eyes.
And when the incense smoke began to rise
Above the swinging urn whose triple chains
She held, she saw the gathering vapor-veins
Obscure the altar and the walls. And there
She saw the face of Christ, and then, soft prayer
Being in her lips, the censer lost her care:
Its cup of polished brass, with carven bands
Of leaves and flowers, fell from her loosened hands
And spilled its coals across the marble floor.
Remembering then what she had learned before,

She touched her forehead and her beating breast
And either shoulder, and herself she blest.
Then discontented murmurs swelled around,
And one gave orders that she should be bound.
O marvellous sweet maiden standing there,
With thin, close lips and smooth and shining hair,
Like some mute Dryad, prayer and praise we render:
Professor of the Faith and its defender,
More than all learned men from then till now,
Even more than warrior Charlemagne, wast thou!
They bound the bracelets on her arms, but they
Were far too large, and on her would not stay;
Which seeing, some of those around her wept,
And fain would have her from the torture kept.
Half-insane with much blood and careless lust,
The judge gave orders that she should be thrust
Before the people naked; and she blushed,
But kept stern lips, and said, when all was hushed
And ere they stripped her, "Christ will guard his own."
And when she to the populace was shown,
The people, having little love for kings,
Nursing revolt, and hiding bitter things
Within their hearts for ever, would not look.
But one rude fellow, from the dung-hills shook
Perhaps, or by the gutters floated down
That drain the poisons of the middle town—
One of those craven creatures who have been
The strength of tyrants always—even then
Did turn his eyes upon her, when a light
Flamed quickly on him, blasting all his sight.
Then she was offered many pleasant things,
Luxurious couches and bright marriage-rings;
But she refused them all, and so she died.
May we behold her yet who here abide!

A RECENT IRISH NOVEL.*

Even fiction is an Irish grievance. Where fiction does not misrepresent Ireland it leaves it severely alone: We speak, of course, of current fiction and that which has become classic. The Banims, Gerald Griffin, Kickham, and Maria Edgeworth are dead; besides, with the exception of Miss Edgeworth, these writers never became the fashion. What Irish or Irish-American ladies—not to speak of ladies who have nothing Irish about them—read Banim or Griffin to-day? Banim and Griffin are not represented in the Franklin Square or the Seaside Libraries; nor is Charles Kickham, nor even Rosa Mulholland. "The Duchess" is, and Miss Laffan, and Anthony Trollope (who sometimes took in Irish jobs with his journey-work), and the authoress of *The Queen of Connaught*. Some of Lever's works, too, maintain their vogue. All of these—Lever, Laffan, Trollope, and the others—are read because there is something either grotesque or malicious in their treatment of Irish subjects. *The Collegians* and *Crohore of the Bill-Hook* dealt with a period that is past and gone, 'tis true. So did *Harry Lorrequer* and *Charles O'Malley*. But *The Collegians* and *Crohore* were faithful pictures of Irish life—they are read no more. *Lorrequer* and *O'Malley* are caricatures, and they are still popular. "The Duchess" can hardly be accused of malevolence, or of anything else, indeed, save of going to Ireland merely for the oddity of the thing; her characters are not Irish people, but English people who live in Ireland. Apart from this her books are bright and genial—it is possible to see why they are read. So much cannot be said for books of the type of *The Queen of Connaught*, which are the work of that kind of stupidity that the French call *bêtise*. The Irish, according to these books, are so steeped in whiskey as to be mistakable for Scotch, and they are dressed in "the usual blue bobtail coat with brass buttons, knee-breeches, and brimless chimney-pot hat." In *The Land-Leaguers*, which death did not permit him to finish, Mr. Trollope lost his usually level head, as the most level-headed Englishman is likely to do when he gets on an Irish topic. As for Miss Laffan, she is an Irish lady, and until now has been the ablest living writer who has not gone outside Ireland

* *The Wearing of the Green.* By Basil. London: Chatto & Windus; New York: Franklin Square Library.

for material. But she has been beset by some of the vices of the worst school of French realism. Her admirable powers of description and of social portraiture are hampered by a desire to appear cynical—thus spoiling the only quality that gives her longer works value, since in the attempt to maintain the interest of anything longer than a short story she is an acknowledged failure. Indeed, her cynicism, whether real or affected, is often so overdone as to be repulsive.

How is it that no novelist has arisen to do for contemporaneous Ireland what, say, Tourguénieff has done for contemporaneous Russia? Much might have been expected from the author of *Knocknagow* and *Sally Kavanagh*—books which are not at all appreciated as they ought to be—had not the cowardly sufferings to which he was subjected early broken down the physical prowess of that gifted and gentle being. Exquisite as some of Miss Mulholland's stories are, such as *The Wild Birds of Killeevy*, they will be voted by the taste of the day as romantic and wanting in actuality (though we notice in the *Irish Monthly* the opening chapters of a new story that promises to be in a different vein). Another writer who has attempted an Irish novel has been Mrs. E. O'Shea Dillon, author of *Dark Rosaleen* (London, 1884); but she is only semi-sympathetic, and has evidently been so long or so far removed from Ireland as to have lost touch of its pulse.

Is it from lack of capable Irish writers, then, that the modern Irish novel remains yet to be written? That can hardly be the case, for a novelist of the highest rank is Mr. Justin McCarthy, and a novelist of only less popularity in England is Mr. Richard Dowling. The simple fact is, the Irish novel does not "pay." Ireland has no national centre. The publishers are all in London. It is to London the Irish literary man must go with his wares, and his wares must be suitable to the London market or they will not be negotiable. Irish goods are a drug in the English market; or, if Irish goods are offered at all, they must be dressed up so as to please the English taste. English notions are fixed about Ireland and the Irish; and these notions must not be done violence to. The novelist who has to consider his bread and butter must avoid Ireland and the Irish altogether, or else truckle to these notions. Thus in only one book of Mr. Justin McCarthy's (his best, by the way) is the hero an Irishman, and even this is an Anglo-Irish, not an Irish, novel. Mr. Dowling's *Mystery of Killard*, a story of weird power which Victor Hugo might have written, is the least read of his books, though it is

easily the best. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that this comparative want of success is due to the novel being wholly an Irish novel.

It is therefore that the appearance of a novel of consideration which may be regarded as a protest against this state of things, is a somewhat notable circumstance. Such a novel is *The Wearing of the Green*, by "Basil"—the author remaining concealed behind a *nom-de-guerre*. Of course there have been other books that may be regarded as protests in a similar sense, some written even recently, such as a romance called *Ill-Won Peerages*, by M. L. O'Byrne (Dublin: Gill & Son). But the literary quality of such books, excellent though they be in intention and even in matter, is generally crude to the verge of barbarism. Whatever gold there may be among them is yet in the state of ore. But *The Wearing of the Green* is the work of a singularly strong hand; and it comes from the English market: a fashionable London firm publishes it. It is not by any means a perfect novel. Indeed, it has many serious blemishes as a work of art. It "protests too much" for a novel, and it offends good taste more than once, for instance. But it is an honest book, and it is written with power and with a sympathetic understanding of the Irish character. It is, above all, a novel of promise. If the author will be so self-sacrificing as to confine himself to Irish subjects, and if he will practise literary self-restraint and go slowly, there is reason to entertain high expectations of his future. He has the power of holding the reader with his narrative, of making dramatic contrasts and combinations of character, and those two most essential qualities in an Irish novelist —humor and a delicate vein of pathos. He can write a nervous and pointed English style, too, which (when he gets rid of the amateurish habit of disjointing it with quotations) is of itself capable of attracting attention. "Basil," in short, appears to be a well-equipped novelist who understands Ireland and is prepared to write about it. What will be the result?

The plot of *The Wearing of the Green* is slight. A young English tourist in Ireland, Reid Summers by name, finds himself benighted, and is hospitably entertained at the house of an Irish gentleman, Mr. Miles Wyndham. Young Summers falls in love at first sight with Mr. Wyndham's daughter Norah, one of the sweetest and freshest heroines we have met in a novel for many a day. Norah and Reid Summers overhear a trio of moonlighters in a ruin plotting the murder of Summers, whom they mistake for a Castle official, and by her presence of mind and

courage she saves his life—no matter how. Mr. Wyndham and Norah accept an invitation to go on a visit to Summers' father's place, Springthorpe Towers, in Yorkshire. The incident of this invitation and its acceptance is conceived in false taste. So is the character of Mrs. Wyndham, Norah's mother—a silly shrew who serves no purpose in the story, and whose vulgarity, and what it exacts from her husband and daughter, jar very unpleasantly on the impression made by these two charming people. The adventures of Norah and her father among the Summers family make an important portion of the book. Norah, of course, has her Irish lover, to whom she is true—Maurice Studdert, an ardent patriot, a Land-Leaguer, who becomes a member of Parliament: a thoroughly wholesome, suggestive, elevated type. We are not giving here even an outline of the plot, which is full of action, nor of the minor characters, of whom there are plenty.

The bringing together of such opposites as the Wyndhams, father and daughter, and the Summers family makes a very strong situation. At first sight it may be thought that, in the author's hands, it has been made too strong—the contrast too violent for art. But this is a novel of protest rather than an artistic novel, and reflection will convince that the situation is anything but unreal. The author means Miles Wyndham and his daughter to be taken as representative Irish people, and the Summers family to be taken as representative English people. When an author endeavors to express so great a generalization as the character of a nation by means of particular individuals, he faces a great difficulty. His problem is not, What is *an* Irish or *an* English type? but, What is *the* Irish or *the* English type? The type of a national character should possess in a marked way those traits which are found oftenest among the individuals of a nation. Do the Summers family make such a type of English character, and the Wyndhams such a type of Irish character? We believe they do. All Englishmen are not like Mr. Summers *père*. But the traits of Mr. Summers, and of his son, and of his wife and daughter are more common among English people than any other traits. All Englishmen are not John Bulls, nor are all the French *bourgeoisie* Jacques Prudhommes; nevertheless, John is the most English of Englishmen, and Jacques is the pink of a *bourgeois*.

Miles Wyndham is a typical Irish gentleman. You will meet a hundred of his kind in a day's journey in any part of southern Ireland; though not among the class to which Miles is represented as belonging: it was, perhaps, a slip to have made Miles

a landlord, for he is anything but a fair representative of Irish landlordism. The *Grand Monarque* is credited with the saying that the most captivating manner was that of the Irish gentleman. Miles is no courtier, but he is certainly a captivating person. His warm-heartedness, his free-handedness, his easy grace, his bright wit and genial humor might be said to carry one by storm, only that it is impossible to associate his simpleness and utter want of self-consciousness with carrying by storm. In addition there is his dreamy idealism, which he would be no Celt and be without—that "something so warm and sublime in the core of an Irishman's heart" of which Byron sings. His daughter is even more of an idealist than he is himself, for she has been coached in her politics by her patriot lover. Her heart burns with resentment for the wrong and misconception to which her country is a victim, and it glows with dreams for Ireland's future. Withal she is the sweetest, womanliest of girls. The tenderness of the relations between her and her father is very beautifully shown.

We wonder if the author is conscious of what he has achieved in these two characters? They represent some of the highest qualities of the Irish temperament—some of those qualities which make the analogy between the Celtic and the Greek temperaments so striking. It may be deemed scarcely just to contrast such a pair with such offensive people as the English representatives in the book. But it must be allowed that the traits of the Wyndhams are those which are most noticed in the Irish race, while those of the Summers family are those most noticed in the Anglo-Saxon. It is a violent contrast between idealism and materialism, but that is the contrast between the Irish and the English peoples—a contrast, by the way, in which lies the secret of the great Anglo-Irish difficulty—and there are enough disciples of Matter-of-Fact to occasion a lively difference of opinion as to which party suffers by the contrast. At any rate, where *The Wearing of the Green* differs from other Irish novels is in the substitution of the aggressive for the whining method. It attacks the British character openly—perhaps inconsiderately—and it does not apologize for the Irish character.

Mr. Reid Summers, the young tourist who falls in love with Norah, finds it hard to understand the way in which Miles Wyndham puts himself out to entertain him while Summers is his guest and characteristically interprets it:

"The hospitality was not English; no English host would put himself out as much for his dearest friend as Miles Wyndham had for a casual

stranger. Yet the English were the most hospitable people in the world. Therefore there must have been something besides a mere impulse of hospitality to account for Miles Wyndham's generous reception of him. This something Mr. Summers was at no loss to discover, though he might have been at a loss to define it. It was certainly not that his host thought him a good match for his daughter, since the father plainly regarded his daughter as the merest child. Putting aside this motive altogether, and that of hospitality in part, there remained the eagerness to win the good opinion of one of a higher civilization and race which Englishmen met with in every quarter of the world—in France even, even in Germany; and, *à fortiori*, in Ireland."

A fuller reading of the contrasted nationalities, as they appear to the author, is given in the views of Father MacNamara, the parish priest:

"He [Father MacNamara] had known both races in the rough—the English agricultural laborer and the Irish—and on the whole he considered that the English peasant, notwithstanding centuries of fair and fostering treatment, was more akin to the brute than the Irish peasant after centuries of such ferocious ill-usage as no other nation had ever suffered from a civilized conqueror. The English agricultural laborer in Father Mac's experience was almost without a spark of intelligence, religion, morality, or imagination; dull, sullen, selfish, sensual; accurately represented by the Caliban which *Punch*, with a curious infelicity, considers the most appropriate personification of the Irish peasantry. For the Irish peasantry, in Father Mac's experience, was the very reverse of brutal, either in intelligence, morality, imagination, or appetite; was, in truth, less like what Caliban was than what Ariel would become after some centuries of subjection to Caliban. Irish savagery, horrible as it was—and no one held it in deeper horror than Father Mac—seemed to him less like the savagery of a wild beast broke loose than the savagery induced in a generous dog by 'dark keeping,' by log and chain, and by cruel and continued ill-usage.

"On the other hand, Father Mac admitted that though the raw material of the Irish race might be finer than that of the English, the latter, with the advantage of centuries of manufacture, had been brought to resemble a silk purse as nearly as the staple would allow."

It will be seen that there is an accent of almost personal bitterness in the author's irony which adds to its pungency if it detracts from the artistic effect. "An Englishman can no more get out of himself," he remarks, "than off his own shadow; and because he is not thinking of any one but himself he will sometimes say the most offensive things unintentionally and unconsciously." Such an Englishman is Mr. Summers, senior, a denser person than his son; indeed, the author admits him to be "an unusually narrow specimen of an Englishman."

"His own affairs were of planetary importance; the affairs of others were of importance in proportion to their bearing upon his own. If you informed him, on your doctor's authority, that your hacking cough was a symptom of a galloping consumption, his first thought would be that *he*

had no hacking cough; his next, that consumption was supposed to be, in some extreme cases, infectious; and his third, that *you* would feel an absorbing interest in a cough he had last winter for a week or two, to which he would at once divert the conversation."

Mr. Summers has read in one of the papers a sarcastic proposal to solve the Irish difficulty by letting the Irish fight it out till the fittest only survives, and he takes the proposal to have been meant in earnest:

"During lunch Mr. Summers was the chief and almost the sole speaker, and his chief and almost sole topic was Ireland. He propounded to Miles his 'Kilkenny cats' plan for the pacification of the country—to arm, drill, and discipline in England the Protestant minority of the north, and then to let them loose, by a separation of the two countries, upon the unarmed and undrilled Catholics.

"'Why, that's Bobadil's plan,' Miles replied, smiling good-humoredly.

"'Hem! I believe there *was* some suggestion of the kind in the newspapers,' Mr. Summers admitted, imagining Bobadil to have been the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Reid, feeling uncomfortable at the turn the conversation had taken, attempted to change it.

"'You mustn't think, Mr. Wyndham—' he began. But his father was not going to allow his guest to imagine that he was indebted for his ideas to this newspaper person Miles had mentioned, and he therefore broke in with 'It has been an idea of mine as long as I can remember, probably before the gentleman Mr. Wyndham has mentioned was born. "Cut loose," I've always said—"cut loose Ireland, and then let them fight it out among themselves." The Ulster men, having English and Scotch blood in their veins, would be more than a match for five times their number of Celts and Catholics.'

"'*Roman* Catholics,' interjected Ann [the eldest Miss Summers] emphatically, though in a low voice. She held Roman Catholics to be dissenters from the only true Catholic Anglican Church. The correction broke from Ann instinctively, for as a Sunday-school teacher she dwelt weekly to her class upon the essential difference between Catholic and Roman Catholic. Hence this presumptuous correction of Mr. Summers slipped from her almost mechanically, to her father's stupefaction and her own confusion. Mr. Summers, having looked at her for a moment as though he could hardly believe his ears, and having thus made every one at the table thoroughly uncomfortable, resumed with a composure so perfect that, but for an access of pompousness in his manner, you would hardly have supposed that anything had happened.

"'As I was saying, Mr. Wyndham, when I was interrupted, I should leave the Protestants to settle with the Catholics in Ireland, and not take the country back till it was well weeded.'

"And watered; for I suppose you'd have all the Catholics exterminated?' Miles asked ingenuously, as one awaiting the response of an oracle.

"'All the disaffected Catholics certainly, most certainly; for they can be governed only by the lash; and the lash, sir, is un-English; it has no place in the British Constitution.'

"'Except—' began Miles, only to be silenced by his host resuming his lecture.

"'You cannot say, Mr. Wyndham, that we've not given you a fair trial. For centuries you've enjoyed all the privileges and blessings of British rule, and what is the result? You've never been quiet for ten years together—not for ten years together!'

"'I remember,' said Miles, speaking in the easy and measured way of one recalling a trivial incident of his own experience—'I remember being struck with an extraordinary instance of vitality and viciousness in an eel recorded in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. As the doctor passed a fish-stall he overheard the fishmonger, who was skinning an eel alive, curse the unconscionable brute because it wouldn't lie still during the operation.'

"Miles' manner was so much that of a man who was recounting a simple incident in natural history, solely because of its intrinsic interest, that Mr. Summers, who was an exceedingly dense Bœotian, imagined that his guest wished to turn the conversation upon finding he had not an argumentative leg to stand on. Not 'to load a falling man,' therefore, he allowed Miles to make good his retreat, and even built a silver bridge to facilitate his escape.

"'Very interesting,' he said, nodding his head approvingly, 'and quite true. I remember when I was in Scotland one of the boatmen caught an eel,' etc., etc., etc."

Maurice Studdert, Norah's lover, makes Miles' description of the Summers household the text for a fierce diatribe which sums up very well the author's aggressive view of the British character. He denounces the British for

"their dulness and egotism; their self-complacency whether smug or pompous, always impregnable and always offensive; their insensibility to the feelings of others; their incapacity to enter into others' ideas; their Pecksniffian pose before the world as the model of all the virtues; their Tartuffian preaching to all the world principles which they are the first themselves to transgress on the very slightest temptation or provocation; their gross animalism and their sordid materialism. He painted England as a big, blind, gorbellied giantess trampling down in insolent scorn—but as much through stupidity as through brutality—peoples who were spiritually as superior to her as they were physically her inferior; trampling down everything that was not good to eat, or that stood between her and something good to eat—seeing no beauty in any flower that had not a pignut or potato for its root, and hearing in the lark's song only a suggestion of its juiciness in a pie."

It will be said that the Summers household is an exaggeration, a caricature. No doubt it is in one sense, and the reader who has had a personal acquaintance with some agreeable English people will be the first to say so. But it is an exaggeration only in the sense that the less pleasant (though most common) traits of the British character are emphasized in the Summers household. In a well-bred British household the vulgarity of the Summers character will not be noticeable. But of "the great Middle Class" which is the body of the nation, and in

whose praise English writers are never tired exerting themselves, the Summers family are only a pronounced type. Of that spirit which manifests itself daily in the British press and nightly in the debates of the House of Commons, and with which Americans who have met the British tourist on his travels through our own country are not wholly unacquainted, Mr. Summers and his family are an incarnation. A study of the Summers type throws an indispensable light on the English inability to cope with the Irish question, which arises from their total inability to understand the character of the people whom for seven hundred years they have been unsuccessfully endeavoring to rule. The other day there was a little controversy in the English Catholic press which brings an illustration nearer home to the readers of The Catholic World. Father Arthur Ryan, Dean of St. Patrick's College, Thurles, a cultured and high-minded Irish priest, wrote an exquisite little "Hymn to St. Patrick" for the temperance confraternity of which he is a zealous promoter. An English priest of high repute wrote to the London *Tablet* denouncing this hymn as an incitement to assassination because it contained the line,

"Be near to guide the patriot's hand,"

which, the English priest contended, could only mean to guide the hand of the dynamiter and steady the aim of the shooter of landlords! *

Nor must we consider Mr. Summers' satisfaction with himself over-done. We have Thackeray's authority for it that "there is no snob in existence that has such an indomitable belief in himself [as 'the English Snob rampant']; that sneers you down all the rest of the world besides, and has such an insufferable, admirable, stupid contempt for all people but his own—nay, for all sets but his own." An amusing illustration of the same spirit is to be found in the annotations of a recent English edition of Tacitus. In the twenty-fourth chapter of the *Agricola* Tacitus distinctly says that although the soil, climate, and general conditions of life in Hibernia differ very little from those of Britain, yet the ports and harbors of Ireland were better known to commerce and merchants.† On this passage the annotator, an Oxford scholar (Alfred T. Church, M.A.), remarks that by it Tacitus is made responsible for "a strange and unaccountable statement.

* The hymn has since been issued by the *League of the Cross Magazine* in leaflet form, with the special blessing and approval of the Bishop of Southwark appended to it.

† The language of Tacitus is unmistakable: "Solum cœlumque et ingenia cultusque hominum haud multum Britannia differunt; melius aditus portusque per commercia et negociatores cogniti."

We understand him to mean that, so far as he could speak on the matter, the climate and population of Hibernia resembled those of Britain, but that its coasts and harbors were better known than the island itself (!) . . . *It would be absurd to suppose that it meant that the coasts of Hibernia were better known than those of Britain.* Perhaps 'melius cogniti' may rightly be rendered 'are tolerably well known'" (!!) If the Archangel Michael were to tell Mr. Summers that anything in Ireland compared to advantage with anything in England, Mr. Summers would smile superior at the "absurdity," and charitably explain what the archangel really meant by his "strange and unaccountable statement."

In the foregoing remarks we have dwelt only on the international and quasi-political aspect of *The Wearing of the Green*, because that aspect has been specially interesting to us. But it would be unfair to leave the impression that the interest of the book centred in that aspect. It does not by any means. Wit, humor, and pathos irradiate these pages in a manner unsurpassed by any living English novelist with whose works we are acquainted. Nor is the attention of the author given entirely to people of the educated classes. The character of the Irish peasantry—of the peasantry who die of hunger—is delineated with a master's touch. Indeed, there are two chapters dealing with peasant character, and we doubt if, for beauty and pathos, they have their superior in modern fiction. "There are two things which it is utterly impossible for any Englishman who has never lived in the west or south of Ireland to imagine—the depth of the wretchedness of the poor and the depth of their family affection." It is illustrative of this statement that these two chapters are written. Since they cannot be quoted in full, it is doing them an injury to make disjointed extracts. But we cannot refrain from giving the reader a specimen of their quality.—Molly Morony has been given a hunch of "white" bread by the priest's housekeeper, and she resolves to share it with her playfellow and little brother, Mick. Mick is surly and protests he will not eat a bit of it.

"Mick's surliness proceeded neither from sullenness nor self-sacrifice, but from a sense of honor. An implicit agreement, which had never once been expressed in words, had somehow of itself grown up between these two—that each should share with the other any windfall that came in the way. Now, it happened sometimes that one, coming in for, in the other's absence, an apple, turnip, or similar luxury, was unable to refrain from devouring forthwith his or her moiety thereof; and, in this case, the chance of the absentee getting the balance was slight. Sleeping hunger once roused would, as it were, in spite of the trustee's resistance, spring upon the remaining moiety and eat it with a guilty haste which left it half-untasted. Now, their confession of this breach of compact was as implicit

as the compact itself. The transgressor was shamefacedly silent about it in words, but made practical confession and reparation by the refusal of half the next godsend offered by the other.

"Molly knew at once, therefore, that Mick had eaten her half of what had last fallen to him, and she was glad—very glad for a moment—Mick's luck, whatever it was, couldn't have been as splendid as hers of this morning—this great hunch of white bread, the *whole* of which was now fairly hers! But even while she devoured it greedily with her hungry eyes the thought that just *because* Mick's luck couldn't have been as great as hers she was taking an unfair advantage of him, gave her pause. Thrusting the bread impulsively behind her back, out of sight, she took to her heels [after Mick] to outrun temptation."

Mick's scruples being overcome by the generous Molly, they snuggle together and share the bread. While they are enjoying the feast Molly suddenly says:

"'Ye niver tashte nothin', Mick, ye ate so fasht.'

"'Shure I can't help it, whin I'm so hungry,' querulously.

"'An' *I* couldn't help it wansht,' replied Molly, with the air of one who had come out of gross darkness. 'But now I says a "Hail Mary" betune aich bite whin it's white bread.' . . . Mick meditated for a moment upon this new rosary, then tried it and gave it up, and of course disparaged what he despaired of attaining.

"'Shure ye can't think of it that way at all'—meaning by 'it' the morsel, not the prayer. '*I* says 'em in bed whin I can't shleep wid the hunger, and they sinds me off almosht always.'"

Mick's meal so revives his high animal spirits that he must climb to the top of a haystack to get a view. The voice of Dan Donelly, owner of the haystack, startles him, and the poor little man misses his footing, tumbles off the haystack, strikes against a jagged wall, and is picked up covered with blood, to Molly's frantic grief. Dan Donelly, a tender-hearted fellow carries him into the house, where his good wife restores him.

"As she was sponging away the blood, preparatory to bandaging his wounds, she said pitifully to Dan, 'He's no shirt, the craythur!'

"'Shure it's at the wash,' cried Mick, with an Irish zeal for the family credit.

"'Have you only wan, Mick?' asked Mrs. Donelly, relieved exceedingly to find him take notice of a matter in which he would have certainly shown no interest if he had been in great pain.

"'Arrah, Mrs. Donelly, would ye have a little boy have a *tousand* shirts?' cried Mick, in his eagerness (for the family's credit) to persuade her that he was sumptuously furnished with that article of dress, when his age was considered. Mrs. Donelly, laughing and crying at once, kissed him for answer."

Mrs. Donnelly having spent some time quieting grief-stricken Molly turns away for a private talk with her husband:

"'He's a fine little chap.'

"'He is so.'

"'Dan, I can't bear to think of his dying of the hunger.'

"'Shure they'll have the Land League at their back now,' replied Dan, knowing well what was coming.

"'Yerra, what is it for eight of thim? Wan male aich a day? It 'id take more nor wan male to keep him out of his coffin now, he so far gone.' Dan glanced toward the bed, and his kind heart melted at his eyes. He could see only Mick's little wasted arm which was wound round Molly's neck—for she, her bread and milk untasted, was kissing him in the motherly way that the children of the poor learn so early.

"'Is it to keep him all out ye mane, Mary?'

"'Till he gets a futtin' anyway, Dan.'

"'Ach, I know how it 'ill be. He's got his futtin' already, Mary'—meaning in her heart.

"'Shure the bit he'll ate is nothin', an' he'll be aisy kep' in shirts anyhow'—smiling tearfully, but thankfully, at Dan, knowing that her point was gained and that Mick was adopted.

"In explanation of this impulsive adoption of the boy we must mention that Dan, notwithstanding his hayrick, was poor and struggling, and therefore generous; and that adoption of this kind is nearly as common in Ireland as infanticide in England.

"While this conference between Dan and his wife was proceeding, Mick's mind was a curious study—or would have been a curious study to any one unfamiliar with Irish ways of thought. He was distressed by Molly's distress; he was distressed also by the pitifulness of his own state, as reflected in Molly's face as in a mirror; but besides and above these disquietudes he was distressed by his emaciation being, as he fancied, made a reproach to his father and mother and the family generally. Such, at least, was the impression the doctor's jocose remarks upon it to Mrs. Donelly left on his mind. When, therefore, Mrs. Donelly and Dan, after their conference, approached the bed, he hurriedly hid his weazened little arm under his tattered jacket. Mrs. Donelly, not noticing this movement, raised his jacket to justify herself to Dan by showing him the child's emaciation. Poor Mick looked shamefacedly from one pitying face to the other and then said earnestly, '*Indeed*, Mrs. Donelly, I was always a thin little chap. I'd niver be nothin' if I ate *iver* so much.' Whereupon Mrs. Donelly, with a quickness at once Irish and maternal, read his thoughts, and, replacing the jacket, said with much presence of mind, 'And it's just the same wid Dan here, Mick,' pointing to her husband, who, in sooth, was as thin as a lath. 'He might ate a whole cow and ye never know it, barrin' the horns stuck out somewhere.'

"At this whimsical idea Mick, and eke Molly, laughed heartily, and Mick's sensitiveness as to the family credit was soothed."

The mother of Mick and Molly is dying of famine-fever and is about to be evicted. Father Mac visits her.

"Now, generally speaking, Father Mac scolded his people sharply and incessantly, affecting in words a harshness that every thought of his heart and every act of his life belied. He dressed shabbily, lived meagrely, and felt remorse if he treated himself sometimes to a book: because his people

needed every penny he could scrape together. But, as we say, in words he was generally caustic and crabbed.

"When, however, he stood in Mrs. Morony's hovel and his eyes had got used to the darkness and the smoke—for the door was the chief window and the sole chimney—he was in no mood to take the poor woman to task for her unreasonable arraignment of the law of the land. Plainly she was too ill to be scolded; and, as Father Mac had no intermediate manner between cynicism and tenderness, he dealt very gently with her. Besides, the earthen floor, here and there in a puddle through leaks in the thin thatch; the little children sitting, as though in extreme old age, crouched over the fire, still and sad and listless, and their mother looking at them from her bed of straw with the haggard fear in her face that death was about to take *her* from them now, as the law had taken from them their father this morning and might to-morrow strip them of their home—these things moved Father Mac, albeit not unused to them.

"After she had told him her troubles in words, and her fears in that look she fastened upon the children, he turned away for a few moments in silence to busy himself unpacking the basket he had brought. Plainly the first thing to be done was to rouse the children out of their stupor, that their mother might no longer read all she feared written already in their forlorn little faces.

"'Well, children,' he said cheerily, speaking in a strong brogue, as he always did when he wished to make humble people or little children feel quite at their ease with him—'well, children, did ye say yere prayers this mornin'?'

"'We did, yere rivirence,' all cried together in a kind of school chorus.

"'That's right. An' ye said, "Give us this day our daily bread," I'll be bound, now?'—interrogatively, and as though venturing upon an acute and daring guess.

"Chorus, 'We did, yere rivirence.'

"'See that, now!' he cried triumphantly; 'I knew ye did. Ay,' he added, solemnly pointing upward, 'and Somebody else knew it too, and he has sent it. Think of that, children! He has sent it!'—looking impressively from one wondering little face to another. 'Come here to me, Patsey.' Patsey got off a sod of turf and came toddling toward him, rubbing the back of his hand shyly across his eyes.

"'There!' cried Father Mac, handing him a thick piece of thickly buttered bread. 'What do ye say for it?'

"'Thanks, yere rivirence,' pulling his forelock. Father Mac affected to be shocked by shaking his head and by making many times that sucking noise of the tongue against the palate.

"'O Patsey!' he exclaimed reprovingly, 'ye must give it to Peggy, and see what *she* says for it.'

"Patsey, wofully disappointed to the brink of tears, handed the piece over to Peggy, who, uncertain of her own tenure, was discreet enough to express her thanks merely by a mute curtsey.

"'See now, Patsey, she doesn't thank *you* for it, because you only brought it to her; and so you mustn't thank *me* for it, but Him that sent it to you. Who?' he cried, holding up one finger interrogatively.

"Chorus, with really wonderful quickness, cried together, 'God, yere rivirence.' Then Father Mac handed Patsey another piece.

"'An' now what do ye say, Patsey?'

"'Bless us—' the beginning of the Catholic grace before meat, which not Patsey only but the whole chorus finished off glibly. Upon this the bread and butter with milk, poured into a bowl out of a wine-bottle, was distributed; Mick and Molly's shares being reserved for them till they returned home.

"Then Father Mac turned to their mother to find her crying quietly; for the well-worn channel of tears had become the natural outlet of every feeling—joy, gratitude, and love, as well as grief. Having poured some wine into the cup of a flask, he raised it to her lips, but she, disregarding the wine, pressed her chill lips with a kind of timid fervor to his hand. After she had drunk the wine the father spoke to her about the love of God in so loving a way that his manner helped her more than his words to realize his homily. In any lecture a specimen of the thing lectured on is more effective than a world of words about it. But the homily was brought to a sudden end by its very effectiveness. For poor Mrs. Morony said in the middle of it sincerely, and even fervently:

"'He *has* been good to me, yere rivirence. He has so. He's kep' us out of the workhouse.'

"Now, Father Mac, like every clergyman of experience, had found out long since that, as a rule, those were least grateful to God to whom he had given everything, and those were most grateful to him from whom he had taken everything; that, for example, if one could see the cloud of curses rising each moment to heaven, he would find that, as a rule, they proceeded out of the mouths of those to whom God had given everything—the young, the strong, the rich, the happy; and, on the other hand, if one could see the incense cloud of blessings rising each moment to heaven, he would find that, as a rule, they proceeded from the mouths of those from whom God had taken everything—the aged, the sick, the suffering, the poor, and him that hath no helper. Though this, we say, was true to triteness in Father Mac's experience, yet there was something in the present instance of it which silenced him. That this poor woman, with her heart so full of foreboding for her children, should yet have room in it for fervent thankfulness that she and hers were still outside the workhouse, made the good father feel somehow ashamed of his successful preaching.

"'I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning:
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.'"

From the hand which can give such pictures as these we have a right to expect much. It is to be hoped that the author of *The Wearing of the Green* will stick to Irish subjects, even if they are not fashionable. He can make them fashionable, if he goes on as he has begun. Tourguénieff was banished to the steppes for the *Diary of a Sportsman*, and his *Fathers and Sons* offended both the fathers and sons and the Nihilists to whom he gave their nickname. Yet what novelist for the last dozen years has been more fashionable in continental Europe, from Paris to St. Petersburg, than Tourguénieff?

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ON one bright morning toward the end of the following April Katharine's quiet wedding took place in her mother's little parlor. Few witnesses were present, and Mrs. Danforth's minister performed the ceremony. There had been some slight discussion as to the propriety of asking Mr. White to undertake this task, but the mother's aversion to the plan had proved invincible.

"It is bad enough to have him mixed up in the affair in any shape or manner," she protested. "If I could get rid of inviting him to be present even, I should be heartily glad of it. But as to having his name go into the papers along with that of your father's child, and setting all the church-folks to gossiping about it, I simply won't allow it. I can put up with a good deal, but there is a limit!"

"It is a matter of exceedingly slight importance," Mr. Giddings said afterward to Katharine, with whom this scheme had originated. "As a matter of fact, I never expect to feel a more effectually married man than I did the day I persuaded your mother to relinquish her hold upon you. I think she is quite right to please herself about all the rest. White is a very good fellow. He won't mind it much, I fancy; and as for me, I shall not mind it at all."

"It is I who dislike it," said the girl. "There are so few things that I can say yes to with all my heart and mind that, when I am able for once to do so, I hate to hear any jarring note mingle with it. I never agree with Mr. White when he makes positive affirmations on his own side, but he is at least our friend, and to all his criticism of the other, as it is represented by the minister, I assent entirely. Why should he be asked to meddle? What possible relation does he sustain to you or me?"

"What a thorough-going little Puritan it is!" smiled Louis. "You are your mother's own daughter, my child! Suppose we agree to accept him as the incarnation of her conscience, and of our anxiety to soften as much as possible what she is going to feel as a heavy deprivation. But for the cordial way in which

she has taken to Mrs. Kitchener and the children, and my certainty that her liking for them cannot but increase on further acquaintance, I suspect I might have been tempted to relent at the last moment and give up going abroad at present. It may be long before you see her again. I won't answer for myself when my back is fairly turned."

"I knew a girl once," said Katharine, "who told me, just before her marriage, that one of the things she looked forward to with most satisfaction was the liberty of choice she meant to claim thereafter between homœopathic globules and castor-oil in case of sickness. Her father was an old-school doctor. I laughed; but I thought then, and I think now, that it was only a very cheap and prosaic way of stating a real difficulty. I wonder whether I shall ever feel myself a unit—able to act directly on my own convictions, or to refuse to act at all, if that seem good to me?"

"Whether you will ever escape your own shadow, in short? One might, perhaps, in a world without a sun. The most obvious shape it takes I hope to see you reasonably free from hereafter; but the dualism goes deeper. I doubt whether its external form is really its most annoying."

"I know it is not. Nine times in ten I find myself unable to pass a moral judgment, even in trifles, which my reason will not cavil at and call in question. I never see a fly entangled in a web without setting it free, but I never know just what right I had to break up the spider's house and deprive him of his dinner. I could not have brought myself to act as Anna did last summer in the matter of her marriage, and yet I could not assign to myself one really satisfactory reason why she should not do so if it pleased her."

"You choose your examples in a characteristic fashion," said Louis, with a laugh. "Given a cold soul, a rapid circulation, and a lively curiosity, and you don't know what right you have to object to their working out their natural results. I don't know that I care about trying to enlighten you. But if you think you see dilemmas in matters of such dimensions, I don't wonder that you zigzag—I wonder, rather, why you don't at once stand still. You can't escape your heart, you can't escape your conscience or your instincts. They go straight to their mark by virtue of their nature. But the mind is another thing. It is acted on by a thousand influences, it 'looks before and after, and pines for what is not'; and the safest way to treat it in certain emergencies is to recognize it for the balky horse it is, put on

blinders, and give common sense and will the reins. The conduct of life, for you and me at least, who start fair, ought not to be a problem of very great perplexity."

"If only," sighed Katharine, "there were guide-posts to direct the will! I don't want to close the eyes of my understanding. I want to harness it to my inclinations and drive them both together."

"Yes, I see. You 'want to be an angel.' That is pure modesty, I assure you. Your crown and harp are plainly visible to me already. But as to the ceremony which has brought about so much metaphysics, marriage, among civilized peoples, in its external form is a contract calling for certain formalities. Your mother's friend, to whom you object, is simply the minister of the law in my eyes, and as such inoffensive. To her and to you he plainly symbolizes certain religious ideas which she accepts and you reject. The emotion you put into your rejection is proof positive that an affirmation of some sort underlies your denial. But so long as it takes no definite shape I recommend you to disregard it wherever it comes into the slightest danger of collision with the claims of affection and obvious duty. At the same time it is only fair to say that my only excuse for that piece of advice is my persuasion that it is altogether unnecessary. I should never have been in a position to offer it, otherwise."

Mrs. Danforth had made, at first, some natural objections to a plan which involved not alone the breaking up of her household, but the severing of all her old associations. But, strong as these objections were, they yielded to her conviction that she could not hope in any other way to be near her daughter for the future. It had finally been settled that she should resign her house to an incoming tenant as soon as possible after the marriage, and make a part of Mrs. Kitchener's family until Katharine's return. An acquaintance had been brought about between them during the winter which had proved mutually agreeable, though the wish was perhaps father to the thought in the mind of Mr. Giddings when he spoke of Mrs. Danforth's cordial acceptance of the younger woman. They grew to be exceedingly good friends in course of time, when each had learned to appreciate the sterling qualities of the other; but, at present, regret over what was passing from her was too prominent in Mrs. Danforth's mind to leave room for much more than passive acquiescence in what was to come.

"She seems a good woman," she said to her daughter once

during the week preceding the wedding, which Mrs. Kitchener and her little ones passed beneath her roof. "And I always liked children about me. But I shall be like a cat in a strange garret. If only you would give up this foolish plan of going to Europe! The greatest fortune that ever was left wouldn't tempt me to cross the Atlantic to get it, and here you two are going for nothing at all, so far as I can see. What more is there than sky and land and water wherever you go?—and you have all that here."

"We will take you with us, if you will go," returned Katharine. "There is time yet to secure your passage, if you can be tempted."

"Not I, indeed!"

"Well, then, the other plan is the best in every way. Louis seems to feel in some manner responsible for Mrs. Kitchener's welfare. He says he promised to look after the children, but whether her husband or himself I could not quite make out. And he thinks she will make a home for you where you will be far more comfortable than you could be here alone or elsewhere. We shall probably come back within the year. What a pretty creature the little girl is, and how jealous of me! She is the first child of her age who would not make friends with me at once."

The mother lifted her eyebrows.

"It is an old story," she said. "Two of a trade can't agree. She seems as much bewitched as you are, but she is younger and has more excuse."

"Isn't one's husband excuse enough?" said the girl playfully.

"He is not your husband yet, but even if he were it would not be. 'The Lord thy God is a jealous God,' remember! You cannot stake everything on one of his creatures, in the way you are doing, without losing."

Then, catching sight of her daughter's face, and a certain expression that contracted the lines of her mouth, "You don't like to hear that," she went on, "but it is true. You think now that you can get along without religion and without God, but, I warn you, you will see the day that you will find you cannot. There comes to every one of us a time when everything tumbles to pieces about us and leaves us face to face with the one reality there is. It came to me, and yet I never ran the risk that you do, for I never made an idol in my life. I neither denied God nor turned my back upon him."

The girl sighed. The subject lay so near her heart that, except with her lover, it was not easy for her to touch upon it.

Yet her mother had spoken with the evident effort of a reserved nature, forcing itself from its accustomed reticence, and with so much feeling that to leave her altogether unanswered seemed impossible.

"I never denied him," she said, in a voice so low that her listener barely caught it, "but I am not sure I never turned my back upon him." And there her confidences ended.

When they were taking ship, after having fairly established Mrs. Danforth in her new abode, Richard Norton, who had been absent from home for several weeks, came on to New York to offer his congratulations and to say good-by.

"It will not be for long," he said, "if all my schemes turn out according to my liking. I have been laying pipe for an assistant-surgeonship in the navy, and have just heard that my chance is good, providing I can answer for the result of the examinations; and my doubts are reasonably small on that score. The Mediterranean squadron would suit me to a nicety, and in that case we might hope to meet somewhere next fall. But it is quite on the cards that I may be sent cruising off into the China Sea or the South Pacific. I will let you know whenever the thing comes to a head."

His was the last voice they heard that spoke of home—the last familiar face they looked on before turning their backs on the past to enter the new life together.

"He warned me once," said Katharine, straining her eyes to catch the last glimpse of him as the land receded, "that my lot in life would be to set up shrines, and his to bring the hammer to demolish them. But he helped lay the foundation-stones for the first one."

Her husband laughed. "You hold out the cheerful prospect of a succession of them," he said. "It might be wise not to dispense with his offered services too soon."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE American colony in Rome was very full the winter after the marriage of this pair of lovers. They arrived there early in December, but with a half-formed intention of wintering still further south. They had not been very eager sight-seers thus far, but from the first had turned somewhat aside from the beaten track, making short journeys, resting at discretion wherever the humor took them, and each finding in the other, notwithstanding their many points of sympathy and the perfect

rapport that existed between them, a *terra incognita* which presented more attractions than any other. Rome grew on them, however, and would have chained them until the heats began, even had it not offered, in addition to its proper fascinations, the charm of agreeable acquaintances, and, in the case of Mr. Giddings, the renewal of one or two old friendships. Katharine's health also began to show some traces of over-fatigue, and they speedily established themselves in pleasant quarters, giving their evenings to much lively social recreation, and dividing their days between churches, galleries and museums, and some desultory, often intermitted, but never quite neglected, study of certain subjects in which Louis was interested, and in which his wife's intelligent aid had been of special service.

The artistic coterie was particularly strong that year, at least in point of numbers. One of the most prominent members of it, distinguished not alone in art, but by a native force of character and strongly-marked individuality which made friends and admirers for him among men whose sympathies lay for the most part outside that region, was George Marlow, a Maine man by birth, a figure-painter by profession, and just then occupied with a large commission which had fixed his residence for several months in the city of the Popes and Cæsars. He had been formerly a great ally of Louis Giddings, but they met now for the first time after a lapse of years, during which Marlow had taken to himself a wife in his native Kennebec, and become the proud father of a son whom he regarded in all seriousness as an infant prodigy. He was a man whose opportunities for culture in the ordinary sense had been more than usually limited, and, though he had been an intelligent reader, a close observer, and had a picturesque vigor of expression which made him specially interesting, yet his sense of deficiency in certain elementary matters was almost morbid. It showed itself, among other ways, in an ill-concealed pride in what he took to be the superior attainments of his wife, and a belief in her as an oracle in questions of what he called "education," which belonged to the simplicity of his artistic temperament and augured well for it, but was rather amusing none the less.

Mrs. Marlow was a pretty woman, who returned her husband's admiration with great fervor, but, owing to her adoption of the same standards, believed in her own intellectual superiority even more firmly than he did himself. As a matter of fact she had taken the color of his opinions in a way that flattered his marital pride exceedingly, but she did it by virtue of a

chameleon-like quality of mind which promised less well for the permanence of the dye than for its present intensity. She had taught school in Augusta for two or three winters, and would probably never free herself from that particular variety of inexact pronunciation produced by a long-continued devotion to the mild form of dissipation known as spelling-matches. They occupied an apartment directly over that which Giddings and his wife had taken, and, while the two men renewed their ancient intimacy with much satisfaction, Katharine, who for the first few days kept rather quiet within doors, found Mrs. Marlow's easy, superficial chat agreeably amusing. Her heart was a good deal better than her head, for it was genuine and kind, while the latter presented a kaleidoscopic variety of ideas and impressions, caught up from books and conversation, and retained without assimilation.

"There are two distinct sets here among the English-speaking people," she said one day. "Pagans and Papists, George calls them. Then there is another, not very large, which vibrates between the two—like the Lindsays, for instance, and Maria Rawson. I wish she were here just now, for she always devotes herself to new people—of course with the view of seeing what she can do in the matter of conversions, but making herself amazingly useful and entertaining at the same time by way of preliminary. But she went off on what she calls a pilgrimage last week, and won't be back for several days. George told her her pilgrimage was a pure humbug; that she ought to have put peas in her shoes and walked, instead of going off by rail. There is no making her angry, however. She might better have stayed here and minded her work. She will never get her picture done at this rate."

"Is she a painter?"

"After a fashion. She has been working at art for two or three years, and came on with us this season to study under George's direction. But she is beginning to waver in her allegiance since Lindsay opened his studio."

"Who is Lindsay?"

"The smartest man in the world, I sometimes think. Your husband must know him, for he is an old Bostonian, though he has lived a good deal abroad off and on. You never saw such polish and such delightful manners. George says there is no heart in it—that it means nothing at all; but I am not so sure about that. In any case, it is very agreeable to be treated as if you were a duchess, or that princess in the fairy tale who never opened her mouth without pearls and diamonds falling out."

"I shouldn't think that sort of treatment could be any great novelty to you," said Katharine, laughing. "I am sure Mr. Marlow seems to be of quite the same opinion."

"Well, it is and it isn't," said Mrs. Marlow, with a toss of her pretty head. "That was one of George's great attractions at first, I don't deny; but I begin to find out that he is very set in his ways, and does not take kindly to any change of views which he does not introduce. He is the dearest fellow in the world, and I do believe he is one of the greatest painters. Our State legislature gave him the commission he is executing now, you know. He told me not to brag too much about that, especially before the Lindsays; but I think it is something to be proud of. George was always too sensitive for his own good. But it stands to reason that a man as devoted as he is to just one thing must be a good deal in the dark about plenty of others that lie beyond it. Why, for one book that he has read outside of art I suppose that I must have gone through half a dozen."

The two men meanwhile were making their way toward the rather distant studio of the painter whom Mrs. Marlow was discussing, and with whom both of them had long been on terms of friendship.

"I was very glad, at first, to see Lindsay settle down here for the winter," Marlow said as they strolled on together. "I was so fond of him—so impressed by him might be a better word—when I first came to Boston ten years ago. He was just back then from this side, and I was raw to a degree which even he might find incredible nowadays, if his memory were a little less tenacious than mine is—which of course it isn't. I have been making successes of one sort and another since then—cheap ones, I suppose he would call them, and I shouldn't be ready to deny it—but at all events sufficient to keep his memory green on that score."

"Why should not he have made them also?" Giddings asked. "I am an outside barbarian, as you have told me, a dozen times more or less, knowing nothing about art except from what you call its literary side. I find that some of the Michael Angelos have a good deal to say to me; but then so has Beethoven in the matter of music, which I take it is no gauge of one's general sensitiveness. So I have been told, at any rate, by disgusted painters and musicians without number. But I have never heard any man of your profession speak of Lindsay otherwise than highly."

"It is impossible to speak of him too highly in certain ways.

His delicious and, so far as I know, unique use of color, and what I supposed to be his originality and exuberant fertility in design, were a continual delight and inspiration to me when I knew him first. He finesses too much, perhaps, to suit the popular taste. There is more science than art about him, when you come down to the last analysis, and that is fatal. And yet he is a consummate artist in his way. The trouble is that life is even more of an art to him than his pictures are. He schemes and plots, and adjusts means to ends, and thinks out combinations there as he does on his palette and his canvas. Art is a direct and simple thing, as it seems to me, and that is why he comes within one of it and stops there. I was beginning to get over my long apprenticeship to him even before I came abroad. The foxy element in him got a little too prominent at times, and though I never expect to question his superiority in what is distinctively his own—his color, which is as subtle as his brains—it gave me a certain satisfaction to run him to earth in other directions. I used in my innocence to envy him his early and prolonged acquaintance with European art, but I never dreamed to what extent and in what manner he had actually profited by it until I had grown familiar with the galleries myself."

"You mean—?"

"I mean that I have hugely enjoyed dropping in casually with him and bringing up with a round turn before a Titian here and there. There was even the photograph of a Sir Joshua in my portfolio the other day which it did me immense good to fling down accidentally before him. There is no need of taking a club to Lindsay. It would not have been the slightest additional satisfaction to dilate on the reminiscences they called up on my first glance at them."

"I know very little of his work," said Giddings, "and should doubtless be no judge of it if I knew more. I remember a little Venus which all of you fellows were going into ecstasies over, but which to me seemed clumsy. She would never have got an apple from me, unless I had had an orchardful on hand and she no competitors. But the man himself has always been interesting to me. The subtlety you speak of was a specially agreeable change from the sledge-hammer style of thinking one got in most other quarters. It is long since I have seen him, but some one told me he had married within a year or two."

"Yes, and he has got a rich and charming wife. But if his marriage and its results have not been at least as much a triumph of diplomacy as of inclination, I am much mistaken."

"What ails you, Marlow? Every man is free to criticise his neighbor, as a matter of course, but the particular tone your criticism takes is new to me—from your lips. What special enormity has Lindsay been up to now?"

Marlow made no direct reply—none at all, in fact, for several minutes. It was an old habit of his to fall into fits of abstraction in the midst of conversation, as his present interlocutor was not unaware.

"That seems a nice little girl you have brought over with you," he began at last. "Since I fell in love with my own wife when I was fourteen, I haven't seen one that has taken my eye as she has. But women are curious cattle! They are all tarred with the same stick, I've a notion. Not one of them that isn't fond of change, amenable to flattery, and disgusted with wholesome criticism. To go back to Lindsay. He is a Marylander, as perhaps you know—as poor as Job and as proud as Lucifer. He belongs to an old Catholic family there, and has always made a pretence of keeping up to his religion. His brains are as good as yours or mine are, and I never believed in it as anything more than a pretence—a part of his general attitude toward the crowd, as being a little better, or at any rate a little different from the rest. He married Sophia Cary very much against the wishes of her people, who were greatly opposed to it, partly on account of his poverty, partly on account of his profession, but most of all on account of his religion. I heard they compromised, or tried to, in some way in the end, finding the girl was bent upon it—tied up the property, I believe, and made him promise not to interfere with her belief, and to bring up any children that there might be Protestants. That last I know was done—old Cary, her cotton-broking uncle, told me so himself. But she was a rabid convert before the year was out, which was nuts to Lindsay, who chuckles over it like the Jesuit he is. He can suit himself about his own wife," Marlow broke off with a sudden energy, "but if he don't let mine alone there will be trouble."

"Just what do you mean by that, if you don't mind being more explicit?"

"Why, they came here a couple of months ago, and of course I was delighted to see and invite them to our rooms. They were both new to my wife, and Lindsay fascinated her, of course. I had no sort of objection to that in any form I supposed it possibly could take. Amanda is a woman of a great deal of education and reading, as you will find out, if you haven't done so al-

ready, and Lindsay's ultra refinement and Spanish grandee manners took her fancy, as they do that of all other women. She is a very level-headed person, too, or I always thought so; and even if it had occurred to me that Lindsay's success with his own wife might have spurred him up in the convert business, I would have backed her good sense against him every time. After living in the house with that red-hot fanatic, Maria Rawson, for six months, and fairly beating her out of the field of discussion, as I have watched her do again and again, I had no fears for her whatever. But here she was telling me last night that she began to believe there was a good deal to say on the other side, and meant to look it up. It won't be well for her peace of mind if she sticks to that notion."

"As often as I have observed it," said Giddings after a pause, "that attitude of mind never ceases to be incomprehensible to me. What difference can it, or at all events ought it, make to you what opinions your wife may hold on a matter of that sort?"

"Would you like your own wife to insinuate that she thought you might be all wrong, and that there was a probability that some other man might be all right?"

"Is that the way she put it?"

"No, it isn't. But I was not born yesterday. I knew well enough what was at the bottom of it. Do you think you would find nothing to say if your wife hinted that there might be circumstances under which she might find it agreeable to become a Catholic, a Buddhist, a Spiritualist, or a Jew?"

Giddings laughed. "Why should I," he asked, "unless I am first going to deny that she has the same right that I have to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness'? I think I might find it advisable under some of those contingencies, especially if they threatened to be successive, to give her the benefit of my advice and experience; but what right, when you come to think of it, should I have to do more than that?"

"There is no question of right and wrong between man and wife. They are one, or they are two. However, I am making more ado about it than there is real necessity for. I was out of sorts about my picture last night, or my common sense and my knowledge of Amanda would have saved me from making such an exhibition as I did of myself. I'll buy her a bracelet to-day and make it all up. Her mind is as sound as a dollar, and her heart as good as gold. And here is Lindsay's. I won't go in this morning; I have a model coming at eleven o'clock."

Lindsay, a slight, dark man, apparently midway in his thirties, came forward to meet Giddings in the ante-room of his atelier, with a characteristic stoop forward, in nowise owing to physical delicacy or real lack of erectness, and the look, half-vacant, half-intent, that belongs to short-sighted eyes momentarily divested of their glasses. He had his hat on, and a pair of gloves was lying across his left palm. Recognizing his friend's voice even before they reached each other, his face lighted up, and he threw aside his hat as they clasped hands.

"'You have staid me in a happy hour,'" he said, turning back into the studio and picking up his glasses from the ledge of the easel. "I was just about starting out to find you, but hadn't yet been able to drop my brushes when I heard your knock. I was afraid it might be some one else, and went armed. I heard of your being here from Ralston not half an hour ago, so you see I was not losing much time. Just look at my design before I cover it up, will you? You won't know anything about it, of course, but a fresh eye is always a good thing, and I have been locked up with it for the last three days and am half-blinded."

The studio was large and unusually well appointed, a strong contrast, in fact, to the little Boston eyrie, looking out over the bay across a wilderness of roofs and with nothing but its light to recommend it, where these two had made their first acquaintance. The picture, moderate in dimensions, was explained by the painter to represent Beatrice, "couched in the woodbine overture," intent on Ursula and Hero in the sunny orchard.

"I have had the figures in and out a dozen times already, but I think I have got the two in the alley to my liking now, and am only waiting for my wife to come back to finish up with this one. But what about the honeysuckle?"

"It looks like it. What is this? Titania on her bank? You seem to be running either to Shakspere or to botany."

"A happy combination of the two, perhaps," said Lindsay, with a laugh, and turning from the easel. "Will you have a pipe? A very old friend has mitigated an order for half a dozen tries at the 'great Williams'' by leaving the choice of subjects entirely to my discretion. There is no hurry about them, fortunately. I am only feeling my way to the designs at present, and shall wait for spring to begin the real work. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. Ralston says you have been joining the benedictine fraternity yourself. I hope you like it as well as I do. My wife went off to Loretto with a friend the other day, but I expect her back on Friday. But for that I

shouldn't have been locked up here, and so lost the chance of securing you before Marlow got you in his clutches. You are not positively fixed in your present quarters, I hope?"

"Why not? And what better could one do? Marlow is an exceedingly good fellow, our rooms are all they should be, and madame seems disposed to be everything that is amiable. And as to the distance, I conclude, from all I hear, that it is not impracticable even for light infantry."

"Our wives traverse it tolerably often. But it is pleasanter out here, I think; and then it would be good to have you close at hand. Marlow is very well—a little inclined to be cocky, perhaps, or was so until the political job which ended in 'rewarding native merit' with the commission that brings him out here. It was none of his doing, I will say that for him; but his father-in-law had an active finger in the pie. It wasn't in human nature to refuse, of course, but he has had the grace to be as much ashamed of it as though he were not going to do the work at least as well as anybody else, and a great deal better than nine in ten."

"It certainly is pleasant just here," said Giddings, looking about him, and ignoring all the rest of Lindsay's speech. "This room strikes me as more to be desired than Marlow's workshop, though I don't know whether it is any better adapted to its special purpose."

"It isn't; but my wife domesticates herself here and in the two adjoining, and we have rather laid ourselves out to make the place all it should or might be. She paints a little, too, as you may have heard." She had, in fact, been one of Lindsay's pupils. "She is a veritable *Sancta Sophia*," he added, after an almost imperceptible pause, and not looking at his friend. "You have hardly been with Marlow two days without learning that, in at least one sense, 'all good things came to me together with her.'"

Giddings laughed. "I have heard of painter's colic," he said, "but what is the exact nature of the evil influence oil colors exert upon the moral character?"

Lindsay colored slightly and then laughed also. "It is absurd, I own," he said, "and on my part quite inexcusable. But I happen to know that there is an edge to his tongue also. Both of us would be glad to owe a little less to luck and a little more to merit, perhaps. That is an amusing, good-hearted little woman he has married. My wife has taken to cultivating her very assiduously of late. I believe she feels shocked by what

seems to her the vast extent of Mrs. Marlow's spiritual destitution.''

"Is that the way the land lies? You might hint to her, perhaps, not to be too diligent in her labors. Marlow appears to have a great objection to amateur gardening of that description. If you have been shut up so long, you couldn't do better than walk home with me and give us some advice about our itinerary. I remember that Rome is one of your old hunting-grounds."

"The very oldest. I came here fourteen years ago with my twin brother, who was doing his theology then at the Propaganda. He is dead now, poor fellow!—wore himself out among the Flatheads. There has not been a generation of us for the last two centuries that has not sent one son here. I am the last now—and likely to be, to all appearance! There couldn't be a better guide, you see."

"Your peculiar way of looking at things gives you a sense of proprietorship here, I take it, which most of us lack," said Giddings, with a half-inquiring accent, as they were on the street together. "You find yourself more in the general line of things than we do."

"Well, yes. On the lowest conceivable ground, you know, there is a continuity between the present and the past which gives an agreeable fillip to one's imagination and historic sense. You feel yourself a Fifth-Monarchy man in a way which the originators of that phrase certainly did not contemplate, but which is very real. Of course one does not lack that feeling anywhere, but just here it reaches its apogee. There is another side to the medal. Fellows like Marlow, for example—who perhaps might be a little better up than he is on several things besides church history, but who answers well enough for a type—amuse themselves by bemoaning the still more ancient days, apostrophizing the old divinities, and going into metaphorical hysterics over what they call the irruption of the barbarians." He laughed and shrugged his shoulders as he added: "There's a phase of that with which I do not lack for sympathy myself, but, take it all round, I find it anachronistic, to say the least of it. You have not been about much yet, then?"

"Not much; my wife is rather under the weather from a cold she took as we came on from Paris. The winter is before us, so that I have counselled her to keep quiet for a little, while I qualify as cicerone."

"You justify my faith in the law of compensations," said Lindsay, smiling. "Mrs. Giddings and I will make an exchange

when Sophia comes back—I will answer for her side of it being without drawbacks; and as for you and me, perhaps we shall be able to lighten each other's miseries for a day or two? For dawdling and doing nothing, and feeling virtuous about it all the while, there is no place in the world like Rome."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"YOU don't really mean that I am the first Catholic whom you have known? I wish it had been your luck to fall upon a better sample."

The place was Katharine's sunny morning-room, where she still kept her sofa nearly half the day, and the speaker was the young lady known to her friends—and they were many—as Maria Rawson. She had returned the night before from her pilgrimage, with a perceptible addition to her always overflowing high spirits, and had just been amusing her present hostess and Mrs. Marlow, who had brought them together, with an essentially reverent and yet irresistibly droll account of certain of its incidents.

"She pretends to be a Catholic," Mrs. Marlow had said as she rose to take little Jack out for his airing. "I am sure that if I believed all she says she does I should be in such a serious frame of mind that I should never smile again."

"Oh! no, you wouldn't," said Maria; "you would simply feel yourself at home and one of the family, and know that you were not expected to stand on ceremony all the time. I can't for the life of me help feeling gay just now," she went on, turning to Katharine as Mrs. Marlow left the room. "Mrs. Lindsay and I went off on our pilgrimage just on that poor woman's account—or, to be quite exact, on the little boy's—and I haven't an iota of doubt that we obtained our object. He's a dear little chap, isn't he? I saw he had taken to you already."

"He is a clever little man," said Katharine, who had been entertained by his prattle several times; "he struck me as even too precocious. Do you mind telling me what you mean about going on a pilgrimage for his sake?"

"Well, I don't, though of course, not knowing you at all, I can't say just how it will strike you." She gave a quick look at Mrs. Giddings. "You will probably decide in your own mind that I am a fool—but I am pretty well used to that by this time. In the first place, he is an unbaptized infant, and, as such, belongs to a class which, together with the souls in purgatory, engrosses

my sympathies to a degree that has made me devote myself entirely to their welfare. In the second place, I delight in the child solely on his own account; and in the third, I pity him to that extent, when I think of the dangers he runs by reason of the opinions of his father and mother, that I am going to shock you by saying that if I were only sure to get a chance to baptize him in time, I should be heartily pleased to have him brought back this morning on a stretcher and see him buried to-morrow."

"You are very bloody-minded," said Katharine, laughing. "I suppose you will let me shock you in return by saying that I believe you even less than I comprehend you. And that, if you knew it, is a very strong expression of incredulity."

"I quite understand it," said Maria. "So far as I have observed, belief and understanding always keep that relation to each other. The more you add to the one the heavier grows the other. But I will tell you more precisely what it was that sent us off to Loretto for him. You don't know anything about Loretto, by the way? Well, ask me that another time. George Marlow is a very good man in his way, but his way, to most people—even to you, I fancy, who look too young and innocent to have got very far out of the ruts in which most American parents place their children—is what one might call peculiar. It isn't altogether his fault, poor fellow. He was thrown on the tender mercies of a hard-fisted and hard-hearted deacon when he was six years old, and, according to his own story, was flogged and starved and worried into such a hatred for all he knew under the name of religion that to this day he abhors the whole Christian faith by reason of the misdeeds of Deacon Peleg Smith, who neither knew nor practised it any better than he does himself. I see your eyes twinkling again," she said, interrupting her oratory at full tide; "but what do you think of a man who absolutely refuses to let his child be taught one single prayer? I was trying to persuade Amanda—we were school-girls together—to let me teach him the 'Our Father,' if she didn't wish to; but George flared up and told me if he caught him with one syllable of it on his lips he would shoot me! Yes, I thought I should make you look grave, but that isn't the worst of it, not by half! Amanda—well, she's a shallow little thing anyway; that is why she is always running over. She fairly out-Herods Herod! Before I got my warning from George—I don't mean to say, mind, that I should have paid any attention to it, but they have kept the child out of my way ever since, except when one of them was with him—I had him in church with me one day, and told him a

little about the crucifix: just what one would tell a child who asks a simple question. To my horror she came into the salon one night; the Lindsays were both there, and she had been putting Jack to bed. 'Just think, George,' she began, 'somebody has begun talking folly to Jack already. He asked me, as I was covering him up just now, if—'"

Maria stopped short again. "I can't quite bring myself to repeat her words," she went on after a minute. "The little fellow had asked her if our Blessed Lord were not the best man that ever lived. 'And what did you tell him?' said George. 'Why,' she answered quite seriously, 'I said I thought that Marcus Aurelius was a better one, and then I went on to tell him a little about what he thought and did. And when I got through, he says, "Mamma, if you'd 'a' told me about Marcus Aurelius afore, mebbe I'd 'a' been a better boy."' You never saw such a face as Mrs. Lindsay's; and as for me, I was obliged to leave the room."

Katharine, too, felt a great shudder of mingled disgust and horror.

"I am a very great admirer of Marcus Aurelius myself," she said, when at last she spoke, "but I should not care to tell a child a thing like that."

"After all, though," resumed Maria in a tone in which the apologetic accent was very perceptible, "that was low-water mark for Amanda. She has got more heart than head, and I don't believe but what something in herself revolted at her own words. And then she admires Lindsay excessively, and she had wit enough to see something of what she had done. We two planned then to go and visit the Holy House, where neither of us had ever been as yet, and pray for all three of them, but especially for Jack. It seems so frightful to stand by and see innocence corrupted and intelligence perverted at that age. For my part, an Indian mother laying her baby in the Ganges would be an infinitely less frightful spectacle than the one I assist at daily."

It was after this narration that Miss Rawson made the interrogation first quoted from her.

"I can hardly count Mr. Lindsay," answered Katharine, "knowing him so slightly. We have talked a good deal, too, but it has been about books and galleries for the most part. I should not have known he was a Catholic but for something Mrs. Marlow told me."

"He has always been one; it is no new thing with him. And,

to tell the honest truth, he is the one exception I have seen to what I believe to be the general rule, that the Catholic who has always been such is a better and safer person than the convert. I don't mean to say he is not everything he should be now, but certainly he did promise before his marriage that if there were any children they should be brought up Protestants. His wife told me that herself. And he need not have done it; she would have married him in any case, though there did at one time seem good reason to suppose it would be prevented. Her people wanted to keep him to it, too, even after her conversion, and tried to insist on his having the one little baby they had baptized as she had been. I can't say what he would have done—men have such notions about giving their word and keeping it—but she said the promise was made to her and accepted by her under totally false ideas, and was utterly worthless. Then the child died, and the doctor says she will never have another, which cuts Lindsay to the quick, for he is the very last of an exceedingly good old stock. And serves him right, to my mind. He had no business to think of trading away his birthright even for such an unexampled mess of pottage as Sophia Cary. How you will like her when you know her!"

"And are you a convert also?"

Miss Rawson laughed. "I am not only a convert, but what my friend Mr. Ralston calls a convert-broker. Would you like to hear about it? If I don't tell you, some one else will be sure to."

"Tell me yourself, then," said Katharine, laughing also. "I feel persuaded that no one else would do it half so graphically."

"I don't think they would myself. Nobody else knows all the points, or could naturally be expected to take so much interest in it. You see before you, my dear, though perhaps you may incline to doubt it in the absence of corroborative testimony, the very plainest girl that ever graduated out of Portland High School."

Katharine looked at the slight, nervous, wiry figure, the little, dark head, tipped on one side like a bird's, the somewhat prominent black eyes, the bony forehead, the unclassic nose, the wide mouth parting in a smile over a set of dazzling teeth, the whole countenance lighted up with an expression of shrewd intelligence and genuine good-temper, and shook her head.

"Perhaps Portland is famous for its beauties," she said, smiling.

"That is very good-natured of you, especially as I believe

that perhaps half of it is sincere. But what I say is true, notwithstanding. 'As homely as Maria Rawson' was what they used to say when I was eighteen—which was only seven years since, perhaps you will allow me to interpolate. I did not want for beaux, however, and had at least one persevering and persistent lover, who, by the usual contrariety which governs such things, was called the handsomest man in the city, and was certainly the richest and the most highly educated. He had made his medical studies in Paris, and got his degree at Oxford, so you may estimate his attainments for yourself. I never was quite sure I wanted to marry him, but I was very certain that there wasn't one of the other girls who would not have jumped at the chance; and as my own parents were delighted with the prospect, I finally agreed. Perhaps you think this has not much to do with the story you asked for, but, at all events, it won't detain us long; and though it isn't the usual introduction to my tale, something moved me to it this morning, and, as a rule, I follow my impulses when they are not clearly wrong."

"How can you tell?" said Katharine.

"Partly by the taste, if you know what that means, and partly by seeing whether they go clean contrary to anything I positively know to be a duty of either commission or omission. Well, now to my story proper. I had a great friend—I always have great women friends. I have a presentiment that you are going to be one of them; and my presentiments are infallible. She was the daughter of a clergyman, but not of our church. I was born and bred an Episcopalian, and was a really devout one. We used to take long morning walks together, getting up at six o'clock for the purpose, and trying to be as English as possible in the matter of constitutionals, cold water, and all that sort of thing, as a sort of decent homage to a man we both admired, and who had roused a good deal of ill-feeling one way and another, but chiefly by turning his back on Yale and Harvard and the New York medical schools, and 'performing,' as one of our neighbors put it, 'like a durned Tory ginerally.' I owed him that much, you know, as I had promised to marry him, and was beginning to be aware that I should never be able to give him anything much more substantial. I called for Marion one morning, and, finding her indisposed, started off alone. On my way I happened to pass a Catholic church, the door of which stood wide open, it being summer-time. I looked in. Mass was going on, the altar was well lighted. It may have been a feast, perhaps; I don't remember. I had never been inside such a

place, but the impulse took me, and I entered. Directly afterward the bell rang for the Elevation. I sat looking on until the priest lifted the Host, and then, if you will believe me, I was converted then and there, without the least previous instruction."

"I don't understand," said Katharine, in whom this tale awakened painful recollections.

"I can't explain. I only know that I was as convinced then as I am now, no more so and no less, that the Catholic Church taught the true religion and the only one, and that if I wanted to save my soul it behooved me to enter it without unnecessary delay. I waited until Mass was over, and then I followed the priest into the sacristy, told him who I was and what I wanted, took the catechism he gave me, learned it by heart, told my parents what I meant to do, was baptized, dismissed my lover, and here I am."

"But your parents—were they willing?"

"Not at all. I was an only daughter, but I had a younger brother. They locked me up for one day, and afterwards, when my father let me out, he told me he did not intend to interfere with my liberty, but if I used it in the manner I proposed I must never enter his doors again."

"But you persevered?"

"It was a question of heaven, you know. A house in Portland didn't seem very much to put in the balance against that. I was baptized, and then I went and stayed for a week or so with our Irish washerwoman; but at the end of that time my father and mother came, as I didn't doubt they would, and took me home again."

"And were they reconciled to it afterwards?"

"My mother became a Catholic within the year. I baptized my father myself as he was dying, because his relatives had mounted guard below and would not let the priest he asked for mount the stairs. My brother is in the Jesuit novitiate now in Maryland. And as for my old lover, he is married to my old friend, and I am here."

Katharine sighed and said nothing. After a while her new friend began again. "People say to me sometimes, 'I wonder you did not go into a convent.' Perhaps you wonder, too?"

Katharine was lost in thought, and the question had to be repeated before it brought an answer.

"I know too little about your religion," she said, "to feel any intelligent wonder at anything a Catholic may think or do after taking the first plunge. The thing that perplexes me, and to

which I should like to go back, if you don't mind, is the answer you made me about your impulses. Had you no impulse not to give your parents pain? In your case all turned out according to your liking. But suppose it hadn't? Suppose that until the very end they had thought you wrong and refused to see you? Or take a stronger case. Imagine a child of your own bent on reverting to the religion you abandoned?"

"You speak with so much feeling," said Maria, "that I am tempted to believe you know something of that struggle from experience. Yes? I thought so. Do you know, I have never yet met a person of mature years and intelligence who had not had the Catholic Church and its claims brought forcibly in some way or other to his attention, and made to feel in a greater or less degree the nature of his responsibility with regard to it."

"I don't know many people," returned Katharine, "but that thought has occurred once or twice to me also."

"Well, what do you suppose a fact like that means?"

"I don't think I should like to dogmatize about its meaning until I felt surer that it was a fact. I should think it might be one of the cases where, as my husband would say, it would be safe to defer your generalization until your induction was wider."

"Ah! you are too learned for poor me. I never could remember which was induction and which was deduction. They are to my maturity what funnel and tunnel were to my childhood. I never knew whether I was going through a funnel or pouring molasses through a tunnel. Wherefore I will go back at once to your question about my impulses, which I know more about from having it forcibly propounded to me at the time I speak of, and feeling bound in some way to justify my action to myself. I am greatly tempted, however, to put one to you in the first place, and, that being the orthodox Yankee way of answering, I think I will. I haven't seen your husband, and don't in the least know what he is like, but I take it for granted you love him extremely. You look as if you did. Well, suppose your parents had obstinately refused their permission to your marriage, what would you have done?"

The color came to Katharine's face. "I don't know what you think that has to do with it," she began a little hastily, going on, after a brief pause, in a more equable and measured tone. "Still, I don't mind answering you. If it had been only their unreasonable dislike—if there were no good grounds to base such a refusal on, and no persuasions would have been of any use—I should have gone on and married him all the same."

"Because—?"

"Because he was necessary to my happiness."

"The best reason in the world—the only tolerable excuse, in fact, it seems to me, for marriage. And if your choice had been really a good one no one would ever have blamed you, even if your parents had persevered to the very end in their unreasonable prejudice. And yet your happiness would have been lessened in some ways by the attitude they chose to take. That must stand for one part of my answer to your question. I don't say it is a complete one, but I do say that if there were no such thing as positive truth that might be known, and positive duty arising from it, there would be no higher law of action than the intelligent pursuit of one's own happiness."

"Everybody doesn't think so. Some people and most books tell you that the highest thing is self-sacrifice—a postponing or denying of your own self in order to promote the happiness or good of others."

"I don't say it isn't. Mind you, I am talking only on the supposition that there is no positive truth and therefore no positive rule of duty. There can't be the last, so far as I can see, unless there is the first. In that case either the people who preach self-sacrifice and self-denial, or at all events those who practise it under that conviction—which is quite another thing, I do believe—either find a certain sort of happiness in preferring others to themselves or they are very great fools."

"I know what you mean," said Katharine, "and I believe it is true. It was true for me, at all events. There are two things that I know about myself. One is that I could never have deprived another person of a positive good in order to take it myself, and the other is that if the good in question were essential to my happiness, going without it would never be the same thing to me as having it. But, after all, that does not seem to me to answer my question. One knows what happiness is of the sort you instanced just now." She colored again, but was too much in earnest not to go on. "But in the case of changing one's religion I have never been able to see that there was anything positive involved at all. There is nothing in what I was taught to believe that is not a mere matter of shifting opinion, concerning which nine in ten of all the people you know hold different views, and about which not one of those who profess to teach it can give you any exposition which is not on the face of it absurd."

"And the conclusion you come to?"

"Is that in what I know as Christianity there is absolutely nothing that is certain, and, for that reason, to prefer one variety of it to another, at the risk of giving what may be actual and lasting pain to those who cannot see it in that way, and whose feelings you are bound to consider, is a wicked weakness on the part of those who are strong enough to resist the temptation. The case is utterly different with regard to what one sees and knows and feels in this world. That is real and tangible. But what do we know about the other? Just one thing, as it seems to me. That no revelation that really came from our Creator could be so confused and contradictory as what I was taught as Christianity, and therefore no such revelation was ever made."

"Precisely so. You hit the nail on the head with a good will that does me good. But I should like to know why you always take care to say 'what I know,' or 'what I was taught as Christianity.'"

"Because," said Katharine, dropping into a less animated tone, "there was a time when I thought that perhaps I had not been taught the real thing. I had a suspicion that your church might hold a more consistent faith, and that I ought to convince myself on that point before deciding. But when the time for action came I found myself at just such a turn in the road as that which you describe. I went the opposite way."

"You ran an awful risk," said Maria. "I don't want to flatter you, but a person with an intelligence as clear as yours, who has seen the real issue as distinctly as you have, is playing with edged tools in acting in that manner. But tell me, if you know, what would you have done if you had examined, and felt persuaded, in consequence, that the Catholic faith were true? Would any consideration have prevented you from embracing it?"

Katharine turned pale. A passionate longing kindled in her eyes, that passed beyond her companion and lost themselves in the blue sky that stretched cloudless beyond her windows.

"Ah!" she said, "I would give my body to be burned, I would live in agonies and see all I hold dearest perish in them, if by so doing I could reach God and feel myself at union with him!"

"He will take you at your word one day," said Maria, very much moved, and rising to leave the room.

TO BE CONTNIUED.

THE HALF-BREED REVOLT IN CANADA.

WHEN Archbishop Taché was on his way to Rome to attend the Œcumenical Council in 1869 his flock on the banks of the Red River, Manitoba, were on the verge of civil war. The year before they had experienced a change of masters, when the judicial and administrative government of the country passed from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Parliament of Canada. For nearly two centuries the Indians, and for one century the half-breeds, of the Canadian Northwest lived in peace under the administration of their rulers. Mutual interests developed friendships between the governors and the governed, and for nearly two hundred years only one member of the Hudson's Bay Company met with a violent death at the hands of the so-called "savages" of what was then called "Prince Rupert's Land." The Hudson's Bay Company wanted nothing from the Indians but the furs which were found in their rivers and on their plains. Land-grabbing was unknown. It was to the interest of the company to preserve the hunting-grounds of the Indians from spoliation, and it was to the interest of the Indians to exchange their furs for the blankets, cloths, arms, and ammunition of the traders. Except to the missionary fathers and the Hudson's Bay Company, this great Lone Land remained a *terra incognita*. A few French-Canadian *voyageurs* occasionally found their way to the vast territory, and, marrying Indian girls, a race of half-breeds sprang up around the churches which were sparsely scattered over the vast, and in places unexplored, land. Carrying with them the customs as well as the religion of their fathers, these *voyageurs*, after settling on the banks of the Red River, divided the lands into long and narrow strips running back from the river and giving a water-frontage to each farm, as all French-Canadian farmers do along the St. Lawrence or the Ottawa. The Red River, like other missions, in time became fringed with white-washed cottages, divided from its muddy waters by a road, following which, from either side, the church at St. Boniface was reached, with its tin-covered roof gleaming in the summer sun, or covered with snow during the six or seven months of winter they have in those parts of the country. Peace and rural competence were the general lot of

the people, and the child became the father of the man for many decades before the change came. At last, in 1869, the judicial and administrative authority of the Hudson's Bay Company was extinguished, and the control of Prince Rupert's Land passed to the Parliament of Canada. The Canadian government purchased the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company for the sum of $1,500,000, and for this 250,000,000 acres of land became the property of the people of Canada. Of all that vast territory the Hudson's Bay Company retained only 50,000 acres around its posts and one-twentieth of the land in the great fertile belt south and north of the Saskatchewan. Neither the Indians nor the half-breeds were consulted, and the change of rulers caused a flutter of uneasiness to pass along the settlements, which for the first time in their history knew agitation and unrest. Nor were the terms under which the transfer was made calculated to quiet the people, for they gave the governor in council supreme power to enact laws and ordinances without the sanction of Parliament. The only check on the governor was the proviso "that the laws" enacted by the governor of Canada in council "shall be laid before Parliament as soon as convenient after their passage." The exigencies of state, or the law's delay, prevented the governor in council from providing for responsible government in the newly-acquired territory, and the unrest of the half-breeds developed into open disaffection when they heard that they were to submit to the authorities at Ottawa in all judicial and administrative affairs, without having a voice in the council of the country. Louis Riel, then a young man of thirty years of age, was foremost among the disaffected spirits, and he pictured many evils which were likely to come to his people under the new régime. Above all, he and they appeared to think that their religion, their old customs, and the language of their fathers, to which they had clung, were in danger, and that resistance to the new state of affairs became a duty of the hour. Exaggerated as some of these opinions were, the Canadian government took no special pains to convince the disaffected of their error, and thoughtlessly added fuel to the flame by sending surveyors to the Red River with instructions to destroy the cherished old frontage system of the half-breeds and lay out the country in square blocks of sections and quarter-sections. By the proposed change family ties would be broken, old associations disturbed, and a rooted custom of the people treated with scant consideration. Unluckily for the peace of his children, Archbishop Taché about this time

left for Rome, not, however, before he had admonished the half-breeds to abstain from overt acts of rebellion and to take peaceful, but if necessary constitutionally active, measures for the redress of any grievances of which they were justly entitled to complain. With his departure for Europe the troubles of the half-breeds began. Colonel Dennis and his surveyors soon afterwards appeared on the scene. They commenced running a base-line through the property of a half-breed for the purpose of re-arranging the survey, when Riel, with some followers who were unarmed, peremptorily ordered the party to stop their work and leave. On that day the challenge was thrown down and Riel assumed the mastery. A messenger of peace, in the person of Gen. Macdougall, was sent to appease the irritated half-breeds, but he found the trail, which led from the United States to Manitoba, barred against his entrance into the territory; and then, but not till then, did the "Red River Rebellion" assume alarming proportions. The great stretch of lakes from Owen Sound, across Huron, through Sault Ste. Marie, and across Superior was closed to navigation for that year, and the Canadian government saw a portion of the country in the hands of insurgents whom it knew it was unable to curb until the following year. And Riel was not inactive. In November, 1869, he crossed the Red River, occupied Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and one hundred of his followers mounted guard over its hewn-log sides. The stores of the Hudson's Bay Company provided him, on requisition, with nearly four hundred Enfield rifles, ammunition, and provisions; and a few pieces of artillery, with which the fort was provided, were limbered up, and, for the first time in many years, they threateningly peeped over the parapets of the works. The loyalists were powerless, and when they attempted an incipient counter-insurrection against the provisional government which Riel established, they fell easy victims to his power. One of them, Thomas Scott, was shot under circumstances of exceptional brutality, and Riel's own friends draw a veil over that dark spot on his history. (Yet it is hard to believe him callous to the sufferings of his enemies, for there is a touch of chivalry in the way he pulled off his great fur coat one bitter day in winter, and threw it over the shoulders of a lady who was accompanying her husband to prison in Fort Garry.) Meanwhile the provisional government had issued a "Bill of Rights" which demanded a local legislature; the election of sheriffs; magistrates and constables; a guarantee to connect Winnipeg by rail with the nearest railroad; that the military be composed of the people

then existing in the territory; that the French and English languages be common in the legislature; that the judge of the Superior Court speak French and English; that all privileges, customs, and usages existing at the time of the transfer be respected; and that the people should have a full and fair representation in the Dominion government. O'Donohoe, an Irish sympathizer, was all this time Riel's right-hand man, supplied him with money, and drafted his "Bill of Rights." The only man who could, single-handed, have settled the difficulty was in Rome, from which he returned at the urgent appeal of the Canadian premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, and Bishop Langevin. With his return the clouds began to roll by, and the Canadian premier commissioned him to offer a complete amnesty to all engaged in the insurrection, and to promise a careful consideration of the "Bill of Rights." With this assurance Archbishop Taché returned to the Red River the bearer of glad tidings to his people. All Manitoba, loyal and rebel, rejoiced when the archbishop arrived at St. Boniface, and he alone of the throng of people who paid him reverence was astonished when he saw the fur-clad half-breed sentinel pace with sloped arms before his palace door! He found not only the half-breeds but the Scotch in favor of Riel and yielding a willing obedience to the authority of the provisional government. The situation was more serious than the authorities at Ottawa had told him; but, beloved by the somewhat rude but simple people of his flock, and respected all over the territory for his piety and the kindliness with which he treated those who differed from him, he found no difficulty in throwing oil on the troubled waters with the promises of amnesty and an inquiry into their grievances. That was a golden day at St. Boniface, and Scotch Protestants, of whom a few had lately come into the settlement, as well as the Catholics, rejoiced, and the disaffected piled their arms in submission to the episcopal promise and will. The difficulty was looked on as being at an end when the news came that Gen. Wolseley, at the head of one thousand regulars and militia, was en route for Winnipeg, and it required all the authority of Archbishop Taché to prevent the half-breeds from meeting force with force and taking their chances in the field. But his advice prevailed: the disaffected people dispersed; Riel crossed over to the United States, and Gen. Wolseley entered Winnipeg in bloodless triumph. Riel was never arrested, and he was afterwards elected to represent Provencher—an electoral district in Manitoba—at Ottawa, while

O'Donohoe was banished and all his property confiscated. Riel's election excited the friends of the murdered Scott, who was an Orangeman. They threatened to shoot Riel if he took his seat in the House. At that time Timothy Warren Anglin, a Catholic, was speaker. He introduced the practice of opening the prayers by blessing himself aloud. This excited the Orangemen more. Riel was in his place. He waited until the prayers were over, when he left and never returned. He was afterwards expelled. But he gained something for his people. In order to reconcile them to the change in the survey each settler was given 240 acres of land. When Manitoba became a province of the Dominion the people got nearly all the privileges which are enjoyed by Ontario or Quebec. They are not yet on an equal footing with the other provinces, because the Dominion government say that Manitoba and the Northwest belong to the people of the older provinces, with whose money the territory was purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company. But as disaffection left Manitoba it travelled to the Northwest Territories, where the Indians and half-breeds at the present hour are suffering from the same causes which drove the men of the Red River to rebel in 1869. The law granting the 240 acres of land to the settlers only applied to Manitoba. The half-breeds in other parts of the country who remained quiet were not considered in the settlement of the dispute. They now ask that all the privileges that were given to the men living on the Red River during the insurrection of 1869 shall be extended to them. They demand 240 acres of land each and a voice in the management of their affairs. Outside Manitoba, where these men live, the country is practically governed from Ottawa. The condition of affairs is in most respects similar to what it was when Riel crossed the Red River and took possession of Fort Garry. Seeing the benefits which followed to his people by his daring fifteen years ago, Riel now aspires to achieve similar results for all the half-breeds who are scattered over the great Lone Land.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A DESCRIPTIVE ATLAS OF THE CESNOLA COLLECTION OF CYPRIOTE ANTIQUITIES IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. By Louis P. di Cesnola, LL.D., Director of the Museum. In three volumes, large folio, with Introduction by Professor Ernst Curtius, of the Berlin Museum. Volume i., with Introduction by Samuel Birch, LL.D., of the British Museum. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This sumptuous work is one long ago projected by the author, as due to the magnificent collection which it illustrates, and as diffusing more widely the original authority for the revolutionary ideas which the collection has wrought in the history of ancient art and myth. It might be added that it was due no less to the discoverer and author, as a fit commemoration of his unexampled enterprise and success in conducting a vast series of excavations with his single-handed resources and at his own private expense, and thus recovering to the world a wealth of the buried remains of antiquity, accomplishing a result scarcely surpassed, and in sundry respects not even rivalled, by the great works undertaken or executed only under the auspices and at the charge of a powerful government. Untoward circumstances—not the fault of the author, but such as elicit for him the sympathy of all right-minded men—have delayed the progress and appearance of this work to a point which tried somewhat the patience of the scholars of Europe and America; but meanwhile the collection, scarcely understood when first gathered, has been studied by the savants everywhere, in reproductions if not at the Museum, and the delay has been the occasion of a more technical and competent, if not more accurate, character in the descriptive matter.

The work, as its name implies, is a collection of large plates, each accompanied with the necessary descriptions, which occupy one or more sheets as occasion demands. Each volume contains one hundred and fifty plates, made by the heliotype process; and one-third of the whole number are to be in colors. This first volume is confined to the statuary and sculptures, and contains but two colored plates (Plates 149 and 150, which represent the sarcophagus from Amathus). The remaining volumes are to contain the terra-cottas, the objects in alabaster, glass, gold, silver, and bronze, with the inscriptions, and will require a much freer use of color. The size and necessary cost of the work ($150) put it beyond the reach of most private purchasers; but it will be an ornament to the better public libraries and institutions of learning on both sides of the Atlantic. Its value cannot be diminished so long as the testimony of the collection itself is to be listened to.

Roughly speaking, the period embraced by the sculptured objects exhibited in this first volume extends from the time of the earliest remains found in Cyprus down to the Roman period. When knowledge of the collection was scanty it was a fair and open question whether certain statues that imitate Egyptian styles and dress of the time of Thothmes III. (about 1500 B.C.) did not themselves belong to that early date; and even now some savants ascribe to them that great antiquity. But more study

has made the majority of students incline to a later date, assigning the oldest of the statues to an age not much if any earlier than the sixth century B.C. In general, the age of the statuary and sculptures may be approximately stated; but there are sundry questions yet to solve. In view of this fact the arrangement of objects in this volume has followed similarity of style rather than chronology, though the latter, where its marks were plain, has not been neglected. The Græco-Roman steles and cippi, with their (separately found and separately figured) pine-cones—the latter, small reminders of the Hadrianic "pine-cone of the Vatican"—are not put among the Phœnico Egyptian, the Phœnico-Cypriote, the Græco-Cypriote, or the pure Cypriote of an earlier period, nor are these last-mentioned classes confounded. It should be added here that the sculpture and statuary do not present examples of art so ancient as are to be found among the terra-cotta and smaller objects of the collection. The gold votive armlets of Etevander, King of Paphos, still fresh as the day they were made, and showing the hammer-marks, are probably as old as any sculptured stone in the Museum, if not older.

It would be unjust to the work to pass in silence the unique character of the collection it represents, or the results thus far derived from their study—of which, naturally, a great deal occurs in the introductions and the descriptive matter. Especially valuable in this respect are the facts of the introduction by Dr. Samuel Birch, which traces the history of the island as it is revealed (somewhat scantily, to be sure) in the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, and by the Greek and Roman writers; the whole by itself, irrespective of its worth in its place, being a very respectable and necessary supplement to Engel. Not less to be esteemed is the essay by the author of the *Atlas* on "The Cypriote Discoveries," which gives a sketch of excavations and explorations made in Cyprus in modern times. But this *Atlas* stands as an original authority, still inviting investigation, in a line which has already shown the agency of the Phœnician nation as the "middlemen" who carried to Greece ideas and processes heretofore thought indigenous among the Hellenes; and shown that Greek art arose as the improver and beautifier of ideas, processes, and motives which it *received*, through the Phœnicians, from the older nations. The Phœnician invention of letters is an ancient story; but the fact that Greek mythology was in large measure of Oriental descent is one that has been forgotten and rediscovered again and again, and well-nigh forgotten by the intellectual portion of the present generation, had it not been forced upon their attention anew by the discoveries in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, and again abundantly confirmed, with amplification, by the discoveries of Cesnola in Cyprus. In respect to all these matters the collection in New York is a teacher and exemplifier without a peer. The epoch-making work of Perrot and Chipiez, entitled *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*, could never have been written, nor, if written, have been illustrated, without the help of the Cesnola collection and the advance-sheets of the *Atlas*.

Perhaps the chief portion of the larger objects figured in this volume show directly the Phœnician influence. An Egyptian style of dress or ornament, or a decoration formed principally of Assyrian rosettes, or the pointed Persian *kittaris*, will be found united with some characteristic

Phœnician emblem, like the ball (sun?) and crescent, while all but the last will be so modified as to show that the Phœnician was merely borrowing a *motif* which would never have taken that shape nor received that modification at the hands of a native artist. It is not always easy, though it is often possible, to determine whether the adopted *motif* is traceable to the time of Assyrian, Egyptian, or Persian rule in Cyprus, or whether it was a mere importation. Nor, where we see the head of Hathor taking on a shape derived from the head of Medusa, is it easy to say whether the Phœnician was flattering a Greek purchaser, or merely exercising his fancy with elements that would have been heterogeneous if native. On the other hand, where, as on the sarcophagus from Golgoi, we see the fable of Perseus and Medusa wrought with decided Oriental modifications, in a style whose purity falls scarcely short of the Greek, we feel in doubt whether we have lost trace of the Phœnician workman, or are retracing an Oriental origin of the myth, or are indebted to the Phœnician artist for Orientalizing a fable of Greece. So in the Amathus sarcophagus with its high-relief sculptures, where we see the Babylonian Ishtar and the Egyptian Bes as funebral tutelaries, and a procession of men, horses, and chariots with Oriental accompaniments but a Greek style of sculpture, we are at a loss to know how exactly to adjust the relation of artist and subject. But in both these sarcophagi we see the progress of art from the Orient to Greece, through the wandering Phœnicians. And the same is true of all the objects which bear clearest marks of their date, whether they belong to the early settlement of Cyprus by the Phœnicians, or to the Assyrian, the Egyptian, or the Persian supremacy.

Of the multitude of objects figured in this first volume (nearly 1,200) it is impossible in a short space to note even a typical selection, or remark upon the several deductions to be drawn from them. But the volume contains a typical selection of the collection, as well as all the more important of the larger pieces; and from it many a volume, as hitherto from the collection itself, may be filled without exhausting its material for elaboration and illustration.

THE FACT DIVINE: An Historical Study of the Christian Revelation and of the Catholic Church. By Joseph Broeckaert, S.J. Translated from the French by Edmund J. A. Young. "Unus Dominus, Una Fides, Unum Baptisma."—Eph. iv. 5. Portland, Me.: McGowan & Young. 1885.

We are glad to see works of this kind translated, printed, published, and circulated. They are read, and more so than some folks think they are. More of this kind of work, too, might be done by us Catholics—shall we say, and more ought to be done? It will always pay in one way or another. If not in money, it will in what is more important—the conversion of souls. Let there, then, be translations of good books from foreign languages, and original works written, especially adapted to the needs of souls in and under present surroundings and in accordance with their actual difficulties. Books of this kind will be read, and read with profit. One of the best uses of money is to pay for the manufacture of good books.

This volume was written by one who was competent to his work. It is published in Portland, Maine. All parts of our country ought to contri-

bute to so great a work as its conversion. How can the truth be known and sway the minds and hearts of men, unless it is brought before them? Let us all be up and doing. This is a good book, and God bless the author who thought it out and wrote it, the translator of it, the man who publishes it, and the one who will buy and circulate it! To what better uses can thought and time, labor and money, be put?

Nota bene: Publish your book on your own hook. That is, pay for its manufacture, and do not make the publisher take the risk. Many Catholic publishers have died poor; none that we know of have become rich. If you have not the money to pay for the manufacture of your own book, then get some one to pay the expenses who has, or keep quiet.

The Theatre and Christian Parents. By Maurice Francis Egan. Reprinted, with the author's permission, from the *Freeman's Journal.* New York: Benziger Bros. 1885.

Mr. Egan deals in this pamphlet with a question which is of the utmost practical importance. Public opinion, as he points out, rules the stage and its productions, and public opinion has been strong enough to banish the openly immodest and immoral. In our own country, too, Catholics are sufficiently influential to prevent all insults to their faith and its ministers. Unfortunately, powerful as they have proved themselves in this, they have not, for some reason or other, succeeded in banishing the subtle suggestions of evil which are found in many plays produced in what are considered good theatres. To form such a public opinion Mr. Egan writes. It is needless to say that we fully sympathize with him. His pamphlet will be of great service in calling attention to this matter. It is not extravagant: it recognizes the legitimacy of the stage; it seeks only to correct its abuses. It is perhaps somewhat too discursive, and we certainly cannot agree with all its criticisms on the drama or its present state; but there is no doubt that Mr. Egan has done a good work, and we hope it will meet with the success it deserves.

The Memorial Volume. A History of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. Baltimore: Baltimore Pub. Co. 1885.

The publishers have not spared pains or expense upon this handsome volume. Most of its numerous illustrations are good, and some are excellent. The contents, we need not say, are of that importance and value that all who take an interest in the Catholic Church in our republic must be thankful to the publishers of the *Memorial* for having undertaken and fulfilled their task in such a complete and creditable manner.

The Life of St. Thomas Becket. Second enlarged edition. By John Morris, S.J. London: Burns and Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

Our attention is at once attracted, in reading the title-page of the *Life* of the great English archbishop and saint, Thomas of Canterbury, that his surname is given simply as *Becket*, and not, as has been usual, *à Becket*. We have often looked for some explanation of the particle *à* before this name, but have never until now found one. It seems that it was a mere colloquialism, meaning nothing, and is therefore very properly dropped by Father Morris.

The first edition of Father Morris' *Life of St. Thomas* was published twenty-six years ago, and was soon exhausted. We read it at the time, and thought it to be excellent. The present edition has been much improved and enlarged by using the materials for biography which have accumulated during the last quarter of a century, especially six volumes published in the Rolls series. It is one of the best and most admirable biographies to be found in our English Catholic literature.

Ravignan's Last Retreat. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The title shows what this little book is—a series of Meditations on the plan of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, arranged for a retreat, by the celebrated Jesuit, Father Ravignan. This last retreat preached by Father Ravignan was given to Carmelite nuns in a monastery at Paris in November, 1857.

Reflections on the Sufferings of our Lord. Translated from the French by Very Rev. S. Byrne, O.P. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1885.

Fourteen plain and practical discourses, whose chief recommendation is that they are extracted from the works of Cardinal de la Luzerne, one of the eminent writers of the French church during the last century.

Memorial Words. H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1885.

This short funeral discourse was pronounced at the solemn requiem for the late Lady Georgiana Fullerton on the 29th of last January. It is a tribute to her intellectual and moral excellence, very high, very appropriate, and altogether according to truth. She was a writer of very remarkable merit, and a noble, Christian woman, one of the choice band of converts to the Catholic Church in England during the present generation. She has left after her a bright example, and works which will not soon be forgotten.

Wonder Tales for Boys and Girls.

The Young Explorers, and other Stories: A Book for Girls. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1885.

Each of these prettily-bound little volumes contains stories suited for young readers, which are all harmless, and some of which are quite entertaining. They are specimens of two distinct series of juvenile books, the "Golden Crown Library" and the "Snowdrop Library." Such little books answer a very good purpose, and we wish the publishers success in their efforts to provide young boys and girls with innocent and amusing reading.

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THE SCIENCEVILLE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages, and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings."
—*Through the Looking-Glass.*

THE great reputation of the English Society for Psychical Research having inspired many of the leading scientific men and women of Scienceville to form a similar one, a preliminary meeting was recently held. The company that assembled was a distinguished one. Among the most prominent we must mention Prof. Physics, whose reputation is deservedly wide-spread. There was Dr. Positive, learned in anthropology, who has discovered several new ape-like features in man. He has dissected assiduously to find the soul, and has satisfied himself that there is none to find. He scorns all that is called supernatural, but believes in the self-evolution of matter from nothing and in the transformation of the inorganic into the organic. There was Prof. Dubitans, a teacher of philosophy who inclines to the theory that there is a God, but is not convinced. Though a man of exemplary behavior and scrupulous in his dealings, he has decided doubts about the freedom of the will. Mr. Festinans and his friend Mr. Diatome came together. They are both recent graduates of one of the great universities of New England. The

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former has made some really meritorious researches in natural history, but, finding that field too small for his genius, writes and lectures on "the origin of life," "the origin of religion," "the probable nature of man ten million years hence," etc. He wears a portrait of Haeckel in a locket and criticises the Darwinian theory as too limited in scope. Mr. Amateur, who is noted for his graceful manners and charming hospitality, has skimmed the cream from all the sciences. As his fond wife truly says, he knows one as well as another. Mr. Soarer is of another type. He is a literary man and frequently called a thinker. He is devoted to spiritism and believes in the immortality of animals. He advocates cemeteries for their remains. Perhaps the best known of his essays is that entitled "Balaam's Adventure." There was present also Mr. Inquirer, a young Catholic lawyer, whose rising reputation had procured him the compliment of an invitation, though he had little in common with the others. Among the ladies present we must mention Mrs. Statistics, who has published voluminous tables showing the relation of teething to the moral sense; Miss Bustle, who seeks to "elevate" the poor by teaching them music; and Miss Rosa Gush, who belongs to everything.

Prof. Physics was chosen president and Mr. Festinans secretary. On assuming the chair Prof. Physics said that the formation of this society marked an epoch in the history of science. He felt it no small honor to preside at its deliberations. It was a proof of the liberizing effect of scientific studies. While most of those around him undoubtedly agreed with him that the legends of the supernatural which still abound have no rational basis, yet they would not condemn them unheard. Let the phenomena, or rather the alleged phenomena, of apparitions, second sight, haunted houses, action of one being on another at a distance, etc., be investigated, be submitted to evidence, and beyond question it would be shown either that they had no existence or could be explained by the action of certain laws. If it should appear that these laws were not as yet fully understood it would be necessary to collect a large number of observations, from which deductions could be made. He was aware that the task was an arduous one, but it afforded him the greatest satisfaction to see those who stood ready to undertake it. The reasoning powers of most of them had been trained in the best of all schools—that of physical research—and he knew that there was no danger that they would be misled by credulity or deterred from expressing the logical results of what they found. They had

confidence in themselves and in each other, and enjoyed the confidence of the community. It was for them now to decide how they should begin.

Prof. Dubitans remarked that the society was considered more of a novelty than it really was. As we know the external world, and even ourselves, only through the senses, and as these show us only phenomena, it is impossible for us to know the objective reality or the nature of anything. Now, one phenomenon is precisely as real as another and as legitimate an object of study. They may be correct representations of things, or they may not; but this is a detail of purely speculative interest, as it does not admit of verification.

Dr. Positive was glad to agree with his learned friend. It is true that we can perceive only phenomena; but what gives rise to them? Matter—matter in one form or another; hence we are merely a new society to study the only thing worth studying, indeed the only thing that can be studied, nay the only thing that exists—Matter.

Prof. Dubitans feared he had not made himself understood. As we know merely phenomena, we have no certainty of what causes them, hence the existence of matter is merely an assumption. The *cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes is no argument, for my cogitations are nothing but phenomena, and I am very probably only the sum of them.

The President said he was sorry to interrupt so interesting a discussion, and one which promised to be so instructive, but it was not then in order.

Mr. Soarer said he must beg leave to say just one word. He was anxious that the society should start right. Did any one venture to deny the soul? Why, they were met expressly to study spirit. If it could be shown that the spirit appeared after death it was clear that it existed. Every one knew, or could know, that this occurred. More than this, he had even seen materialized spirits in bodies as substantial as those they had inhabited during life. This was no new observation. It had been seen at his own house nine—no, ten years ago. He could fix the date, as it occurred shortly before his silver was stolen. It would not do to shut one's eyes to such evidences of the spiritual.

Dr. Positive said he would be the last to hurt the feelings of any one professing a religious belief, and he understood that these alleged appearances were of the nature of a religion to the gentleman who had just spoken. Religion was as much above

levity as it was beneath science. He could accept only what was proved. He bowed only to the voice of science.

The President remarked that Dr. Positive had struck the keynote. Science was the one power they all acknowledged, and, however disguised by mystical phraseology, it was the one power all men adored. But the question before them was, how they should go to work.

Miss Gush said that while the learned men were discussing deep questions she would begin by studying the psychical states of pet animals. She knew they had souls, as human beings have; indeed, it would be well if all men's souls were as serene as that of her dog Beau. Why not study them, notice their dreams, ascertain definitely their belief in ghosts and the basis of their code of morality? She had no doubt that a volume of valuable facts could be collected in six weeks.

Mr. Festinans thought the idea an excellent one. He would venture to remark that it would have been more correct to have said that men have souls no more than animals. They both have an aggregation of nerve-cells making a brain and spinal cord. The difference between them was merely of degree. It had been shown that man had no claim to be called the highest animal. Many that are wrongly placed low in the scale have a greater specialization and are consequently higher. The woman's tact of Miss Gush had helped them.

Mr. Amateur said that Miss Gush's remarks certainly were useful. The question of the soul was now before them. He would agree with Mr. Festinans that the mind is nothing but a secretion of the brain, as the gastric juice is of the stomach; but the soul is something higher and believed in on other grounds. We accept it on faith, but we work here in science, and between the two there can be no conflict. They occupy different planes and can have nothing in common.

Mr. Inquirer suggested that it would be a better comparison to represent the planes of faith and science as intersecting one another, so that there should be a line common to each. He was disposed, however, to object entirely to Mr. Amateur's views. There is much above reason, but nothing contrary to it. If we admit two entirely distinct systems we seem to imply that there may be two truths, which is absurd; for either they will agree or disagree, and then one must be false, as a thing cannot be and not be at the same time.

Dr. Positive said he must protest against wasting time in pettifogging metaphysics when there were so many important

questions to consider. The line the gentleman referred to certainly had no breadth, but it threatened to be an intolerably long one. (Laughter and applause.)

Mrs. Statistics said she was surprised that Mr. Inquirer should resort to such a shallow trick as juggling with numbers. They were reliable only when applied to actual objects. Had not Huxley demonstrated that two and two might make five in Jupiter? Who could tell that they might not make seventeen in Uranus?

Mr. Diatome begged the society to keep to the matter in hand. Let it be assumed that there is some foundation for at least a portion of the mysterious occurrences that they wished to discuss, the question at issue was clearly, Were they of material origin or were they not? Did they belong to the domain of body or soul?

Dr. Positive rose to protest against any action that could be construed into an admission that the soul was anything distinct from the brain.

Mr. Diatome replied that this was the very question before them. He did not affirm, he did not deny; he wanted to learn. He thought the community was most strangely lacking in courage not to try some of the experiments that were within the reach of any one. Why had that grand one, suggested by Prof. Tyndall, for testing the efficacy of prayer on the patients on one side of a ward, never been carried out? He hoped that when the society was well established there would be a special committee to investigate prayer. Similar experiments could be devised to test the attributes and powers of so-called spirits. Positive results would lead to further researches, and negative ones would show that spirit, even if it existed, might be safely ignored.

The President said that it had already been well remarked that spirit, if it existed, was probably governed by other laws than those known to us; but before searching for them it was the duty of the society to submit any mysterious phenomena they might become acquainted with to the closest scrutiny, and try to account for them by the laws of matter. When these should prove inadequate it was time to look elsewhere.

Mr. Inquirer said that he fully agreed to the wise remarks of the president. He submitted, however, that there was no occasion to search for mysterious occurrences. We need only turn to nature to see the necessity of admitting something besides matter. The phenomena of sensation demand the presence of a

non-extended principle. Even the smallest cell has parts, and each part can feel only the impression made on itself, and must be in the dark as to what happens to its neighbors. To receive a simple impression from all these parts something that is not matter is needed. Who can watch the wondrous successive changes in the growth of a plant or of an animal without seeing that there must be some principle of unity which cannot be in matter?

Dr. Positive replied that science had been greatly retarded by such dreamy philosophy. Man is nothing more nor less than a constantly changing collection of atoms. The comparison to a wave or a fountain was a very happy one. As the drops fall in spray their place is taken by others from nature's great storehouse, and the shape of the whole remains the same. Let there be an increase of water, the wave swells; let there be a diminution, it dwindles. So it is with man. The laws of matter, attraction, polarity, etc., determined the outline of the developing body. The shape and size of each individual bone and muscle rests on the application of the laws of matter. There is no need of assuming any higher power, any spirit. All is matter; there is no highest, no lowest, no middle.

Mr. Festinans said the whole thing lay in a nutshell. It is natural to hold the unknown for the wonderful. There are many degrees of intelligence in nature. What is obscure to one is clear to another. To the dog man is a god, and in old times the winds and waves, the sun and moon, were gods to men. With advancing science there are fewer and fewer gods and spirits. Soon, it is to be hoped, there will be none at all. He must beg to read a beautiful illustration of this from Darwin. It is one of those profound but simple observations on which his fame as a liberator of the human mind is securely founded. No one objecting, he read as follows:

"The tendency in savages to imagine that natural objects and agencies are animated by spiritual or living essences is perhaps illustrated by a little fact which I once noticed. My dog, a full-grown and very sensible animal, was lying on the lawn during a hot and still day; but at a little distance a slight breeze occasionally moved an open parasol, which would have been wholly disregarded by the dog had any one stood near it. As it was, every time that the parasol slightly moved the dog growled fiercely and barked. He must, I think, have reasoned to himself, in a rapid and unconscious manner, that movement without any apparent cause indicated the presence of some strange living agent, and no stranger had a right to be on his territory." *

* *The Descent of Man*, part i. ch. ii.

As Mr. Festinans read this passage with the impressive manner of deep conviction, the audience was visibly moved. Miss Bustle was heard to whisper that science needed only to be wedded to music to take the place of effete religions.

Mr. Soarer exclaimed that he was much gratified by the quotation, though he thought it might admit of another application. If we looked more frequently to animals we should be wiser. Was it not likely that the dog perceived a spirit which his grosser master could not see, and barked to warn him of his impending death, which has since occurred? He took this opportunity to hope that the society would enter its protest against vivisection.

The President, who had been growing rather nervous, said that he must refuse absolutely to go into this question ; he had as lief hear a discussion on religion.

Mr. Inquirer said that he was unwilling to introduce a subject so distasteful to most of the members, but he could not see how it was possible for them to discuss what is commonly called the supernatural, unless they could agree on a few facts of primary importance, such as the existence of God, the freedom of the will, and the end of man.

Mr. Positive exclaimed that really he could not and would not go back to Sunday-school. They were there for science !

The President arose and said that much time had been spent, and, he regretted to add, to little purpose. It was evident that the question of the course to pursue should be referred to a committee. If no one objected he would appoint one of three members on whose zeal and discretion the society could rely. He appointed Prof. Dubitans, Mr. Festinans, and Miss Gush. The meeting then adjourned.

We understand that the society is expected to be soon in active work, but that Mr. Inquirer has declined the honor of membership.

LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

"FEMMES-AUTEURS," as Louis Veuillot called "authoresses," have done a great deal of harm in the world. The sentimentalism of George Sand, the affected cynicism of "Ouida," the sensuousness of Rhoda Broughton, and the utter shamelessness of some others savor more of Mistress Aphra Behn than of the reticence and self-respect of that great English novelist, Miss Austen. Happily our century and the vocation of women of letters have been redeemed by names which are not inferior to the one that slowly arose above the flash and clangor of Sir Walter Scott's wonderful mediæval world.

Among the brightest of these names we do not hesitate to put that of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A certain delicate quality of humor has caused Miss Austen to be named second to Shakspere by English critics. This praise might be considered over-strained, if we did not remark that Shakspere's humor is much less than his wit. In all the qualities that made Jane Austen mistress of her craft—her consummate art, her careful reticence, her subtle knowledge of the varying temperature of the social atmosphere which her characters breathed—Lady Georgiana Fullerton was Miss Austen's equal, and more than her equal in strength and intensity of feeling.

Miss Austen is likely to remind the average reader more of Cowper than of Shakspere. Her books seem redolent of the aroma of mixed tea in just the right proportion. They are comfortable—steeped in comfort. If there is no word in them that can bring a blush to the cheek of a young girl, there is likewise no word in them to "catch us by the throat" and to force us to acknowledge there are better things in the world than a comfortable income, a bright grate, and pleasant acquaintances. Nevertheless she was an artist of the highest type. Mr. T. E. Kebbel, in the February *Fortnightly Review*, expresses that sense of the limitations of her art which is one of the necessary requirements of true art: "To have steered exactly between the two extremes of undue severity and undue license; to have caused us an uninterrupted amusement without ever descending to the grotesque; to have been comic without being vulgar, and to have avoided extremes of every kind without ever being dull or commonplace, is the praise of which Jane Austen is almost

entitled to a monopoly, . . . and only add another to the many proofs which we possess that nothing is too mean for genius to convert into gold."

In writing of Lady Georgiana Fullerton we can add the higher praise that she, without violating the principles of art, led us through this world to the gate of one to which this is a phantom of unreality. Miss Austen would have regarded Emma, or any other of her heroines who might have sold their goods and given the proceeds to the poor, as monstrous changelings with whom she could not possibly have any acquaintance or sympathy. She is always decorous; the appearance of a Constance Sherwood or her friend Mistress Ward, with aspirations beyond the visible world, in the little circle of her characters would have filled her with uneasy amazement.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton knew Miss Austen's world of English gentlemen and gentlewomen. She, too, could bring around the atmosphere of toast and tea, of drawn curtains and glowing grates, of the comfortable interiors so dear to Miss Austen's greatest living successor, Mrs. Oliphant; but she had powers, and exerted them, which take her nearer to Thackeray—the Thackeray of *Esmond*—than any critic has so far been willing to admit.

The purely literary works of Lady Georgiana Fullerton can be safely quoted against that class of *dilettanti* who assert that the Christian religion, when it permeates and directs literary work, enfeebles its artistic qualities. One of the latest of English "femmes-auteurs," Miss Vernon Lee, a positivist by profession, has written a novel to show to what depths devotion to art for art's sake, and to material beauty for the sake of material beauty, leads. She shows, with the air of a prophet, that the false æstheticism of Dante Rossetti, Pater, and the rest leads to a degradation so great as to be beyond the reach of human speech. Her heroine, Miss Brown, seeks refuge in the barren abstractions in which George Eliot found only despondency. These Miss Vernon Lee calls religion; she offers a degraded world Comte for our Lord, an impossible altruism for charity. She speaks for positivism. It is evident that the axiom that art is defective when it is not united to something higher has ceased to be received by the "cultured" as infallible. But with the school of æsthetes, now growing small and unpopular, it is still held that the Christian must hamper the artist in his higher efforts, as it is held by certain classes in France that a devotion to freedom is always united to a denial of God.

Villon, the poet of these æsthetes, asked, "Où sont les neiges d'antan?" The snows of last year are forgotten, as the pretentious "art," the mock paganism, and the equally mock "blessed damozels" and Christian virgins of this school without faith, will soon be forgotten.

The artistic quality of the novels of Lady Georgiana Fullerton deepened with her faith, and her faith ran deeper as she neared her end. Many of us can long for the intense devotion which impelled her to say, "How few Holy Weeks are left me! Even if I live to be very old I cannot have more than twenty"; but how few really have that utter union with the visible life of the church it expresses!

Lady Georgiana Fullerton was essentially religious; in 1844, prior to her conversion to the church, she wrote *Ellen Middleton*, of which a new edition has recently appeared in London. *Ellen Middleton* shows the struggles of a devout soul. It has somewhat too much of the sentiment and sentimentalism of the outpourings of a heart that had kept its treasures of imagination and thought close until the pen unlocked them. The story is serious but interesting. Its style is vigorous, but without that perfect equality of handling and clearness of tone which make *Constance Sherwood* and *A Will and a Way* models of good English. At this time Lady Georgiana did not disdain what later she might have considered "sensationalism"; but both the sentimentalism and the sensationalism disappear as she gets nearer and nearer to the heart of the church. Her art grows stronger and purer as her faith and charity increase. When she wrote *Ellen Middleton* she believed in that chimera, Tractarianism. A future Anglican Church seemed possible to her. There are in the book lines which tell of her clinging to the fallacy of the validity of Anglican Orders. In the last edition, printed early in the present year, these lines have been permitted to remain, very wisely, as without them the novel would not be so perfect an index of the mind that created it.

After her conversion—she was received into the church in 1846, four years after the conversion of her husband—she gave *Grantley Manor* to the world. It is a novel of character, an advance on *Ellen Middleton*. *The Old Highlander* came next. In 1852 her success had been so great that she published *Lady Bird*. Of the trio of earlier novels this is by far the most powerful. It is intensely human and intensely real. Reading it, one cannot help being impressed by the strength of purpose, the great desire for truth, which the soul of the author must have possessed;

for it is very plain that *Lady Bird*, *Grantley Manor*, and *Ellen Middleton* are partly autobiographical, not as to the incidents, but as to the feelings of which the incidents are expressions. It is not strange that these novels, better known on this side of the Atlantic than her other works, are beloved of young people. The author was not young when she published them, but they are books that only one young and ardent in heart and mind could have written. Unchastened by Christianity, such a heart and mind might have run into extravagances of which we find indications in *Ellen Middleton*, and still fainter in *Lady Bird*.

Too Strange not to be True and *Mrs. Gerald's Niece* are also very well known here, having been published by the Appletons. The latter is a book of religious controversy, edifying and in good taste, with the thread of a story to keep it together. The former is a novel of romantic and absorbing interest, in which the author made one of those few errors which reviewers love to discover in order to give liveliness to their criticisms. It was in this book she described, if we do not mistake, the gambols of monkeys on the banks of the Mississippi. Later, in her translation of Mrs. Craven's *Eliane*, the sapient reviewers found "canapé" translated "canopy," and they exploited the mistake with double eagerness because Lady Georgiana Fullerton was so careful and so rarely fell into those slight errors which pepper the pages of writers of fiction. In one of her short stories, *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*, she tries to teach the awfulness of a writer's responsibility. She felt it deeply. As she grew older the dreadful weight of her vocation would have made her overscrupulous had not it been made so evident to her that one of her duties to God was to write. She turned her attention to more serious work, as she doubtless thought it, than the writing of novels. She trembled for the value of the little seeds she scattered abroad on their tiny wings from her full hands. Alas! if there should be one weed planted even unconsciously by her hand! She trembled at the thought; and throughout the whole twenty volumes of her works one may see between the lines an undercurrent of watchfulness that cleansed every word as pebbles are whitened in a clear stream. We have always regretted that *Too Strange not to be True* is disfigured by woodcuts incongruous to the text—singular monstrosities which, when a new and uniform edition of her novels is issued by some enterprising Catholic publisher in America, we hope to see removed.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton was of the famous Leveson-Gower family. Her father was in 1833 created Lord Granville. The

present Lord Granville is her brother. She was born on September 23, 1812. The fact that she wrote French as fluently and elegantly as she wrote English, and that she knew France as thoroughly as she knew England, and that one country was almost as dear to her as the other, is accounted for by her long residence in France in the household of her father, who was ambassador in Paris. Her life was very happy there. Her brother, the present Lord Granville, oppressed with cares of state, differing from her in religion, and often separated from her by his duties, has never lost that love and reverence for her which sprang up in the kindly, domestic warmth of the exiled yet happy family. It was one of the fortunate attributes of this lady, as eminent for her womanly virtues as for her womanly genius, that she was tenacious in her love. No relative ever had reason to complain of her coldness, no friend of a change in her. To be loved by her once was to be loved by her, in spite of all shortcomings, for ever. Her charity—in the truest sense of the word—was what St. Paul describes charity to be: "Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth: beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." This expresses her charity. The love and friendship, the trust and belief, she once gave she never took back.

In 1833 she married Alexander George Fullerton, whose family seats were in Ireland and England. Although her love for Ireland is manifest in many of her books, and her kindness to the Irish poor of London was unvarying and thoughtful, she never entered Ireland. But she knew Ireland and the Irish through the happy intuition of sympathy. She looked on them as a race of martyrs, as a race ennobled by the sword of persecution, whom she, the daughter of a peer and the niece of a duke, was honored in serving. Had they not suffered for Christ's sake? In her "Verses" she cries:

> "Yes, you can die as martyrs die,
> Sons of the saints of yore
> Who fell when Erin's fields were stained
> With her own children's gore."

She loved the poor. Above all, she loved the Catholic Irish poor. She begged for them, she worked for them, she economized for them. She deprived herself of luxuries constantly for

their sake. A friend tells how she walked long distances rather than hire a cab, that she might add to her insatiable purse for the poor. She was not unmindful of the duties of her state in life. She played her part as hostess in her husband's house with grace and elegance. She wrote for the poor, not for the public. The money paid her by the publishers found its way to the poor. Literally, she was a slave for Christ's sake; and, in the eyes of the world, a fool for Christ's sake.

She founded the "Poor Servants of God Incarnate," that the wretched might be helped. She gave all her energy and peculiar earnestness to the getting of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul into England, and she succeeded.

In 1842 Mr. Fullerton became a Catholic. The conflict that tore the heart of his wife is described in the often-quoted lines of hers, "Mother Church":

"Oh! that thy creed was sound, I cried,
Until I felt its power,
And almost prayed to find it false
In the decisive hour.
Great was the struggle, fierce the strife,
But wonderful the gain,
For not one trial or one pang
Was sent or felt in vain.
And every link of that long chain
That led my soul to thee
Remains a monument of all
Thy mercy sent to me."

The heaviest sorrow of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's life was the death of her son by a sudden accident. She was not with him when he died. If she could have seen him before his young life took flight the blow would perhaps have not left that constantly re-opening wound which gave her anguish until the day of her death. Her dearest friends dropped from her one by one, each loss seeming to tear away a portion of her heart. Her sister, Lady Rivers, the Marchioness of Lothian, and Lady Londonderry were taken by death. Each vacancy in her heart seemed to be at once filled with new love for her Lord.

She knew to its utmost the sweetness of Christian friendship. In *Constance Sherwood*, the greatest of her works of fiction, she gives us a charming picture of that between her heroine and Mistress Ann Dacre, afterwards Lady Surrey. The account of the first meeting of these young girls is a delightful bit of description. We see the rustic but gentle Constance, a little shy from

having seen few people, forgetting to put down the posies of old-fashioned flowers she had gathered for the rooms. The dahlias, the marigolds, the late daisies, and the honeysuckle of her garden filled her arms as the courtly party her parents expected rode up to their house. Constance was the child of "recusants," who clung to the faith of their fathers in spite of the ostracism of their neighbors. Her heart had ached when she saw the village children joyously dancing around the May-pole; but her father, finding her in tears, led her into the woods where carpets of wild flowers had been laid, and turned her tears to smiles by his pleasant tales. At Easter, when the village children rolled pasch eggs down the smooth sides of the green hills, her mother would paint her some herself and adorn them with such bright colors and rare sentences that she "feared to break them with rude handling," and kept them by her throughout the year, rather as pictures to be gazed on than toys to be played with in a wanton fashion. Children would cry out sometimes, but half in play, "Down with the papists!" although the papists were not looked on unkindly by the commoner sort of folk, to whom their charity endeared them. On the eve of Martinmas day the Lady Monteagle came to the Sherwood house with her son and her three granddaughters. "Her son," writes Constance, to whose personality Lady Georgiana Fullerton has given the difficult quality of reality, "had somewhat of the same nobility of mien, and was tall and graceful in his movements; but behind her, on her pillion, sat a small counterpart of herself, inasmuch as childhood can resemble old age, and youthful loveliness matronly dignity. This was the eldest of her ladyship's granddaughters, my sweet Mistress Ann Dacre. This was my first sight of her who was hereafter to hold so great a place in my heart and in my life. As she was lifted from the saddle, and stood in her riding-habit and plumed hat at our door, making a graceful and modest obeisance to my parents, one step retired behind her grandam, with a lovely color tingeing her cheeks and her long lashes veiling her sweet eyes, I thought I had never seen so fair a creature as this high-born maiden of my own age; and even now that time, as it has gone by, has shown me all that a court can display to charm the eyes and enrapture the fancy, I do not gainsay that same childish thought of mine. And then Lady Monteagle commanded Mistress Ann to salute; and I felt my cheeks flush and my heart beat with joy as the sweet little lady put her arms round my neck and pressed her lips on my cheek."

The progress of this friendship is the story of the book. Mistress Ann Dacre becomes Lady Surrey. She is at heart a Catholic and would willingly practise her religion, although all around her have "conformed." Her husband is lured from her by that expert coquette, Queen Elizabeth. Through all her trials and her weakness the friendship between Constance and her remains unchanged. Constance never upbraids her "sweet friend." Her friendship is savored with divine charity and patience. The strength of this exquisite novel lies in the purity and truth of its author's own idea of friendship. Through all her life Lady Georgiana Fullerton knew what it meant; he who would read how deeply one woman may love another in Christ should ponder the story of Constance Sherwood. One chapter of it, like a cool, clear day, fresh and refreshing, is worth all the raptures and the false, self-conscious, over-strained analysis of affected sentiments in which the *femmes-auteurs* delight to indulge.

Love-making is a very important matter in modern novels, and in some modern novels much read it is a long-drawn-out and nauseating matter. There are few novelists who know how to have their heroes and heroines make love with sufficient delicacy. Of fewer novelists can it be said that one would ask them for more love-making. In reading Thackeray we laugh at or pity the lovers; Trollope's love-scenes are exceedingly matter-of-fact; Mrs. Oliphant's love-making is what may be called nice, and William Black is too much engaged with the changes of his scenes, his moonlight and sunrise effects, to give the necessary attention to the billing and cooing of his characters. There is no love-making in Mr. Henry James' books worth attention. His people, who are Americans, are so constantly absorbed in analyzing their petty emotions as to leave no room for great ones. Miss Austen's people make love like human beings, but human beings to whom "settlements" are more important than hearts. In most novelists' work we miss the quality of reticence in love-making. Their lovers have either no reserve or no feeling. It is a fine thing to think of a man's heart as of a good violin. It is full of rich music; its strings are drawn to their utmost tension. The master-hand touches it with his bow; it does not give forth all its rich harmonies at once. There is a prelude which suggests the wealth of noble music stored in the tense chords. Finally it comes forth in a grand, increasing harmony of melodious sounds. But the strings do not loosen; they are held tight; there is no abandonment; when they relax and forget that music comes only by sac-

rifice, there are no more noble sounds. A man's heart, like the violin, must not relax its strings in that abandonment which the *femmes-auteurs* like to depict. Passion is discord; love is a different thing.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton's love-scenes are very tender and delicate, full of reserve, yet showing bursts of the tenderest feeling. She makes us feel the qualities of her heroes without throwing a glare of light upon them; all the high lights in her pictures are in her heroines. Basil Rookwood is sketched by Lady Georgiana Fullerton rather than fully painted; but the reader gets a lofty idea of his consummate manliness. The author is true to the character of the sweet, strong, maidenly Constance in having her artlessly, yet with reserve, describe her love for Basil. She met him in a great crowd of people at "Mistress Wells'." They talk of the sincere and clever widower, Mr. Roper, the husband of Sir Thomas More's Margaret.

"I felt in my soul an unusual liking for his conversation, and the more so when, leaving off jesting, he said, 'The last fault Mr. Roper did charge you with was lack of prudence wherein prudence is most needed in these days.'

"'Alas!' I exclaimed, 'for that also do I cry mercy; but indeed, Master Rookwood, there is in these days so much cowardice and time-serving which doth style itself prudence that methinks it might sometimes happen that a right boldness should be called rashness.' . . . Then some persons moving nearer to where we were sitting, some general conversation ensued, in which several took part; and none so much to my liking as Basil, albeit others might possess more ready tongues and a more sparkling wit. In all the years since I had left my home I had not found so much contentment in any one's society. His mind and mine were like two instruments with various chords but one key-note, which maintained them in admirable harmony. The measure of our agreement stood rather in the drift of our desires and the scope of our approval than in any parity of tastes or resemblance of disposition. Acquaintanceship soon gave way to intimacy, which bred a mutual friendship that in its turn was not slow to change into a warmer feeling. We met very often. It seemed so natural to him to affection me, and me to reciprocate his affection, that if our love began not, which methinks it did, on that first day of meeting, I know not when it had birth.'"

Shakspere, in "As You Like It," says:

"But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love."

"For I pray you," writes Lady Georgiana Fullerton, in the person of Constance Sherwood, after Basil Rookwood has proposed, "after the gift of faith and of grace for to know and love God, is there aught on earth to be jewelled by a woman like to the affection of a good man; or a more secure haven for her to anchor in amid the billows of present life, except that of religion, to which all be not called, than an honorable contract of marriage, wherein reason, passion, and duty do bind the soul in a triple cord of love?'"

Later Constance says to Basil:

"'But truly, sir, if your thinking is just that easy virtue is little or no virtue, I shall be the least virtuous wife in the world. Why, Basil, what, I pray you, should be the duty of a virtuous wife but to love her husband?'"

Lady Surrey, who loves her husband in spite of his imitation of the Earl of Leicester in dangling after Anne Boleyn's daughter, makes Constance indignant when she asks whether Constance would change if Basil changed.

"'If he did much alter,' I answered, 'as no longer to care for me, methinks I should at once cast him out of my heart; for then it would not have been Basil, but a fancied being coined by mine own imaginings, I should have doted on.'

"'Tut!' she cried, 'thou art too proud. If thou dost speak truly, I misdoubt that to be love which could so easily discard its object.'

"'For my part,' I replied, somewhat nettled, 'I think the highest sort of passion should be above suspecting change in him which doth inspire it, or resenting a change which should procure it freedom from an unworthy thrall.'

"'I ween,' she answered, 'we do somewhat misconceive each one the other's meaning; and, *moreover, no parallel can exist between a wife's affection and a maiden's liking.*'"

In all Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novels we find the passion of love depicted as it should be, with tenderness, with keen insight into human hearts, with Christian reserve. Her characters are not mere creatures of impulse tossed powerless, seemingly without will or self-respect, on a rude sea bearing them to chaos. Even in love they preserve their faith and reason. The marriages in her novels—and there are many marriages—are marriages of reason as well as affection. In the novel with a purpose the reader is usually in the mental condition of the child

forced to take medicine disguised in syrup. He will drink the syrup, if he can, and leave the bitter stuff; or, if they have been well mixed, he will make a wry face and be thankful that the decoction is no worse. Lady Georgiana Fullerton's books all have a purpose; but her careful art and her intense earnestness save us from the fear that the "purpose" will pop out suddenly and deprive us of interest in our story. It is of few moral writers that this can be said. We read Miss Austen for amusement, for the enjoyment of spending an hour in a past social atmosphere which she reconstructs for us, but not for instruction or elevation.

In *A Will and a Way* Lady Georgiana Fullerton similarly reconstructs for us social France as it was immediately before and during the Revolution. Nothing could be better done than the graphic picture of the old Voltairean châtelaine in her castle, untouched as yet by the storm. It is an unique tableau, teaching us even more than De Tocqueville of the means by which the ancient régime undermined their own foundations. *A Will and a Way*, like *Constance Sherwood*, has never yet received the critical consideration it deserves. *Constance Sherwood* is the more perfect work of art. In the quality of *vraisemblance*, in that of reproducing the manner of speech of a past time, in the masterly reserve of power which is the highest attribute of good art, *Constance Sherwood* approaches nearer to Thackeray's incomparable *Esmond* than to any other novel of our time.

A Will and a Way has the moving elements of a great historical tragedy. It gives us truer glimpses of that time of tragedies than we get anywhere outside the more honest parts of Carlyle. Lady Georgiana Fullerton fills each inch of her great canvas so carefully, giving no hasty blotches of crimson merely for effect, that she interprets even the philosophy of the Revolution by means of her social sketches better than many pretentious writers. The reader who has not the time to collate the memoirs of the period may yield himself to the guidance of Lady Georgiana Fullerton for a knowledge of France in the throes of the Terror. She does not exaggerate even the smallest incident for her purpose. Each touch, as we said before, has the true color of truth. There is enough matter in this book to fill a dozen novels and make them absorbingly interesting, and enough suggestion for many months of high thinking.

The test of the value of a novel is the impression it leaves. Having read *Fabiola* or *Ben-Hur*, we arise with the triumphant exclamation, "I, too, am a Christian." This is the cry which Lady Georgiana Fullerton would move us to utter. This is her

purpose. She lived for the greater glory of God. Her works interpreted her life. Each was the reflex of the other. The good she has done lives after her. While there are young hearts ready to glow with the records of Christian heroism or healthy romance, and old ones capable of loving aspirations towards great deeds and daily sacrifices, Lady Georgiana Fullerton's novels will never lack admirers.

Let us hope that the everlasting flood of literary trash will soon become so tiresome to the indefatigable readers of fiction that a purer taste may arise and the novels of this Christian artist in letters be given their rightful place. As it is, the young woman who from her course of reading has omitted *Constance Sherwood* and *A Will and a Way* should at once repair a serious defect in her literary education.

ST. COLUMBKILLE AND THE MOWER.

One Sunday morn by Gowna's glittering strand
The man of God, Columba, held his way
To lonely Inch, 'mong the saints' tombs to pray,
As in the visions of the night command
Came from his Master. Walking as he prayed,
Seemed all glad nature, land and lake and sky,
To lift up voice and hands to God on high:
The curling mists, by morning breezes swayed,
Were incense; and the full-voiced woodland choirs
Sent up to heaven a sweeter matin hymn
Than ere in abbey-stalls, in dawnings dim,
From fervent hearts through vocal lips aspires.
Deep in his raptured soul the saint-seer felt
The beauty and the splendor and the calm,
As when a zephyr freighted full with balm
Delights the sick at heart, and seems to melt
In bliss made palpable through soul and limbs.
Then was he grateful for the morning's glow,
And Sabbath rest to toil-worn sons of woe,
And flowers, and mists, and waves, and matin hymns
Of prayerful birds. But hark! what jarring hiss,
As noise of twining serpents 'neath a wall,
Fell harsh upon his hearing, as doth fall—
Shattering in shreds the momentary bliss—
A stone on a blue heaven in a clear pond,

Dispelling sky and dream? So on his ear,
That Sunday morn, most hateful sound to hear,
A mower's scythe in grassy swaths beyond.
The man of God felt rising in his breast
A tide of indignation, as one feels
When on his master's sleep a servant steals
With murd'rous knife; with no slight ease repressed
His wrath; and then, in accents calm but stern:
"Ungrateful hind! and canst thou thus reward
For all His gifts thy Master, God and Lord?
For all His good is this thy ill return?"
Then spoke the man, with sideway-glancing words:
"High saint of God, shall this be unforgiven
Which need doth prompt, when he of sin is shriven
Whose pride mowed men as grass with kinsmen's swords?"
Then smote the saint a keen remorse once more,
As when a well-aimed dart strikes through a shield
And pours a hero's life-blood in the field;
So pierced him, rankling in his inmost core,
The peasant's gird. He only stooped and drew
From 'neath the leaves a workman's daily fee,
And gave the kirn with "Benedicite!"
No more that day his impious task renew
Enjoining him. Right onward passed the seer
To fast and pray till twilight held the west;
For night or day he took no joy or rest
From penance for his sin, and anxious fear.
Once more o'er Gowna's waves the tingeing light
Of the low sun shed moving, flashing fire,
And half the heavens was rosy-bright, a pyre
For the departing king, and wondrous night
With silent footsteps from her mystic bower
Came stealing o'er the hills, with stars and dew;
And o'er the hills the mighty sage anew
Resumed his path at eve's delicious hour.
For fresh offence again his heart doth burn—
The morning's crime renewed! The culprit pleads
Want's stern command, his own, his children's needs,
And vows in eld for sin a due return.
Then spoke the man of God: "In world's wealth poor,
Poor in obedience, poor in faith and truth,
Poor be thou ever, all life's course unsmooth!"
"Poor as a mower!" still the words endure.

PENETANGUISHENE.

I.

COLD. Positively, actively cold. Forty degrees below zero. Everything stiff and stark as if petrified. There is no sign, even the slightest, of the motion which withal exists under the hard white bosom of Huron; and you know by faith, not by sense, that you are traversing the surface of a bay sixty to one hundred feet deep. All around is snow, pure and chaste, covering up all unsightly objects, effacing boundaries, almost entirely concealing the houses of the village on the slope, and relieved of its monotony only by the windows struggling to keep above it and looking like the eyes of a Moslem woman peering over her veil, and by the bolder outline of the church with its tall spire and gilded cross, and by the trees, bare of foliage but clothed in heavy white robes, that stand in striking stillness on the hills around.

What is that dark object there ahead of us? Wait! Can it be a seal in this region? If so, how did it get out? There are no air-holes, and the lake is frozen full twenty miles from the shore. No. It does not move. An Indian, you say. Is it possible? What on earth (or on ice, rather) can he be doing? Fishing? Yes; that man, wrapped in one of the unpoetical blankets which the government gives him annually in part payment of the broad acres he and his fellows made over to it for ever, is one of the owners of the soil. He lies on his breast, a spear in his hand, and his attention so absorbed that he looks not up as we approach, but gazes fixedly through a hole in the ice. What a beautiful sight lies before him!—a vast amphitheatre, lightsome and clear and still, its pavement of light-colored sand, and no bounds to its extent on any side. And the solitary gazer at the opening in the roof—what attracts him? Do you see those shining, speckled swimmers, moving, now fast, now slow, near the top and along the floor and round the sides? Anon they peer into the shell of some of the conchylia, anon rouse up the flounder from his prostrate position, anon nibble at the water-plants or pursue the schools of small-fry that rise in terror at their approach. Ah! why does not curiosity or some chance bring them within spear's length of him who watches

them so intently? Does their instinct keep them off? See how he holds the lance fixed, its point just in the water! How his eye is strained and his muscles stretched as he notices the agitation amongst his finny prey caused by the rumble of our sled! Here, quick! The fish flies past the mouth of the opening, but the spear is ready and the thrust sure, and the lone fisherman raises his arm at last with a ten-pound lake-trout struggling transfixed on the point of his weapon. "What luck?" we asked. He had been out since the morning; it was now about four in the afternoon, and this was the first catch. But the stoical American showed neither impatience at his long watch nor joy at its close; he simply rose, folded his blanket about him, and, putting his feet into his show-shoes, silently strode away.

II.

Next morning, it being Saturday, and Father N—— due for Mass at Mannahatta the succeeding Sunday, we gladly availed ourselves of his permission to accompany him thither, and at nine o'clock everything was ready for our start.

In the summer season the missionary's outfit consists of a pack containing the sacred vestments and books, a small chalice that can be folded into the size of a tea-cup, and a small altar-stone about half a pound in weight. This, with a blanket, is strapped on his shoulders, a canteen and a wallet with some food hangs at his belt, and, with a stout stick in his hand and a broad straw hat on his head, he trudges along. If his journey is to be by water he has a canoe, made very light so that it can be carried without much trouble around cascades and rocky or rapid points in the river; it will serve also as a protection from the rain as well as take the place of a tent at night. Sometimes, however, an Indian accompanies the priest and carries, besides the canoe, a tent, a pot, and an axe, or the priest may take on board all these things when he sets forth alone. At noon the pleasant shade of the forest is welcome after the fatigue of swinging the paddle, and the soft turf offers an agreeable couch; but when evening comes a shelter is usually erected for the night. This is speedily done. A few stakes are cut and fixed in the ground, the tent is spread on these, the lopped-off branches or dried leaves make a bed, and the habitation is complete. Near by a tripod is erected on which the pot is hung, a fire built, and soup is made or coffee prepared, or else a fish just caught is fried on the embers. The fire also serves to keep off

the catamounts or bears that might otherwise disturb the rest of the travellers. In the morning the stakes are easily formed into a table, on which the altar-linens are spread, and in a few minutes all is ready for the Holy Sacrifice, the trees making the columns of this temple without walls, the sweet perfume of the flowers supplying the place of incense, and the early birds and many-voiced insects singing and chirping and whistling and humming, each in its own divinely-taught way, the praises of God. If there are wood-choppers or berry-pickers or buffalo-hunters or fishermen in the place, these reverentially kneel about the altar, and all, or most of them, having confessed, receive the Body of the Lord; and their rational acts of thanksgiving and hymns of praise unite in sweet harmony with the unconscious homage paid by the animal world to the Creator of all. The priest reads a portion of the Gospel and instructs the little congregation both before and during the Mass; and as his visits are made only at intervals of a month or quarter, the most profound attention is paid to what he says. He speaks to every one; inquires about their distant, or visits their present, families; blesses the work in which they are engaged, and, bidding them good-by, starts forward again on his missionary tour.

On this bright wintry day, however, the travelling accoutrements were very different. Two large, intelligent, and powerful Newfoundland dogs were harnessed in the simplest manner by thongs of deer-skin to a toboggan—a substitute for our sleigh or sled, and resembling a cutter without runners; its under-surface being thus as extensive as its length and breadth, it can carry a great weight without sinking in the crusted snow. The requisites for Mass, blankets, axe, tent, and provisions for a couple of days were securely packed in the vehicle; for though the intended journey was a short one, only twenty miles or so, one knew not but he might be overtaken by a blizzard and detained maybe a day or two, within short distance, perhaps, of a settlement, but absolutely unable to reach it on account of the thickly falling snow, which shuts off the view as completely as a fog, and in which one might wander for hours without finding his way anywhither.

Father N—— was well wrapped up in his usual garments, but under a black slouch hat wore a skull-cap of felt that covered his head and ears. As for ourselves, we wore the long Canadian blanket-coat, but of dark-colored flannel, with a cowl or hood hanging down the back and intended to be thrown forward as head-covering when required. A sash fastened around the waist,

and a *tuque*, or conical cap with a tassel at its end, on our head, our feet encased in moccasins and our legs in heavy stockings and leggings with straps encircling them, completed the national winter costume. As we came out of the house we tied on our snow-shoes. Those who are not acquainted with this article of attire may form an idea of it by looking at one of those bats used in the game of racket. In fact, it is merely a *raquette* attached flat to the feet with thongs, the handle sticking out behind the heel. Why is it that the Indian has been able to invent such a light, neat, and perfect aid to locomotion, which the science of the nineteenth century has not been able to improve upon, while the civilized Scandinavians have devised nothing better than a rude, clumsy board for travelling over the snow? As well ask why the Australian savage discovered or invented that scientific paxadox, the boomerang, or why the American, as well as the South Sea Islander, has always been accustomed to produce fire by friction—something, we are assured, no civilized man has ever succeeded in doing under like circumstances.

But our eager steeds are longing to start, and we, too, are in humor for the road. Of all animals there is none whose labor is so honestly granted to his master as our friend the dog's. Honestly, do we say? Generously, joyfully does he tug at his load, ever trying to trot, and looking with loving eyes and joyous barks at his human friend the while, as if unable to repress the delight he feels at making a sacrifice for him. The chief trouble with dog-teams is to keep them from going too fast and exhausting themselves in the fore-part of the journey; but when seated in the toboggan and flying along over the crisp snow, in which their soft, broad paws scarce sink, with the rich, sweet air full of ozone, starting the blood through one's veins, then the feeling of companionship in the team, which seems to enjoy the excursion as much as yourself and for your very sake, makes a very pleasant experience indeed. And then, when you halt and camp, how nice to have the dogs about watching wistfully but respectfully for their share of the supper, which they themselves, perhaps, have helped to catch! And, too, when camping-out in the snow, how comfortable to have their thick, warm fur between you and the biting north wind! Sleep in peace, O weary traveller, if such be your coursers; their own life's blood will flow ere harm come to you from savage brute or still more savage man!

O sweet, delicious air! Man cannot live on thee, it is true, just as he cannot on any other element alone; but surely thou hast as great a part as any other in building up and sustaining his

life and strength. It is one of the pleasures incident to snow and ice that we know thee and taste thee in all thine own purity. Sweet art thou in the springtime, but the bursting waters, and the budding trees, and the opening earth lend their parts to thy making up. Sweet art thou in summer, but the odor of a thousand flowers and the smell of the new-mown hay is mingled with thy savor. Sweet art thou in autumn, but the ruddy grape, and the golden apple, and the nodding corn all unite the richness of their incense to thine own. In winter thou art thyself, and thou art exquisite. O blessed privilege of our northern clime, to enjoy thee in thy purity and strength for so long a space! How the blood rushes red through the veins, and the soul rejoices, and the body leaps up in unison, as we speed along with the joyously-barking, swift dogs, that exult to run their way along the smooth, bright snow! Now we climb the gradual slope; now we fix our feet and slide like the wind adown the hill; now we scour along the plain, the snow beneath us sometimes two, sometimes four, sometimes twenty feet deep. But our snow-shoes carry us as safely over the deepest drifts as on the level bosom of Huron. Woe to the novice, however, who flounders and falls in the deep, soft snow with the *raquettes* on! Like a swimmer whose life-belt has slipped down on his feet—down goes his head, and his legs he cannot bring under for their buoyancy—so the new traveller on snow-shoes cannot drag his encumbered extremities beneath, and may have great trouble, indeed, and fail entirely, in rising again and resuming his journey.

III.

The greatest part of our trackless route was over the flat, unbroken surface of the lake, and, stopping only once or twice to share our refreshments with our good-natured four-footed companions, we came at length in sight of the little fishing-station of Mannahatta. This was very favorably situated for its purpose, and during the open season struck visitors favorably by its gentle beauty. The village consisted of about twoscore houses of boards and logs, lying along the shore of the lake. Between it and an island opposite, about half a mile long, ran a deep strait, navigable in summer for all vessels and about ten rods wide, but now it was not to be distinguished from the land, unless by its greater flatness. It is curious in the berry season to see on the island, and up and down on the mainland beyond the boundaries of the village, the bark wigwams of the Indians perched on the

naked rocks, while their boats are fastened to the trunk of a tree, and they themselves are fishing, or cooking, or playing, or taking their ease around about, according to their sex and age, just as if they were settled beneath their own respective vines and fig-trees. It is winter now, however, and these human birds of passage are not to be seen.

Five hours have brought us the distance from Penetang, and, notwithstanding our lunch on the way, we are quite ready to honor Mrs. McCaura's hospitable board. Her husband met us near his house and gave us an Irish-Canadian welcome. Entering, we were quietly received by a dark-looking lady and her shy little family of three boys and a girl, the former recalling the Celt in their lineaments and behavior, the latter being already in her second year a profoundly stoical Mohawk. The lady spoke French and English as well as her own tongue. She had been educated at the Ursuline convent in Montreal, and was the daughter of Tananahenda, the existing chief of a remnant of the "Wise Race of the Mohicans." Her quiet, timid manner could not fail to strike one; but she was evidently glad to see the Blackrobes, and, while not joining in the conversation unless when spoken to, made us feel perfectly at ease in her neat and simple home.

McCaura himself, as he told us, was the son of an Irish gentleman whose father had been out in '98, and, being forced to flee from the "most distressful country," made his way to Canada, where he was well received on account of his ability as a teacher, and especially as a mathematician and surveyor. The son was educated by his father and succeeded to his place and emolument, and, marrying a French lady, lived in peace and honor to the age of fourscore. Our host was the eldest born of this couple, and, having inherited the tastes, ability, and consideration enjoyed by his father and grandfather, was now one of the principal citizens in the province in which he resided. Here was a mingling of race indeed. No wonder we were interested in the little ones when we reflected that in their veins ran the blood of America, France, and Ireland. What made this family singularly attractive to us, however, was the fact that not only Catholic, chivalrous France and the glorious Ireland of a hundred years ago, but the red heroes of our boyhood days, even the noble, gentle warrior Uncas himself, might recognize kindred in the little ones before us. What we learned further but confirmed our favorable impressions, and we could not but think with contempt of the adventurers of another race in our own country that igno-

rantly look down on the descendants of men who, like this scion of the Desmonds, left their own land under ban for having maintained her independence, or of men who, like the Mohican chief, held sway in America centuries before the ancestors of these colonists arrived at the Battery with all their worldly goods at the end of a stick slung over their shoulder. Thinking such thoughts, we held the alliance very honorable; and allowing Father N—— to attend to his ministerial duties, we gladly accompanied McCaura to the plain but comfortable dwelling of his father-in-law. Here we met the wife of the latter and two of her daughters; the sons were at work in an adjoining building cutting moccasins, making snow-shoes and other articles, which, with birch-bark canoes, bring quite a good income to supplement the produce of their farm. The house was very simply furnished. The carpet, sofa, prints on the walls, and other furniture and garniture seemed somehow or other not to fit the occupants, or else we could not help imagining that these were not at home in such surroundings: the shade of the forest, and the wigwam in the grassy clearing, and the free, simple dress of their ancestors had better far become them.

Our Indian hostess spoke French. She showed us the great treasure of the house—a case filled with relics of saints. This was about six inches long by four broad, and was of heavy silver, the upper and lower parts being in the shape of a deacon's vestment, or "dalmatic." On it were carved the galloons and tassels usual on such a robe, and the centre of the cover was filled with an inscription in Latin telling how in the year 1670 the chapter of the cathedral of Chartres had sent this gift to Garaconta, chief of the Mohicans, on occasion of his conversion to the faith of the Son of God. The under-side of the box had a very artistic and beautiful engraving of the Annunciation; in fact, it was the most unique and handsome reliquary of its kind we had ever seen.* While the religious and historical interest raised by this beautiful heirloom of the head of the tribe was carrying us back in thought to the times and deeds of the seventeenth century, Tananahenda himself came in, a grave and impenetrable-looking man, like most of his race. He received us quietly,

* The account of the conversion of this noble native of New York, a refugee in Canada from English persecution, is very interesting and may be found condensed in the *Excelsior Fifth Reader*. He was baptized at Quebec by Bishop Laval in 1670. He died on Christmas day, 1675, having received the sacraments with sentiments of extraordinary faith and piety. The noble man then exhorted all his friends and kindred, and the chiefs and sachems of the tribes around who were assembled for the death-banquet, to live as became Christians and to banish from their tribes the deadly fire-water. His last words were: "Behold, I die."

and at the suggestion of McCaura brought out his official dress of colored blanketing, furs, feathers, leggings, and moccasins.

How much more beautiful and becoming is the dress which nature teaches people to wear than the artificial contrivances of fashion! Indeed, there is no comparison between them, and for our part we regretted very much that the chief and his people could not accept civilization without abandoning taste and grace in attire.

What interested us most, however, after the reliquary, was a belt of wampum,* another heirloom of his house, and which he told us was gathered at the mouth of the Mohican River (now the Hudson), that grand and beautiful stream along whose banks his forefathers had dwelt before the baneful arrival of the heretic pale-face. These things made us sad. We could not but sympathize with this man and his people, driven out from their own lovely valleys of the Hudson and the Mohawk, robbed of their country first and their young men afterwards by the intrigues and wars of the stranger. At last the invaders would take their priests from them—the apostolic guides with whose ministry then, as now, France blesses the heathen world; they who had taught them the Prayer of the Great Spirit—and give them other spiritual advisers. Some of the Indians abandoned Christianity entirely at this; others, including a remnant of the Mohicans, retired to Canada, where the knightly, honorable, Catholic French always kept peace and treaty and friendship with the Americans.†

Here we cannot forbear remarking how it is the glory of Ca-

* Wampum, or *seawant*, was beads made out of the shell of the *quahaug* or *wilk*, a shell-fish that formerly abounded about the coasts of New York. It was black or white; the former was twice as valuable as the latter—six white beads and three black for an English penny, making the value of the white beads, perhaps, about half a cent, and the black one cent. The Indians were very much taken with the various colored-glass beads of the Dutch, and sold the lovely island of Mannahatta (New York) for such coin. But the Dutch themselves were badly sold by the Yankees later on, these sharp pedlars manufacturing vast quantities of wampum and paying it to the New-Amsterdamers for whatever stock and garden-produce they bought of these phlegmatic traders, who thought to pass off the currency on the savages for furs. The furs soon began to become scarce, however, and the New-Yorkers found themselves with a large quantity of worthless tokens on hand, no longer currency because no longer current. This wampum-money may seem strange and unreasonable to us, but, after all, there is almost as much unaccountable in the value all other nations set on diamonds and pearls, while even gold and silver are for all mechanical purposes worth less than the twentieth part of their nominal value.

† At last in 1700 "the legislature of New York made a law for hanging every popish priest that should come voluntarily into the province" (*Documentary History of New York*, vol. i. pp. 41, 154). Then "the solemn services of the Roman Church, which were sung in the heart of the State of New York as securely as in any part of Christendom" (Bancroft, ii. 835), lapsed into silence; the Onondagas refused ever after to receive any Christian teachers; many of the families of the Six Nations retired to Canada for "freedom to worship God," and the ruins of their churches are found to this day on the crooked shores of beautiful Cayuga.

tholic nations that their attempts to colonize, though partaking of the murder and rapine incidental to the beginnings of such enterprises, have nevertheless been uniformly different in their progress and results from those of heretical ones. This arises in the first place from the fact that the doctrine of the brotherhood of all men is not merely a theory with the children of the true church, but a practical sentiment; experience shows that it is not those who prate loudest of human equality that are most remarkable for their fraternal love and readiness to acknowledge as such their red and black and yellow cousins. The English, moreover, carry their exclusive insular character into everything they undertake; this, added to the false and warping spirit of heresy, made them unable to recognize the rights, even the manhood, of the Americans, much less to fraternize, least of all to intermarry, with them. At the present day it is the same. The aborigines still fly before the English-speaking peoples, and it is only the French and Spanish who assimilate them more or less in their colonies, or at least form one people with them; whilst for missionary work among the heathen, of what color soever, it is almost exclusively reserved to those nations and the Italians and Belgians. Even the faithful Irish, since they lost their independence and began to speak the tongue of the stranger, seem to have lost their ancient characteristic of apostolicity. As one might say:

> "Where are, O Eire! thy Columbkilles to-day?
> Thy Fridians, Galls, and Brendans, where are they?
> Has conquest damped the apostolic fire?
> Did holiness with liberty expire?"

We know, of course, that they follow their own people all over the globe, but this is not the quality of the apostle. God grant that with her liberty Erin may soon recover that spirit which made her in former days send forth many leaders and founders of churches, not only into Gaul and Germany and beyond the ocean, but into Italy itself, where their name and memory are still venerated in cathedral churches wherein they once held the pastoral staff! Already to-day, when the chains of centuries seem to be loosening, the soul of Ireland puts forth her power, and though yet she has no missionary orders of her own, yet many of her sons are found in those of French or other foreign foundation with houses on her own soil, so fertile in vocations to the priesthood; and when in the near future she "takes her place among the nations of the earth," the spirit of manhood

and freedom will flower into that of holiness and apostolicity, and successors be found, after so long an interval, to Lawrence and Columba. Thoughts such as these, religious and historic, filled our minds long after we bade good-by to the Mohican chief and his family, and our visit to them will ever be cherished as realizing for us the captivating romances of boyhood, and bringing us, as it were, into actual contact with the men and things of the early period of our country.

IV.

The following day, Sunday, Father N—— said Mass and gave an instruction in the dialect of his dusky children, as well as in French; for the congregation was of mixed blood, and the American is proud, and, while he may understand the language of the pale-face, does not acknowledge the superiority of the latter as a man, and will have his religious pabulum served up in his own style. We were to have remained the whole day and had Vespers—which can always be gotten up wherever you have a French or Catholic Indian settlement—as well as catechism of the children, but that a messenger arrived bringing word of a sick-call thirty miles across the lake. The man's wife was sick, and, as he passed by Penetang on his way, he was accompanied by his brother, the "lone fisherman" whom we had met on Friday. They arrived on snow-shoes and had travelled all night; but the Indians seem to be tireless pedestrians. One of Father N——'s dogs showing some signs of unfitness for travel, he availed himself of the loan of a fine horse from McCaura, to whom and to whose gentle wife and family we bade adieu, and started on our new trip in a light but trustworthy sleigh. The sky was murky, the sun completely hidden, and very soon after leaving Mannahatta we found ourselves, as it were, on the open sea, the monotonous waste of snow reflecting the *dirty* color of the clouds and making it impossible to distinguish the mountains or headlands, so that we stood in as much need of a compass as in like weather in mid-ocean. The senses of the Americans, however, were sharpened by use and by need until they almost took the place of brute instinct, and our companions had no hesitancy in directing the course right for our destination. Running along on their snow-shoes, now ahead, now beside, now behind our vehicle, they kept an unvarying loping stride, as if they were not men but tireless machines. It was a dreary journey. The snow began falling soon after we set out, and we white men were as

helpless as if in a dense fog, while the task of the horse became harder as the snow deepened. It was about eleven in the morning when we started, and at length about eight at night we reached the little forest-bound cove on the shore of which the sick woman lived. Father N—— at once betook himself to her wigwam and attended to his patient, while we tried to provide for the poor tired horse. There were two wigwams in the place, a little natural clearing near the beach, but no shelter of any kind for our noble four-footed friend. What was to be done? At least get some corn or hay for him. There was literally none to be had.

"Poor fellow! Poor brother-horse!" as St. Francis would address you. "I pity you, indeed; but at least you shall have this bear-skin for a blanket. You are hot and weak, but you will be soon chill and still more hungry. I'll tie you to this tree, at any rate, lest you might wander off and die in the forest or on the lake. Indeed, if there's anything eatable in these woebegone huts, you shall have your share. Poor horse! How you look and plead, dumb but eloquent, for your warm stall and welcome manger! Poor fellow! Stay there awhile now."

Reluctantly, but under pressure of sheer necessity, we left the noble brute under the falling snow and betook ourselves to the hut of the sick woman. She lay on branches on the ground, a man's old overcoat on her and an old government blanket for a coverlet, very near the fire, over which hung a black pot containing a variety of herbs that were stewing into some native remedy for her ailment. A little cup made of birch-bark near her head held some of this liquid, and a piece of roasted fish with a couple of potatoes on a dish of the same material were the only delicacies to tempt her sensitive palate. In the hut was an elderly woman with a face like an old alligator-skin pocket-book; her eyes were blinking from the fire and smoke, and she squatted in silence, while two small children with sore eyes lay together under some rags or old skins. These occupants filled up most of the available space, for the diameter of the wigwam did not exceed seven feet; and as for its height, if one were where the fire was, right in the middle, he might stand erect, although if he wore a high hat this would protrude through the chimney or hole at the top. Father N——, having administered the same divine sacraments which the pope himself receives on his death-bed, spoke a quieting word or two to the patient—who was, alas! very still indeed—said something to comfort the old mother-in-law, and we retired to look for supper and some place to lie

down. There was nothing in the second wigwam near by except a few potatoes which had been roasted and were now cold—the fish we saw by the sick woman's couch being the last morsel of animal food left—and we were obliged to settle down to what was, without doubt, the shortest commons and most comfortless shift for a night's rest it has ever been our lot to put up withal.

Before fatigue at last overcame the repugnance which we personally felt for sleeping in such a hostelrie (Father N—— seemed not to mind it) we went to see our poor horse again. He neighed loud and shrill with recognition and nervously pushed his nose into our hands in quest of something to eat. Alas! we could give him nothing except the skins of half a dozen potatoes saved from the supper, and of which the dogs (of them more anon) had been cheated in his favor.

Here we are in our hotel. Let us take a particular survey of it and of our companions. And, first, the *wigwam*. This is the Chippewa word for house. Six young tree-poles about eight feet long and three feet apart, standing in a circle and leaning towards each other, and meeting and bunching across at the top, make the frame. This is overlaid with birch-bark—a material that is more capable of splitting into thin strips than the peel of an onion, and which is of infinite use to the Indians, as it holds water and is flexible and tough. An old piece of moose-hide hung at one point in the side of the dwelling, and, being lifted up, gave ingress and egress to the occupants; but the smoke of the fire, that was in the middle, went out by the opening where the poles crossed at the top. This aperture is usually closed when the weather is very cold or wet or snowy; but we prevented this, preferring to lie under the chance snowflakes that would escape the fire than to stand the smoke. This was, indeed, bad enough already, and in a few minutes our eyes were filled with painful tears. What made it worse was that the draught was very poor on account of the snowy weather, and we were forced to place our breathing-organs on the very ground in order to escape suffocation. Nay, we pushed our faces at times under the border of the bark that covered the tent, and endeavored to catch a few mouthfuls of air in this manner. The smoke and the cold thus encountered caused us to cough as well as to weep, and our whole company was more or less similarly affected.

Three Indians, Father N——, and ourselves lay doubled up around the fire, our backs turned towards it. We filled the wigwam so nearly that none of us dared stretch his legs to the full for fear of bursting through the thin partition that shielded

us from the weather, or placing them on his neighbor's person, or thrusting them into the fire. Moreover, our backs were roasting while our chest and knees were freezing, and we were obliged to reverse our posture every now and then, and turn in very scanty room. To add to our annoyance, three or four mongrel dogs (for these Indians were exceedingly poor), finding themselves either too cold when near the outside of the circle or too hot when between us and the fire, were continually shifting their resting-places and walking across and over us, so that we had to cover our faces with our arms as best we might. The wretched brutes were also busied in exploring the place for some fish-bone or potato skin that might possibly have escaped, and growled occasionally at encountering each other in the search. Even when lying down in apparent repose they would suddenly become agitated from causes to which we will be pardoned more particular allusion, and beat a regular tattoo on our back or limbs. This was our manner of reposing—we never slept—during what might be called the second watch of the night. After about three long hours of this existence one of the dogs, which had lain for some time in comparative quiet along our spinal column, started his tattoo once more with great suddenness and vigor. This excited our latent wrath and we struck at the brute, but disturbed one of our aboriginal neighbors instead, who inquired "what might be the matter." At least we suppose his brief speech was to this effect, because we were totally unacquainted with the guttural idiom. We turned and were about to apologize in our gentlest Anglo-Saxon when at the moment the door-flap of moose-skin was suddenly torn from its place and several cubic feet (all it could hold) of fresh, cold air inundated the wigwam. This had the effect of making Father N—— and ourselves give up at once our fruitless attempts at sleep; and while the Indian whom we had unintentionally roused ran to catch the canine thieves and would-be devourers of our door—a task which he essayed in vain, for they got off safely in the darkness and the snow—we rose to a sitting or squatting posture around the fire, which we human beings now had to ourselves, the remaining dogs escaping with their comrades, either because they wished to share the banquet of ancient moose-hide or feared to be massacred on account of the misdeeds of their kindred.

Meanwhile Father N——, having sent ahead the husband of the sick woman, went in to see how she fared, and we visited the poor horse. He was covered with snow, and yet looked

pretty well, as his back was protected by our sleigh-robes, and he had tried to satisfy his hunger by eating the bark of the tree under which he stood. All we could do was to brush off the snow that had accumulated, speak a few kind words to our fellow-creature, and leave him to his fate. If the wolves or bears did not come he might survive this hard experience.

The rest of the night was, perhaps, less intolerable for us, because we gave up our show of lying down to sleep along with restless dogs and crowding neighbors, and strove to beguile the drowsy god with head bent on chest, the while a good fire counteracted to some extent the consequences of the loss of the door. At length the gray dawn began to overcome the darkness, and, as it was desirable to quit our present quarters as soon as possible, we rose and prepared to move. The husband came out of his wife's wigwam and spoke a word to Father N——, who quietly invited us to accompany him. We entered the wretched hut, the bare destitution of which was rapidly losing all the fanciful appearance lent it by the darkness and the firelight of a few hours previous. The children still slept at one side. The aged woman sat holding her daughter's head pillowed in her lap, her body rocking easily and her head shaking slowly, while tears rolled down her withered cheeks and a low murmur of sorrow issued from her lips. When she saw Father N—— she cried: "O father! my daughter is going from me, my daughter is going from me." The dying woman opened her eyes once more at the sound, and turned them on the priest, and, recognizing him, tried to say something, of which the word "Blackrobe" could alone be distinguished—the Indian traditional term of respect, confidence, and love for the messenger of Christ. Then she closed them for ever, and while yet the body of departed youth rested in the lap of surviving age we priests, kneeling, said the *De Profundis* for the repose of the soul.

A MODERN CRUSADER.

In a peaceful Westphalian valley, on the edge of a forest, stands a small Gothic chapel dedicated to St. Meinulph. Ancient beeches and linden-trees surround it, and under their spreading branches is a grave. A hermit tends the chapel and the quiet grave with the knight couchant, lance in rest. There on summer days the wild bees hum and wood-scented airs bend the tall grasses. Now and then a solitary pilgrim may be seen coming through the forest glades to lay a tribute of love and gratitude on the last resting-place of this hero. For a hero he is who lies there sleeping in death, and they place laurels and palm-branches on his sepulchre, for all that he won no battles and knew but to fail nobly in a noble cause. Ten years ago all Catholic Germany laid Hermann von Mallinckrodt, another Daniel O'Connell, to rest under St. Meinulph's linden, and no word was spoken but in his honor by friend or foe, so powerfully had he moved the hearts of men. The *Kulturkampf* has been fought by many true and devoted champions of the Catholic Church, but since the days of Görres all looked to Mallinckrodt as their chief, and wherever the voice of tyranny and oppression was raised his strong voice might have been heard pleading above all others for "truth, freedom, and right." It is a voice that still speaks from his forest grave; and now that a decade of years has passed away and his life has become history, we may well trace some faint, shadowy outline, indeed, but still a true likeness, of one whom even his enemies allow to have been a great and good man.

Hermann von Mallinckrodt was born on the 5th of February, 1821, of an old Westphalian race. His father, Detmar von Mallinckrodt, was a Protestant, but even after the death of his Catholic wife, about the year 1830, he was careful to fulfil the obligation he had contracted of having his children brought up in the Catholic faith. Hermann was educated at Aix-la-Chapelle, studied at the universities of Berlin and Bonn, and subsequently practised law at Paderborn, Münster, and Erfurt, at Stralsund and Frankfort-on-the-Oder. In the revolutionary crisis of 1848 he entered the lists publicly for throne and altar. His political profession of faith was the outcome of serious study and reflection, the whole bent of his mind having led him up to it; but a book that caused some sensation at the time, *Contemporary Con-*

versations on Church and State, by General Radowitz, finally influenced him in putting himself forward on the side of conservative interests.

From the following year till 1859 he took part in various judicial and administrative functions of the state; was mayor of Erfurt in 1851, and in this capacity won such golden opinions from its burghers that they conferred upon him, in the most flattering terms, the freedom of their city. His openly-declared Catholic-conservative principles would seem to have debarred him from any participation in the ministry as it was then constituted; but Count Schwerin, at that time a member of the Hohenzollern cabinet, called him in 1859 to occupy a prominent position in the Ministry of the Interior—an almost unprecedented mark of confidence, of which Mallinckrodt always remained sensible. Promoted to be a councillor of the administration (Regierungsrath) in 1860, he was, by his own request, appointed to Düsseldorf in October of the same year, and filled this post till he was removed to Merseburg in 1867. Here he remained for five years, when, on coming into the possession of a patrimonial domain—Nordborchen, in Westphalia—he applied for and obtained his retiring pension.

Mallinckrodt's course, hitherto so successful from a worldly point of view, would probably under other conditions have been the beginning of a brilliant diplomatic career. It was destined by divine Providence to be a preparation for a short but magnificent apostleship in the service of the King of kings. In the meantime he had belonged to the Prussian House of Representatives at two distinct periods—from 1852 to 1863, and again from 1868 onwards—while in 1867 he had also been elected member of the German Reichstag. On retiring from public service in 1872, and thus freeing himself from all obligations towards the government, Mallinckrodt was able to devote his energies to the struggle, daily increasing in importance, that was being carried on in both chambers. This was war to the knife. The Centre fraction of the Reichstag, with its eighty members, Reichensperger, Windthorst, and Mallinckrodt at their head, was no match for the time-serving and overwhelming majority for the government. Mallinckrodt alone could hold his own against Bismarck. At that time it had begun to rain persecution in the new German Empire. First came the education question, then the expulsion of the Jesuits and the other religious orders, then the raid against the freedom of the pulpit, then the successful attempt to tie the hands of the bishops. Mallinckrodt stood fast and firm, parrying

all the blows before they fell on the heads of their victims. He was again and again reproached with want of patriotism because, in his clear, logical mind, the church with her divine mission stood far above the state with its temporal rule; but for all that his heart beat warm and generously for the German fatherland. He was a Prussian among Prussians, and had hailed with enthusiasm the promising dawn of the new German Empire. Far from being a fanatic and a pessimist, he was slow to accredit the government with tyranny and oppression, persisting in the belief that as Protestantism rejoiced in the greatest freedom in Catholic Bavaria, so Prussia, at the head of the North German Confederation, would respect more and more the independence of the church. "On this score," said Mallinckrodt in a speech delivered in the Reichstag the 28th of March, 1867—"on this score I am troubled by no doubts." In how little the sequel justified his confidence we have seen in the dreary annals of the *Kulturkampf*.

Mallinckrodt was the type and perfection of a true, honest, devoted Catholic. His faith was the fundamental principle from which all his thoughts, words, and deeds proceeded, as it was also the lofty eminence from which he viewed all questions of science and politics. To his faith he owed his unswerving fidelity to king and country in face of the revolutionary movement which agitated all Europe in 1848, and his faith prescribed the lawful boundaries to which even patriotism may go. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," and that other law, "Thou shalt obey God rather than man," were written on the very tables of his heart.

In person Mallinckrodt resembled what we may consider the ideal portrait of a Spanish nobleman of the sixteenth century. Tall, spare, ascetic-looking, yet dressed with extreme care and even elegance, there was something in his expression that reminded one alternately of the humility of a monk and the ease and self-possession of a cavalier. His small, classically-shaped head, close-cropped beard, and dark, sparkling eyes rendered his appearance striking and remarkable everywhere; while in his courteous, high-bred manner lay more of Christian kindliness than the mere polish of a man of the world.

The Catholic people were not wanting in grateful recognition of all they owed to their leaders in the German Parliament; but Mallinckrodt they considered the real *animus* of the Centre fraction, and his colleagues regarded him in the same light. It has been remarked of him that his eloquence did not possess

the acrimony of Reichensperger's, nor had it the versatility of Windthorst's, nor the resources of Dr. Joerg's, but that he spoke with a simple conviction and in a tone of authority that never failed to insure attention and respect. His thoughts were clothed in well-chosen and distinguished language, at the same time austere, concise, and animated. He was never known to take refuge in personalities. His conservatism was, therefore, infinitely more agreeable to many among the "National-Liberal" party than the uncompromising home-thrusts they received from other members of the Opposition. Mallinckrodt would sit silent during the attack from the other side of the house—motionless, except that from time to time he would take short notes or refer to those already made; his countenance, set like a rock, revealed not the slightest emotion. But as soon as the adversary left the tribune he would rise and calmly and magnificently beat him out of the field, following point for point his own argument, but leaving not a shred of it whole. It sounded as if the enemy had let him into the secret of the plan of attack beforehand, so complete in all its bearings was his reply. He never allowed himself to digress in the least degree from the subject actually under discussion, however tempting the prospect might appear. Had it not been for the vivacity with which he spoke he might have been giving circumstantial evidence in a court of law, or a report of the financial returns for the current year. He seldom appealed to the feelings of his audience, but his logic was severe, sharp, and incisive. With the utmost precision he would compare promises with performances, words with words, deeds with deeds, and bring out, without one epithet of abuse, all the hypocrisy, treachery, and inconsistency with which the church had been treated.

He was indisputably the greatest orator and one of the most profound thinkers of his time in Germany. True as steel, a modern crusader in the noblest sense of the word, he was possessed of the rarest of all qualities—the gift of making himself sincerely respected by his enemies. His speech in the Reichstag in defence of the Jesuits, of which the following is a fragment, is a masterpiece of earnestness and dignity :

"I beg you to observe," he said, "whether, after twenty-five years that the Jesuits have labored on German soil, one single transgression, one single breach of the law, in any one member of the society, has been laid to their charge. The very member of this honorable house who has spoken with the greatest vehemence against the order has felt himself obliged to do justice to the thorough honesty and uprightness of each individual

among them. And you have heard another testimony, brought by one hundred thousand witnesses of high and low estate, from town and country, inhabitants of those parts in which the Jesuits have labored most continuously. There is but one voice among them, and that is the voice of gratitude and praise. And you heard another testimony some years ago, when the Prussian government gave the Jesuits the assurance that the state had no cause to be dissatisfied with their labors. And you were yourselves witnesses of the devotion, the self-sacrificing devotion, of the society in the voluntary nursing of the sick and wounded in the recent campaigns. But all this has weighed for nothing in your eyes. You have made up your minds that these things are not to be considered, that every educated and enlightened man must form his own independent opinion in spite of facts, whether he will be for or against them. Let us decide, then—but, gentlemen, this is no verdict; this is the tyranny of party spirit."

On the 9th of May, 1873, he uttered the following memorable words on true and false liberalism:

"Virchow [a member of the majority] admits the principle of religious freedom, but only so far as the freedom of the individual is concerned, in complete isolation from every other creature. The individual thus placed may think, believe, or teach anything he pleases, so long as he does not believe in a divinely-instituted church, does not submit of his own free will to her authority, and does not claim the like privilege for the whole community of the faithful. That, gentlemen, is a thesis which plainly denies the independent rights of the church, while it refuses to the individual the freedom of submitting to an authority which he freely acknowledges. . . . The powers united against the freedom of the church bear aloft a banner with the inscription, *State Omnipotence*, with its old heathenish traditions, and they are marching not merely against the Centre fraction and its supporters, but against the Christian state also. And we, gentlemen, we are no battering-rams; we are rather men, standing in the breaches, defending the principle of a Christian state against heathendom, defending Christian freedom against the inroads of the powers of this world, defending historical *right* against revolutionary *wrong*, and—I do not exaggerate, gentlemen—we are defending the crown against those who call themselves its protectors."

And further on in the same debate:

"We are well aware that heavy days are in store for us; our bishoprics may be laid waste, our people may call in vain for spiritual guides, but the die is cast. We cannot deny what in our conscience we believe, we cannot give up that which is our holiest, and we have the conviction that the God of hosts is on our side. Moreover, we are comforted, knowing that man's extreme necessity is God's best opportunity. . . . The peculiarity of suffering is that it begets the willingness to suffer. When you see that our bishops are in prison, in bonds, or in exile, do you believe that the *willingness* to suffer these things is wanting? And when the clergy are following their example, do you think the laity will refuse to do their part also? You will not obtain your end by fines, imprisonment, and exile; you will

have to forge other weapons. But while you are considering what different modes of persecution you can inflict we are strengthening ourselves with our motto, 'Per crucem ad lucem.'"

On the 29th of January, 1874, the government had brought forward for discussion the grant of sixteen thousand thalers for a new "Catholic bishop," the Old-Catholic Reinkens. The Old-Catholic deputy, Dr. Petri, made a remarkable speech in which he had been forced to show his hand and to declare openly:

"Our struggle is against Rome; the end we have in view, a German national church. I hope to see at last, side by side with the Christian faith, Christian charity and that invisible church in which *all* noble-minded men may have a place."

Immediately after Dr. Petri rose the Minister of Public Worship, Dr. Falk, and in the course of his speech remarked:

"There is at least one point at which the Old-Catholic movement and the government meet and agree. I do not know how it may be in the future, but at present this one point is war with Rome; and if you say the government has in this motion [in favor of Reinkens] wished to forge a weapon for itself against Rome, I do not deny that you are right."

Then Dr. Hermann von Mallinckrodt rose, exceptionally agitated, "all his Catholic blood boiling," says a spectator, and spoke as follows:

"Who are they who have empowered themselves to elect a bishop? Who, I say, are they? A few scattered individuals. If these persons will assemble and form a corporation, a society, and say: 'We will choose a superior'—à la bonne heure. In that case I should have no objection to make. But the case is this: A comparatively small number of persons, maintaining that they have not separated themselves from the church, but that they still belong to the one great universal society, come forward and declare that they will no longer recognize the existing order of things, but intend to choose a new authority after a fashion of five hundred or a thousand years ago. Might we not as logically bring together a few hundreds of persons in any part of Prussia and allow them to declare that the present government no longer contents them, that it issues laws which do not suit them and interferes with things outside its province, and that they claim the right to choose, after the fashion of a thousand years ago, a different kind of government altogether?

"This is a complete analogy to what has been done in the Old-Catholic movement, but that such an analogy is not pleasing to the gentlemen of the majority I am quite willing to agree. What the revolutionary principle regarding the sovereignty of the people is in the state, such is the rising up of the Old Catholics in the bosom of the Catholic Church. . . . The State Commissioner has assured us that the position of the government is a completely neutral one. I do not know whether any one in the house still believes in this assurance after having heard the speech of the Minister of Public Worship, but it is well that things should be daily more

clearly defined. Years ago we expressed our conviction as to the tendency of this movement, and then a much more innocent mien was affected than is the case to-day. Now the mask is lifted rather more, and we hear a declaration of war against Rome such as the Minister of Public Worship has just made known. . . . The tendency declares itself openly in the whole mass of legislation we have before us in the May laws. The secret motive underlying all is solely the infiltration of a different spirit into the church by means of interference with her in all her organs and all her movements. It is a question of changing her very essence until she is turned into that desirable thing described by the deputy Petri—into a national church, and, further, into an invisible church for all. And when they have got thus far, when they have reached the goal of an invisible church for all, who will henceforth maintain that they still mean the *Catholic* Church? Neither you nor I have read in any book on canon law that the Catholic Church is defined as *invisible*. But I now declare the Minister of Public Worship, he who is so constantly referring to the fact that the laws of the state must be obeyed—I declare him to be guilty of a breach of the law, and herein I am aware that I make a very grave accusation against the government."

This accusation Mallinckrodt supported by referring to the violation of the bull *De salute animarum*. It was a most agitated sitting, but, astounding to relate, to the grave imputation laid to his charge Dr. Falk answered never a word.

On another occasion, when the question concerning the contradiction existing between the Prussian laws and Catholic dogma was being discussed, Mallinckrodt in a few terse sentences laid bare the whole state of the case, and justified the conduct of the German bishops in a manner patent to all honest minds.

"We do not at all claim," he said, "that it would be dogmatically impossible for a bishop to notify to the government that he had appointed such and such an ecclesiastic to such and such a post; we do not, moreover, maintain that it would be impossible under certain circumstances that a bishop should even make a certain appointment dependent on the good pleasure of the state. To prove this I need only appeal to the decrees of the bull *De salute animarum*, wherein it is solemnly agreed that no bishop shall be created who is a *persona ingrata*, or even *minus grata*, to the state. But what we maintain is that all such decrees are unlawful when they are made by unauthorized persons and treated as if they were the laws of the church, for from the moment that such is the case the freedom of the church is denied; and the freedom of the church is a dogmatic fact. The church as a divine institution is independent and sovereign, requiring no other credentials than the credentials of her divine Founder. All who deny this power and sovereignty are in opposition to the dogma of the church."

The space at our command allows us but one more quotation, and, in the *embarras de richesses* before us, we incline to the closing words of Mallinckrodt's speech of the 19th of May, 1874.

They were unconsciously the last he was to utter in the Reichstag. Eight days later he was lying still and cold in death. A parish priest had been illegally arrested and imprisoned; and, as our hero had given his life in defence of "*truth, freedom, and right*," its closing scene was to be another valiant protest against injustice and crying wrong.

"To *such* means," he cried contemptuously, "you have recourse at a moment when you have the power of making and carrying any laws you choose, provided you entitle them 'Church Laws.' You have nothing to fear—they will all pass; but, with such omnipotence, can you not wait till you have created a legal manner of proceeding, but in your haste you must throw yourselves on the first illegal one that comes to hand? Gentlemen, what a pitiable effect such acts must produce on the minds of the public at large, when a man placed high in authority is the victim of such blind passion in the choice of his measures that one would be justified in saying, 'This man knows not how to govern himself; how, then, shall he be able to govern others'!"

This speech, of which the above fragment is the conclusion, made such a favorable impression in the chamber that even the Jewish deputy, Herr Lasker, one of Mallinckrodt's most bitter enemies, applauded loudly.

Dr. Falk having declared that Mallinckrodt had taken words he had spoken, and, separating them from the context, had misrepresented his meaning, Mallinckrodt proved the utter falseness of this allegation so clearly and with such dignity of bearing that the Minister of Public Worship had nothing further to say. "I have the consciousness," said Mallinckrodt in his clear, firm voice, "never to have fought with disloyal weapons." And with these words he ended worthily his parliamentary career.

The faith that Mallinckrodt defended so valiantly in the public arena he practised in the retirement of his own inner life. It has been said of him truly that he was, before the world, a man; before God, as a little child. The members of the Reichstag saw his boldness, heard his fearlessness of speech, his hatred of iniquity, but it was known to few how at early dawn he would be kneeling at the altar of his parish church at Berlin to receive the *Bread of the strong*. But in this way he would arm himself for the fight. When a friend congratulated him, after a debate, on the brilliant force of his arguments, he would escape from all praise behind his favorite words of St. Paul's, "Gratia sum id quod sum," or he would descend from the tribune amidst a storm of applause, and, grasping the hand of an ecclesiastic among his friends, he would say: "You have prayed well for me to-day."

And yet we began by saying that he won no battles, and only

knew how to fail nobly in a noble cause. The battle for truth, freedom, and right has, indeed, little chance of being entirely won in this world: on the 27th of May the iniquitous Falk laws were published, and he who had fought so bravely for faith and fatherland had fallen in the struggle.

Mallinckrodt was twice married, first in 1860 to Baroness Elisabeth von Bernhard, who died in 1872, and again in February, 1874, to the step-sister of his first wife, chosen to be a tender mother to his five motherless children. That in three months they would be utterly unprotected but for this second mother neither had any cause to foresee. From the altar he had hastened to his post in the front rank of the fray. And then, at the end of the session, he fell. Weary, longing for his Westphalian home, he was preparing for his departure thence, and had taken leave of all his friends in Berlin, when a sudden chill laid him on a bed of suffering from which he was never to rise. When it became evident that another journey than the one he had so eagerly looked forward to was before him, his young wife, waiting to greet him in his beloved Nordborchen, was hastily summoned to his bedside. He lingered a few days, passing from one feverish dream into another. Generally, in his wanderings, he imagined he was in the Reichstag and a debate on the church laws was going on. In the midst of much that was unintelligible the sad watchers round his bed heard him say clearly and distinctly, as if he were addressing the house: "I have desired to be at peace with all, but justice *must* be upheld." And again towards the end another ray of his wonted energy and earnestness seemed to pierce the clouds of fancy and feverish illusion. Raising himself on one arm, he said with peculiar emphasis: "This question has surely been discussed sufficiently; among Christians there can be but one opinion regarding it. I earnestly entreat that the debate may be closed. Good-night!" And with the last words he turned to his wife, laid one hand in hers, and, with the other grasping a crucifix, he breathed out his faithful soul. Over-work and over-tension had broken his strength; during the last session his hair had grown completely white and deep furrows had imprinted themselves on his brow. As his life had been, so was his death; he was, without exaggeration, a *defensor* and *confessor fidei*. Like a wail the news spread. "Mallinckrodt is dead!" they cried, and Catholics all over Germany and far beyond its frontiers looked blankly into each other's faces, so great and overwhelming was the blow, so heartfelt the grief of all. At the requiem sung for him at St. Hedwig's, in Berlin, some of his most

bitter enemies of the Reichstag met and grasped the hands of his dearest friends.

The correspondent of a Berlin Liberal newspaper relates that when Prince Bismarck was informed of Mallinckrodt's decease, he expressed himself in terms of the warmest admiration of his personal character, and ended by saying: "The race between the Ultramontanes and the National party is about equal now. Hitherto the Centre fraction has been in advance by just about the length of Mallinckrodt."

JOHN IN PATMOS.

WE sailed the Grecian Archipelago,
And, casting anchor in that classic sea,
We wandered over Patmos, to and fro,
Deeming the ground too good for such as we.

Northward Romania stretched, Natolia east;
The isle of Candia to the southward lay;
While Macedonia (what a visual feast!)
And sister countries westward sloped away.

John's convent in the island's midst we found;
Upon a mount it stood, and was not hidden;
And, inly deeming Patmos holy ground,
We enter'd softly, free and unforbidden.

The Abbot hospitality dispensed
(Like white-wing'd angels seemed the distant ships);
Eternity seemed into Time condensed,
And to us came a new Apocalypse.

We saw (or seem'd to see) John as he wrote
Unto the Asiatic churches seven,
Till, half in swoon, our spirits seem'd to float
From earth, thro' space, in ecstasy towards Heaven.

. . . . . .

John is beatified; the Abbot's dead;
Patmos still glorifies that Hellic sea;
She, our co-pilgrim, unto *Death* is wed:
And—back to Patmos John seems beck'ning me.

IRISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

About that Keltic literature which they possess in common Scotch and Irish antiquarians and scholars have cherished toward one another feelings the reverse of gentle. The Irish have assumed for the last hundred years that the Scotch filched from them the honor of having produced the ballads called of Ossian, feloniously and by malice aforethought, and assumed that the Homer of the misty *Iliad* of the north was a Scottish Highlander. Finding it most difficult to place the spots alluded to by the English Ossian of Macpherson, apologists and commentators have sought to compromise by identifying certain islands intermediate between Ireland and Scotland with the places mentioned in several Ossianic poems. But the Irish—finding on their own soil ballads of the same general nature, but much more fragmentary and at the same time sharper-cut and more realistic, less magnificently vague, less filled with landscape painted in words, less morbid, more manly—have insisted that Ossian is only Oisin of Ireland at second-hand. Macpherson's epoch-making poems are thus assailed from both sides—nowadays by claimants of an Irish origin to his characters and to such plot as can be detected under the clouds of wonderful talk; formerly by "brutal Saxons" like Dr. Samuel Johnson, sceptics like Hume, incisive Scots like Alexander Laing. The attitude of the Scotch toward the Irish is not without interest and may be worth a few words; it will, at any rate, lead one to wider considerations affecting matters of the largest scope in the present and the future of the British Empire. Though so long ignored by other people, and in truth neglected by the Irish themselves, yet is it scarcely necessary to mention the practical identity of the Keltic spoken in Connaught and the Highlands of Scotland. The difference between the two was not greater than that between widely-separated counties in Saxon England, although different methods of transcribing the living tongue made the similarity appear less. Certainly when Macpherson at last agreed to pocket the affronts he had received from the great literary bully Johnson, and others of less weight, and undertake to print the originals from which his Ossian was translated and paraphrased, the differences were slight. The older the manuscript the nearer is the identity; and but little before Macpherson's day we have

records that show Scottish bards crossing to Ireland to perfect themselves in their profession among the descendants of the old Irish *filedha*. A very interesting work published in 1876, *The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*, by Professor J. Stuart Blackie, tells the same story, but by inference; for the professor is too loyal to his own Highlands to run after Irish gods, as we shall see. Considering the kinship in tongue, it is perhaps natural that the name of the shire rendered famous by Robert Burns should be Ayr. It has a curious likeness in its mixed Kelto-Saxon origin to the word Ireland. The Angles and Saxons, the Danes and other Norsemen, would hear of Ireland from the Kelts as the island of the West (*iar*), and add thereto the common termination "land," as they formed Scotland, Iceland, and Greenland. The Irish who crossed St. Patrick's Channel to colonize the north of Britain would call some prominent part of the shore to which they sailed the East shore (*air*), whereto in later times the Teutons would add the Saxon *scire*, or shire, making Ayrshire. Thus Ire is thought to come from *iar*, west, and Ayr (perhaps Arran, too) from *air*, east. This derivation of Ireland's name was mentioned in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April in "The Old Files of Ireland"; but it must be remembered that there are fierce differences on the subject. *Eire*, genitive *Eireann*, is what the Irish call it now; in ancient times it was *Eriu*, genitive *Erenn*, dative and accusative *Erinn*. The Latin writers who mention it say Hibernia, which led some to suggest a Spanish derivation—the river Iberus, or Ebro; the Greeks wrote it Iouernia, Iouernis, and Ierne. Keating quotes an early believer in the *iar*, or "west," explanation as "the holy Cormac Mac Culinain, of opinion that it received the name from the word 'iber'—*i.e.* western." It has been suggested, on the analogy of England, Scotland, Greenland, and other names of countries, that "Ire" is Teutonic, as well as "land," and means iron—Ironland. It is further true that though we spell i-ron we pronounce i-urn, showing mutability in the word; and it is furthermore a fact that enough iron is found in parts of Ireland to make such a thing just possible. Yet in Irish iron is *iaran*, and it seems nearly impossible that so obvious a meaning should ever have been lost in a country where civilization has at times been high and wide-spread, and where Keltic literature has always maintained itself. The Romans twisted the word to agree with *hibernus*, as a place to the north, and cold compared with Italy. Recent craftsmen in words, word-burglars, word-dissectors, have found in Ire the "noble word" Arya, which is

taken now to represent that primitive Asiatic race whence Hindoos, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Kelts, Teutons, and Slavs in common descend. This may argue a very straight and unmixed ascent from the early Irish to the hypothetical Aryan father stock—an ascent which is not contradicted by the drift of the legends concerning their arrival in Ireland, nor by their mythology, nor by their religion, by their customs nor manners. Yet the etymology is doubtful, though it would be interesting, and perhaps fair, to consider the primitive arrivals as part of the first Keltic wave which ran with comparatively unimportant stoppages from the plateaus north of Persia, by Asia Minor, Algiers, and Spain, to the farthest westward part of Europe. Two of the best Keltic scholars of to-day, Windisch and Rhys, give the weight of their authority to another theory. They believe that an initial, the letter P, has fallen away from the word, and that the Greek *piōn*, rich, abundant, wealthy, the Latin *pinguis*, fat, represent the original meaning, while a similar name in Greece is Pieria, the home of Orpheus and the Muses. In accepting this definition for the origin of the word as used by the early Irish it is not necessary to refuse *iar*-land, or westland. Such a partly Keltic word might be used among Saxons and between Irish and Saxons, while there was used between Irish and Irish a slightly similar word with a radically different ancestry. We have digressed far; but Ayrshire began it, and Ayrshire belongs to Robert Burns.

How much Burns knew of the old tongue, whether he ever came personally in contact with Gaelic minstrels, whether his genius was purely influenced by locality or derived its vigor from that Keltic ancestry which we recognize in his Keltic touch, are questions of the highest moment to the right study and estimate of Burns, but those which literary undertakers avoid undertaking. Vergil, Lucan, Seneca, Oisin (who was undoubtedly a person of great attainments in poetry, though perhaps not the maker of half of that which is attributed to him), possibly Swift (who, born under peculiar circumstances in Ireland, appears not to have been the child of the lady whose name he bore), Goldsmith, Sheridan, Scott, and Byron had in their blood Keltic strains more or less clear, more or less acknowledged, but enough to reflect back glory on the race. Vergil's place in the list is proved by the evidence of his name, as Zeuss has pointed out, and is corroborated by his birth in Gallia Cisalpina. Burns belongs to the same great race quite as much as to the Saxon, and is intellectually more closely akin to Kelt than to the latter. It is

known that more than once Alba,* as the ancients called Scotland, was settled by swarms from Ireland. From the Irish poetical remains it is clear that invasions in the other direction were not uncommon, but in old times they seem to have been made by single chiefs with small bands of adventurers, exactly like the men who fared a-wicking about the Baltic. Hence the Homeric tendency to single combats in Ossian. In a later period, when Danes and Norsemen came with great fleets, doubtless they had in many cases Scotch allies; these armies made permanent conquests, and, though beaten at times, managed to stay and mingled with the people. The Irish were great slave-owners, and "foreign women" are as regular objects as cows in the lists of tribute paid by one chief to another, one king to a greater, which have come down to us in the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*. When the Irish settled Scotland, about the time Christianity was established throughout Ireland, the zealous did not stop there; for when the Norwegians who could not brook the oppression of a king aiming at complete sovereignty sailed to far-away Iceland and "took land," they found Irish monks already on the spot. Would that the books of the anchorites which they mention had been preserved! What light might not these manuscripts of the ninth century throw on the early Christian churches in Ireland before and after St. Patrick's mission! It is probable, because it is in the nature of things at that period, that the first churches in Greenland were governed by Irish priests; but the assertion is not yet provable by documents. We can see that, owing to the harrying of the Continent and of England by the heathen, there was a concentration in Ireland of bookmen; the peaceable re-establishment of Christianity by St. Patrick made the island the refuge of monks and literary men.

Eugene O'Curry has translated a curious definition of the graduation of a filé in the informal college of his Order:

"*Question.* In what form are degrees conferred upon a poet?

"*Answer.* He exhibits his compositions to him—that is, to an Ollamh (Ollave, a master of the arts of poetry, etc.)—and he has the qualifications of each of the seven orders (of poets); and the king confirms him in his full degree, and in what the Ollamh reports of him as to his compositions and as to his innocence and purity; that is to say, purity of learning and purity of mouth (from abuse and satire), and purity of hand (from bloodshedding), and purity of union (marriage), and purity of honesty (from theft and robbery and unlawfulness), and purity of body—that he have but one wife; for he dies (in dignity) through impure cohabitation."

It is notable how easily in Ireland the Christian teacher took

* The White, derived from the Old Keltic *albis*, akin to the Old Irish *álaib*, fair.

the place of the heathen, how the occasionally anti-clerical *filédha*, or Literary Order, took, together with the priests, the place of the Druid beside the king. While these two orders defended their own, they also greatly raised the power of the king above his subjects; for all three, king, priest, and filé, were interested alike in getting and keeping control. Gradually diminishing the number of petty chiefs, they seem to have paved the way again and again for an *ard-righ*, or chief-king—a king of kings, as the Orientals express it—some such monarch as that Brian to whom patriots look longingly back when with Tom Moore they sing,

"Remember the glories of Brian the Brave."

Ireland we must think of as the home-hive into which Kelts of many lands fled in early Christian centuries, and whence return swarms issued, when occasion served, filling pretty much every European land with teachers, and even, as we have seen, probably reaching Greenland and the American continent before Columbus. Though it was known that as lately as the last century it was necessary for a Scotch poet to live in Ireland awhile to gain mastery in music and poetry, it was not generally accepted that Ireland was the motherland. Far from the currents of commerce and agricultural wealth, the Highlands could never foster a large body of literature, and without continual recruiting from outside it would necessarily die out, even if there were no other literature than the memorized ballads of the minstrels attached to chiefs and clans. In Ireland there was a sufficient number of colleges and schools, cities and courts, kings, chiefs and nobles, bishops and clericals, to encourage and, after a fashion, support the national arts of music and song. Irish writers complain of the devastations of Danes and Cromwellians, but perhaps the infusions of Spanish, Gaulish, Norse, Danish, Anglo-Saxon, Welsh, and Norman and Puritan settlers, in some such chronological order as here given, did the Irish people more good, by enriching, strengthening and developing the stock, than the invaders did harm. While the Highlands were stagnant, Keltic Ireland was forced to move, to agonize, to combine for defence of the old tongue against the malice of some and the indifference of others. To-day the difference shows. While the Highlanders have made no popular effort to keep the language alive, the Irish at home and in the United States have organized schools after the system of a Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. These schools have much to contend with; they can hardly be called successful yet; but it is the spirit, not

the success, that is noteworthy. At all times, as far back as we can see, Ireland was the mother, the Highlands of Scotland the offspring, numerically and commercially, intellectually and artistically.

Indeed, Keltic Scotland appears to have always been politically and intellectually subordinate to Ireland. The Scotch Kelts stand to Ireland as the Bretons to Wales; for it is now ascertained that the Bretons are not the primitive settlers of Armorica, but recolonized Gaul, if the term be permitted, after Angles and Saxons had made permanent conquest of England. They took with them from Wales the old language and legends, just as the Highlanders brought from Ireland the old Gaelic (Gaedilig, pronounced Gaylig or Gaylick), and the legends too, of which we find the shadows in Macpherson's Ossian, enlarged and wavering, each one thrown upward, gigantic and imposing, as the figures of men are thrown upon the fog when standing on mountain-tops in the driving mists. But obligations like these appear to have embittered Scotchmen instead of drawing them toward the Irish.

That wonderful "impressionist," Thomas Carlyle, showed toward the Irish a disposition thoroughly Scotch. In *My Irish Journey in* 1849 he has this powerful sketch, which shows the state of things in Ireland and the singular mixture of hardness and sympathy, of intuitive understanding, of wrong-headed suspicion, which summed him up: "Flat, flat, waste of moor; patches of wretched oats; then peat-bogs, black pools, the roofless cottages (of the evicted) not far off at any time. Potatoes—poor cottier digging his little plot of them, three or four little children eagerly 'gathering' for him; pathetic to look upon. From one cottage on the wayside issue two children *naked* to beg; boy about thirteen, girl about twelve; *naked* literally, some sash of rags round middle, oblique sash over shoulder to support that; stark naked would have been *as* decent (if you had to jump and run as these creatures did) and much cleanlier. *Dramatic*, I take it, or partly so, *this* form of begging; '*strip* for your parts—there is the car coming.' Gave them nothing." This was cold enough, brutal enough, from a man whose kindred were peasants and his name Keltic. Yet he saw under the miserable people the remains of former dignity and possibilities of future excellence, though he knew next to nothing of their past, and what little of their literature and antiquities he met with only stirred his contempt. "Ah me! These faces are still very clear to me, and were I a painter I could draw them; others, one or two, not thought of again till now, have got erased. I was struck in

general with the air of faculty *misbred* and gone to waste, or more or less 'excellent possibility much marred,' in almost all the faces. The man had found himself so enveloped in conditions which he deemed unfair, which he had revolted against, but had not been able to conquer, that he had, so to speak, *lost his way*. A sorry sight, the *tragedy* of each of these poor men, but here too surely a 'possibility'; if the Irish faculty be good you *can* breed it, put it among conditions which *are* fair, or at least fairer."

How came a mighty wrestler after truth like Carlyle to stand so helpless before the problem of what to do for the Irish? His word was very important, for he was a Crusader against Sham. From his letters lately published it is seen how cold he was toward the Irish, how completely he was baffled by their problem, because he felt no kindness for them. But even toward his own peasant-fellows of Scotland he did not show true sympathy; not for him to be the literary Millet of an oppressed class! He admired their sturdy manliness, their decorum, and patience under privation; and contrasted these traits with the shiftlessness of Irish hordes coming to the Lowlands for work in the harvest-fields. Yet in Carlyle there was much the same proportion of Kelt to Saxon as in the people he saw; beyond a few mispronounced words caught from their nurses, the greater part of the harvesters he disdains were doubtless innocent of Keltic speech. Nay, that tendency which underlay all Carlyle's vociferous abuse of his superiors, and cropped out when he began to frequent lords and ladies of high degree; that tendency toward aristocracy, and away from the people—that trait is one of the commonest among the Irish. The Irish nature, subtle and restless, prone to meddle and quarrel, is open to all the faults of men whose wits are somewhat nimbler than is good for them. Though the democratic blast comes strong from America, and is reinforced by the money of democratic Irishmen earned abroad, the home-stayer, at least, is at heart an aristocrat. Give him but the chance, he becomes a rackrenting, evicting landlord! But circumstances are such that Irishmen who are really patriotic believe honestly in their own democratic principles. A curious spectacle—this little nation restive under Anglo-Scottish rule, forced by events in America and at home to embrace democracy, when, individually, it loves to boast descent from kings, and boasts it often truly; when it delights in handles to names, military glory, grades and ranks, and all the pomps and vanities of a bygone feudal state. Neither ancestry, inclination, education, nor

the example of others have prepared the Irish for that democracy about which their talkers wax eloquent. This contradiction inherent in the situation may account for the jerkiness—if the term be permitted to so grave a matter—of the progress of democracy in Ireland, the evictions and shootings, the assassinations, rows in Parliament, and dynamite outrages. More than any other part of the Empire this one suffers from the anomalies, the anachronisms of the social and political fabric.

From the Scotch the Irish might have expected greater sympathy than from the English. But such has not been often the case. Speaking of the attacks on Macpherson, one of the latest writers on that once burning topic, Professor Blackie, alludes to his persecution as coming from "the natural jealousy of the Teutonic toward the Keltic race that was working secretly, and likewise the traditional ignorance and insolence of Englishmen with regard to the extra-Anglican world generally, and especially to all that concerns Scotland." The Scotch have in this been only too apt scholars of the English. The professor does not give so much credit to Ireland as would be always due to her, even supposing that the Highlands were the only nurseries of Ossianic ballads. The question of the right to the great poetic literature attached to that name, and to the names of heroes mentioned in such songs, is settled offhand. Scotland and Ireland were in those times one Keltic country; therefore there is no need to bother on which side of the Channel the ballads belong! This is a well-known historical fact which "puts an end to the famous dispute whether Ossian was an Irishman or a Scotchman; he was both, just as Homer was as a worker at once an Asiatic and an European Greek."

Looking at the matter through such fixed Scottish spectacles, Professor Blackie misses the main point in the Macpherson persecution. There was no excuse for Hume's exceeding scepticism, none for Dr. Johnson's insults. But Macpherson, we can now see, was handicapped when it came to publishing his Keltic texts, as he wanted to, but could not, owing to lack of means. It was awkward for him, not merely because, a wretched Keltic scholar himself, he had taken more than a paraphraser's liberty with the original, but because he had dovetailed together parts of ballads to form wholes, filled up gaps, and otherwise "restored" Ossian as vigorously as a Cypriote statue in New York. Another reason for his hesitation also appears, and the most moving, in the necessity which he was under of revealing a fact, probably unsuspected at first—namely,

that Ireland, not the Highlands, was the true centre of Keltic oral literature and minstrelsy.

Music is, indeed, one of the boasts of Ireland, as one may imagine from the harp that is displayed on her banner. The popular tunes of the late phase of "English" opéra-bouffe are still heard in the streets. Flimsy, say the devotees to high classical music; but that is a matter of taste. It is Irish music by an Irish Sullivan; the Hibernian nucleus of melody is what makes the music of Sullivan. The drawing-room resounds with the spirited songs of Molloy, as when our mothers and grandmothers were singing Moore's Melodies and Scotch part-songs. At the same time in literature the phenomenon called Ossian was running and perhaps finishing its course. It is not generally remembered how the words of Macpherson's English were translated into other tongues and how his curious style was imitated by foreigners. More than one German writer took his style from Macpherson's Ossian. A learned university man translated and published *Darthula* in the finest Oxford Greek; Ossian was quickly turned into Italian, French, and German. On the fine arts it made a profound impression: it is more than probable that here the British school of landscape-painting took its rise; for if one trace that school by way of Constable and Loutherbourg back to the writer Jean Jacques Rousseau, as may be done, one finds behind Rousseau the shadow of Ossian; and behind Ossian the Irish Oisin and the half-Christian *filedha*, with a further vista into the pagan and mythologic past. But as to music proper: in the sixteenth century Tassoni says that Gesualdus, a great Italian composer, whose work is now belittled while the French and German composers have their vogue, studied the Scottish (that is, the Irish) ancient music. Oliver Goldsmith wrote that Geminiani, a close student of Gesualdus, was of the opinion "that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music except the Irish." The musical ear must have existed among the Irish from early times, if we can judge from the language, than which there is scarcely another that shows greater nicety of ear in its speakers. The Welsh have a similar sensitiveness to roughness of consonants and a like love for music. A quatrain given in the Cambro-Briton holds—somewhat like the distich Germans attribute to Martin Luther, which runs,

> "Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib, und Gesang,
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein lebenlang"

—that "he who loves the *cruith* and harp, *the ring of the consonants*, song and epigram, loves most lovable things which are found in heaven in midst the angels. He only who loves not melody and song loves not the nobleness of love in itself. So long as he lives, such an one will appear hateful to man and hateful to God."

But in Welsh writing one great guide is absent which the Irish retains. With the disuse of the old alphabet in favor of the newer alphabet of Italy the Welsh cleared away the complicated system of consonant-changes which makes Irish so hard to learn. It simplified in one sense, but was a great loss in another. One reason why Irish is so important to the student of languages is that it retains in its spelling a vast number of old changes. Words written with three syllables are now pronounced as one; initial letters, when pronounced, have quite another sound; diphthongs and triphthongs now uttered short reveal the former history of the word, as if in English we should still spell certain Saxon words as they were spelled by the Angles and Saxons. The changes of consonants are multiform and infect nearly every word, especially the initial consonant when it follows another word. Thus *bard* becomes *ward*, *bean* becomes *wan*, *dilis* becomes *heelish*, *duiné* becomes *ghuiné*, *athair* becomes *a'air*. Irish, which is far from harsh in the mouths of peasants, must be a beautiful language when spoken by cultivated people—not, perhaps, so sonorous as Spanish, but with a good deal of the snap and spirit of Castilian. It is surprising how it has lasted through the centuries of neglect and persecution as regards its literary or grammarian side. The Catholic Church, having first attacked the national legends and the national speech, became their protector as soon as her sway was established; and doubtless it is owing to her that we still have the treasures in old Irish literature, the magazine for philologists in the old language. Priests have seldom either the leisure or the appliances to become great scholars, but they often have literary instincts, and are by education and practice conservative of what is venerable; so that in Ireland, as in other countries which might be mentioned, they have in unpretending ways done more for posterity than boastful grammarians and others, ridden by the spirit of their several epochs, who are bound at all odds to be original. This should be remembered when one is disposed to be severe with the memory of some Bishop Landa for having made bonfires of the pagan literature of the Maya Indians of Yucatan.

If the chameleon-changes of initial consonants and consonants between syllables surprise one in Irish, the vowels are not less curious, until we discover that like things are traceable in English speech. Vowel-sounds that in cultivated mouths are uttered short will be found in some places, such as Yorkshire and Surrey in England, to be drawled in a most singular fashion and practically broken up into a number of vowels. Tennyson's dialect poems in the Yorkshire, or, better, the charming poems by Matthew Barnes, will give some hint of this. But it is not necessary to cross the Atlantic. In New England, North Carolina, or Tennessee we have drawls that recall the vowel-forms in the written Anglo-Saxon and Irish. The framing of the Irish sentence is also peculiar. To take the simplest example: "The day is long" is put this way: "It is the day long"—*Ta an lâ fada.* How queer, how inverted, is it not? But wait a moment. What part of a simple sentence is the most important? The verb, that gives the sentence life and movement, like the blood. And then? The noun. And after? The adjective that qualifies the noun. Well, the above sentence follows that logic: first comes the verb, to be; then the noun; then the qualifying adjective. The French are thought a logical nation—too logical to have many great poets, it has been said. French people often use this form of the sentence; for example, *C'est-que le jour est long*—"It is that the day is long." Such redundant forms as the familiar *Moi, je suis* of French children, peasants, workmen, are common in Irish, sometimes awkwardly introduced, but often very tellingly. In common German speech the singular changes of initial consonants are not unknown, though never so far pushed as in Irish, never systematized, never showing great keenness of ear. German is supposed to be pronounced as written. But that this is false is soon apparent, especially in words beginning with *st*, which are uttered like *sht* by all but cultivated persons in some parts of the country. The people, the street-boy, gooseherd, the rank and file, have no fear of pronouncing contrary to what is written. Remember how the Irish turn *g* into *y*. In Berlin initial *g* becomes *y* so much that a sentence of derision has been concocted against Berliners, who are said to say, instead of *Eine gutgebratene Gans ist eine gute Gabe Gottes*, this softer-sounding phrase: *Eene yutyebratene Yans is' eene yute Yabe Yottes.* Irish is famous for "telescoping" the syllables of a word; but in Saxony one hears in common talk *Leem* for *Leben*, and a thousand such obliterations of consonants.

To produce euphony the popular ear has wrought such

havoc in Irish that grammarians have been put to their trumps to define the laws of mutation and indicate the changes in writing without losing, as the Welsh have, sight of the original roots and stems of words. What they call "aspiration" is the change of a consonant at the beginning of a word through the influence of the last consonant of the word before. It is found to some degree in Sanskrit, but the grammarians seem to have limited it in that highly-perfected literary language. There are traces of it in Greek, and in Latin poetry it produces the irregular rules that bother school-boys so much. "Eclipsis" indicates the absolute disappearance of the sound of an initial and the use of another consonant. In Welsh and Manx, still spoken on the Isle of Man, the eclipsed letter is dropped and the intruder takes its place. In Irish the initial is kept and the intruder put before it; thus the Book of Rights is called *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, and pronounced *Lahwer-na-gart*. This grammatical trait may be used as a symbol for a thousand things that make the study of Ireland, her people and language, fascinating. She seems to keep side by side the most varied impressions, receiving new ideas, but never quite losing memory of the old. The extraordinary profit to be got in the field of linguistics, a vista upon which has been opened above, has only lately been recognized. It makes the labor of the lexicographer far greater and indicates that our dictionaries will have to be rewritten. The new dispensation will have to take Irish into account for examples of the laws of speech for all Aryan tongues, found in the Keltic tongues, but registered best in the Irish branch. English etymology will have to be remade and a far larger factor in the genealogy of English words assigned to the influence of Britons, Welsh, Irish, and Highlanders.

It may be forgiven Americans, whose ancestry is so international that they can feel no more partiality for one European stock than another, if they fancy their verdict is free from the prejudices that seem born in the men of the old country, and that certainly are bred in them from the dame's school onward to the professorial chair. Such a reflection aids one in venturing on topics peculiarly the battle-grounds for antiquarians and historians wedded to patriotic but local theories, but perhaps otherwise better fitted for the task. The clash of theories on Irish topics is common to the history of most nations; only it is part of the Irish character to make things lively wherever they go, and the noise that Irishmen excite in English politics and American is only another phase of an ardent and too often shallow temperament which is found in abundance among the wear-

ers of the green. The error we all make—and Irishmen make it too—is to think that such temperaments are always and necessarily shallow or insincere or useless, and, further, to demand that besides his own good qualities the Irishman should have those of slower-witted nations. This is demanding the impossible. It is not comfortable for the well-to-do Englishman, the canny Scot, the steady Welshman, to have a picturesque brother across the Irish Sea making a spectacle of himself and calling the world to witness that he has been shamefully robbed and abused. On the one hand there is far too much truth in his complaint; on the other, there are so many complications in the problem, so many ifs and buts, so many views to take of the whole present situation, so many historical perspectives to examine and allow for, that even an Irishman must confess to himself, human nature being selfish, that it is only to be expected poor Ireland should have little sympathy. Ireland does not suffer merely from the ancient feud between those who boast themselves Kelts and those who prefer to dream over their "Saxon" ancestry.. She is not only torn by the un-Christian hatred between Protestant and Catholic. She is paralyzed by the social system common to Great Britain, which continually tends to array the wealthy and the learned in all professions on the side of the landlords against the tenants and the peasantry. It is doubtful whether in the past anybody could have removed the roots of disease; but while the situation might have been enormously improved by large-hearted, unselfish, wise legislators in London, it was enormously worsened by legislators quite the reverse. Rank and caste are not abstractions in Europe, as with us, but powerful agents for happiness and unhappiness, right and wrong; Europeans can no more escape them by saying all men are equal than make themselves angels by agreeing to vow they have wings. In gossiping about the United States lately Mr. Matthew Arnold has shown insight on this point. The bitterness raised by social inequalities put gall in the pen of Thackeray, and in truth accounts for half the uncomfortableness one discovers in intercourse with English people. Whether one sees at a Queen's Drawing-Room the sour face of some woman who has been placed below a simple Lady, though she belongs above by virtue of the right to call herself the Lady So-and-so; or, at a rich Londoner's house, the wife fidgeting about some preposterous question of precedence; or, at a nobleman's club, peers, with excellent motives, but not without self-consciousness and offence, trying to forget their coronets; or, in a Scotch or Irish town, the strict and separate lines to which comrades of school and playground keep their families—in

each case one may put it down to the rusty fetters of caste. Do not believe them when they try to prove that people in the British Empire are as free as they are here. We have much to regret, much to alter for the better; and even of this thing we have the shadows. Women, conservatives who hold men in check by a law not unwise, together with a handful of drones without power or following whose names often figure in the newspapers, are the only members of American commonwealths who take such matters seriously. This relic of the past chafes everywhere, but hurts Ireland more than any other portion of the great British Empire; it baffles and bewilders the man full of natural ambition, and makes him at odds with his past and present. Perhaps the events that are forcing Irishmen to become democrats in name, if not yet at heart, are for the best. Political and social equality, rather than the panacea offered in the picturesque but unpractical books of Mr. Henry George, will touch the root of Ireland's disease. The social and religious problems must be solved in a broad and large-hearted spirit, before real reform, real prosperity can come to Ireland. The Scotch as well as the English have dealt unfairly with Ireland, but not these alone; other and perhaps deadlier foes have been hers, mention of whom must await another opportunity.

IN THE GARDEN.

The wind blew over the lea;
The message it carried to me
Was: Cast away fear; there's happiness near,
And joyous thy life shall be.

The roses looked up in alarm!
(The zephyr intended no harm
In blowing apart a rose-scented heart,
Enhancing each beautiful charm.)

The lily-buds caught the refrain,
And echoed the murmur again:
Ah! cast away fear; there's happiness near:
No longer advert to thy pain.

My heart wakened up from its dream,
Entranced with the soft summer gleam.
No more will I moan for the happiness flown,
For sorrow but sorrow doth seem.

THE TRAGEDY OF BENINGBROUGH HALL.

Near the junction of the Ouse and the Nidd there stood in the seventeenth century a quaint and rambling old house, built of fine red brick in the Elizabethan style, and hidden away from the surrounding country by a stately park that stretched from the river on one side to the little churchyard of Newton on the other. Here dwelt for many generations a Yorkshire family named Earle, of good blood and ample wealth, whose known integrity and liberality made amends for the shy reserve that clung about every member of the race, and which might have meant either pride or a sheer inability to find pleasure in the companionship of their neighbors. They were Catholics, and it was whispered about from time to time that different scions of the family had been concerned in the ceaseless plots and counter-plots rife throughout the kingdom. Certain it is that in 1669 Jasper Earle, then in the prime of life, was living quietly in London under the ban of suspicion, and that Beningbrough Hall was left to the care of servants, controlled only by the housekeeper and a steward named Philip Laurie.

Mr. Baring-Gould, whose valuable researches into Yorkshire antiquities has brought to light this true scrap of family history, tells us that Marian, the housekeeper, was "a comely woman, just passing into middle age." She had lived in the Hall since early youth, and had gained her responsible position not only because she was of the same faith as her master and mistress, but because her clear head and even temper, her reticence and utter loyalty, made her an invaluable adjunct to their home. In her hands lay all the real authority; and if Laurie suspected as much he kept his suspicions to himself, being anxious to retain her good graces and knowing too well the strength of her position.

It was in the late summer, and already a faint red tint began to show itself here and there amid the deep green of the beeches that lined the avenue and threw their branches far over the quiet waters of the Ouse. Marian dearly loved this secluded walk. Here she came every evening to tell her rosary, pacing up and down the lonely path, while the little river ran smoothly by her side and the rooks cawed drearily in the darkening trees. It had been her habit for years, and she very seldom met with any

interruption; but to-day, as she turned back for the third time towards the house, she became aware that a man was watching her from the water-side and that he now came forward to greet her. Quick to suppress all manifestation of impatience, she slipped her rosary into her hanging pocket and coldly acknowledged his salutation. "Did you wish to speak to me, William Vasy?" she said.

The man, who was young and dark and rather handsome, glanced at her with some perturbation. There was nothing very alarming in the tall, pliant figure, with a kerchief drawn smoothly over her bosom and her fair hair hidden away beneath a snowy cap; but, in his desire to conciliate, Vasy forgot for the moment his customary boldness. "I do want to speak to you," he said hesitatingly. "It is about—about Eunice."

Marian's face hardened into immobility. "And what about Eunice?" she asked.

Her companion struck his heel angrily into the soft ground. "You know well what it is I would say," he answered. "I want her to marry me. Am I not able to support a wife as well as another? All I ask for is your consent."

There was a moment's silence, during which the pair walked side by side. "Eunice is too young to marry," Marian said at last.

"She was sixteen in the springtime," retorted Vasy.

"But she is childish for her years. She has never given thought to such a subject. And even were she older and better fitted to be a wife, you are not the husband I would choose."

The dark face by her side grew darker still with suppressed wrath. "And may I ask, Mistress Marian, why you will not have me for your sister's husband? My father, as you know, owns the Valley Farm, and I and my lame brother are his only children. It is to me the farm must come. I am neither old nor ailing nor ill-looking that you should reject me so abruptly; and if Eunice loves me—"

"Eunice love you! Have you dared to speak to her of this matter?"

The young man laughed. "Well, no," he admitted. "She is a witch and not easy to approach. But if she loves me, or will learn to love me, why should I not have her to wife?"

Marian's face clouded over and she looked steadily before her. "If you are neither old nor ailing nor ill-looking," she said distinctly, "neither are you honest nor gentle nor God-fearing. There are evil stories told of you, William Vasy.

That you are a poacher all know ; that you are worse many affirm—and it is not to such a one that I would entrust my sister's happiness." She paused a moment, and then added more quietly: "You have forced me to speak out plainly and to say more than I intended. But it will be wiser for you to dismiss Eunice from your thoughts."

As she stepped swiftly on, the man made no attempt to follow her. He stood repeating to himself her words, "neither honest nor gentle nor God-fearing"; and then, with a short, hard laugh, he turned around and was lost in the shadows of the park.

But Marian, as she walked homeward, felt oppressed with a vague sense of trouble and alarm. Why had Vasy chosen Eunice of all other girls, and what if his fancy were returned? She was so engrossed in these thoughts that she failed to notice a singular rustling in the thick branches overhead, until suddenly a shower of leaves came fluttering down upon her, and, with an elfish laugh, a young girl swung herself lightly from bough to bough, and stood, flushed and panting, by her side —a girl brown as a berry, and who might at first glance have been aptly taken for some forest nymph or hamadryad escaped that moment from the imprisoning bark. Her eyes were brown, the color of running water ; her brown hair, with a touch of red in it, lay in thick curls over a perilously low brow. Her gown of brown camelot was simply, even severely, made, and the disordered kerchief at her neck showed more than was seemly of the soft, brown throat within.

"Eunice!" cried Marian in a voice sharp with mingled annoyance and apprehension. "I left you stitching your seam in my room."

"And you find me falling from the trees in your path," echoed the girl mockingly, "like a ripe beechnut ready for the plucking."

"I find you as I always do—where you ought not to be. God grant me patience, for words are of no avail, and I weary sadly of your follies."

"And did you think that I could mope indoors, blinding my eyes with your endless seams, when every leaf on the trees and every grass-blade in the common calls me forth? Besides, Marian, your prayers were over-long and I have news to tell. The Hall has strange company to-night."

"To-night! Company at the Hall!" repeated Marian in astonishment. "But who has come?"

"Ah! who, indeed? Since you are so displeased with your messenger, you can e'en find that out yourself."

"Eunice!" cried her sister, seizing her by the arm, "cease your childishness for once and answer me plainly! Who is at the Hall?"

The girl's short upper lip grew shorter still with a very manifest pout; then, suddenly changing her mood, she broke into a low, ringing laugh. "One is a stranger," she whispered mysteriously, "and the other—the other is a stranger, too. How could I tell you who he is? Or how know myself, save that I have eyes to see? Truly, 'tis a pity, Marian, we were not born blind." And, breaking away, she fled towards the house, only stopping once to wave her hand defiantly as she vanished in the doorway.

Marian gave a heavy sigh and hastened her footsteps, knowing that whoever had arrived would probably require her presence. The events of the evening had jarred upon her sorely, and she felt wearied and depressed. Her own youth had been a sad one, and her life darkened with heavy responsibilities and the constant presence of impending danger. She had borne her burdens bravely, but the desire to shelter her young sister from any knowledge of such cares, to secure for her an unclouded childhood, and to hide from her both the wildness and the wickedness of the times had been the motive power that ruled her actions. And what was the result? At sixteen Eunice was as irresponsible as at six. With her rare beauty and her uncanny wit, she presented a singular case of arrested development; and, unsobered by the shadow of approaching womanhood, she followed the law of her own impulses as blindly as any irrational creature of the woods.

Marian could read and write like a gentlewoman; Eunice knew not one letter from another. Marian's skilful fingers wrought all she wore and fashioned clothes for many a poor child in the neighborhood; Eunice could only run the needle into her little brown fingers and fling away in disgust the blood-stained seam. Marian was learned in the arts of housewifery, and to the deftness of a woman added the practical judgment of a man; Eunice fled from the mysteries of the still-room away to the freedom of the woods to make friends with every living creature in its dim recesses. There were some who said her mind was unhinged; others, that she was a changeling and under an evil spell; and others again, the more sober and practical portion of the community, that Marian had merely spared the rod to spoil the child, and must now reap as she had sown. And, perhaps mind-

ful of this, Marian merely sighed as she hurried to the Hall, anxiety for her sister swallowed up for once in a new anxiety as to the identity of the unexpected guests.

In answer to her first inquiries a servant informed her that two gentlemen, friends of Mr. Earle's, had arrived an hour ago; that one of them, being over-wearied with travel, had retired to rest, and that the other was waiting in the library and desired to see Mistress Marian as soon as she returned. Presenting herself at the library door, it was opened by a stranger of somewhat distinguished appearance, who, inquiring briefly if she were the housekeeper, led the way at once to a small bedroom adjoining, where, standing by the fireplace, without his disguising wraps, she beheld the master of the house. He smiled at her evident amazement, but she saw that he was sadly travel-stained and looked haggard and worn in the dull evening light.

"This is a sorry home-coming, Marian," he said; "but it is much to have accomplished it in safety. Of late every step has been dogged, or I should have been here weeks before. Bring us a little good wine to refresh our spirits, and then you and Sir John and I will discuss some matters of importance."

Marian brought the wine herself, and Mr. Earle informed her in few words that he had great reason to fear confiscation of his property, and had accordingly risked this journey with a view to saving such valuables as might be removed without suspicion. He desired her to pack up the plate and whatever jewels had been left in her keeping, together with a few costly paintings, some ancient and well-preserved tapestries, and the lighter portions of the furniture. "It will be necessary to have the assistance of the servants for the work," he said; "but none of them need know where the things are to be concealed, unless, indeed, Laurie is at the Hall."

Marian shook her head. Laurie had gone to his sister's wedding at Rawcliffe, and was not expected back within the week.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Earle thoughtfully, "it is as well that he is absent."

"It is far better," answered the housekeeper, with a quiet significance not lost upon her master, who merely shrugged his shoulders and sighed. Suspicion on one side and treachery on the other were but a natural consequence of the times, when part of the spoils wrenched from the betrayed were given as a reward to the betrayer.

"No one knows of my presence here," Mr. Earle continued, "and no one must find out. Sir John is armed with a written

authority from me to carry out my plans. You and he will interview the servants and direct the packing. The only question is, Where shall the things be taken? They must not be left in the Hall, and they cannot be carried far. You know the resources of the place better than I do; what shall be done with them?"

Marian had listened to these words with a sudden throb of terror. What if the secret were already known! If Eunice had not discovered who the stranger was, why had she boasted so tauntingly in the avenue? And Eunice, of all other people, was the least desirable repository for such knowledge. She raised her troubled eyes, but could not bear to tell her fears. It was easier, on the whole, to try and answer the last question. "Whom could we trust with such valuables," she said, "unless"—and here a faint color dyed her pale cheeks—"unless, indeed, Martin Giles can hide them in his cottage?"

Mr. Earle smiled at her evident hesitation. "You are true to your lover, Marian," he said gravely. "I had hoped long before this to see you married, with such merry-making as the old Hall could show. You have wasted your best years in my service, and, beset as I am with dangers and difficulties, I cannot even give you a marriage portion and set you free."

The housekeeper's quiet eyes filled with unwonted tears. "All things have their time," she answered. "You and yours have been faithful friends to me and mine, and my first duty is to you. Martin and I bide our day, and if it is long coming it will be all the brighter when it dawns."

She curtsied with modest dignity, and left the room to call the servants together and set them at their task. If they wondered much and suspected more they were content, like good Yorkshiremen, to keep their surmises to themselves, and went to work in hearty earnest. Within a few hours the Hall had been stripped of all that was most costly, and by the time night fell the cases were ready to be carried away under cover of the friendly darkness.

Martin Giles, the gamekeeper, had been Marian's playmate in childhood, her constant companion and friend in youth, and her betrothed for the past eight years. He was a fair, silent, sweet-tempered young giant, and, being about the housekeeper's age, looked ten years her junior. Faithful to his early love, he had no eyes for any other woman; but there was a comfortable lack of intensity about his passion which made their prolonged betrothal no especial evil in his eyes. He was ready to wed

Marian at any moment and to take her portionless to his humble home; but he was also willing to "bide his day," satisfied always that her decisions were right, and less conscious of the lapse of time than the woman who sighed now and then over the gray hairs hidden beneath her cap. Of his fidelity there could be no doubt; and to his cottage the cases, few in number but precious in contents, were carried quietly at midnight. No one assisted in the work save Giles himself, Marian, and the two gentlemen. All the servants were asleep, and only one pair of alert brown eyes watched them from a turret window and saw the little procession, with shaded lanterns and noiseless feet, move silently down the avenue and disappear in the shadows of the night. By daybreak the next morning the visitors were on their way back to London, whence Mr. Earle hoped to set sail in a few weeks for France.

When Philip Laurie returned and found the old Hall stripped of its treasures his fury and disappointment were too great to be concealed. He had lain in wait like a spider, only to see his prey snatched at the last moment from his grasp. Forgetful for once of prudence or restraint, he charged the housekeeper in turn with having vilified him to his master, with having been accessory to a robbery, and with having betrayed her trust. And he swore with a great oath that he would discover where the things were hidden. Marian coolly replied that what had been done was not without authority; that she was not responsible for Mr. Earle's decisions, either in regard to his property or to his servants, and that she had no information to give. Laurie protested bitterly against the insult to his honesty and the ingratitude for his long fidelity; whereupon his opponent, who was but a woman after all, could not refrain from letting him know her opinion of both qualities, backing her assertion with a few plain facts which made the steward wince under such open and fearless accusation. It was an unhappy impulse on Marian's part, for Laurie was not the man to hear such words and bear them unrevenged. To his deep-rooted jealousy and dislike was now added the sense of fear —a motive which of all others leads most rapidly to crime. He brooded over the wrongs he had received at this woman's hands, and over her contemptuous exposure of his dishonesty, while he set his keen wits to work to discover the whereabouts of the valuables he coveted.

As for Marian, though she regretted her outburst the moment she had given it utterance, it was not through any apprehension of danger to herself, but merely from her conviction that high

words were ill-suited to such stormy times. After Mr. Earle's departure her anxious thoughts strayed back to their usual channel—Eunice and her future. Her mistress had promised years before to take the little girl to be her own maid as soon as she grew old enough to fill the position; but, in view of her utter incapacity for any useful occupation, Marian felt that this could hardly be. Eunice as a waiting-maid was almost as preposterous as Eunice as a wife and mother; and that any man should desire to wed such a will-o'-the-wisp was, in the housekeeper's sober eyes, equally extraordinary and undesirable. Once or twice she encountered Vasy in her sister's company, and, fearful lest his black eyes and daring tongue should work their way into her childish fancy, she determined reluctantly to speak to her on the subject and warn her of his dangerous character.

It was unnecessary. Eunice laughingly admitted that Vasy had spoken to her of love; had talked a great deal about her eyes and hair, and his own interest in the Valley Farm; and had brought her back from Rawcliffe Fair an agate locket on a fine blue watered ribbon, "fit for the queen to wear."

"And what have you done with it, dear?" asked Marian with a sinking heart, and auguring ill from the non-appearance of the trinket on her sister's throat.

"You must ask the cat that question," returned Eunice, shrugging her shoulders. "I tied it around her neck, and the careless thing lost it during the night. The next locket I get shall go to old Wolf. He will take better care of his finery."

Marian laughed outright. It was plain her sister was no love-sick maiden, and, in the relief that this discovery gave her, she ventured on a further question. "You do not care for this man, do you, Eunice?" she said. "You would not like to marry him?"

The girl drew back as if she had been struck. There was no trace of childishness about her now. "I marry William Vasy!" she repeated slowly. "Not if every tree in the Valley Farm were solid gold and every leaf an emerald. You do not know him as I do; but he is cruel, cruel! Only last week in the west woods I found a leveret caught in one of his snares. I know well it was his: no one else can make a thing so small and yet so devilish; and he boasts much of his skill. The poor little beast had been entrapped for days—for days, Marian; only think of it! It was worn to a skeleton, and the fine wire had cut its leg to the very bone. It had struggled and panted and bled there

hour after hour, and now at last it was dying when I found it. I released the torn foot and took the little creature to my breast; but it tried feebly to get away, and I knew why. It was the desire of a wild thing to die in freedom. I laid it on the grass and watched it. For a minute or two it breathed slower and slower, then gave a shudder and died. Vasy had tortured it to death; and you ask me if I love him! If I saw him caught in one of his own traps I would pass by and leave him to die of hunger and thirst, just as he leaves the helpless beasts to perish."

"Eunice! Eunice!" remonstrated Marian in a low voice. "Now you are saying wicked words—words that you do not mean."

The girl stopped short in her wrath and looked into her sister's troubled face. Something she saw there touched her heart, for the angry brown eyes melted into sudden tears. "Marian," she whispered, throwing her arms around her neck, "I love you dearly, and nobody else in the world. Who would be good to me but you?"

That night beneath the beech-trees two men walked up and down in earnest conversation. They were Philip Laurie and William Vasy, and they had met together under the innocent stars to plan a deliberate murder. One woman stood in both their paths, and she must die! Vasy believed that, Marian's influence removed, Eunice could easily be brought to listen to his suit; Laurie felt that she, and she alone, stood between him and the wealth that he had sworn to gain. He had discovered—who shall say how?—where Mr. Earle's valuables lay concealed, and with the knowledge of their whereabouts came a sudden and daring plan of robbery. It was an opportunity never to be repeated; for if stolen now, neither Martin Giles nor their owner himself would dare to take any open steps for their recovery. The gamekeeper could not even prove that they had been in his possession, save by implicating his master—a risk which Mr. Earle would hardly care to run. And if search were made there was, after all, no possible clue to trace the guilt to him, except the foolish words he had uttered in Marian's hearing. She alone suspected him, she alone knew aught in his disfavor. Not only was she the sole obstacle he had to fear, but he was already in a great measure in her power.

If a glance or a word might kill, if melting a waxen image could really consume with hidden fire the life it represented, then Marian's earthly race would have been quickly run. But Laurie, though he cherished blood-guiltiness within his soul, was

not the man who could perform the actual labor of killing. He had neither the nerve nor the brutality requisite for such a task; while Vasy, although in many respects the lesser villain of the two, possessed both these qualities to perfection. Familiarity with the sufferings of dumb creatures had bred in him indifference to others' pain. The sight of blood could not affect him as it did Laurie; the knowledge that he risked the gallows failed to trouble him, as it would have troubled the more calculating sinner. He loved Eunice after his own brutish fashion, and he hated Marian for her steady opposition to his wishes. If she were dead, and the robbery consummated, he would marry the girl and live freely with his share of the spoils. He even made up his mind to give his sweetheart a pair of pearl ear-drops; and, after indulging in this fancy for a moment, turned his thoughts deliberately to her sister's murder and settled the details of that undertaking with just as much unconcern. When the two men parted at daybreak all was arranged between them, and it was agreed that they had better not be seen in each other's company again.

Three evenings later Marian was pacing up and down her accustomed walk, telling her beads. The setting sun crimsoned the west, and the open common lay bathed in amber light; but under the beech-trees the shadows of dusk were creeping quietly, and only here and there the sunset brightness penetrated through their gloom. Mr. Baring-Gould has given us a sad and pretty picture of the scene—the quiet avenue, with the rooks wheeling and cawing overhead; the red sky reflected in the smooth water, giving it an ominous tint of blood; a white owl flitting ghostlike through the darkening trees, and the unconscious woman walking slowly up and down with her rosary in her hands.

A strange sense of peace and security filled Marian's soul, and all her cares seemed fading into nothingness. A few lines received that morning from her mistress conveyed indirectly the intelligence that Mr. Earle had made good his escape to France. Vasy had been invisible for days, and her sister's angry words had quieted her mind upon that score; she even fancied in her contentment that Eunice had grown more earnest and less elfish than of old. She thought, too, of her lover, and of the last kind word he had whispered in her ear, and smiled softly at her own happiness. If the anxieties of her life had been many her last hour was one of unbroken tranquillity and peace. When she began her rosary she felt glad it was the turn for the Glorious Mysteries, they seemed so much more in keeping with her mood.

She reached the end of the avenue, and, turning, faced the west. A few rods off one of the beech-trees had been blown over in a recent storm, and through the gap the dying sunlight streamed with a faint brilliancy like a martyr's aureole, leaving the path beyond in deeper gloom. Her eyes unconsciously sought the light, while her lips moved in prayer: "Now and at the hour of our death"—crash! came a heavy blow upon her upturned head. She reeled, staggered, and, throwing up her hands as though in accusation of her murderer, fell forward into the water and sank without a struggle from his sight.

The next day her body was recovered half a mile from the park, and a portion of the rosary was found still clasped in her stiffened fingers. A minute examination of the bank showed the spot where the crime had been committed. There were the prints of a man's footstep in the soft ground; there were the broken twigs and water-reeds, showing where the murdered woman had fallen into the river; and there, caught on one of the branches of the overturned beech, was the other fragment of the broken rosary. With tender reverence and pity the corpse was carried back to the Hall, while the startling news spread like wildfire over the country. Suspicions wild and aimless floated about on every side, and then gradually concentrated themselves in one direction—that of Martin Giles, the dead woman's lover. In the absence of any tangible motive for the murder strange rumors found hearing everywhere. The sudden disappearance of the family plate and pictures, to which mystery the housekeeper alone held the key; the persistent reticence of Giles when questioned on the subject; the fact that they had been seen last in each other's company, and that the beech avenue was the spot where they oftenest met—all these things told against the gamekeeper with crushing force.

As yet, indeed, no open step had been taken to accuse him of the crime, but he read suspicion and distrust in every face. Dazed with the sudden blow which had befallen him, heart-sore at his loss, and with the blind passions of his slumbering nature calling on him furiously for revenge, he was sobered into reason by the growing consciousness that it was at his doors the guilt was laid. He, who would have defended his betrothed with the last drop of his blood, and thought it no great matter to do so, was now believed to have struck that cruel and dastardly blow. He was palsied by the greatness of the shock, and his blue eyes, once so merry and kind, grew fiercely bright, like those of a wild beast driven into its lair. Injustice and sheer suffering had

goaded him hard, and now that he could bear no more he stood at bay.

Mr. Earle was by this time in France, but his wife, who had been left in London, hastened to Beningbrough Hall as soon as the tidings of the murder reached her ears. When Marian's obsequies were over, and she was laid to rest in the churchyard of Newton, the disordered household quieted down somewhat from its first terror and confusion, and Mrs. Earle turned her attention to the young girl so suddenly deprived of her one friend and protector. It could not be said that Eunice was altered for the better by her grief: the sorrow which chastens and sobers one soul merely perverts another. She had lost her old impishness, it is true, but with it had fled all that was innocent and childlike in her nature. The roving impulses which had so sorely tried Marian's spirit had been the safety-valves of her sister's passionate soul; the sweet, wild freedom of the woods had saved her from herself. Now this healthy influence was over. She no longer sought their friendly shade, no longer found companionship in their dumb inhabitants; but, shut up within herself in a strange, frozen silence, brooded over the tragedy that had darkened her life. It was her first close contact with sin, and the taint of corruption poisoned all the well-springs of her being. "Will nothing comfort you, my child?" said Mrs. Earle pityingly, taking the small, cold hand in hers; and Eunice had answered impassively: "Only to see her murderer on his gibbet. That is all the comfort I desire."

Day after day she crept noiselessly about with a furtive gleam in her brown eyes, as though she were always seeking the guilty man and would spring like a tigress at his throat. The only times she seemed to soften were when she encountered the gamekeeper's white, set face, as changed now as her own. "Eunice," he said once in a voice that was almost a whisper, "you at least know that I would have died thrice over rather than have harmed a hair of her dear head?"

She nodded silently and turned away, then came swiftly back and seized his arm. "We will find him yet," she said, "and he shall dance in the air with a necklace around his throat. Only be patient, and we will find him yet."

During all this time Vasy had not ventured to approach her. Perhaps some touch of remorse, perhaps some pity even for her grief, perhaps the sight of her hard young face kept him from her side. The first crime had been successful, and no suspicion pointed his way; it now only remained to carry out the robbery

while the feeling against Giles was at its height. Here, too, the work was to be unequally divided. It was arranged that Vasy alone should enter the gamekeeper's cottage, while Laurie kept watch outside. If the booty could be removed without violence, well and good! If not, let Giles look to it! They had not risked so much to be balked of their prize at last.

It was on a heavy, moonless night that the attempt was finally made. The sheltering darkness hung like a pall over the woods, and only now and then a fitful gust of wind told of the coming storm. Martin Giles, lying sleepless upon his bed, absorbed in the bitter thoughts that had now become his hourly companions, heard the little diamond panes rattle in their sockets as the casement swung to and fro, and the sound was fraught with a dismal meaning in his ears. Turning restlessly on his pillows, he saw, or fancied he saw, a dark shadow standing by the door, and sprang to his feet, only to be struck heavily to the ground. Stunned and dizzy, he strove again to rise, when a second blow from his unseen antagonist brought him to his knees; and, groping blindly for a weapon of some kind, his fingers clutched a sheep-net which had been flung in a careless heap upon the floor.

Quick-witted in danger as he was slow in the ordinary duties of life, the young giant struggled to his feet once more, and with all his ebbing strength flung the great net over the robber's head. For a minute there followed a mad, breathless struggle as the two powerful men, wrapped in the dead darkness, strove silently for their lives; the one covered with blood and blind with pain, the other pinioned by the clinging meshes and fighting fiercely and vainly to be free. But Giles, to whose superb strength competition in the Cotswold games had added skill and daring, was more than a match for his antagonist. One heavy blow from the great brown fist stretched him on the ground, and, staggering to his feet, the gamekeeper reached down his gun from the wall, and fired it out of the open window as a signal of alarm to the Hall. The report rang sharply through the silence of the park, and in five minutes the cottage was filled with a wondering, gaping crowd of servants, while Vasy lay sullen and still where he had fallen, and Giles tried vainly to stanch the blood which streamed from his own broken head.

With the others came Laurie, wrapped in a heavy cloak and turning a white, anxious face towards his prostrate confederate. What he saw there satisfied him that he stood in no immediate danger. Poacher, robber, murderer though he were, Vasy had no mind to betray his whilom friend and associate; and the

steward was quite ready to turn this dumb fidelity to account. Amid the confusion that ensued he stood a little apart, escaping from any especial notice, while half a dozen stout servant-men disentangled Vasy from the heavy net and bound him hand and foot. By this time Mrs. Earle, a woman of much nerve and courage, had reached the cottage, and gave orders that both the robber and the wounded man should be taken to the Hall, and a messenger despatched at once to York to summon the officers of the law. A short delay ensued, however, for the rain was now falling so heavily that the torches were extinguished as soon as lit, and the voices of the storm, gathering strength and fury every moment, filled the hearts of the listeners with superstitious terror.

Suddenly there was a rustling at the door, a parting of the thickly-gathered group, and Eunice, dripping wet, stood in their midst, her rain-soaked garments clinging about her feet, her dark curls matted on her forehead, her eyes burning like twin coals of fire set in the ashen pallor of her face. She looked like one who, stretched long years ago upon the agonizing tripod, felt her young limbs convulsed with pain unutterable and shrieked forth into the night words of prophetic madness that nations paused to hear. What wonder that there was silence as the white face turned slowly from the dark figure on the floor to the wondering crowd around? Then her eye fell upon the gamekeeper, and with a short, ringing laugh she glided to his side.

"You have found him at last," she said, "and without my help. But he is found! Marian's murderer is found!"

She screamed out the last words with terrible force, and the prostrate man at her feet shivered and looked once into her unrelenting eyes. As though he read in them his death-sentence, he closed his own and strove to turn his head away. "She is a witch," he muttered, "and knows all. Angel or devil, she knows all."

There was a low cry, full of strained horror, from those around, then a dead silence, and Vasy spoke again. "I loved you," he said simply, and strove with pinioned hands to touch her dress.

She shrank back, contemptuous and unpitying, as though his touch were fire. "You loved me!" she echoed slowly, "and you killed my sister, whom I loved—all that I had to love!" Her voice broke, the tears rushed to her eyes, and, sinking on her knees, she hid her face in Mrs. Earle's gown. "Marian! Marian!" she sobbed piteously, "forgive me, dear, for all! It was I who told your secret—ungrateful, wicked girl that I am! I

watched and saw the boxes brought here, and I told—not Vasy; no—but Philip Laurie. He flattered and coaxed me until I told him all." She crouched lower and lower on the floor in an agony of self-abasement. "I, too, have helped to kill her!" she cried. "Marian! Marian! Marian!" and fell forward senseless on her face.

There was a smothered oath from Vasy, a sudden rush of wind-blown rain extinguishing half the torches, a frightened cry from some women thrust hastily from the door, and Laurie had vanished into the stormy night.

Thus was the tragedy of Beningbrough Hall made clear in all its brutal hideousness. Vasy, who was carried to York Castle to await his trial, refused at first to give any information on the subject beyond a simple admission of his guilt. But three weeks later Philip Laurie, baffled in his hopes of escape, shot himself on the eve of capture; and then, and not till then, his wretched tool made a full confession and gave the whole history of the crime. He was hanged at the Tyburn outside Micklegate Bar, in York, on the 18th of August, 1670, acknowledging his sin upon the scaffold and entreating forgiveness "of God, of his victim, and of one other." Mrs. Earle remained quietly at the Hall through the winter, and in the following spring, having an opportunity to join her husband in France, she offered to carry Eunice with her, feeling that the deserted house, with its weight of saddening memories, was no place for the lonely girl.

But from the thought of leaving Eunice shrank with terror. The whole wide world held out for her no one attractive page. Such ties as she was capable of forming were centred in her home and in her sister's grave; beyond these all seemed a second chaos to her eyes. Anxiety in her regard delayed Mrs. Earle's departure for some weeks longer, when a most unexpected turn of affairs lifted the responsibility from her hands. Martin Giles declared his intention of marrying Eunice, and requested that the wedding should take place at once.

"It is all I can do for Marian now," he said with grave simplicity; "and I fancy she will rest happier in heaven if she sees the child protected from all harm. Stay here alone she cannot, and foreign air breathes ill through Yorkshire lungs."

"But, Giles," remonstrated Mrs. Earle, "you know as well as I can tell you what a heavy trust you are taking on your shoulders. Eunice is nearly young enough to be your daughter, and she is hardly fitted for the duties of a wife. You will have to be

very patient and to forego many comforts, if you hope even to make her happy."

"I will do the best I can," was the quiet answer; "and the little lass shall have none but kind words from me, were it only for her sister's sake. A warm fireside, a husband's care, and a life full of daily duties have made good women yet, out of many a wayward slip."

Mrs. Earle smiled. These homely recipes for domestic happiness were not without their value, but what would Eunice say to them? To all her questions, however, the girl returned answers as simple and straightforward as the gamekeeper's. What there was lacking either of passion or of romance in this strange courtship was atoned for by unselfish devotion on the one side and docile acquiescence on the other. There was something, indeed, indescribably pathetic in the wistful gratitude with which Eunice clung to her protector. He seemed all that was left to her from out the old happy past, and in her bitter self-distrust she strove to divine his very thoughts and follow them. A subtle consciousness of her own deficiency was with her the first sad step to a fuller and higher life; and while she seemed dully impassive to her surroundings, she was in reality seeking to assimilate herself in some degree to the sober despotism of established rules—"to be good for Marian's sake."

"Do you know, Giles," said Mrs. Earle curiously one day, "that you are going to marry a very beautiful woman?"

The gamekeeper glanced down the path where stood Eunice trying to coax a shy young pigeon to her bosom, her slender figure outlined against the clear blue sky, her lovely head bent over the fluttering prize. It was a picture seductive enough to beguile the heart of every polished and profligate courtier in London; but the young Yorkshireman gazed at it stolidly, and then turned his honest eyes upon his questioner.

"She is small and dark for an English girl," he said with unflattering directness. "Marian was a handsome lass, but the little one never looked like her. Perhaps, though, she may take to growing yet."

More than two hundred years have passed away since Martin Giles led his young wife to the thatched and vine-covered cottage which was to be her home. Long ago its sturdy walls were levelled to the dust. Beningbrough Hall, with its hanging eaves and multitudinous chimneys, has been replaced by a fine modern mansion, whose big stone tower lords it grandly over the fat

Yorkshire pastures. But tradition is stronger than bricks and mortar, and still along the quiet border of the Ouse a white figure is believed to glide nightly, its rosary in its hand, and disappear in the little churchyard of Newton, where, under her moss-grown tablet, Marian lies asleep.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP IN PRACTICE.

RELIGIOUS liberty is a priceless and inalienable right. It rests upon a great principle of the moral law, sustained and expounded by the moral theology of the Catholic Church. That great moral principle may be stated thus: Faith is a free act of the human will, enlightened and guided by the grace of God, and admonished by a pure and upright conscience. It follows as an inevitable result from this that men cannot rightfully be coerced to profess what they do not believe. It is a moral impossibility to generate faith by force. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is that man by his own free-will fell from grace, and by his own free-will must return to grace. Conversion, whether it be of the sinner in the order of grace or of the unbeliever in the order of faith, is something utterly irreconcilable with force. The very terms conversion and coercion are antagonistic.

Religious liberty may be defined as the right to worship God according to the convictions of the conscience. This right carries with it the right of outwardly practising such form of religion as most accords with one's duties to his sovereign Lord and Creator.

Religious toleration is the practical recognition of these rights of religious liberty by those who might possess the power or physical force sufficient to restrain their free exercise. The very term *toleration* presupposes the possession by the tolerant party of the dynamic force sufficient to restrain or prevent the exercise of religious liberty. Religious intolerance is every act or force employed in restraint of freedom of conscience and of religion. Examples of religious toleration may at this time be found in the Protestant government of Great Britain tolerating the Catholic religion; and in the Catholic countries of Spain, France, Italy, and Austria tolerating the various Protestant sects.

An illustration of religious intolerance, the most conspicuous one in our day, is to be found in the Protestant government of Prussia persecuting the Catholic Church and people in that country.

Where there is equality of power or strength, either in point of numbers or in the eye of the law, among the citizens of a country, there can be, properly speaking, neither toleration nor intolerance. There all are equally free in conscience, in faith, and in religion before the nation, as all are free by the law of nature and before the throne of God. All men are accountable to the supreme Lord of the universe, and to him only, for the purity of their motives and the rectitude of their conduct. A sublime example of this religious equality and liberty is to be found, I am proud to say, in this our own favored land. Well has the poet addressed America:

> "There is no other land like thee,
> No dearer shore;
> Thou art the shelter of the free,
> The home, the port of liberty."

Religious liberty seems to flow from the very nature and constitution of the Catholic Church. This is especially illustrated by the tests of her membership. Baptism is the door or entrance to the church and to membership therein. Upon the authority of the Sacred Scriptures baptism is a prerequisite to salvation. All who have been baptized are claimed as members of the Catholic Church until that membership is abandoned or forfeited by some voluntary act of the baptized Christian. Some of the Protestant sects construe and enforce this prerequisite of baptism as necessary to salvation in a literal and absolute sense. The Catholic Church, however, construes and applies this doctrine so as to conform to our belief in the mercy, goodness, and justice of God as revealed by God himself. Sacramental baptism, by which the recipient is born again of water, is the standard form ordained by the Scriptures. The Catholic Church deduces from this Scriptural ordinance, as the only view consistent with the revealed attributes of God, two other kinds or forms of baptism which are equally efficacious for salvation. These are the *baptism of blood* and the *baptism of desire*. Now, the baptism of blood takes effect when a believer in Christ, though unbaptized by water, lays down his life for Christ. This sacrifice is even more acceptable than ordinary baptism; for such a person not only dies sanctified by such heroic virtue, but he will also wear

in heaven the crown of martyrdom. Such a person is regarded as having been "baptized in his own blood."

Now, again, it is held as Catholic doctrine that a person truly repentant for his sins, loving God with his whole heart, desirous of complying with all the ordinances of God (baptism included), but having no opportunity of receiving it or not sufficiently instructed as to its necessity, thus making the offering of his good-will, which we believe God accepts for the deed itself in case of death in such dispositions—such a person is baptized by "*the baptism of desire.*"

Even in respect to unbaptized infants the Catholic Church puts a most merciful interpretation on the ordinances of God. These souls, though excluded from the kingdom of heaven, are not consigned to the place of the reprobate. They are deprived of the beatific vision and possession of God, and to these they have no vested right or estate either by the law of nature or of grace. But there is a vast difference between the blissful enjoyment of God's presence in heaven and the torments of the damned. Some Catholic writers even contend that the souls of unbaptized infants, after death, enjoy a certain degree of natural beatitude.

Now, holding such doctrines and claiming so wide a standard of membership, it would be impossible for the Catholic Church, even if it were right to do so on any other ground, to sanction or practise persecution or coercion for the purpose either of obtaining external professions of faith or external conformity to its forms of worship. For by doing so she would be possibly or probably persecuting or coercing many whom she claimed, under the foregoing principles, as already members of her organization. Though they might not belong to the external *body of the church*, they would belong to the *soul of the church*. There are many persons who externally and to all appearances are members of the sects not in communion with the Catholic Church, thus born and educated, and not doubting the correctness of their faith, who are, in fact, under the principles above stated, members of the Catholic Church by the baptism of desire, repentance for their sins, and by their entire willingness to conform to all the ordinances of God as far as they have had opportunities of knowing them. To coerce or persecute such would be suicidal, unwise, and contrary to the organic constitution of the church.

But independently of this argument—the *argumentum ab inconvenientia*—religious persecution or coercion, as I have already stated, is contrary to the teachings of the moral theology of the

Catholic Church, and was so before any of the Protestant sects came into existence. Thus we find that Tertullian, in the third century of the Christian era, proclaimed religious liberty as an inherent right of man, having its foundation in the very nature of religion. "It is," said he, "a right and a natural privilege that each one should worship as he thinks proper; nor can the religion of another injure or profit him. Neither is it a part of religion to compel its adoption, since this should be spontaneous, not forced, as even sacrifices are asked only of the cheerful giver." *

The Venerable Bede, the earliest of English historians, relates in his *Ecclesiastical History*, written in the seventh century, that the missionaries of Pope Gregory I. to England instructed Ethelbert, the Saxon king, to abstain from all compulsion and limit his zeal to the inducing of his subjects by persuasion to follow his example in embracing Christianity, observing that the service of Christ should be voluntary, not forced. Also Pope Nicholas I. enjoined upon King Michael of Bulgaria not to use violence for the conversion of his idolatrous subjects. It is also of record among the proceedings of the Fourth Council of Toledo that this early Catholic council forbade violence to be used towards any one in order to force a profession of the faith and a reception of baptism. So also in the military expeditions which were undertaken in the middle ages to extend civilization and religion over the northern provinces of Europe, Pope Innocent IV. declared that the discipline of the church does not allow compulsion to be used for the propagation of the faith. Almost innumerable other authorities and historical incidents could be cited to show what were the teachings and discipline of the earliest centuries of the Christian Church on the important subject of religious liberty. Historically considered, the foregoing citations show the methods adopted towards the heathen in the triumphs of the church over paganism—peaceful, and for that reason more glorious, triumphs, in which the rights of conscience were respected and maintained, thus realizing those beautiful words of the psalm, "I will freely sacrifice to Thee."

In respect to the Jews the same principles were always maintained and practised by the Catholic Church and by her Supreme Pontiffs. The illustrious name of Pope Gregory the Great heads the honored list of Roman Pontiffs who were champions of religious liberty and were defenders of this sacred right in respect to that unfortunate race. I will merely add the name of the

* *Ad Scapulam*, c. ii.

great and good St. Bernard, who not only advocated their rights of conscience, but also enjoined the exercise of humanity towards them. It was he who wrote in one of his celebrated letters, "The Jews must not be persecuted, or put to death, or even banished." The popes of Rome opened the gates of the Eternal City as a refuge for the persecuted Jews. They even received and sheltered them from the persecutions and punishments of the Spanish Inquisition. Even while the popes resided at Avignon the Jews fled thither for shelter from the wrongs they were suffering in other parts of Europe. To so great an extent was the city of Rome their refuge from persecution that they became a prominent part of its population, and Rome was familiarly called "the Jews' heaven." Driven from Jerusalem and from many European countries, they, like the pilgrims of other nations, turned their eyes, their steps, and their hearts towards Rome. Well might the oppressed of every race, the heart-afflicted pilgrims of every nation, exclaim, in the touching words of a poet of our language, though not of our faith:

> "O Rome! my country, city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee!"

So also the same principles have stood good and the same measures of justice practised to our own day and in our own country. I will merely quote from two distinguished prelates of the American Catholic Church, both archbishops of Baltimore and occupants of the oldest see in the church of this country. Archbishop Kenrick, in his work on *The Primacy of the Apostolic See*, writes: "It is an axiom universally admitted that the worship of God must be voluntary in order to be acceptable." And again he says:

> "The duty of worshipping God according to his revealed will being manifest, every interference with its discharge is a violation of the natural right which man possesses to fulfil so solemn an obligation. The use of force to compel compliance with this duty is likely to result in mere external conformity, which, without the homage of the heart, is of no value whatever."

Archbishop Gibbons, the present Archbishop of Baltimore, in his work entitled *The Faith of our Fathers*, writes:

> "A man enjoys religious liberty when he enjoys a free right of worshipping God according to the dictates of a right conscience and of practising a form of religion most in accordance with his duties to God. Every act infringing on his freedom of conscience is justly styled religious intole-

rance. This religious liberty is the true right of every man, because it corresponds with a most certain duty which God has put upon him."

The same distinguished ecclesiastic, after alluding to the conspicuous and valuable part taken by Catholics in our Revolution of 1776, uniting in the war of independence by giving their manhood, their fortunes, and their lives in battle, and giving their services, their learning, and their wisdom at the council-board in proclaiming the Declaration of Independence and establishing the Constitution of the United States—events which secured civil and religious liberty to all men within our realm—goes on further and says:

"But, thank God! we live in a country where liberty of conscience is respected and where the civil constitution holds over us the ægis of her protection without intermeddling with ecclesiastical affairs. From my heart I say, 'America, with all thy faults I love thee still.' And perhaps at this moment there is no nation on the face of the earth where the church is less trammelled, and where she has more liberty to carry out her sublime destiny, than in these United States. . . . For my part, I much prefer the system which prevails in this country. . . . May the happy condition of things now existing among us long continue!"

The same writer says in another place:

"Our Catholic ancestors for the last three hundred years have suffered so much for freedom of conscience that they would rise up in judgment against us were we to become the advocates and defenders of religious persecution. We would be a disgrace to our sires were we to trample upon the principle of liberty which they held dearer than life."

Let us conclude by citing the sentiments of one of the most illustrious laymen of the Catholic Church in any age, one of the most learned, truthful, and guileless men that ever lived, one who died a martyr among the very first martyrs for the Catholic faith under the persecutions that followed the religious cataclysm of the sixteenth century—Sir Thomas More. To him, who suffered unto death for conscience' sake, the hope for the realization of religious liberty became an aspiration of his noble soul, dream of human bliss. In the quaint but earnest English of his day he thus expresses his convictions in his celebrated *Utopia:*

"They [the inhabitants of Utopia] received the Christian faith with gladness, but they would not allow unreasonable disputations concerning it. . . . They also, which do not agree to Christis religion, feare no man frome it, nor speake against any man that hath received it. . . . For this is one of the ancientest lawes amongst them, that no man shall be blamed for reasoninge in the maintenance of his own religion. For Kinge Utopus, even at the first beginning, hearing that the inhabitants of the land were,

before his coming thither, at continual dissention and strife among themselves for their religions; perceiving also that this common dissention (whiles every several secte took several parties in fighting for their countery) was the only occasion of his conquest over them al, as soon as he had gotten the victory. Firste of all he made a decree that it should be lawful for everie man to favoure and followe what religion he would, and that he might do the best he could to bring other to his opinion, so that he did it peaceablie, gentelie, quietly, and soberlie, without hastie and contentious rebuking and inveheing against other. . . . If he could not by faire and gentle speach induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no kinde of violence, and refraine from displeasante and seditious wordes. . . . Furthermore, thoughe there be one religion, which alone is trew and al other vaine and superstitious, yet did he well foresee (so that the matter were handled with reason and sober modestie) that the trueth of the owne powre would at last issue out and come to lyghte." *

But some of our esteemed and respected Protestant friends may feel surprised at the recital of this uniform current of the highest, noblest, and best sentiments of illustrious Catholic divines and statesmen in various ages on the subject of religious liberty. We have always, they might say, been taught differently from that; from our infancy we have learned that the Catholic Church has been a persecuting church, cruel, remorseless, sanguinary, and despotic; her dogmas and principles, as well as her practice, wage war on the freedom of the human conscience, showing no mercy to heretics and unbelievers, sending their souls to hell and torturing their bodies even unto death. Was not this the church to which Bloody Mary, Queen of England, belonged? Was it not this church that created and promoted the Spanish Inquisition? Was it not this wicked church that perpetrated the horrible massacre of the Huguenots in France on St. Bartholomew's day?

Surely these extreme views present a strange contrast. There must be an egregious mistake somewhere, either in the Catholic view or in the Protestant view. Can it be possible, some frank and candid Protestant friend will ask, that a church which has taught such merciful doctrines to her children in their homes and in Sunday-schools in relation to the salvation of souls, such charitable and godlike doctrines as we have just heard cited from authentic sources, from the time of Tertullian in the third century to this our own day—can such a church be cruel, remorseless, sanguinary, and despotic? If our Saviour established a church at all on earth—as he says he did when he tells us that

* *Utopia*, book ii. chap. "On the Religions of Utopia," pp. 145, 146. Arber's reprint, London, 1869.

he built his church upon a rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it—if, we say, our Saviour established a church at all on earth, this same old Catholic Church must be that historic church, for she has come down to our time through eighteen centuries, from the very presence of that same Saviour, with his pledge against error. Was it not this church that overcame Grecian and Roman paganism and carried Christianity triumphantly throughout the world, bearing in her bosom the written and traditional word of God, the seven sacraments, and the papal constitution as the chief instruments of Christian triumph? Is it not this church whose children in all ages have laid down their lives for the faith of Christ? Was it not this church whose influence abolished human slavery throughout the nations of Europe? Has she not inspired such heroic charity that her sons went into slavery and captivity in order, by taking their places, to liberate the slaves and captives? Has not this church adorned the earth we inhabit with her hospitals, asylums, refuges, and homes of relief for every form of human suffering; with grand cathedrals, baptisteries, and abbeys in which the worshipping throng have been electrified by her magnificent ritual? Has she not, through the Crusades, opened the territories of nations to a Christian common law and made Christianity cosmopolitan? Has she not, in those same enthusiastic demonstrations of the middle ages, shown a sublime devotion to the person of our Redeemer and to all his earthly and local associations? Has she not embellished Christian civilization with Christian art, and thrown around both the halo of æsthetic beauty? Has she not given birth to the religious orders, the regulars of the church militant, and sent forth with her blessing the Jesuits, those maligned champions of the name of Jesus, to carry the Christian faith to China, Japan, India, America, overcoming all the obstacles of elements and distance before steam and telegraph became the servants of man; and, when her cause seemed waning from defection, renewed her youth in the very struggle for life, and replaced, in those distant lands, in her ranks as many Catholics as she had lost in Europe under the leadership of Luther and Calvin and Henry VIII.? Has she not in every age, and in our own, resisted the cruelty and humbled the pride of despots, and supported the cause of humanity and of the poor? Are not the canon law and the entire body of Christian theology among the many inestimable gifts she bestowed upon the human race? Have we not seen her children battling in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, and in America for liberty?

Of all the priceless bulwarks of liberty *Magna Charta* is the greatest, because it was the earliest and the fountain source from which has flowed, and is now flowing, many a stream of human liberty and blessing in many and divers lands. Has not her record in our country been that of a champion of human rights from the day when Lord Baltimore founded a state upon the rock of religious liberty to this our own day, when we have seen a society of Catholic laymen, the Catholic Union of New York, knocking at the door of the Legislature with a bill of religious liberty to all the poor confined in State institutions, but encountering there the opposition of organized Protestantism under the name of *The Evangelical Alliance?* While this measure of liberty and justice was meeting with the unrelenting opposition of the House of Refuge, where many Catholic children were confined and deprived of the right of worshipping God according to their consciences, and still are, the present writer, as a manager and secretary of the New York Catholic Protectory, in the presence of the Executive Committee, inquired of the Christian Brother who was then rector of the male department whether there were any Protestant boys inmates of the institution. The Christian Brother replied that there were several, perhaps six or more. The writer then inquired whether they were permitted to observe such religious worship as their consciences demanded of them, and he was answered that they were so permitted. The writer then inquired what aid or facilities were afforded them for that purpose, and he was answered by the Brother Rector that they were permitted every Sunday to attend the Protestant service held in the neighborhood of the Protectory, and that a Christian Brother was sent to accompany them to and from the Protestant church for their protection.

"Can it be possible," I seem to hear the illustrious and learned Leibnitz, in his longings for Christian union, say from his grave, "that such a church is a persecutor of the human conscience? There must be some mistake or error in the sources through which we Protestants have derived our information. Is history infallible? No. We cannot claim for history an infallibility which we Protestants have resolutely denied to the oldest church in Christendom. Has not Queen Mary's reign been described to us by her enemies, and do we read any but Protestant histories? Are not our accounts of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day derived exclusively from Huguenot or Calvinist sources? Was not Llorente, the most popular historian of the Spanish Inquisition, known to be unworthy of belief? Historians

in our day, as we know from experience, are far from infallible. Has not Father Burke detected and exposed in Mr. Froude, the English historian, '*a thumping English lie*'? Has not Dr. Clarke exposed in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD Mr. Bancroft's contradictions and unjust depreciation of the character and acts of Lord Baltimore and the Catholic founders of Maryland? Has not history for the last three hundred years in England been 'a conspiracy against truth'? Have not we Protestants been wholly educated in this partisan historical school, and consequently laboring under *a moral and intellectual color-blindness*, by which, to our vision, black has appeared white and white resembled black? Can the Catholic Church be justly held responsible for the atrocities committed in the name of religion?"

We have already seen, according to the highest Catholic authorities, from the third to the nineteenth centuries, that Catholic theology and the teachings of the Church uphold the rights of conscience and support man's claim to religious liberty; that the Catholic Church does not send to hell the souls of all heretics and non-believers, nor the souls of unbaptized infants; and that pagans, Jews, heretics, and even such as were fleeing from the penalties of the Spanish Inquisition, found shelter and safety under the powerful and benevolent shield of the Sovereign Pontiffs at Rome. Now, proper investigation shows that Queen Mary of England has been most unscrupulously misrepresented by modern English history; that she acted on the defensive, and was not the aggressor. It also shows that the Spanish Inquisition was not an institution of the Catholic Church, and that its cruelties have been greatly exaggerated; and yet further, that the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day was not the act of the Catholic Church, and has never been approved by her.

Let us avoid the weapon of recrimination; and pass over the writings of the so-called Reformers establishing religious persecution as a principle of the Reformation. Let us pass over the beginnings of persecution under the heresiarchs of the sixteenth century. Let us pass over the persecutions and confiscations under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, and Charles, most of them long reigns, and contrasting favorably to our cause, in numbers and duration, with the solitary and short reign of Mary. Let us refrain from contrasting the *Star Chamber* under Elizabeth with the Spanish Inquisition. Recrimination is no argument. There is a great difference in the circumstances, motives, and historical

surroundings of the persecutions which took place in the single reign of Mary and of those which took place in the five reigns of Protestant sovereigns above named. The former were self-defensive; the latter were aggressive. The aggressive character of the persecutions under the above-named five Protestant sovereigns is acknowledged by Protestant historians. We will show by non-Catholic and impartial authority that those under Mary were in self-defence. Christendom, united for sixteen centuries and in the acknowledged possession of the religious interests and guidance of the world, is in a very different position, when attacked by sects going out from the ancient organization, from the position of those sects in first raising the standard of secession and then drawing the sword against their ancient mother.

The early personal history of Mary, and the first year of her short reign, such is the testimony of history, show that she was herself humane and disposed to be tolerant. When she first came to the throne she assured the lord mayor and aldermen of London that she—I am using her own language—"meant graciously not to compel or strain other people's consciences." Her natural mildness and avowed toleration did not appease the spirit of her enemies; her forbearance was soon abused, and she was driven to adopt a strong policy of self-defence. All kinds of disorders and conspiracies were inaugurated by the sectaries. I will instance only a few. The queen herself was publicly styled from the pulpits a *Jezabel*. A priest of the ancient faith, celebrating Mass in the church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, was insulted. Another priest, as related by Stripe, a Protestant minister and historian, at St. Peter's Cross, was hooted at and narrowly escaped with his life, a dagger being thrown at his head. Another priest, whilst administering the Holy Eucharist, says another Protestant author, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, was attacked by a man, who drew a hanger and wounded him upon the head, hand, and other parts of his body. A conspiracy, of which Sir Thomas Wyatt was leader, and of which Poinet, Protestant Bishop of Westminster, was a member, was formed with the object of dethroning the queen and restoring the Protestant ascendency in place of the ancient régime. This was followed by another conspiracy with the same purpose in view. Lawless and treasonable proceedings were carried on in almost every part of the kingdom. These aggressions and many others forced the queen to abandon her avowed policy of leniency and toleration, and to adopt repressive measures in self-defence. These measures, in order to be of the least effect, had to be made

terrible and sanguinary; for the reigns preceding and following were terrible and sanguinary to Catholics, and under Mary's reign terrible and sanguinary designs could only be suppressed by measures of like nature. Dr. Lingard, by a careful examination of the records, succeeds in reducing the two hundred and eighty-eight cases of executions of sectaries, reported to have taken place during the last four years of her reign, to two hundred; and these latter cases he regarded as cases of treason. And yet fewer victims fell in each of the five years of Mary's reign than in each of the forty years of the reign of Elizabeth; for during the latter reign, as Hallam, a Protestant historian, says, the rack seldom stood idle in the Tower. The execution of Lady Jane Grey, the most offensive act of Mary's reign, was not for religious opinions, but for high treason, as Lady Jane actually seized on the throne of England for nine days. Macaulay and other Protestant historians acknowledge that Mary was sincere in her religion, which is more than they dare avow for Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Mary was, moreover, defending the ancient faith and ecclesiastical institutions and possessions of her ancestors and of the ancestors of the English; she was struggling to maintain the old and established order of things, and that, too, against a new and aggressive system which had already deluged the land with blood and suffering. For we are told by Hallam, pre-eminent among Protestant historians, that "persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive."*

I will now quote an important and profound passage from Mr. Lecky, a rationalist, and therefore no friend of the Catholic Church, but by his position and writings an impartial judge as between the Catholic Church and the sects, and yet in this very passage taking an unjust view of acts imputed to the church. This passage shows that Queen Mary, and indeed the whole Catholic world, then stood upon the defensive. It will enable us to judge of the feelings with which Catholics of that day saw such shrines as Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Church, and other monuments of learning, sanctity, and faith—of the ancient and traditional faith—seized by a new and aggressive sect. The same passage will enable us to judge what might be the feelings and conduct of the English Protestants of this day, though with less cause in respect to the revival of the ancient than the origin of the new creeds, if Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and other ancient

* Hallam's *Constitutional History*, v. i. c. 2.

Catholic shrines and abbeys were now attempted to be recovered by the Catholics, to whom they belong, or to be seized by some new sect; or what would be the feelings of the Episcopalians of New York City in our day if Trinity Church were to be seized by the evolutionists or by the Latter-Day Saints.

I ask a careful perusal of the following remarkable passage from Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe:*

"Catholicism," he writes, "was an ancient church. She had gained a great part of her influence by vast services to mankind. She rested avowedly upon the principle of authority. She was defending herself against aggression and innovation. That a church so circumstanced should endeavor to stifle in blood every aspiration towards a purer system was indeed a fearful crime, but it was a crime not altogether unnatural. She might point to the priceless blessings she had bestowed upon humanity, to the slavery she had destroyed, to the civilization she had founded, to the many generations she had led with honor to the grave. She might show how completely her doctrines were interwoven with the whole social system, how fearful would be the convulsion if they were destroyed, and how absolutely incompatible they were with the acknowledgment of private judgment. These considerations would not make her blameless, but they would at least palliate her guilt. But what shall we say of a church that was but a thing of yesterday; a church that had as yet no services to show, no claims upon the gratitude of mankind; a church that was by profession the creature of private judgment, and was in reality generated by the intrigues of a corrupt court, which nevertheless suppressed by force a worship that multitudes deemed necessary to their salvation, and by all her organs, and with all her energies, persecuted those who clung to the religion of their fathers? What shall we say of a religion which composed at most but a fourth part of the Christian world, and which the first explosion of private judgment had shivered into countless sects, which was nevertheless so pervaded by the spirit of dogmatism that each of these sects asserted its distinctives with the same confidence, and persecuted with the same unhesitating violence, as a church that was venerable with the homage of more than twelve centuries? What shall we say of men who, in the name of religious liberty, deluged their land with blood, trampled on the very first principles of patriotism, calling in strangers to their assistance and openly rejoicing in the disasters of their country, and who, when they at last attained their object, immediately established a religious tyranny as absolute as that which they subverted? These were the attitudes which, for more than a century, Protestantism uniformly presented; and so strong and so general was its intolerance that for some time it may, I believe, be truly said that there were more instances of partial toleration being advocated by Roman Catholics than by orthodox Protestants. . . . Hôpital and Lord Baltimore, the Catholic founder of Maryland, were the two first legislators who uniformly upheld religious liberty when in power; and Maryland continued the solitary refuge for the oppressed of every Christian sect till the Puritans succeeded in subverting the Catholic rule, when they basely enacted the whole penal code against those who

had so nobly and so generously received them. But among the Protestants it may, I believe, be safely affirmed that there was no example of the consistent advocacy or practice of toleration in the sixteenth century that was not virulently and generally denounced by all sections of the clergy, and scarcely any till the middle of the seventeenth century. . . . Nothing can be more erroneous than to represent it [persecution] as merely a weapon which was employed in a moment of conflict, or as an outburst of natural indignation, or as the unreasoning observance of an old tradition. Persecution among the early Protestants was a distinct and definite doctrine digested into elaborate treatises, indissolubly connected with a large portion of the received theology, developed by the most enlightened and far-seeing theologians, and enforced against the most inoffensive as against the most formidable sects. It was the doctrine of the palmiest days of Protestantism. It was taught by those who are justly esteemed the greatest of its leaders. It was manifested most clearly in those classes which were most deeply imbued with its dogmatic teaching."

ST. CECILIA'S BRIDAL.

"Show me the angel, thy unseen defender,
If such in very truth is by thy side;
I ask no more!" Cecilia's bridegroom cried.
But softly she, with glance severely tender:
"Thine eyes, Valerian, cannot bear his splendor.
Go: seek our priests that in Rome's caverns hide;
When thou returnest, changed and sanctified,
Perchance that awful glory he will render."
He comes again, and lo! no vision chilling
Stands, sword in hand, to greet the neophyte.
Strange, subtle fragrance all the room is filling,
A gracious spirit waits with garlands bright,
And fair Cecilia kneels, no more unwilling,
To pledge with him a mystic heavenly plight.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

THE resemblance between Paul and Florian has been spoken of rarely during the course of the story, although it was a notable circumstance with their acquaintances. At first sight the more delicate physique and lighter complexion of the poet did not make the likeness striking or impressive, but on acquaintance it increased forcibly, and the invariable question was, Are they brothers or relatives? When Florian saw for the first time the features of his supposed father, the prince in the count's portraits, he was struck by their remarkable likeness to Paul Rossiter. Of this fact he said nothing to the count until that gentleman had been satisfied as to his identity with the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. When they had returned to New York, and he was one day at the count's residence, he asked to see the portrait of the Russian prince once more. "There is a young gentleman at Madame Lynch's," said he, "who looks more like this picture than I do. He has the prince's eyes and hair, which I have not."

"But you have the soul of the prince in your face," said the count shrewdly, "which he has not."

"Then you know of his existence?" said Florian.

"I heard of it yesterday," the count replied indifferently, "and I was about to ask you for an introduction. I have a presentiment that the son of the exiled prince will be found in either of you."

"What! have you not gotten over your infatuation in my regard? Were you not satisfied with the Wallace credentials?"

"Highly satisfied! But I spoke only of a presentiment."

"When I first saw this portrait," said Florian, "I said to myself, This is the poet—for he is a poet, you know. But I thought it best to settle my own claims first, as I had a secret hope that I might be the princely child you sought."

"Ah!" said the count, "you are eager for assassination."

"Pshaw!" said Florian, "wouldn't the Prince of Moscow prefer buying me off to running the risk of having a crime laid to his charge?"

"Yes," said Vladimir; "but he has an idea you could not be bought. You Americans have such a greed for titles."

"For our own," said Florian, "not for yours. I would sell my princeship for a reasonable sum, and buy a governorship here, which would be more to me than anything beneath a European kingdom. Will you call on the poet? And if so, what will be your plan of action."

"I shall call on him and frankly state the reason of the visit."

And so it happened that Paul received Florian's card the same evening and was introduced to the count. After some desultory conversation Vladimir broached the object of his visit and showed the portraits to Paul.

"It is a very good picture of me," said the poet coolly, "but it can be no more than an accidental resemblance."

"Would you have any objections," the count politely asked, "to give me means of satisfying my employer by documentary evidence that you are not the man he seeks?"

"I have been through the mill," said Florian, "and I can do the count the justice of saying that his conduct has been that of a gentleman. For him your word is sufficient, but the Prince Louis must have something more."

"I am afraid," said Paul gravely, "that the prince as well as the count must be content with my simple word. There is nothing in my history which justifies the slightest hope that I can be the man. The past I prefer to leave undisturbed. I am sorry that I cannot oblige you."

There was some agitation in his manner, but his determination was evident and the count could only express his regrets. Florian did not dare to hint in the count's presence that a corps of detectives would probably be soon at work to lay bare the story of his life, and the conversation drifted in other channels until the poet took his leave. While his footsteps echoed in the hall there was a short silence and Florian looked curiously at the count.

"Rossiter's conduct," said he, "strengthens your case considerably."

"I don't know," the count answered dubiously. "It may one way, and it may not another. He is sincere, and yet apprehends trouble from discovering himself. It does not matter—*for the present.* Are you bound for Mrs. Merrion's parlors to-night?"

"Of course. What could keep me away from that charming woman?"

"Nothing save the dread of having to marry her. She is

happily situated in having so conservative a husband as Merrion. He can support with equanimity the rival attentions of a count and a Congressman."

"What a face you put on these matters!" said Florian in displeasure. "It is not in America as in France. Here there are no lovers of married women, only admirers."

"Only admirers!" mimicked the count. "Is a husband any more? But stop! I will meet you there to-night. A change has come over petite madame; we shall discuss it. You seem to have gone far ahead of me in her esteem—I use an American word."

"You have no sincerity," said Florian, "and she is beyond you."

"I have sincere admiration and esteem, and I am a sincere count. Is not that enough for you? But I see I am angering you. Au revoir. When you can come to the little games of chance let me know; and there is a great regret in my heart that you will not let me introduce to you some lady friends of mine."

"Nonsense!" Florian said airily. "I have too much to do now, and I shall not add any acquaintances to my long list."

"Once more au revoir. You will soon come to your senses. Life is a bed of flowers, and we are the bees. What shall the bees do but sip the sweets? Eat, drink, and be merry."

He went out while he was reciting his favorite maxim of human philosophy with a smiling face and a gay air, and betook himself to his favorite haunts of pleasure. Going through the hall, Frances happened to meet him, and he bowed as he stood aside to let her pass, thinking, with sudden interest, that the young woman had a very beautiful face.

"And of course she is in love with Florian," he said; "they all are. Lucky man! And he does not know how to value his own luck or to use it."

The face haunted him somewhat, as a fresh and innocent face is apt to haunt men of his kind, and he carried back to his rooms a determination to know more of Frances. The gentleman whose peculiar features had already caused so much disturbance in many places was waiting for him, and began to speak in a slow, sullen, dull way before greeting him. The conversation was in Russian.

"Have you found out something new about this young man?"

"Nothing," said the count; "he is what he is and no more."

"He is the son of the Prince Paul," said the other angrily; "no one can deceive me. His name is Paul, is it not?"

"Yes, but he is not the man, I think. You were so certain about Wallace; why have you changed?"

"Give me his native place. We are delaying too much. Give me his native place, and I will do it all in a day. Give me whatever you have found out about him, and hasten."

The count silently and contemptuously lit a cigar and sat down comfortably under a most malignant glare from the man's eyes.

"My dear Nicholas," said he blandly, "you are too quick and too impertinent. I found out nothing concerning this princeling, save that he had nothing to tell. You will have to begin from the beginning"—Nicholas made a gesture of despair—"but you are sharp, you are unwearied, you are devoted, and you will find it all soon enough."

"What do *you* think of him?" said Nicholas.

"I think nothing," said the count; "it lies between these two—"

"Then this Paul is the man," he interrupted. "I knew the father—I knew them all, father and son. There is a quick way to settle the matter." And he made a murderous gesture with his arm and looked inquiringly to the count.

"Too fast," the count replied, shaking his head; "that trick is too new in this country to be played safely, although if any one could do it cunningly you are that one. No, my Nicholas, you must be more careful of your master's character. He relies on you chiefly. There must be no blood cast on his honorable name."

"There are ways of killing without shedding blood," said Nicholas—"without steel or rope—if I might try."

The count pretended not to hear him and went off into an inner room, while with an evil smile the man departed to execute his mission. He was very well fitted to perform the task of ferreting out Paul's antecedents, and still better adapted for such delicate work as assassination; but the count's word was law to him, and he dared not act against his wishes. His hint about destroying life without bloodshed the count did not actually reject. Vladimir satisfied his sense of honor with the reflection that in turning his back on the man he had turned his back on the proposition, but had he sincerely questioned his own heart he would be compelled to denounce himself as an associate of a murderer. Florian and he met at Mrs. Merrion's that evening, where a great crowd was assembled to enjoy the opening services in the religion of fashionable life. The first incense to the goddess of

fashion usually ascended from Barbara's altars, and the worshippers were legion. The lady herself, in a more subdued costume and with a less pronounced manner than usual, received her astonished admirers with none of the old sauciness. A gentle self-control was visible in her manner and sat very sweetly upon her.

"What do you think of it?" said the count moodily, as he met Florian examining her appearance from a distance.

"It will do for a time," Florian answered carelessly; "it has made a sensation already, which is sufficient for madame. And I must say it becomes her, and pleases her husband much."

"That is the worst of it," said the count: "when he is delighted it will surely last. I thought it might be a freak, and I tried to break down the reserve behind which she is entrenched. All in vain. Her armor is perfect, and I begin to fear she is in earnest about something. Has she caught it from you?"

"I think not," said Florian. "If she has, it certainly will not last. But it takes very well to-night, doesn't it?"

"With the crowd." And the count groaned as he moved away. Florian came up to Barbara presently and engaged her in conversation. She was very cheerful, if not gay.

"You look charming," he began, but she interrupted him with a look of pain.

"Pray do not," she said, and her lips quivered. "*You* ought to understand me better. Do you not remember your last visit to the sea-shore?"

"Then you are near conversion," he said; meaning to say, "You were in earnest," but fearing to anger her.

"I am converted," she answered softly, and her fan went up to hide a few happy tears that fell suddenly from her eyes.

"And is conversion to take from us what we so loved before?" he said reprovingly. "Why so serious when your position demands all the old chic? The count is in despair, and so am I. But I know our faith better than to suppose it demands from you so utter a renunciation of self. What will your guests think, what will society say?"

"They seem to like it to-night," she said, "and I can make the new manner as taking as the old. It is a more womanly manner, and such as your mother and sisters practised, I believe."

He could not deny that, and cast about for another argument. "In a short time I shall have need to consult you about my entrance into the church," she went on. "I would have mentioned

it to the count but that he is not a very good Catholic. I shall take him for my sponsor, perhaps, so that he may not utterly despair, and then, having a sort of responsibility concerning my spiritual welfare—"

"Oh!" said Florian, when she finished the sentence with an arch smile, "there is a glimpse of the good time when you were not spiritual. Do not lose it altogether."

"What advice from a Catholic!" she cried with spirit. "It is shameful, as my conduct was before to all the world."

"And you mean to do penance now?"

"Perhaps; but you shall advise me. And tell me, how does your suit progress with Miss Lynch? Are you following whither your heart leads?"

Overcome by a great and sudden wave of feeling, which seemed to be a compound of regret and longing, he answered tremblingly:

"No, I am not following whither my heart leads; but we shall soon be married, I trust, when I have asked her."

And he rose abruptly, having already too long occupied her time. The count took his place, and when he saw them again she was laughing with something like the old vivacity, while the count looked happy and pleased. What made the place so suddenly hateful, and his heart so heavy? Sickness of soul was a feeling he rarely suffered, and it acted on him like a stimulant. When he met the count again he said: "I am tired out. Let us off and spend a few hours at your friend's entertaining residence."

The count smiled wickedly. It was to a gambling institution Florian alluded, and he must have been in a peculiar mood to feel the need of such excitement. They went off without making their adieux to Barbara, as it was still the height of the evening, and for a time Florian forgot his pain in the pleasure of a game of cards. He lost a little money and won a little, and they drank considerably—enough to put a blush on the count's face, while Florian's, to the envy of his friend, still retained its natural color. After midnight he rose to go. He had come to himself and was not inclined to take further risks in so dangerous a place.

"Let us go down and enjoy a cigar in the smoking-room," said the count, "and try a little more Medoc."

"No," said Florian coldly, "it is too near the parlor, and I have no anxiety to be drawn into the company of your friends. If you are not coming I must go alone."

"Good-night, then," said the count as Florian went out.

"A cool hand," remarked an acquaintance at his elbow. "You will find it hard to get him into your way of doing things. That man is the future president of the United States."

"A thoroughly good fellow," replied the count, "but a little prudish as yet. He is getting over it, though. It was hard, indeed, to get him here at all, harder still to get him playing, hardest of all to get him drinking. But you see it has all been done, and the next step will be to the parlor. I have seen his kind before." And the count might have added that he was one of the kind, and had fallen into hell just as he intended Florian should fall, by little and little.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EBBING TIDE.

BUSINESS matters began of a sudden to go very poorly with Paul. From the night on which his first comedy had been presented in the boarding-house parlors he had met with fair success in the dramatic world, but at that time fair success meant only steady employment for one or two or three theatres at the rate of twenty dollars a week during the season. On that sum he lived in his attic with comfort, but, for reasons which will presently appear, did not save anything. His was a hand-to-mouth existence. He made nothing by his poetry. He could not produce it by the yard, and disdained to apprentice his muse to verse-carpentering. His chief annoyance was this want of reserve money. What if he fell sick suddenly? He would be entirely dependent on the charity of strangers.

He had lately finished a drama after the old fashion which popular taste had demanded. For some weeks before he brought it to the manager that gentleman had been hinting obscurely at a coming change in the character of the plays produced at his theatre, but he had talked of such a change so often that Paul paid no attention to him. When he brought his new play for official inspection Mr. Aubrey read a few lines in a hasty way and with much clearing of his throat.

"It will never do, Mr. Rossiter," said he, tossing the manuscript back to him. "The new system requires an entirely different style of play—less extravagant, more sentimental; less of fancy, more of poetry. It will never do, as you can easily understand."

"Then your talk of change meant something," said the poet, aghast at this rude blow of fortune.

"Well, when a man talks," said the manager stiffly, "I suppose he talks to a purpose."

"Except managers," said Paul, with indignation. "Don't attempt the professional rigmarole with me, Aubrey. Why didn't you let me know at the beginning what kind of a play you needed? I could have written it as easily as this."

"I did let you know many times, and you just admitted I did."

"See here—" began the angry poet, and then he stopped, for a sudden suspicion flashed on his mind.

"Your tones—" began the manager frigidly.

"My tones are all right," said Paul calmly; "but what are you to do? The play now on cannot hold the boards much longer. Have you another of the sentimental-poetical stripe ready?"

"We have a very fine one, or rather three or four, to be produced on alternate nights for the rest of the season."

"Which means, then, that you have no further need of my services."

"Precisely," said Manager Aubrey smilingly.

"Confound you!" thought Paul, as he left the office with his play under his arm to seek another manager. "This is not likely to be the end of the trouble. All the theatres will be affected by this change. What a fool I was not to have seen it coming!"

He conjectured very fairly as to the condition of the dramatic market. The change was universal, and his play was not in demand. Disgusted, he sold it to a Bowery manager for a trifle, and vowed that he would never write a drama again; but he returned home sick at heart and with a melancholy conviction that the managers had conspired against him. His one profitable source of revenue was effectually cut off, and he knew it would be a task to find such another. Still, there was no need of starving, as had been the case with him formerly. The newspapers were available, and Peter would stand his friend in case of need. And Peter did so to an extraordinary degree, finding some hack-work that brought in an occasional dollar, and giving the theatres such a lashing of criticism on the new style of plays as cost them heavily to counteract. Peter interviewed them separately in his vigorous cut-and-dash manner, doing Paul more harm than good, but annoying managers considerably. With these services he ceased to benefit Paul, and the poet, after some years of moderate prosperity, descended again into the

depths from which a fortunate chance had raised him. But for one circumstance no one would have had reason to suspect the change of fortune. A number of poor families in the city were his clients. He had assisted them generously in many ways to eke out a living. Some enterprising boys he had helped in getting an education; perpetual invalids were dependent on his kindness for little necessaries; large families looked to him to keep their members decently clad and fed. They were not many, of course, but more than one individual with a moderate income is supposed to patronize. All these must share in his misfortune. He had to tell them of the change, and was comforted by the tears and sympathy of the poor people, who thought more of his sufferings than of their own.

It worried him so much for their sake, and he worked so hard in many ways and endured so much personal privation to make up to them what they had lost, that his physical powers soon began to lag under the strain. He grew pale, worn, and nervous, was seized with fits of despondency, and was more than usually startled by the sight of Nicholas' face leering at him at all hours in many places. He was not more than two weeks in his new position when for some trivial reason he was discharged. Peter stormed, of course, and got him another, which was as speedily lost in the same manner. Then Paul remained quietly within-doors and looked no more for places. Some malignant devil seemed to be pursuing him, and his fancy threw about the face of Nicholas a tragic glow which added much to his nervousness. Peter's anxiety and mutterings drew madame's attention to the matter. She took a kindly interest in the lonely poet, and was happy to be of service to him. One day she asked Peter the cause of the young man's depression and ill-health.

"Money, ma'am, or the want of it. Money, the root of all evil and all good—ye might as well say wan as the other, for the truth of either is wild. He has no work an' can't get any. Some villain's belying him, but if ever I lay my hands on him I'll give him work to do in Hades instead of here. I got him three places, and they had him put out of 'em all. No wonder he'd be pale. They'll murder him next, the contemptible scoundrels!"

"Does he write no more plays, Mr. Carter?"

"They won't take his plays. 'We are about to change'"—mimicking the manager—"'we do *not* require any more of that kind; we wish a more sentimental, more poetical'—oh! may all the—"

"It looks queerly," madame interrupted. "Could not Mr. Rossiter write the style of play they demanded?"

"Ay, an' something ten times better than the trash they're giving now. Oh! I've exposed them; I've shook them to the foundations. I'd like to tear them limb from limb."

Madame took the first opportunity of calling on Paul to assure him of her sympathy and to promise him that she would use her influence in getting him a position; and Frances came up often with Peter and was very witty and quarrelsome for the purpose of raising his spirits. From these kindly visits Peter evolved a bright syllogism whose conclusion struck him with the force of a tornado. Madame and her daughter were about to take advantage of Paul's weakness and arrange the long-deferred marriage of the young people. Paul's noble sacrifices in behalf of the poor, his patient endurance of misfortune, his piety and beauty, had at length become irresistible in their influence over the girl's heart. Now was the time to strike a telling blow in favor of his pet project. He waited a few days until madame had made herself conspicuous in Paul's interest, until Frances had ministered his sad soul into cheerfulness, and then Peter's diplomacy began to move about like the bull in the china-shop.

"How's the b'y, girl?" said he to Frances as she came from the attic carrying a bowl.

"You were there this morning," said Frances shortly, "and ought to know."

"I thought he might have had a change," Peter answered in confusion. "Ye can't tell what might happen in a minute. He might be dead since ye left him—"

"What a thought!" cried Frances, shivering. "Mr. Rossiter is not ill, sir; only low-spirited."

"Just so—heart-sick." And Peter tapped his breast pathetically. "I've seen b'ys like him, strong enough, hearty eaters, go off like a shot from heart-sickness. Ye mind young Seymour. His father had a fine house in the country, stoves blazing in every room—oh! so warm an' comfortable an' home-like (an' a mighty cold house it was; I slept there one winter)—an' he died of heart-sickness—"

"I beg your pardon," said she; "I thought it was a fever or congestion."

"Mere expressions of the heart's pain," answered Peter loftily. "It's a dangerous thing to have any foolin' wid the heart. But that's what the b'y has been doin', an' I'm afraid he'll never do any good wan way or another unless he follows my advice.

His heart must be put on a solid basis of fragility." Frances laughed.

"Now I know that you are ridiculing me," said she.

"'Deed I'm not. I mean what I say. Frailty, thy name is woman, isn't it? It was a solid basis of frailty I meant. The b'y's in love, to make a short story shorter, an' in love wid a woman. D'ye see now what I mean by a solid basis?"

"Yes," murmured Frances, beginning to tremble at a turn of the conversation which always resulted hurtfully to her.

"I think, too, the girl's in love with him," continued Peter. "'Why don't you speak to her at wanst?' says I. 'I can't, Peter,' says he; 'I'm afraid o' rejection.' 'Pshaw! man,' says I, 'what do you care about all the females that ever lived? Is a word of the English language to stay ye like a bullet? Nonsense! Dress in your best, drop on yer knees in front of her, an' if she says no—' 'That's what's killin' me,' says he; 'if she said no, where would I be?' 'I'll get her answer for ye,' says I. 'Let me do the askin'.' 'If ye'd be so kind, Peter,' says he. 'Never fear,' says I. An' I think it's the best thing to do, don't you, Frank?"

"I have nothing to do with the matter."

"Just so. Ye're not goin'? Well, see here," said Peter, drawing his breath for a long plunge into the inevitable: "ye're the lady he's in love with, an' he's anxious to know if ye'd marry him, me dear. I'm sure a sweeter b'y never lived—"

"Stand aside, sir!" cried Frances with flushed face and quivering lips and she passed haughtily out of sight. Peter stood riveted with amazement. This was not the game which he expected his diplomatic bullet would bring down, and he was confused with terror and dismay. When this reached madame's ears there would be no end of trouble. Better far that she should hear it from his own lips than from indignant and hysterical Frances. He hurried at once into madame's presence and burst out with—

"He's dyin', that b'y is dyin', an' ye have only yerselves to blame for it."

"Do you mean Mr. Rossiter?" said madame, terribly frightened.

"Don't get excited, ma'am. There's no immediate harm done, but between ye ye are killin' the b'y."

"Oh!" said madame, "one of your freaks, I suppose."

"A woman of your years an' experience," said Peter, looking at her with uneasy glances, "ought to be better able to get at

the bottom o' things than ye are, instead o' leavin' such work to be done by yer boarders. There's no use breakin' yer neck runnin' over the city to find out the cause o' Paul's illness, when it's here in the house, as large as a young lady can be."

Madame sat provokingly quiet awaiting the point of his eloquence.

"Can't ye see that he's in love with yer daughter?" said Peter angrily.

"No," said madame composedly; "is he?"

"Nothin' less than marryin' her will cure him; an' it's a shame to have her waitin' for the good pleasure of the man without a heart, with a real live poet wastin' away in a garret because of her. He'd write beautiful verses for her all her life, while from the Congressman divil a thing else she'll hear but dhry speeches an' the like."

"Did Mr. Rossiter tell you he was in love with Frances, and commission you to plead his cause for him?"

"Ay, that he did, ma'am; for no one ever stood his friend as well as Peter. When he was feelin' bad over his own weakness who else would he choose? 'Never mind,' says I, 'I'll let out the cause of it'; an' he thanked me wid two tears in his eyes as big as potatiz. If there's a heart in ye at all ye'll see that he's rescued from the grave by givin' him Frances. She's crazy after him, the poor girl."

"Have you spoken of this to others?" said madame icily.

"No; I think not. I might have, but—"

"If you ever do," said madame, "it will be your ruin. My interest in Mr. Rossiter ceases from this instant, and he must depart at once from this house. Such an insult to my daughter—such a poor, ungentlemanly return for all my kindness! It is shameful!"

Peter walked out stupid from humiliation. He could not see what there was in a proposal of marriage to raise the ire of any woman, and he could account for the ill-success of his diplomacy only by the strength of madame's ambition to obtain a grand son-in-law. What was he to say to Paul, and how was he to say it?—for the poet must know of the matter at once. He had drawn heavily on his imagination in supposing that Paul had ever said a word about marrying Frances or any other girl. Although he racked his brains carefully, he could not discover a peg on which to hang a defence of his own conduct. When some hours had been spent in the vain attempt he stole silently from the house and was neither seen nor heard in its precincts for a full week.

In the meantime the effects of his interference were direful. Madame and her daughter ceased to visit the attic, and Paul received the intimation that as soon as convenient madame would let the attic to a more desirable lodger. There was, of course, an instant demand for explanation. Paul, looking wofully pale and wretched, came down from his room and begged to know if this was of a piece with his other misfortunes. Madame explained in a distant way, which set Paul laughing as he pictured to himself the manner in which Peter must have executed his self-imposed task. He declared earnestly that he had never spoken of such a thing even in jest, and had no deeper regard for Frances than he had for herself. It pained him to see that, while madame accepted his declaration, she did not withdraw her note nor drop the unusual coldness of her manner, while his request to apologize to Frances was politely ignored.

He returned to his room weighed down with sadness, but outwardly cheerful. One must carry his cross with a good heart. His possessions were few and his wardrobe limited. He packed up a few articles that evening, locked the door and gave the key to the servant, with instructions to have the furniture sold and the money given to madame. He had tried vainly to see Peter. On a chilly but clear night in early spring he went out into the streets of New York almost a beggar, as he had once entered the city, having no place to lay his head, entirely bereft of friends save among the poor, sad and downcast, but still full of the hope which had always been his chief capital. He had enough money to assist him in carrying out his designs. He needed change of scene and rest, and he had decided that a few months spent in the country districts, travelling as only the impecunious know how to travel, out in the open air, among the mountains and lakes of the north, would once more set him in trim for the battle of life. He was not altogether cast down, and had no fashionable suicidal tendencies, nor even a very natural longing for death. There were many pleasant incidents ahead of him which, with the bracing air of night, gave his blood a new energy of flow and his pulse a gentle acceleration.

Such a wail as rent the air when Peter ventured to return and learned the story of his friend's departure was never before heard in the silence of the boarding-house. When the servant had informed the ladies of Paul's queer manner and mysterious departure they fell into an excessive trouble of mind. Suicides were not rare, and a young man weak from illness, bowed to the ground by a series of misfortunes, was apt to be unsettled in his

mind and to find a dangerous fascination in the water. There was some hope in recalling Paul's strength of character and religious instincts, but still the ladies wept secretly over their unintentional harshness. The effect on Peter of the poet's departure was marvellous. He confessed to his own fictions, and thus established Paul's innocence of even a thought derogatory to Frances; he accused himself with tears of being the destroyer of his "b'y"; he swore that he would never rest until he had found him, alive or dead; and he added a secret oath that Florian Wallace would never claim Frances as his bride. Nothing less than a threat to cut down his allowance could put an end to his public lamentations. Thenceforward during all that spring and summer Peter was like a monomaniac in his search after the poet. He went about with that one idea uppermost in his mind. He made it a point to call at stated times on those who had discharged Paul from their service, and on the managers who had treated him so managerially, and to abuse them. Nevertheless there was no trace of the young man, nor did Peter cease to inquire after him.

Paul took a northward train, after he had stepped into the Bowery theatre and spent an hour witnessing a representation of his own rejected play, and near morning was landed at a pretty village half-way up the Hudson. It was not a pleasant hour for entering a town, the air being chilly and the sun still in bed along with the villagers. Officials were sleepy and impolite, and the silent, echoing streets, the ghostly spires and eminences, had a heavy influence on a heavy heart. The bells of a distant convent were ringing, and, smiting softly on his ear, brought a flush to his pale cheek. He turned his steps towards the sound, knowing that by the time he had walked the two miles of distance leisurely the morning Mass would be celebrating and he could enter the chapel unnoticed with other worshippers. His thoughts went back to that happier time when Ruth's face had first stirred in him those aspirations and fancies so sweet in their passing. It had been many months since she stood in the world. She was hiding in the convent whose bells brought the blood to his cheek and quickened his unconscious step. What she was doing there he had never heard; why he was visiting the place he had not asked himself, but a vague longing to see her again and to learn something definite of one who had unconsciously filled a large space in his life urged him on. He knew that she thought of him with gratitude. He had been the first to open her eyes to her real position, and she felt that

whatever of happiness her new life had given her was owing in fair measure to him.

He was very weak when he arrived at the chapel. The priest saying Mass was the only person visible in the sanctuary, on each side of which were deep recesses where the nuns sat unseen during the sacrifice, and only the voices of the singers told of their presence. He was sad as well as weak, and, as any man will do in God's single presence when bowed down with sickness and affliction, he wept a little. Life seemed so utterly cheerless at that moment, he was so lonely in the wide world, and one of its best and dearest and most desired was so near and yet so far from him!

It was a very interesting face which presented itself at the convent before noon and inquired for the mother-superior; so the lay sister thought as she ushered Paul into the parlor, his face was so pale, so sorrowful, so chastened. Mother-superior was also impressed by it as her visitor, in a nervous but gentlemanly way, began to speak.

"Some years ago," he said, "a lady friend of mine came here to reside. She was a Miss Pendleton, a Protestant, who had leanings towards the faith. I have heard so little of her since that time that I am anxious to know what has become of her."

"Miss Pendleton," said the mother-superior, smiling, "is now Sister St. Clare, a novice in our order. She has been a Catholic almost since her arrival, but until a year ago did not consider that she had a vocation for the religious life."

"She is well, I trust, and happy?"

"Very well indeed, and apparently content and cheerful."

He was longing to ask permission to see her, but knew that it was against the rules.

"Will you oblige me"—handing her his card—"by giving Sister St. Clare my kind regards and best wishes, and asking her prayers for one who has great need of them. I am glad to know she has found rest. Some day when she is professed I may be able to call on her."

He went away sadder but pleased at the good-fortune which had come to a noble soul. All day long he haunted the grounds, sketching the buildings and looking with moist eyes towards that part where the novices spent their leisure hours. Insensibly his thoughts strayed away into dreamland, and he began to draw on a bit of bristol-board the outlines of Ruth's face as he had seen it last, very troubled, yet shining with the light of a new-born grace. He looked at his finished work, grief-stricken yet patient.

Was he never to whisper into her ears the secret of his heart? Never. For Another more noble than he had claimed her, and he could but write around the chill outline his name and hers intertwined, with the words, "I love you," twisted about in every fashion. The sun rose hot and red in the noon-day sky, and hunger drove him to the village. He left the bit of bristol-board in the convent grounds, nor did he miss it until the next morning when he was many a mile from the place. He would have returned for it on the instant but that he remembered the rainstorm of the preceding night. The sketch lying six hours in the rain would now be a mass of unsightly pulp.

What a dreary heart he carried away with him! He had no fixed plans for his journey. He went wherever fancy and circumstances led him, and wandered for months by the Hudson, on the shores of Lake George and Lake Champlain, along the St. Lawrence, and among the Thousand Islands—places little frequented in those days. His arrival at Clayburg was pure accident, but once there he woke to sudden interest in Ruth's home. He had not improved much in his open-air trampings. Whether his heavy heart retarded recovery, neutralizing the effect of change of scene, fresh air and exercise, or his carelessness led him into fresh disorders, the day at least which found him looking on Clayburg from the top of the island described in the opening chapter was a day of special physical misery to him. He was still pale and thin, and his movements slow and uncertain, and any emotion sent the tears to his eyes and sobs to his throat like a child.

And this was the village where she had lived and grown to a sweet womanhood! How pretty its spires looked in the morning sun, and how fresh the wind which blew from it to him! The thoughts which the scene aroused troubled him like pain. He sat under the shade of the stunted tree with his eyes fixed gloomily on the water, and wondered when his present self was to end. He was depressed enough to wish that it would find its conclusion here. She was lost to him for ever, and he would rest among the scenes which she had loved. How very unpoetic and undesirable death is when actually present the poet discovered after that last reflection; for as he sat a man silently rose from the opposite side of the rock and walked unheard to Paul's side, where he stood for one moment looking about him to see that no one was near. He carried a short stick, which he laid skilfully and murderously on Paul's head. The poet looked in a dazed way and recognized with a shiver the evil face which had so often

haunted him. Was he dreaming again? He saw it through a thick haze which gathered suddenly over his senses, and his feeble effort to save himself resulted in a misstep which sent him headlong into the water. The shock of falling twenty feet into the cold water sharply awoke his senses, and all at once he was conscious that life was a precious thing, and that to lose it in this way was most ignoble and horrible. When he came to the surface he struck out for the rock and found a kindly hand outstretched to him. Scott stood there, all sympathy and wonder.

"You were sleepin', I reckon," said he. "Tumbled clean from the top?"

"No," said Paul; "I was knocked off by a man with a heavy stick. I must have a mark on my head."

There certainly was a mark, but the hermit decided it had been obtained in the fall.

"I han't seen no one about here, an' the spot's too small to hide any one. 'Twas a dear dream, anyhow."

Paul ran up the steps to the summit and excitedly called the hermit to his side. Both saw a man pulling rapidly behind a distant island, and Scott made out a face which puzzled him.

"Light hair," said Paul, "and queer face."

"The very same," Scott replied with a growl; "an' he's been here afore. You had a close shave. Has he anything agin you?"

"I suppose so," said Paul gloomily, "although I do not know him or why he should wish my death. I am not rich. I have no relatives. I stand in nobody's way. But the world gets a spite against a man sometimes, and no misfortune but takes a whack at him."

The sigh which followed the words told the poet's story very plainly, and Scott studied his pale face with attentive interest. He somewhat resembled Florian. Usually the hermit left strangers to themselves as speedily as possible.

"I don't think misfortin' is always to blame," said he. "When sorrows begin to knock a man down it's part of his nature that he should knock down in turn. If he doesn't he must expect a kickin' as well. I dunno but he deserves it."

Paul looked up in surprise, and for the first time surveyed his companion. He saw nothing, however, to astonish him, but the words of the hermit rang in his ear pleasantly.

"Easy to talk," said he, "but cleverly said. It is like meeting a friend to hear such words; and I have no friends."

"None?" said the other, distrustfully. "A man must have done some pretty mean things to git like that."

"Perhaps the meanest thing I did was to run away from misfortune instead of facing it and letting it do its worst. The friends I had God took from me for a good purpose which I have been slow to acknowledge. Never mind. I will go back to New York soon. I thought I was dying; that my tide of fortune, not taken at the full, was ebbing. It was a mistake. I shall return, no doubt."

"A man sometimes runs too far," was drily said, "to make gittin' back safe or necessary. Find a good battle-ground here, an' wait for your enemies."

Paul looked at him a long time in silent thought, and then at the scene around him.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Fish, hunt, plough for myself an' no other. I live alone among these islands, an' when I've done prayin' for myself I give some time to thinkin' of my brothers in the world. I never tolerate company. It doesn't pay; it brings misfortun'."

He had seen a purpose in Paul's eye and question, and thus attempted to destroy it, starting down the steps to his canoe; but the poet caught him and held him, looking into his face with a fixed, earnest look not without a suspicion of wildness.

"I must go with you," he said, "for I know you now. Florian often spoke of you. In old times those sick of the world came to men like you for help and consolation. I am sick of it. You must take me with you. You will bear half my troubles."

"You're a little crazy," said Scott. "I have nothing to do with your kind." And he laughed at the man's feeble grip.

"Nothing?" repeated Paul, following him to the canoe. "You have nothing to do with such as I? Why, it was just such a sorrow as mine, perhaps, which drove you to this solitude. Let me be your disciple. We are alike in many ways."

The hermit looked at him again sharply.

"Are you in earnest?" he said coldly. "If so, come. Put in practice the first rule of this place—silence."

Wordless the poet entered the canoe, and the prow was turned towards Eel Bay. Paul hardly knew what he was doing or saying. Since he had been knocked from the rock ideas and scenes had removed themselves from him into a golden mist, and his own voice sounded to him like one speaking afar off. He saw the glowing skies and the green shores as if they were a vision, and thought of Ruth as the great princess of the region,

whom he dared not approach except as a slave. And all through the silent journey under the hot sun these rich fancies and unreal splendors grew in gorgeousness, until they were suddenly swallowed up in darkness and oblivion.

The hermit was not surprised but annoyed when his strange guest toppled backwards in the canoe and almost upset it; but he was surprised when, after an hour's effort to restore him to consciousness, the young man began to work in a convulsion: the cold sweat gathered on his forehead, and his blue eyes opened and fixed themselves on nothing. An involuntary sob escaped the hermit.

"Dyin'," he muttered, as he hastened ashore with him, and then returned to the town for a doctor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CURSE OF PRINT—A LAY-SERMON.

IT is not more than half a dozen decades since the curse accompanying the useful invention of distilling alcohol from fruits and grains first manifested alarming magnitude. We have now fairly entered an era in which the evils arising from the abuse of the invention of printing promise to assume proportions beside which the evils of drink will appear insignificant.

The church of God on earth is the Church *Militant*. From the beginning unto the end her mission is to *fight:* to wage unceasing war against the powers of evil. She hopes to go on adding victory to victory, and she knows that at the last the Enemy shall not prevail against her. But to the very last the battle must be kept up—an unresting battle, in which there can be no slumbering in tents, in which no truces may be held. If for a moment vigilance be relaxed the watchful Enemy advances.

To maintain this warfare the Church Militant must have weapons. With every age new weapons are invented and new methods of levying war. The Fighting Church must be the first to seize on the new arms and equip her troops with them; must be ever planning to invent them herself and to devise new systems of attack and defence.

On the fairest field on which she ever fought a battle the church finds herself to-day in a terrible predicament. A new

weapon of tremendous power has been invented. The enemy has possessed himself of it; to a man he has armed his forces with the latest developments and improvements of it; his ammunition is piled behind him mountain-high, and with the new weapon he is blazing away into the ranks of the faithful. *The church is not armed with the new weapon.* A gun or two of the new kind, perhaps; a few antiquated and rusty pieces of ordnance; a lean band of skilled gunners to man them; and a woeful scarcity of ammunition in the chest—that is all the church has to meet this latest onset of the foe.

The new weapon is the periodical and newspaper Press. The fair field of battle is America. The most powerful disseminator of truth or falsehood ever known is almost altogether in hands by which it will be used to disseminate only falsehood. Every day —we repeat it, every *day*—the press of the enemy has been multiplying at a rate and in a volume that take the breath away to contemplate. *But the press of the church in America stands almost where it was twenty years ago.*

The evil that has been already wrought by this disproportion is incalculable. The evil that will be done if this disproportion increases, as it is bound to do unless checked, will be greater than the evil arising from any one artificial cause of evil with which the church has ever had to deal.

I.

In the United States to-day there is not one Catholic newspaper or periodical supported as it might and ought to be. There are not half a dozen receiving more support than suffices to keep their editors from starving. But we boast nine million Catholics in the United States. Are those nine millions wise students who look upon periodical literature as a distraction to graver studies? . . . Well, then, are they all illiterate? No; there is hardly a man or woman or child above ten years of them who cannot read, and who does not read with more or less avidity. What do they read? Here is the question for which we would bespeak consideration.

They do not read Catholic books. The reports of the Catholic publishers as to the amount of books sold to the Catholic laity tell a painful story. They do not read healthy literature of any kind. It is needless to prove the point; we all know it. But what we do not realize is the nature of the substitute that has taken the place of good literature, and the extent to which it is had recourse to.

People now read more than ever they did, and more people read. Every man every day reads something. The amount of reading done by a single individual in twelve months is enormous. Night and day the presses are working, turning out cataracts of "reading-matter" (a happy phrase): books on all subjects, pamphlets, reviews, magazines, weekly and daily newspapers. It is all devoured, and the maw of the public hungrily gasps for more: each week a greater quantity of reading-matter is printed than the week previous. Whether this universal habit of reading is intrinsically a blessing or not is a question we may waive for discussion in a sunnier hour. There are many things to be said in its favor, no doubt; but it is with the evil it does we are now concerned. Here it is, a great, evil-causing fact; let us look at it on the dark side.

For one thing, it multiplies incalculably the difficulties of the church's mission to save souls.

To begin with the highest plane on which the evil operates, it is harder now than ever it was for the truths of reason and faith to get a hearing. Every sophist is publishing his sophistries. A din of commentators, speculators, investigators confounds the seeker after light. For every utterance of the voice of Truth he hears a hundred shoutings from the Babel of Error. No wonder the moderner, overwhelmed by the tide of sound, in final disgust rejects *all* spiritual thinking, and, living only for the moment, becomes a Care-nothing—the contribution of the latter quarter of the nineteenth century to epochal types. It is nearly thirty years since John Henry Newman, with his almost prophetic insight, pointed out the tendency of the epoch which had begun twenty years before his writing. "What the steam-engine does with matter the printing-press is to do with mind," he said in his *Idea of a University;* "it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be enlightened by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes." "I will tell you what has been the error of the past twenty years: not to load the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected *all*." The student of forty or fifty years ago is the full-aged man of the present generation. It is his son or his grandson who is the student of to-day; and the error that Dr. Newman deplored—the danger to the student—has been growing bigger and bigger.

Behold our own country. Even a casual observer must notice the decay of spiritual earnestness, that has reached its most advanced stage here. In Calvin, John Knox, Anacharsis

Clootz, John Brown of Ossawatomie; in the eccentric creeds which used to summon followers about them in this new country; in even most of the isms that have gone out of fashion, there was a spiritual earnestness which those whom they most offended or diverted were bound to acknowledge. They showed the recognition by man of a spiritual nature in him that had needs. What a spectacle is the man of the present hour who gives no more thought to his spiritual nature than if he were a quadruped! He goes about his "business," with his paltry ambitions and his unlovely passions, seeking for dollars and the delights they bring, with no more ideas beyond them than the dog that prowls for bones and lays them up for future enjoyment. We have steadily descended until we have ceased to invent isms with a positive prefix. Agnosticism, "not to know," is the religion of England; but here we have reached even a lower stage. The agnostic is a man who has at least tried to know, but who confesses failure. In America we do not even try to know; we don't care. We are eaten up with the pride of life. We think our country and our age and ourselves the finest products of creation (if there be such a thing as creation), and we do not want to know anything about any other place, people, or age. We live for the day and for our bodies; but it is not with the philosophic elegance of Epicurus, but with the rude appetite and glorious conceit of the hobbledehoy released from school with spending-money enough in his pocket to carry him to the bad. Religion is "effete" here, as we used to regard the monarchies of Europe. People who talk of God are old fogies whom we tolerate with a kindly smile, as we do that benighted "old man," our parent.

From this, the uppermost plane on which we can view the operation of the evil, to the lowermost, the mental and moral debauchment of the population by the printing-press is startling. The reading of even the best class of daily newspapers, as it is now in vogue, is a harm. Every member of the average American family who can read reads the daily paper. It is no longer a dissipation indulged in by the head of the family alone; his wife and his unfortunate little boys and girls read it. We take up the Sunday edition of one of the foremost New York dailies. Among the headings occur the following: "A Pennsylvania sensation—Arrest of a mountaineer for criminal intimacy with his daughter"; "Eloping with an heiress"; "Queer courtship and marriage of a millionaire and a milliner"; "An indignant husband—murders his wife and paramour on their bed of sin";

"How a bankers' clerk managed to enjoy the gay capitals of Europe at his employers' expense"; "Some of Brooklyn's boy-burglars"; "Two couples marry for fun—a roller-rink romance"; "A fastidious Chicago beauty, or three divorces in three months"; "A romance of crime—secret history of the Wilkes-Burns-Bixio gang of forgers—schemes by which banks were robbed and cheated—millions of booty." The last item is considered the most attractive in the whole paper, for four and a half columns of small type are given up to it, and special attention is called to its enticements in an editorial article. What a litany for the Lord's day! Incest, adultery, prostitution, divorce, marriage-for-fun, successful embezzlement, "romantic" and brilliant thievery, sensational crime in which it is even permitted to boys to distinguish themselves, murder, suicide! Fagin, the Jew, in *Oliver Twist*, in order to harden his young pupils in crime and excite their professional ambitions, used to give them the *Newgate Calendar* to read. The Christian father in America acts the part of Fagin, the Jew, to his own children when he puts into their hands the daily newspaper.

How many Christian fathers in America do this? Practically speaking, every one of them! The paper whose headings we quote from is one of the most reputable in New York. We have compared its news with that of all the reputable papers in the city of the same Sunday's issue—the Sunday nearest to the date of our writing. All have the same news. The same catalogue of moral horror is perused in every home in the city—in every home in the United States, we may say, for it is only in the purely local items that the news of the San Francisco paper differs from that of the New York paper. Not to speak of the boys, the independent, parent-tolerating boys, imagine the tender girl, just conscious of her womanhood, reading some of those items in her Sunday paper! Oh! will pristine innocence ever again be possible while the American newspaper flourishes as it does—for the young?

But these are the "respectable" journals which the most straight-backed of our Christians welcome to their homes. There are depths in the press lower and lower, as there are deeper and deeper pits in hell. There are papers—and those have the biggest circulations—whose design it is to take such news-items as the above, and such others as are too strong for the "respectable" papers to stomach (!), and to dress them up in such a fashion that every feature calculated to rouse sensation is given exaggerated prominence. If an occurrence offers a theme for lascivious

and suggestive description it is so described by hands which have the devil's cunning for such work. Crime is made fascinating, thrilling. No device is forgotten. Recently the artist's pencil has reinforced the reporter's, and voluptuous or ghastly sketches crown the descriptions in the letter-press; and, lest the actual news should not furnish themes enough, a sensational serial story is kept running. It is a veritable witches' hell-broth, concocted in handsomely-furnished editorial rooms over-night:

> "Finger of birth-strangled babe
> Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
> Make the gruel thick and slab;
> Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
> For the ingredients of our cauldron!"

Day after day not one but all of the worst passions of youths and adults of our population are thus excited, are kept in perpetual ferment, are never permitted to rest. Sure it will be a miracle if the poor souls in such harried bodies ever stand resplendent before their Maker's throne! A paper of this class has the largest circulation of any daily paper in New York. It claims to circulate 190,000; it probably circulates 150,000. At least two people read each copy—300,000 people per day for one such paper! This paper has only sprung into being within the last two years; already numerous rivals vie with it both in New York and other cities. Another year may see a new "phenomenal success" marking a grade lower in the descent of morals and taste.

So far these are still daily newspapers. They would probably answer, if accused, that they merely tell the Truth (with a big T) spicily, recording the good that is done as well as the evil. But there are weekly papers that make no such pretence, that openly avow that they exist but to emblazon infamy. They call themselves "police" papers. They are profusely illustrated, and their illustrations only profess to be there because they are immodest. The circulation of this class of papers is amazing. There is scarcely a barber's shop in the city whose owner does not consider it to his interest to keep one or two of these papers to beguile his customers withal while they are waiting to be served. Boys may be seen gazing wide-eyed on these obscene prints.

And as yet we have not spoken of the "story-papers." The story-papers are read more widely than any one class of papers in the United States. There are three story-papers in New York which boast a circulation of between 300,000 and 400,000 apiece.

This estimate hardly overshoots the mark: their proprietors are millionaires. There are dozens of such story-papers, only less opulent, in New York; and every large city in the Union publishes its own story-papers. Almost everybody who reads the daily papers, and an immense class of people—country people—who do not read the daily papers, read the story-papers. What are the story-papers? They are simply budgets of the horrors which the newspapers delight to exploit manufactured into fiction. They constitute an appalling testimony to the debased tone of our population. Their themes are elopements, abductions, seductions, concubinage, adultery, divorce—the sentiment of "love" contorted to suit a sentimentalism the most dangerous into which the female mind has yet fallen; burglary, piracy, murder; wealth suddenly won by beauty; the brilliant achievements of forgers; dazzling detective work; the derring-do of boy-criminals and of the gangs of hoodlums who make our cities at night as perilous to the wayfarer as the lampless burgs of the middle ages. They are a wilderness of moral chaos and riot. Every class of their readers is specially catered to: "Maud the Milliner, or from Counter to Coronet"; "Chris the Car-Conductor"; "The Fay of the Factory"; "The Bloods of the Boulevard"; "Old Sleuth, King of the Detectives"; "The Boy-Detective"; "Indian-Slayer, the Terror of the Territory"; "Six-Shooter Dick"; "The Cowboy King"; "The Boy-Buccaneer"; "The River Thieves of Boston." Even the ragged little newsboys are given a place of their own in this lurid pantheon. We saw the other day, prominently displayed on a Broadway news-stand, a dime novel whose front page had a picture (drawn by a skilled artist, too) of a newsboy in the act of announcing that he was "Cool Kit, the King of Kids, of Philamadelphia, Pa., and don't you forget it." Besides what appear in the weeklies, millions of such stories as these are circulated by "dime" and "half-dime" "libraries"—an output entirely independent of the story-papers.

Not to refer to the steady depravement of the mass who read this literature, its direct effect in producing overt delinquency is attested to every day of the week. "Upon three lads arrested for highway robbery in Schuylkill County, this State," says an earnest little pamphlet entitled *Printed Poison*, issued by Mr. Josiah W. Leeds, of Philadelphia, "there were found four revolvers, a number of photographs of actresses, and several dime-novels. In one of our Philadelphia public-schools seven pistols were found in the possession of as many lads, whilst their stock of literature was made up of considerably over one

hundred pernicious publications. The public were some months ago made acquainted with a Buffalo Bill organization among the lads of Milwaukee—a revelation which was stated to have alarmed the whole town and necessitated an increase of the police force. And only yesterday came a telegram from Reading telling of the arrest of several little law-breakers eight to ten years of age, and the further discovery of a gang of thirteen who had been systematically robbing stores, factories, and dwellings. On the east side of the city of New York similar bands of youthful desperadoes are a constant menace to the holders of movable property within the circuit of their depredations. The current report of the Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty, referring to the evil effect of 'flash' literature upon the young, says that 'the officers of the society, in the prosecution of their work, have frequent occasion to notice the dreadful and pernicious influence of the cheap novels which abound in our midst.'" About eight years ago, when Pomeroy, the boy-murderer, confessed that his vicious career was largely due to the influence of the sensational stories he had read, the statement produced a sensation all over the country. But such testimonies have now grown so common that they fall unnoticed on our dulled ears. In the very Sunday papers from which we quoted the headings a little while ago appear two paragraphs. One is jocularly headed "An Indian Massacre Averted"; it tells how two school-boys of fourteen, Harry Becker and Willie Weston, of Philadelphia, were found by a policeman on Brooklyn Bridge at half-past three in the morning; they had run away from home "to see the world"; in their pockets were found a revolver, pipes, tobacco, and eight dollars. It is significant in its own way that this episode is related by the newspaper in a facetious spirit. The other paragraph concerns "An interesting gang of boy-burglars who have been operating in the neighborhood of Red Hook Point," Brooklyn. It recounts some of their exploits, and tells of the capture of some of the leading members, whose names are (mark the names) Peter Farrell, Richard Cooly, John Denny, John Walsh, and Albert Herwood. It was stated some time ago, on the authority of the chaplain of Indiana State Prison, that "of the one hundred and twenty convicts lately in the prison enclosure seventy-six per cent. attributed their downfall in great measure to the corrupting influence of vile and otherwise pernicious literature which they had read."

Of the extent to which this literature is read it is positively

impossible to form an adequate conception. Numbers of daily newspapers—and between the newspaper which allows stories about every crime from incest to sodomy to appear in its columns, and the dime-novel, we scarcely see a difference of degree—have circulations of a hundred thousand, which means nearly twice that number of readers. No preacher, if he had lungs of iron, could make himself heard by two hundred thousand people. But the paper is not only read but re-read, and it tells its horrible stories Sunday and week-day three hundred and sixty-five times a year! And there are the hordes of story-papers circulating millions after millions. And there are the dime "libraries." And there are the twenty-cent novels and the fifty-cent novels. The imagination fails to grasp the measure of this deluge of poison. What headway can an occasional *viva voce* mission in a parish make against this never-pausing, ever-increasing onpour? You cannot make a turn without seeing the poison at work. Enter a street-car going down-town in the morning: like snow-flakes are the papers before the eyes of the passengers. This "saleslady" is reading the *Morning Journal*. That well-dressed young man is *blasé* of newspapers; a flaring story-paper is in his hand. A telegraph-boy boards the car, not raising his head, as he slowly sinks into his seat, from the dime-novel which he carries folded small so as to be handily lugged out of his pocket on all occasions. See the factory-girl coming home from work with a group of her companions. She has read in her story-paper how Irene McCurdy was elevated from Macy's counter to a mansion in Fifth Avenue through a "broker" falling in love with her. Already is she ashamed of her honest labor; when she leaves the factory-door she displays a bundle of books—as if she were coming from school! She wears a stylish bonnet which three weeks' wages would scarcely pay for. In her pocket is a ticket for the ball of the Martin J. Maloney Association in Pythagoras Hall, where she will go to-night in a splendid costume hired for the occasion, and look about for the possible broker whom she calculates on bringing to her feet by her ravishing waltz-step. She looks on divorce as rather fashionable; she knows how to avoid having children; and, if ever it becomes necessary, she will regard fœticide with an unruffled conscience. Hapless girl! if, weathering the dangers that beset her, she ever reaches the port of matrimony, what a future is before her, before her husband, but, above all, before her children! *Her* mother had a warm faith and (if she could read) read only her prayer-book: she made her daughter

go to Mass. But in what manner will *she* bring up her child whose only prayer-book is the story-paper? And consider the brother of such a girl. If not a hoodlum who beats his father and mother when they refuse him money for "the growler," if he belong to a higher grade than the hoodlum, he is nevertheless lost to the faith to all intents and purposes. Yet, to please the "old man," he may be still good enough to go to Mass on Sundays, even though he gets there late and, the minute Mass is over, is off to Coney Island with his chowder-club, perusing the *Morning Journal* on the way. But when he has a son growing up what is to become of *him*, and how is mother-church to reach him?

There are some classes of the community of which it may safely be said as classes that they are exempt from the curse of drink. But there is no class of which it can be predicated that it is safe from the attacks of pernicious literature. There is no class nowadays but reads the news in the newspapers. Which evil does the greater harm—drink or print? Print, we answer. Drink slays individuals; its responsibility is at once apparent—between cause and effect there is hardly any distance; it affords visible examples of its sinister power; many a child has grown up a teetotaler for life from witnessing the effects of drink in his home. Print is accompanied by no such qualifications. Its influence is subtile, elusive; goes everywhere; cannot be grasped and throttled. It is a slayer in disguise. This insidious foe is sapping the very foundations on which we are striving to build.

If there is one sodality more than another that the church has special need of now, it is a sodality which would pledge its members to abstain from noxious reading.

II.

Whence is to come the remedy for this state of things? Who is to blame for the church being at this late hour unarmed for the new strife? All parties are to blame, and yet no one is to blame. None of us has as yet awakened to the magnitude and the urgency of the danger that besets us. Each can do something to avert it. The schools can do a great deal, parents may do much, and the Catholic press itself has much to amend. But neither one nor all of these can do what is needed to be done. It will take the whole forces of the church, alarmed into strenuous action, to crush this new evil.

Already there are signs of the awakening. First come the

words of the pastoral of the Plenary Council calling attention to the force and frequency with which the providential mission of the Catholic press has been dwelt upon by "popes and prelates and distinguished Catholic writers." Bishop Cosgrove preaches a sermon on the Catholic press and the class of reading which should be furnished for the Christian home, saying that "it depended upon the associates and the class of literature read what the child will be, and that he would blush with shame to have in his house the class of papers which he had seen in the parlors of Catholics." At the Xavier Union dinner says the Rev. P. F. Dealy, S.J., in his speech: "We are eight or ten millions of Catholics in the United States, and if you consult our Catholic publishers their disclosures in regard to their efforts to encourage Catholic literature will startle you."

There is one phenomenon to which the publishers of Catholic newspapers and periodicals are becoming case-hardened. A young man in deep mourning, with clothes of fashionable cut, presents himself. "Is this," he asks, "the office of [let us say] THE CATHOLIC WORLD?" Being informed that it is, he asks: "How much, pray, does John O'Donovan, of So-and-so, owe?" The bookkeeper finds that John O'Donovan is an old subscriber. The young man pays what is due, folds up his receipt, and says: "You are to stop the magazine, you know; father is dead."

Is it that the Catholic magazine or paper was only suited to the father and is not worthy of the son? This can hardly be. The pabulum of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for instance, is such as might attract any healthy-minded young man. His scholarship cannot be high enough to find it worthy of his disdain. It can hardly be so meagre but that he will find in THE CATHOLIC WORLD that which he can understand, which will interest and refresh him, and allure him to the appreciation of higher things. If the testimony of the Holy Father, who has blessed the work of THE CATHOLIC WORLD; of the cardinal, the bishops and clergy of the United States, who not only bless it but give it their active co-operation; of the Catholic press, which is unanimous in its praise; of the secular press, and even the press of its adversaries, which do not withhold their admiration—if such testimony be worth anything, then THE CATHOLIC WORLD does not merit the young man's contempt. Scarce a number is issued that does not call from the non-Catholic and anti-Catholic press a sheaf of critical tributes; a paper like the *Independent*, in a review of a recent number, declaring some of its articles to be among "the best of all the magazines of the month." If the

young man reads a sufficiently respectable daily paper he will be likely to find quotations from The Catholic World among its literary reading. This is not said in an access of egotism, we pray it to be understood, but to emphasize the phenomenon of the young man who stops the Catholic periodical when his father dies.

We can picture the father. He was a subscriber from the starting of the magazine. Twenty years ago he hailed its coming with delight as a brightener of his home and a guide and ally in the controversies that were forced upon him in his daily intercourse. He found his religion and his nationality looked upon with wonder in this new country. But the contests he had to face only did him good; they made his faith the livelier, and they reacted on his adversaries. This Irish Catholic, forced into a defence of his religion, even found himself making converts. The American people then regarded religion as an earnest concern; this plain, straightforward man with such unfaltering, militant faith set them a-thinking. With him is passing away one of the noblest types in the fabric of our Catholic-American society. He brought the Catholic periodical into his family, fondly hoping his sons and daughters, when it came to their turn to be heads of families, would do likewise. But his sons and daughters probably never read the Catholic periodical. The word "Catholic" in the title frightened them off. The magazine is discontinued when he dies, and the young people are free to drift, degenerate, into the whirlpools of Print.

Now, the father received no education beyond an elementary grounding in the three R's. The son has just passed through a Catholic college; he can still repeat by heart the greater part of his valedictory oration. If he practised any kind of Catholic reading there would be nothing to complain of. But he does not. He becomes a mere reader of newspapers or story-papers.

It may be possible for our schools to adjust their curriculum so as to take cognizance of the fact that their pupils, when they leave their walls, are bound to become habitual readers of *something*. It may be possible to form in them a healthy taste for reading which would reject with nausea the pernicious stuff with which they will be assailed when they are released to the world. Literature may be taught in other ways than by catechism, according to which a pupil answers what he "thinks" of an author he has never read; and English authors may be analyzed in other ways besides according to the principles of rhetoric. Pupils might be prepared to be supporters of the Catholic press

and shown how their duty and advantage lay in supporting it. It should not be a common thing for publishers of Catholic periodicals to receive letters like the following: "Dear Sir: I am preparing an oration on 'The Catholic Church and Civil Liberty' for our commencement. I understand THE CATHOLIC WORLD from time to time had articles on this subject by Brownson, Hewit, Meline, and others. As THE CATHOLIC WORLD is not taken in the college nor by any of the students, I will thank you to send me the copies of the magazine containing such articles. Send bill, etc."

These remarks apply equally to the female academies. What does the pure young plant reared in the exotic atmosphere of the convent take for literary nourishment when she gets her freedom? She is too refined, perhaps, to relish the story-papers. But the novels she enjoys to her heart's content. The cheap reprints of the English novels afford her a perpetual supply. Take a batch of the latest of these. The first, by a celebrated authoress, is a story showing that to be idle and aristocratic are the only things worth living for. In the second a girl falls in love with a married man. The heroine of the third confesses that under certain circumstances she would set love above the Ten Commandments; the book is full of scoffs at religion and religious people. The fourth is a story of a secret murder and a forged will. The fifth is vulgar and inane. The sixth is full of sensuous descriptions; the heroine is a princess who does not love her husband, and who calls her children by him brats; an exquisite hero falls in love with her in a most refined way; a divorce is agreed on, but is rendered unnecessary by the husband being shot in a duel by another hero who is also in love with the heroine. Another novel, which is very fashionable, and which we saw recently in the hands of a Catholic lady, is a tirade against "the brutalizing influence of marriage."* Is the wealthy girl educated in a convent any better off as to the print she reads than the saleslady with her story-paper?

Catholic parents are much appealed to. But we fear a mistake will be made if too much is expected from them. We have watched praiseworthy efforts to stimulate their Catholic pride, in the hope that that might impel them to place Catholic books on their tables and Catholic works of art on their drawing-room walls. But that Catholic pride does not exist. This country,

* This kind of literature comes to us from England. But we return the compliment. According to a speaker at the recent English Conference on Public Morality, "the worst literature for boys sold in England consists of reprints of American stories and of magazines imported from America."

barren of tradition, is not like France or Italy, where evidences of the greatness and glory of the church overpower one at every turn, where a man cannot walk the streets without having a Catholic pride aroused in his breast, if none existed there before. If our people were really educated up to the idea that Madonnas of Raphael were something to be proud of, you might pique them with not displaying engravings or copies of Madonnas of Raphael. As it is, pictures on sacred subjects are associated in their minds with the daubs they see over the beds in tenement-houses. The idea of introducing these to brown-stone-front drawing-rooms! In their eyes Catholic books mean "pious" books. They only see in the display of such things a means of hurting the susceptibilities of their affable non-Catholic friends who never offend *them* with evidences of *their* religion. At best, all a majority of our well-to-do Catholics are sure of is that their church is the true church; that it is not idolatry; but that it is nevertheless not fashionable. And the motives of many a one in not obtruding his religion are similar to those of the *nouveau riche* who avoids allusion to the plebeian calling by which he made his money. American-born parents read the newspapers and the story-papers as well as their children. It is a case of "*Quis custodiet custodes?*" And the guardians, besides, cannot inspire respect for their authority. Respect for parents, or for elders, is a lost virtue in this country. When the young people grow up the old people are relegated to the back-parlors. The daughter has her own circle of friends, whom she receives alone. The son has a latch-key; he feels that he is infinitely smarter than the "old man," who belongs to a by-gone age; and he knows quite as much, for does not he, too, read the newspapers?

On the Catholic press, of course, will devolve the most important portion of the work. It finds the people with an insatiable thirst for something to read. Its main task will be to take the place of the poisonous stuff that the people are now swallowing in such quantities. To do this it must make an effort to capture the sympathies of the people, who must be brought to read the Catholic press in preference to the flash-press for the pleasure it gives, and not as a duty. The poison is a sweet dose: the antidote must take care not to taste too much like medicine. But the Catholic Press is in a deplorable dilemma. Since but one Catholic in forty subscribes to a Catholic publication, it is a miracle how Catholic publications keep out of the bankruptcy court. To meet the crisis the Catholic Press needs both money and men, and money and men are just the things it lacks.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOUIS GIDDINGS and his wife were one night descending the Street of the Four Fountains after a day spent with the Lindsays. The great basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore was at their backs, its front bathed in pale light. They had lunched early in the studio, and then, after a visit paid in common to the not distant ruins of the Coliseum, the party had as usual divided into couples, the men going off to Via Margutta, with the intention of dropping in upon a compatriot or two painting away for dear life in that ancient and shabby region, while their wives turned toward the cathedral of St. John of Lateran, where the preparations for the approaching feast were fast nearing their completion. They all met again at a dinner somewhat delayed by the late arrival of the gentlemen, and waited afterward for the moon to rise before separating.

"There is the signal for our rendezvous with the Marlows and Miss Rawson," said Katharine, getting up as its bosses shouldered into sight between the curtains. "Mr. Marlow said they would start from home at nine precisely, but Miss Rawson is more poetical, and told me to time myself by the arrival of the moon in Mrs. Lindsay's southeast window."

"Their differences of opinion seem to be radical and chronic," said her husband, glancing up at a clock on his right.

"Not altogether," said Lindsay, with a shrug. "Her faith in him as a painter is touchingly childish and implicit."

Mrs. Lindsay broke in—rather harshly for her, who spoke usually in a soft and rather measured tone—almost before he finished speaking.

"Oh! that clock. It is one of our costly antiquities—not good for much except to look venerable and artistic. As a timekeeper it is mendacious to the last degree. I have a hideous little American black-walnut octagon in the next room which ticks in a distressing monotone, and which I hide away behind a screen, but which is of great service as a regulator for the rest of my timepieces. Maria's guide is a safer one if you want to watch the effect of mingled moonlight and lamplight in the river, and yet reach home in time for Mrs. Giddings. She looks a little

tired already. Maria spent last evening with us," she went on, arranging Katharine's wraps about her with deft, kindly hands as she continued speaking, "and we accompanied her to your door, but I thought it was too late to enter. In fact, we drove back. Strolling about at night here is too apt to be a dangerous pastime for one to feel as free to indulge in it as one would at home. I have the greatest dread of Roman fever. They say it never gets out of your system when once it gets in."

"Is that all?" asked Giddings, coming up to say good-night. "A brigand or two, with stilettos, was the least our inexperience waited for after that preamble."

"Malaria is bad enough—quite as dangerous and a good deal more probable; isn't it, John?"

"At this hour it is too late for one and too early for the other. And I have spent a good deal of time here, off and on, without falling a prey to either."

"Yes; but your brother Frank carried the seeds of the fever to Montana with him, and died there of it in the end."

"That is beyond peradventure, I believe. My wife is a thoroughly patriotic Roman, you see, Giddings. She will grant you anything you like as to malaria, but she puts no faith at all in the festive brigand, and is twice as enthusiastic as I am on the picturesque values of dirt."

"I was born in Rome, you know," Mrs. Lindsay said, smiling into Katharine's eyes as she kissed her at parting.

"Was that intended as a statement of fact?" Giddings asked his wife as they were descending the hill. "I thought Mrs. Lindsay was a Bostonian."

Katharine came out of a little reverie.

"So she was, but yet it represents a fact to her, I think. She told me this afternoon that what had finally decided them to take a studio in this quarter, where hardly any foreigners come, was that they would be conveniently near to St. John of Lateran's church. She was baptized in it nearly three years ago, and said it seemed to her that she had never really begun to live until then."

"Rather a cheerful sentiment that for Lindsay, isn't it?"

"It belongs to such a different order of things, you know. If she was born in Boston she was married there also. And then Mr. Lindsay is a Catholic himself, and that she is thoroughly devoted to him must be plain to everybody. Don't you like her very much?"

"I find her charming, especially when one takes her in close

succession to Mrs. Marlow, or that pellet of animated quicksilver, your friend Miss Rawson. What has she been showing you this afternoon?"

"Herself chiefly. Not directly and intentionally, of course, but I asked her a good many questions, because she interests me greatly, and is very direct and open, though she volunteers so little. But her face when she was in the church was like a mirror. One saw all that it meant to her. And there are some things that it is easier to understand in that way than when one tries to look at them directly."

"For example—?"

"Well, the relics, for one thing. And then the way in which Christ is made the centre of a worship which is certainly divine adoration, but which keeps the fact that he was a real, veritable man constantly before the mind. We were watching the people go up the *Scala Sancta* on their knees, once this afternoon, and I felt certain that, if she had not hesitated about leaving me alone, she would have done as the others did. She explained it to me afterward."

"And with what result?"

"I hardly know yet. One gets a realizing sense here of the doctrine of the Incarnation, don't you think? I told her that I had been always taught that Christ was God, but that here the whole burden of the story seemed to be that God became man. She answered that it was that which had made a Catholic of her. Christ had faded into a half-historical, half-mythical personage, in her mind, about whom there were a few apparently conflicting records, but who, for any special, lasting effect that he had wrought, seemed to be not vitally necessary to the religion which bore his name. She believed in God and in the immortality of her own soul, but said that, though she was an Episcopalian in outward fact, she was a Unitarian in reality. She had known no Catholics but Mr. Lindsay, and was never in one of their churches until she came here directly after they were married. What struck her most was what has struck me also—that here Christ lives, he is adored as God, he reigns as King, he is loved as man. She did not add this, but it touches me very nearly to see how he is surrounded in everybody's mind by an ever-living, ever-growing throng of men and women, who have simply dropped their bodies like worn-out garments, and gone to live with him in a very near heaven, where they are not out of reach nor out of hearing. I find the invocation of saints, and the relics, the most natural things in the world; don't you?"

"Well, as to the latter, I haven't had the advantage yet of examining them with you and Mrs. Lindsay. Don't put on such a disappointed air. I am ready to admit at once that nothing seems plainer to me than that genuine belief in historical Christianity, shared by a whole community, would necessarily embody itself in much such a shape as that of the Roman Church. Compromises in matters of fact are at least as unintelligible to me as they are to you. Mrs. Lindsay seems to have made a great impression on you."

"Yes; and yet it is not so much herself, I think, as what she says. She has a reason and an explanation for everything in her faith, and what seem to me good ones. I found myself thinking, when she left me alone in the church for a few minutes, that for the first time in my life my mind seemed to be like soft wax—ready to take a mould and keep it. One thing she said particularly struck me. I had been telling her that the supernatural element in religion seemed borne in and pressed home upon me here in a way which made me sensible of how greatly I had always felt the absence of it elsewhere. 'Yes,' she said, 'our natural life is like a great, empty cup—good for nothing and useless until it is filled with the supernatural, which completes and explains and gives it value.' You can't know how empty I felt, and yet what a great hope came to me that I should not always remain so."

They were crossing the square, where the fountains were shining in the moonlight, and where they made a momentary pause near one of the recumbent marble figures.

"Yes," her husband answered, a shade of regret in his voice and in the eyes which regarded her, "I have a rather definite sense of your capacity for emptiness, as well as a very vivid recollection of what you thought, not so very long ago, would suffice to fill it."

"Should I long so for immortality," she rejoined quickly, "if this life had not been made so sweet to me that I tremble at every wind that blows, lest it should bring death on it to one of us?"

"That speech was not made in quite serious earnest," he answered, smiling, his hand closing over hers, which had slipped down into it from his arm. "There are people yonder by the further fountain. That speech was not made in quite serious earnest, but you do take one with a delicious simplicity which makes you capable of great things occasionally in the way of provocation. We ought to walk on, I think. Marlow was to meet us here, but he is late. By the way, in speaking of her own bap-

tism Mrs. Lindsay did not mention, perhaps, the Jew baby that His Holiness refuses to give back to its parents, although it was baptized without their knowledge and consent?"

"What do you mean?"

"Only a little affair that has been making a good deal of noise here and elsewhere while you and I have been burying ourselves in remote and ludicrous localities where newspapers are not. Marlow was freeing his mind to me about it after you went down last night. He gloats over it as certain to be the opening wedge which will split the temporal power to pieces, and the spiritual with it." And he went on to give her the outlines of the case. "How does that strike you?" he asked as he finished. They were just turning into the Via Ripetta, but had not yet come upon their friends.

"What else could either of them do?" she asked after a little pause. "What did you say to Mr. Marlow?"

"Come," he answered, laughing, "that is a leading and unfair question. Do you want me to do your thinking for you? You know very well that when a man is so cocksure about uncertainties as Marlow sometimes is, and so bent on establishing self-evident truths by formal proofs before he will accept them, he provokes opposition from the unregenerate heart of the meekest and most thoroughly convinced bystander. Did I tell you that he undertook to maintain the other day that all 'so-called axioms' were susceptible of exact demonstration, and immediately got out a pair of compasses to put it for ever beyond doubt that the sum of the angles of a right-angled triangle must always and everywhere be equal to two right angles?"

"But what did you say to him about the little Mortara?"

"You are not Marlow; one's arguments with you would naturally take another view of things. However, I asked your question in the first place. The thing is wider than Mortara *père versus* the Pope. It is the whole matter of the natural and the supernatural—or, in strictness, of Christianity against the world. Clearly, neither the parents nor the pope are to blame for the state of affairs in this special instance; but since the thing has occurred, without the volition of either, I do not see that the latter could be reasonably expected to stultify himself, or to commit moral suicide by yielding to the pressure that is brought to bear upon him. Granting even that he could preserve the temporal power in that way, he would certainly give the death-blow to what his refusal must make it plain that he holds infinitely above it. The temporal power! In his place, and with

his faith, I would see not merely every state but every other soul fall away from me before I would give in to anything but physical compulsion!"

He had begun in a half-jesting tone, but he was speaking now in quite another.

"I told Marlow that if I had been on the point of making my submission to the church, which I have sometimes thought of within the last months, concession here would have put an end to all such thoughts so far as I am concerned."

"Is it true, Louis?" she asked in a soft, moved, eager voice, standing still again in her surprise. "Why have you never told me so before?"

"True enough, but not more true than that I think of many things which never take form in action. I did not mean to tell you now. There are some roads where every one is called to walk alone, and this is one of them. Why should I have told you, moreover, when all along the possibility, the probability even, that I shall rest as I am has been perfectly plain before my mind? I had no wish either to hinder or to help you, especially as the end of your journey, if one let you entirely alone, has been growing more evident to me with every day that we have spent together."

A little farther on they came upon George Marlow. He was alone, and had a disturbed look which his first words sufficiently accounted for.

"We could not leave the boy," he said, turning at once to retrace his steps. "He began to show symptoms of croup almost as soon as he was fairly asleep, and my wife and I are very anxious about him. He used to be troubled with it now and then at home, but we thought he had outgrown it. Fortunately she had the usual remedies with her, and he has fallen asleep again, and was breathing quietly when I came down to look for you. It is a frightfully wearing anxiety. I have no faith in these Italian doctors, and if the paroxysms come on again I shall not know what to do."

"A doctor on his vacation is a dubious quantity to deal with, I believe," said Giddings, his interest and sympathy at once awakened; "but I spent an hour or so in a café this afternoon with an English surgeon, an old friend of Lindsay's, and a very capable fellow, according to his account. He gave me his card—his hotel is in the Piazza del Popolo, not far from here. If I can be of any service in the night, don't hesitate to call on me. I have a notion he would come if he were asked."

Marlow looked relieved. "I hope there will be no occasion," he said; "the boy's trouble has not usually recurred the same night when it has been mastered early, but I shall feel safer knowing there is a doctor within reach whom I can understand. It is early yet. Come up, won't you, Mrs. Giddings, and have a look at him? My wife is all alone just now. I sent Maria Rawson out of the room when he was getting pretty sick. I don't propose to have any Mortara business going on in my family."

Katharine ascended the stairs a little in advance of the two men, who entered her own apartment for a moment. As she was nearly at the top she saw a figure that she recognized glide along the corridor and enter the room to which she was bound, perhaps half a minute before she herself could reach it; but when she entered Mrs. Marlow was sitting alone beside the bed on which Jack was lying in an apparently healthy slumber.

"Never wish for a child," the mother said, looking up at her with a piteous smile which drew her ordinarily pretty face into absolute plainness. "I have suffered martyrdom beside this one half a dozen times already since he was born, and, though I forget all about it in the intervals, each new attack seems to revive all the others when it comes. I hope it is over for this night, but my heart is just like lead. Is George coming up?"

"He went into our rooms with my husband."

"To smoke, I suppose. He has had no chance since dinner. Tell me," she went on with some trepidation, and glancing at the door as if she feared his immediate advent, "do you believe in baptism? Do you think it is necessary, as Maria does? She talks to me until my head is in a perfect whirl, and I don't know what to think or what to do. If Jack were yours, and you thought he was in danger, would you let her baptize him?"

"Yes, I would," Katharine began; but before she could go further Marlow was on the threshold, and his wife laid her finger on her lips with an entreating gesture.

"What a slavery life is for women!" Katharine ended indignantly, as she recounted this brief dialogue to her husband later on. He laughed a little.

"If you go about inciting to rebellion in this way I may be obliged, in the interest of my own sex, to furbish up a set of gyves even for you. Hasn't your penetration yet discovered that my enthusiasm for the rights of women is only one of the ingredients in that delicate incense I have fallen into the habit of burning in your honor? I always bear in mind that if you

threaten to get the upper hand entirely I have a certain reserve of physical strength to fall back on."

"But don't you think—"

"I think all that you think, but it is all a muddle, in which I sometimes have more than I can do to keep my own feet out of the quagmire. Our right to criticise each other's actions is, at all events, a mutual one, to which Marlow has as strong a claim as you or I. Meantime I am going to exercise for once my too-much-abused authority, and send you to bed while I walk up and down the balcony with my cigar."

Katharine put her head through the opening of the window two or three minutes later. The moon lit up the amused sparkle in her eyes.

"My lord," she said, "don't you think it might be well to go up and caution Mr. Marlow to look under the bed, behind the hangings, and in the wardrobes? I saw Maria Rawson slip into their room just before I did, but she was nowhere visible afterwards. I take it for granted that she means to pass the night in hiding."

"'Love laughs at locksmiths'!" he answered, smiling. "I hardly feel called upon to interfere with Miss Rawson's choice of sleeping-quarters. She is not likely to have a chance to do much besides making herself supremely uncomfortable."

"I hope she won't," said his wife, growing grave again. "She would not dare, she told me, unless death were apparently inevitable. But I should like to let Mrs. Marlow know that she is there in case of real trouble. The poor woman looked almost agonized with anxiety and fear."

Shortly after midnight Giddings, who was still sitting by the table with a book, heard the half-anticipated summons at his door. George Marlow stood there with a candle in his hand, which lighted up the disorder of his dress and the haggard anguish of his face.

"It has come," he said, as his friend stepped into the corridor and closed the door behind him, "and worse than I have ever seen it. Make what haste you can. Will you ask your wife to come up? Amanda is alone and half-beside herself."

"She is asleep, and the day has been tiring for her. Besides, I should be glad, if I could, to avoid all danger of any nervous shock just now. Where is Miss Rawson?"

Marlow broke into an execration.

"—— Miss Rawson! I have her behind lock and key in her own room, and there I mean to keep her. I found the —— skulk-

ing in a press not half an hour ago, and chased her up-stairs before me in a way she won't forget in a hurry. But you are right about your wife. I will go back myself. But be quick, for God's sake!"

As good-fortune would have it, Dr. Bolton was returning late from an evening passed with friends. Giddings met him near the entrance of his hotel, explained his errand briefly, and found a ready acquiescence.

"Come in with me a moment," the doctor said; "my instruments are still in my trunk, where I hoped they might remain until I got back home. I don't suppose I shall have occasion for them, but it is as well to be prepared."

Dr. Bolton was a man of middle age, with a scholarly, prepossessing face, his hair already thinning at the temples, and his mutton-chop whiskers leaving uncovered a mouth as amiable in expression as it was determined. As the two men hastened along the street together he put a few rapid questions concerning the nationality of the parents, the age of the child, and sundry other particulars, on some of which his companion could afford no information. They ran lightly up the several flights of stairs conducting to the studio, and as the doctor opened the door his ear caught from the room in which the suite terminated that frightful sound which heralds and accompanies the most terrible of childish maladies, and which no one who has heard it ever forgets. His examination was brief but thorough. The mother seemed altogether incapable of answering questions, but the father, standing dry and hollow-eyed at the head of the bed, whither he had retreated to give his place to Dr. Bolton, recognized with relief, in the direct, pertinent interrogations which demanded little more than yes or no in return, the presence of a man who knew his business and might be trusted to perform it.

The little fellow himself was a heartrending spectacle, from which one could not wonder that the mother veiled her eyes. She was half-kneeling, half-lying on the bed at the side opposite the doctor, and her sobs were almost as painful to listen to as the choking gasps of her dying child. The fair, plump, baby chest was exposed in the struggle for breath, and the wide-open, blue eyes, in which consciousness was evidently perfect, rolled from one face to another in a mute appeal for assistance.

"Membranous croup," the doctor said, rising and drawing out his case of instruments. He turned to Giddings, who stood, painfully moved, beside him.

"Get me a glass of clear water, will you?" Then, addressing

the father, "There is just one chance for life," he said in a curt, business-like tone which Marlow instinctively found reassuring, "but I must advise you that it is a very slender one. I can make an incision in the trachea. It may save him. If it does not it will give him a painless death directly it is over. In the other case he may drag out a little longer in this way, growing worse constantly, and dying in the end. I leave you to decide."

Mrs. Marlow suddenly lifted her head and put her hands out toward her husband.

"George! George!" she cried with a shrill, miserable appeal which brought even the eyes of the little lad upon her white, drawn face, "for God's sake call Maria! Let him be baptized first!"

Her husband went around beside her and put his face to hers.

"Don't add to my distress just now, dear," he said in a tone infinitely tender yet utterly inflexible. "You are not yourself just now. Jack is going to live, and you yourself will thank me some day for not letting your weakness master you like this."

Then, as she threw herself on his neck and repeated her entreaty, he began to soothe her as if she were a little child.

"Don't give way so, love! Think how many times we have despaired about the boy already and no such folly entered either of our minds. Quiet yourself, and don't disturb the doctor. He needs a steady hand. And don't make it harder for Jack himself. He understands all that we are saying, and I must tell him first before I let the doctor perform the operation."

Mrs. Marlow had been learning lately to understand some hitherto unfamiliar intonations in her husband's voice. She drew away from him with a gesture of aversion and threw herself down again upon the bed without a word. Marlow followed her with his eyes. Honest, kindly eyes they were, and filled just now with an inexpressible anguish, in which tenderness for her, grief for the child, and an unbending stubbornness which seemed almost automatic struggled painfully with each other. He stooped down and made yet one more effort, but she put up her hand and pushed him from her. He rose, sighing heavily, and approached the doctor, upon whom this scene had not been lost, though during the latter part of it he had been bending over the child. He straightened himself as Marlow came to his side, and returned to Giddings the glass which he had asked for.

"Do you wish me to operate?" he asked.

"Yes; but I must speak to the little fellow first."

His deep voice trembled as, kneeling down and passing his arm beneath the pillow, he turned the fair, pretty head toward him.

"You hear me, my baby?" he said. "Father wants his little Jack to get better, but first the doctor must hurt him very much. My boy is willing?"

A look of acquiescence came into the eyes, which seemed to have grown less agonized and restless. Then Marlow spoke to his wife again.

"Dear," he said, "in a moment it will be over. Will you speak to Jack first?"

She made no answer, made not even any motion, and the father, embracing his boy, gave him over to the doctor and turned away.

"Will you hold his hands, Mr. Giddings?" Dr. Bolton asked, himself much moved. "Steady now, my little man. I shall not hurt you."

The operation was over in a moment. The next, Jack's baby treble, so long silent, brought Marlow quickly to his side.

"Now will I get well, papa?" said the little voice. And then it passed into eternal silence.

The mother, too, had risen as the child began to speak, and the two wretched parents lifted their eyes from his, from which consciousness and life faded beneath their gaze, and rested them upon each other. Marlow held out his hand.

"You killed my boy, George Marlow!" she cried out, repulsing him with a sort of horror. "You killed him, soul and body! I might forgive you for that, but I will never forgive you for your cruelty to me while I have breath!"

"Calm yourself, madam." It was Dr. Bolton who addressed her. "Your boy's soul is out of danger. I never perform that operation on a child whom I do not first know to have been baptized. In this case I administered the sacrament myself."

Even Marlow looked relieved, though he made no further appeal to his wife, who had buried her face again beside her child. Standing over the gulf which he felt opening between them, and which gave him already a sense of desolation keener than that caused by the death of the boy, he grasped at the doctor's assurance as a bridge which might hereafter span it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

To Katharine life seemed at once to widen and to concentrate that winter, like a stream hurrying to the sea, swelled by new affluents, as well as pressed deeper in its channel by the ever-increasing burden of its proper mass. Looking back at this period afterward, it seemed to her that she could find in it almost no traces of her own volition, and that she had done nothing at every step but yield passively to the strong attraction which drew her onward. Freed for the first time from all external pressure, and urged by the imperious longing which, from the moment when it reawakened in her soul, seemed to dominate it and admit no rival, the marks graven by it in her memory remained indelible and nearly obliterated those of her contemporaneous struggle. The struggle was, nevertheless, a very real one, and at every stage of it victory was bought only at the cost of one of those acts of the will which are the true surrender of the heart to the solicitations of the Eternal Love, as those of faith are the homage of the intellect to the Perfect Reason. Strongest and weakest both, by virtue of her heart, that was the natural battle-ground chosen by Him who demands all from his creatures, only because it is the essential condition of his giving all in return.

The very nature of the aid her husband was disposed to lend her was in itself a hindrance. He abandoned his non-committal attitude almost immediately after the occurrence just related, and began to make an exhaustive study, not merely of the historical claims of the Christian Church, but of its philosophy and its doctrine. Left to herself, Katharine would not have plunged into so many intricacies. The Light which enlightens all men seemed to have shone upon her so directly, when at last she deliberately unveiled her eyes, that it gave her an impulse like that of Saul on the road to Damascus, when, "trembling and astonished," he asked only, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The first book that Maria Rawson put into her hands was Challoner's *Catholic Christian Instructed*, and it was the only one that was ever necessary. She wished then to receive baptism without further delay, and the step was strongly urged by both Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Rawson. But her husband counselled a delay, and gained his point.

"Reflect," he said to her, "that you propose to take a very serious step, of which neither of us can foresee all the consequences. The nearer I approach the church the more conscious I

become of a stream of tendency which makes that supreme effort of the will by which one enters it the very last of which it will be capable. It becomes as much the slave of a rigid code of spiritual laws as the intellect already is of the proposition that two and two make four."

"They call us idiots when we doubt that in matters of the mind."

"Granted—and thieves, I suppose you would like to add, when we forget it in the realm of morals. I admit that also. But do you find nothing chilling in the thought that you will be no longer even theoretically master of yourself—no longer all mine—nor I all yours if I follow your example? I don't say that we might not both of us be gainers. I see very distinctly that, granting it all to be true, we might be infinitely so. But I am not nearly as prepared to grant that as I have sometimes supposed myself to be. The very wish to believe, of which I find myself increasingly conscious, makes me doubt the wisdom of yielding to it."

"Did you have any such scruples when you wished for me?"

"You touch the very bottom of my difficulty. You are real —or, if you are not, you are sufficiently so for all practical purposes. I had no doubt of your actuality, nor of your being exactly what I have found you. But you are very simple and straightforward. You say, I have intelligence and volition; the Power that made me must have them in an infinitely greater measure. You feel the great vacuum of which every one of us is more or less sensible, and you say, Nothing but the Infinite can satisfy me wholly, and hence the Infinite must be somehow attainable. You examine the Christian doctrine, and you add, This is admirable; it involves no contradiction, it wounds neither my reason nor my conscience, and therefore it is true, and I accept it. That is common sense, I suppose, and it may be common sense also which makes you disposed to regard the church as a living entity which carries its own credentials so unmistakably in its continued existence as to make close historical research into matters which touch only the acts of men, and not the working out of fundamental principles, useless, or at least unnecessary. That is all very well. I would not have you other than you are; but I was not made just in that way, or, if I were, I have overlaid myself with a thousand wrappings that I cannot easily lay aside. And, honestly, much as I desire your happiness, and firmly as I am convinced that you have no doubt that you will find it here,

I dread to let go my hold upon you. Suppose the current carries you away, while I am never able to leave the shore! Wait, at all events. You will only know your religion so much the more thoroughly when once you begin to practise it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN QUESTION AND THE TESTAMENT OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE Afghan difficulty between England and Russia has again directed public attention to the so-called Oriental or Eastern question. What are the Russians really aiming at? The answer to this question may be contained in a certain remarkable document, which seems to be far less generally known than it deserves to be on account of its great political importance. The document referred to is the so-called Testament of Peter the Great, the founder of modern Russia. It is claimed that this document "was brought from Russia by Eon de Beaumont, diplomatic agent of Louis XV. at the court of Empress Catherine. Peculiar circumstances . . . opened to this distinguished person the most secret archives of the palace of Peterhoff. . . . This document, of which all the world was already speaking, whose existence was known, but which nobody (outside of the imperial family of Russia) possessed, and which nobody could produce, was confidentially sent, with a particular work on Russia, by Eon to Abbé de Bernis, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and to Louis XV. himself, in 1757."

But the ministers at Versailles attached no importance to the document; they considered the execution of the plans indicated therein "impossible" and the designs "chimerical" (*les plans impossibles et les vues chimériques*). Hence the document was quietly deposited in the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères; and after Chevalier d'Eon died, in 1810, it seems to have been generally forgotten.

Finally it was brought to public notice after the plans of Peter the Great had been carried out to such an extent as to make one inclined to look upon Peter the Great—provided the document is authentic—as not only the founder of modern Russia, but also as a prophet inspired by an Intelligence superior to

that of man. Were it impossible that the Spirit who inspired Balaam (Numbers xxiv. 17–24), and who revealed to King Nabuchodonosor what was "to come to pass in the latter times" (Daniel ii. 28), should have shown also to Peter the Great the mission his empire was to fulfil under the guidance of that Providence which determines "appointed times and the limits" of kingdoms and empires (Acts xvii. 26)? Certainly not.

The circumstances under which the remarkable document was again brought to light were the following: The valuable memoirs of Chevalier d'Eon were to be collected and published. For a long time the French government refused the editor of the *Mémoires* access to the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But when the Duke de Broglie became minister, from October 11, 1832, till April 4, 1834, he permitted the editor to make use of the documents preserved in the Archives, and it was then the so-called Testament of Peter the Great was discovered. In 1876 the well-known and learned Mgr. Gaumé published a little volume under the title *Le Testament de Pierre Le Grand, ou la Clef de l'Avenir;* and it is from this work the following quotations have been translated, in order to give the reader an idea of the document:

"In the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, we, Peter, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, to all our descendants and successors on the throne and in the government of the Russian nation: The great God from whom we have our existence and our crown, having constantly enlightened us with his lights and upheld us with his divine support, permits us, according to our views, which we believe to be those of Providence, to look upon the Russian people as called in the future *to the general dominion of Europe.* I base this thought on this: that the European nations, for the greater part, have arrived at an old age bordering on dotage, and that they march on fast. From this it follows that they are to be easily and undoubtedly conquered by a young and new people, when this last shall have attained its full strength and full growth. I regard this future invasion of the Occidental countries by the North as a periodical movement ordained in the designs of Providence, that thus regenerated the Roman people by the invasion of the barbarians.

"I have found Russia a *Stream;* I leave it a *River;* my successors will make it a *Great Sea* which is destined to fertilize impoverished Europe; and its surges will overflow despite all dams which feeble hands can make to oppose them. It is for this reason I leave to my successors the instructions the tenor of which follows, and which I recommend to their attention and *to their constant observation,* just as Moses recommended the tables of the law to the Jewish people."

After this general introduction Peter the Great gives his suc-

cessors detailed instructions, of which we will mention the following:

"To keep the Russian nation in a state of continual warfare, in order to keep the soldier inured to hardships and always in exercise; not to let him rest, except in order to better the finances of the state, to reorganize the armies, and to choose opportune moments for attack.

"To take part on every occasion in the affairs and quarrels, of all kinds, of Europe.

"To divide Poland.

"To take as much as possible from Sweden.

"To take always the wives of Russian princes from the princesses of Germany, in order to multiply the family alliances . . . and to unite Germany itself to our cause.

"To extend (Russia) without interruption—towards the north along the Baltic Sea, as also towards the south along the Black Sea.

"To approach as near as possible to Constantinople and the Indies; he that will rule there *will be the true sovereign of the world.*"

Here we have the Russian programme laid down by Peter the Great, and thus far faithfully carried out by his successors with a uniform energy paralleled only, perhaps, by that of the Romans in the days of the Carthaginian wars. To appreciate this fact the better it will be well to compare Russia of the time of Peter the Great with Russia of our days.

II.

At the death of Peter, in 1725, the population of all Russia was probably less than 20,000,000; to-day it is more than 80,000,000. At the time of Peter the Great, Russia was yet a good distance from Constantinople, the Dnieper being about its southwestern boundary. In 1878 the Russian army was near the gates of Constantinople, and was prevented from entering only by the decided attitude of other European powers, especially England. But on that occasion Russia made an immense stride in the direction of Constantinople. The Balkan Mountains are virtually the present boundary between Russia and Turkey. Bulgaria is nominally tributary to Turkey, but it is a self-governing principality, united by mutual sympathies with Russia; for the Russians have not forgotten the instruction of Peter the Great: "to endeavor to reunite with themselves all schismatic Greeks."

As to India, Russia, in Peter's days, was yet far from it, extending then only to the northwestern coast of the Caspian Sea. But nowadays the Russians have already reached the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains. The only power between them and India is

the Ameer of Afghanistan, a puppet in the hands of the English. We may, therefore, say that Russia and England have already virtually met in Central Asia. It is there especially the irrepressible conflict between the British Lion and the Russian Polar Bear will sooner or later have to be fought out. What will be the result? Will the continually advancing Russians be definitively driven back? Or will they inundate India with countless hordes of Cossacks and Tartars, and wrest this grand and rich country from England? Who can foretell? What seems probable under the circumstances?

III.

The central points of the Eastern question are at present, according to the Testament of Peter, Constantinople and India; for, as he remarks, "he that shall rule there is the true sovereign of the world." To become this seems to be the great aim of the czars; and to attain their end the well-known shrewd, deceitful, and unscrupulous Russian diplomacy is continually on the lookout to take every advantage possible of the embarrassments of other powers. The great power which is particularly compelled by its own interests to oppose the continually advancing tide of Russian encroachments is England.

England being the greatest commercial and Russia the greatest military power of our times, we find that on several important points they bear a great resemblance to Carthage and Rome about the time of the Punic wars. A good deal of what Montesquieu, in the fourth chapter of his *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*, says of the Carthaginians and Romans about the time of the Punic wars may, *mutato nomine*, be said of England and Russia of nowadays.

Carthage, being a commercial power, could afford to spend a good deal of money in hiring foreigners to fight her battles; the same is the case with England at present. The poorer Romans, on the other hand, like our Russians at present, fought their own battles. When they conquered peoples they made them first Roman citizens and then Roman warriors. Similarly do the Russians, who present a striking contrast to the English in the facility with which they assimilate the races they subdue.*

* Many of the Russian leaders in the East are naturalized Turcomans, like Alikhanoff, the present governor of Merv, whose real name is Ali Khan, with the Russian affix "off"—"son of"—added. Russia in one year transforms enemies into loyal Russians by placing them on an equality with her own subjects and throwing every avenue of distinction open to them. England, though over a century in India, has failed to make cordial friends of the natives.

Like our modern English, the Carthaginians were powerful on water; but the Romans, like our Russians, were powerful on land.

The Carthaginians, like our English, carried on wars without loving warfare; they always carefully calculated the probable profits and expenses of the wars. Carthage was alternately ruled by a peace-at-any-price and by a war party, just like England of our days. The motive which induced Carthage to engage in wars was usually, as it is with our modern English, commercial interest.

The Romans, on the other hand, were prompted by ambition; they carried on war in order to conquer and rule over other nations. Likewise the Russians carry on war from ambition, to make their czar "the true sovereign of the world"; and what enhances the warlike enthusiasm of the Russians is that they are convinced of fulfilling thereby "a holy mission." It is, therefore, not coolly calculating self-interest, but the religious sentiment of crusaders, "God wills it," that animates the Russian soldiers; for, as the historian J. Bumueller observes, "the Russians believe themselves to be destined by Providence to free the Christians from the power of the Turks, and to achieve in Europe and Asia the victory of Christianity over Mohammedanism." This explains the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the Russian people in times of war.

In the long struggle between Carthage and Rome the former finally succumbed. Will this be the case also with England in her struggle against Russia? Is the day near when England can say in the words of her greatest poet:

> "I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,
> And from that full meridian of my glory
> I haste now to my setting"?

Who knows? Empires, like human individuals, have their days of growth, of maturity, and of decline; and the decline is often rapid. A long procession of powerful empires have already succeeded each other—Assyria, Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Macedonia, Rome, the Roman-German Empire, the French Empire, and others.

The Romans were convinced their empire would last for ever, but it disappeared. The English have no God-given promise that Britannia shall always "rule the waves," no more than the Venetians, Portuguese, and Spaniards before them had.

The British is, indeed, usually looked upon as the most power-

ful empire on earth; but the fact is often overlooked that the very sources of its greatness—its scattered colonies—are also the sources of its weakness. In 1878, when the Afghan question was also causing a good deal of bad feeling between England and Russia, a British statesman reminded the Russian chancellor, Gortchakoff, that her majesty the queen ruled over 200,000,000 subjects. The Russian promptly replied: "Yes; but these subjects are scattered and separated from each other, whereas the Russian Empire is a consolidated whole and a unit."

The British Empire has at present several very sore spots. There is the Mahdi in Soudan, who boldly defies all England. There is Ireland, in the very capital of which the Mahdi is said to be "immensely more popular than any member of the 'royal family.'" There are the warlike and rebellious Mohammedans of India, who sympathize with Arabi Bey, whom England has crushed, and with the Mahdi, who is at war with England. Can these Mohammedans be trusted in case of a war with Russia, especially if this power should succeed in forming an alliance with the sultan, who has been repeatedly badly snubbed by England in the Egyptian question?

The outlook for England is far from being cheerful; and Russia, England's greatest foe, is only too glad to take advantage of England's embarrassments to carry out its political plans, which are no longer any secret.

Indeed, already Napoleon I., probably without being acquainted with the Testament of Peter the Great, foresaw at what Russian diplomacy was aiming. In 1817, while prisoner on the island of St. Helena, he remarked to Dr. O'Meara: "After some years Russia will take Constantinople, the greater part of Turkey, and all Greece. I regard this as certain as if it had already happened. . . . Once in possession of Constantinople, Russia will become a great maritime power; and God knows what will be the result. It will seek to quarrel with you [Englishmen]; it will send to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers—what is nothing to Russia—and add to them a rabble of one hundred thousand Cossacks and other barbarians; and England will lose India."

That Russia is determined to fulfil these prophecies of Napoleon no one can doubt who has carefully studied the history of Russia's encroachments towards Constantinople and India within the present century. To what extent Russia will accomplish her designs must be left to the future to reveal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Nature and Reality of Religion: A Controversy between Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

Dr. Youmans has collected in this volume the half-dozen articles which appeared last year in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Popular Science Monthly*, and which received a good deal of attention at the time. He has added an article by a professor in the University of Brussels on the "Religious Value of the Unknowable." We are sorry that Sir Fitzjames Stephen's contribution to this controversy has not been included, as it was in some respects the best of all. We notice, too—we cannot say with surprise—that Mr. Wilfrid Ward's article, and his castigation of Mr. Harrison's marvellous exhibition of insolence (we cannot use a milder word) and bigotry, have also been omitted. So that this book cannot be looked upon as a complete exhibition of the controversy. In one point of view, however, this publication is something at which to rejoice. St. Thomas found fault with his opponents because he could not get them to commit themselves to anything definite, could not find out what they meant; and much the same has been the case up to the present with Mr. Spencer on the subject of religion. His views have been expressed so hazily that it has been hard to ascertain what they really are; and as it is impossible to deal with that which is not ascertained, if this publication accomplishes this all-essential end we shall have reason to be thankful. Whether and how far it has done this we hope to inquire into on some future occasion.

Paradise Found: The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole. A study of the prehistoric world. By William F. Warren, S.T.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

The theory advanced in this work, as indicated in the title, is that the North Pole was the site of the Garden of Eden, or terrestrial paradise. This supposition, preposterous, of course, at first sight, will become much less so as the book is read. The author is no mere visionary, but a man of remarkable learning and research; and the arguments which he brings in support of his view are very striking and plausible, especially those derived from the traditions of various races.

The climatic conditions which suggest themselves at once as an insuperable objection to the hypothesis have not, of course, always existed at the pole, as is evident both from theory and from observed facts. The difficulty, however, is that the space of time required, according to the common view, to have elapsed from the period when the pole was habitable to the present day is far too long to be reconciled with Biblical chronology; and this difficulty the author does not seem to squarely meet, so far as we have observed.

It may be remarked here, however, that, at least from an *à priori* point of view, there is no reason why very great changes in climate may not have occurred on the earth in very short spaces of time. In treating of this subject it seems to have been always assumed that the sun's intrinsic

light and heat is and has been for ages a constant quantity, or very nearly so; and that all climatic changes on the earth must be due to various distributions of its land and water, varying inclination of its axis to the ecliptic, or the varying eccentricity of its orbit. In point of fact, however, we have no assurance of the sun's constancy of light or heat; on the contrary, we have great reason to believe that it is subject now to a variation corresponding to the spot-period, and there is no reason why it may not, even in historic times, have experienced changes like those undergone by the more conspicuous variable stars. A change of even a single magnitude, as it is called—a small one for a variable star—would produce far greater changes of the earth's climate than all the other causes mentioned above.

Be this matter of climatic change as it may, the book is well worth reading. There are few theories with which some fault may not be found; and any one who is interested in the much-vexed question of the location of Eden will do well to examine that presented here.

Sancti Anselmi Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi Mariale; seu Liber Precum Metricarum ad Beatam Virginem Mariam quotidie dicendarum. Studio et cura P. Ragey, Societatis Mariæ. Londini: Burns et Oates. 1885.

This *Mariale* has already been published in 1684 by Father Hommey, an Augustinian, and in 1866 by Count Przezdziecki. These editions, however, are not without faults, and Father Ragey, wishing to see this *opus vere aureum*, as Cardinal Manning calls it, issued in a form worthy of its excellence, has devoted himself and much loving labor and research to the task. He has carefully collated the eight manuscripts of the poem which are found in the National Library in Paris and in the British Museum, and by this means has formed a text based, not upon any one of them exclusively (for all contain errors), but upon the whole. In his notes he has given all the various readings that are of any importance, wisely leaving out obvious errors, thus enabling the reader to form his own judgment. The question of the authorship he does not enter into here, having written in the May and July numbers of the *Annales de la Philosophie Chrétienne* for 1883 two articles on this question. He does not, however, lose sight of his thesis, for each strophe is elucidated by quotations from the other writings of St. Anselm, thus showing how it harmonizes with them. Here and there annotations have been made in explanation of what might sound exaggerated in the necessarily poetic diction of the work. And finally, at the end, there are five indexes having for their object the practical purpose of enabling the reader to use it for different purposes of devotion—the month of May, the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and other pious uses. Preachers will find the fifth index of use in the preparation of their sermons, not so much in giving them matter, but in nourishing sentiments of piety and devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Of the poem itself we need not speak. Those stanzas from it which go by the name of St. Casimir's hymn have made it well known, and yet they give only a faint idea of the beauty of the complete poem. Only those who have read it in its entirety can form a judgment; and we hope that the love for the Blessed Virgin which it will be the means of fostering in the hearts of many will be Father Ragey's reward for his labor. It would not be fair to pass over the printer without recognition; he has done his part exceedingly well.

Cuneiform Text of a Recently Discovered Cylinder of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. From the original in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Copied, translated, and published by J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J., Woodstock College. 1885.

The success of Mr. O'Conor in copying and translating the cuneiform inscription on the cylinder found by Mr. Bernard Maimou at Aboo Habba has already been noticed in the daily papers. This pamphlet gives a complete account and description of this cylinder, and of the way in which Mr. O'Conor came to give his attention to the work. It contains, besides the introduction, the cuneiform text of the inscription in three forms: first, the archaic Babylonian, the original text; second, the Babylonian of the sixth century B.C.; third, the Assyrian of the seventh century B.C. The autographed text of these transcriptions is the work of the Rev. J. N. Strassmeyer, S.J., London. Then follow a transcription into English characters and a translation, the work of Mr. O'Conor himself. He has already prepared and will shortly publish a commentary on this inscription, together with parallel passages from other known cylinders of Nebuchadnezzar, to which will be added a collation with the texts of Erech, Nabonidus, and the Babylonian inscriptions at Liverpool. As we do not belong to the very select band of students who have mastered the difficulties of the cuneiform characters, we are unable to criticise Mr. O'Conor's work. We have, however, great pleasure in congratulating him on this publication as a laudable effort to call attention to a study which has already been the means of throwing so much light on sacred history and of affording so many striking confirmations of its truth. It is, too, a matter of pride that the first known example of these inscriptions which has come to this country should have found its first translator in a member of that society to which Mr. O'Conor belongs. The introduction concludes with an appeal for indulgence on the ground that his work has been done in the intervals of serious study. If this is a specimen of the recreations of the present generation of Woodstock students, what may we not look for when their real work begins?

The Preparation of the Incarnation. By H. J. Coleridge, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

This is a new volume in the series of volumes which Father Coleridge is bringing out, by degrees, on the Life of our Lord. Although it has been preceded by several volumes treating of the central portion of the history of our Lord, it is, in order, the first of the series. It begins with "The World before the Gospel," and ends with the eve of the Annunciation. Another volume, announced as nearly ready for publication, will complete the First Part of the series, leaving still to be published several others embracing the latter part of our Lord's public life and the whole history of the Passion.

The present one treats of the general state of the world before the time of Christ, of prophecy in general, of particular prophecies, and of the introductory part of the narrative of the three synoptical gospels, as well as the doctrinal preface of St. John's gospel. We find the same admirable manner of treatment in this which we have already noted in other parts of Father Coleridge's great work as they have successively appeared. One

feature of it we observe with especial pleasure, viz., the exposition of the place and office of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the economy of the Incarnation.

Divus Thomas. Commentarium Inserviens Academiis et Lycæis Scholasticam Sectantibus. Placentiæ. Vol. ii. 1884.

This publication appears in monthly numbers, each containing sixteen large quarto pages, the second volume beginning from March, 1883.

The first volume and the first twelve numbers of the second have not been sent to this magazine. The commentary in the part of the second volume which we have received extends from part iii. q. 3, a. 1 of the *Summa Theol.* "de Incarnatione" to q. 4, art. 2. The numbers contain other commentaries, expositions, and discussions upon topics in the works of St. Thomas and of other authors, notices of books, and miscellaneous matters which have some relation to philosophy.

The writers are men of the first class in learning and ability, and their productions are up to the mark of our best theological and philosophical treatises.

One piece of extraordinary carelessness in printing stares the reader in the face on the title-pages of the numbers we have received. These numbers run from the 13th to the 25th of vol. ii. They are printed on the cover as follows: 13, 14, 15, 18, 17, 18, 22, 15, 14, 22, 23, 24, 25.

Such blunders as these, allowed to run on uncorrected for seven months, necessarily awaken a suspicion of frequent and serious typographical errors in the text. We have not, however, as yet found such errors, and therefore hope that the proofs of the text are carefully corrected. Thirty-six numbers make a volume, and sixty-one numbers had already been issued in March last. *Divus Thomas* is published at Piacenza, but can be most easily obtained by American subscribers from Victor Lecoffre, Paris, Rue Buonaparte, 90.

Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity. By James P. Treacy. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1885.

Apropos to the above volume we are glad to recognize the fact that most if not all of the best passages of non-Catholic writers who are noted for their literary, poetical, philosophical, and historic genius and taste, and as being for the most part freest from bigotry, might have been written freely by sound Catholics. Shall we who have preserved the ancient authors, recognized their value, and made use of the productions of the classic poets and the great pagan philosophers, not appreciate the merit of our contemporaries? This would be a disgrace and a real shame! But such is not the effect of the Catholic faith. One among the direct and earliest effects of the Catholic religion upon the soul is to make a man catholic in his intellect, judgments, feelings, tastes, instincts, and life. It elevates the mind at once beyond the cloudy regions of doubt and the sectarian opinions of heresy to what is divine, universal, and guilelessly natural. Catholics—may it ever be said of them!—know what to praise and what to blame, what to applaud and what to rebuke. They cannot be made to deviate or go astray from the first principles of reason or of religious faith and morals, whether natural or divinely revealed. When a Catholic thinks wrong, gives a wrong judgment, or goes wrong, he knows it. This seems to be saying little to their credit, but, as things now are, it is saying much.

The idea of this volume is, in our opinion, a good one. It might be enlarged and made to great advantage into a cyclopædia of several volumes. Perhaps it will be. God grant it! As far as it goes the volume is creditable to the author. The printer, too, has done in a worthy manner his part. It should find its place in every scholar's and reader's library.

THE PULPIT ORATOR. By the Rev. J. E. Zollner. Translated from the German by the Rev. A. Wirth, O.S.B. Third edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1885. 6 vols.

This collection consists of sketches of sermons—*i.e.*, elaborate skeletons, seven for each Sunday in the year: viz., two homiletic, on the Epistle and the Gospel, one dogmatical, one liturgical, one symbolical, and two moral. One edition of a thousand copies was soon exhausted. This is the third, wherefore we suppose that the second has likewise been entirely disposed of. This sale, extensive for a work of this nature used almost exclusively by priests, and the call for a third edition, show how very useful and satisfactory it has been found to be. It is, indeed, a work of great practical utility, and deserving the praise bestowed on it by the learned writer of the preface, the Rev. A. Lambing.

LOUIS PASTEUR: His Life and Labors. By his Son-in-law. Translated from the French by Lady Claud Hamilton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

There is little need of commending a work of this kind. The eminence of its subject, and the value of his labors to science, make it sufficiently interesting. It is also written by one having, as will be seen, an intimate personal acquaintance with his life and work, and is well translated. No one who knows anything about Pasteur can fail to be attracted by it, and those who do not know anything about him ought to take this opportunity to extend their knowledge.

A SHORT AND PRACTICAL MAY DEVOTION. Compiled by Clementinus Deymann, O.S.F. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1885.

Priests will find this a useful book for the daily May devotions. There is a short meditation for each day in the month on the principal truths of religion, and a scheme of exercises in which this meditation will find its place. The meditations are solid in their character, and have been in general use.

WE have received from Messrs. Pustet the *Ritus Celebrandi Matrimonii*, together with the *Benedictio Annuli* and the *Benedictio Nuptialis*, printed on four pages, or rather on the two covers, and an intervening card. It will be found a very convenient substitute for the Ritual and Missal.

BOOKKEEPING BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY. A Business Manual specially adapted to the wants of the Catholic clergy. By Francis A. Harkins, A.M., Professor at Boston College. Baltimore: Foley Bros. 1885.

A very practical and valuable book, prepared by one who thoroughly understands his business. It is specially adapted for the sort of accounts that clergymen have to keep, and there are few to whom it will not be of more or less service.

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A NEW ENGLAND PILGRIMAGE.

AFTER the close of the Franco-German war of 1870 a clever French writer, who had travelled much, and written much on art in Italy and the Netherlands, bethought himself that, perhaps, in the by-ways of his own war-stricken land he might find as much to interest him—as a Frenchman—in art and history as in the more famous and oftener-trodden routes of that world outside that had looked on with careless or rejoicing eyes when France was struggling for her national life. And so in what time, and the ruthlessness of hate of more than one age, had left of ancient monuments to the France of the provinces, in time-stained church, and Hôtel de Ville, and picturesque château, he found wherewithal to write charmingly of an older France—the gray old towers of the past lit by the sunshine of to-day; the unchanging blue of the heavens shining as fair behind the quaint turrets of the legend-bearing house of local *seigneur*, and the stone angels folding their hands as meekly in prayer above the sculptured tomb of some Dame Marguerite of the seigneurie, as if cathedral spires sought the upper air or a Grand Monarque slept beneath the stone. Was the writer guilty of "provincialism"? If so, the present writer must plead guilty to a similar, and perhaps even more serious, charge in an endeavor to find the glamour of a St. Francis Xavier or a Père Marquette transfiguring the shining white walls and bright-green Venetian shutters of a New England mountain-town where the little wooden, cross-crowned boxes

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are at once monuments of the past though seemingly dating but from to-day, records of the present and prophecies of the future—earnest witnesses to Him who, at the right hand of the Father or as the helpless Babe of Bethlehem, is yet the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever.

Sunday, to the Catholic summerer in the wilder and lovelier far-away mountain-places of New England, wears there an aspect so different from its home-look in the populous towns, where Wisdom has hewn itself a house out of the hearts of the faithful, that the holy day of rest is hard to recognize, as it surely takes its place among the seven, unsanctified by the one supreme act of worship, even while kept holy by prayer and happy remembrance. Gaining, after a while, a positive look of its own amid the common likeness of all the week, its chief secular feature grows to be the perfectness of its rest; no great mountain excursion is undertaken on that day, its afternoon being devoted to some walk not trying one's strength while filling one's soul with the riches of the forest roads, or the afternoon lights on mountain ridges and high pastures, or green intervale meadows hemmed in among the shadows of the hills. We do not walk then under the merciless whip of Time: we loiter and gaze, and plan for the days when our rest shall be set by the minute-hand of the watch and our home-turning fixed for an inexorably early hour; when we make of our mountain pleasure an exacting labor, delightful, indeed, but giving to the rest thereafter the character of a necessary reward, a guerdon laboriously won, not a privilege graciously conferred. Gentle reader, do you know the eager, painful joy of mountain-exploration—the treading of forests where presumably no lover of the picturesque has been before; the crashing and crawling through the thickets of stunted firs and spruces where the rebounding and retaining boughs imperil the eyes and claw the clothing of the alpine aspirant; the ascending of the beds of mountain-brooks to find some waterfall worthy of renown, not unlovely even in drought, hidden in deep mountain-basin and visited only, and not reported on, by logger and trapper? Do you know the continuous ascent of precipitous masses of broken rock, of the slimy footing of the cataract when, short of breath and limb, some less expert climber gazes at the work and those gone before, and wonders just how far her step will reach, just how securely an overhanging bough will hold her weight, just how long it will be before she quite loses sight of her more physically-gifted companions? After days of such enterprise, sweet is the Sunday rest: the high peaks have a peace-

ful air, as if conscious of being left to their own communings for one day; the grind of the ice-cream freezer has a grateful sound in the ears of the lunch-fed and oft lip-parched travellers of many days; while the short afternoon walk, especially if the air have that brisk quality that is the summer's premonition of the frost-touched autumn, is the very luxury of restful activity, the holiday play of the muscles rejoicing in their strength. Or there is the deeper rest of those calm Sunday afternoons too soft in their warm sunshine to tempt the eager-footed pedestrian, but calling one out into the woods, away from wooden walls and high-roads, to rest in some quiet corner with a pleasant companion, a comrade of the week's work on the hills, with a book for further companionship, but the written page soon growing to be a dead letter, and the living speech of two in ready sympathy making a deeper music than the poet or the murmuring stream near by; the heart's charity widened by the life-thoughts of two whom the hills had strengthened in truth and high desires and a mutual honor, not to perish even though the pathways of the two lives never again run side by side in the soft summer weather.

And so Sunday seems to walk surpliced, not stoled, among these far-away hills of New England, preaching sermons and giving good thoughts and softly praying, but not lifting up the hand in sacrifice or administering the higher outward gifts of the eternal priesthood. But days come even in these mountain-ways when the holy day dons full canonicals and through some mission church, grown up by advancing railroad, calls in the scattered Catholics to keep together the ordinance of the Old and the New Law. My gentle friend, do you know these same mission churches of northern New Hampshire, set among the hills and betokening, for the most part, the advent of Celt and Canadian seeking to share with the descendants of their ancient foes the blessings of liberty and labor? Architectural beauty they have not, nor even a rude grace; no faded fresco to set one dreaming as to what master wrought it for faith's sake; no pomp of perfect ceremonial with its hidden soul of meaning and fitness, nor sympathetic customs handed down from generation to generation, as we may find among our Gaelic neighbors across the line. Our New Hampshire chapel tells of the rudeness of the invaded wilderness, the edge of the clearing where the fire-blackened trees mar the green border of forest, the stump-filled field before the grain has fully grown to spread its golden harvest for the reaper.

Perhaps to the imagination of the American, who has never suffered that death the after-life of which is Paris, there is a

stronger appeal in the mission ways of the church of Christ in the United States than in the more dazzling struggles and victories in the midst of the older civilizations, even though his zeal and sympathy be wide-minded like St. Paul's: "Who is scandalized and I am not on fire?" The flavor of the wilderness, against which his ancestors combated, still clings, but half-realized, to his life—on the wide hills he craves no feudal towers—while deep in his heart lies that strong affection for his own that is the gift of each country to its own, and from the true and faithful use of which it looks for all that is to be great in its history, that is to keep its place with honor among the nations. Legends of the faith may not give a holy mystery to the hills, nor the footsteps of canonized saints have left holy prints on our wide plains—though names of town and river bear witness to the remembrance and reverence of the saints—but heroic enterprise has filled our land with associations as picturesque as cling to the Crusades, while our sunny skies are not ignorant of the smoke of the fires of martyrdom, the Iroquois by his council-fire sharing with Cæsar in the Coliseum the royal prerogative of sowing the seed of the church. As one nears the northern border of New Hampshire, as one treads the forests of Maine, as one is borne over the clear green waters of Lake Champlain, one is subtly reminded of the old romance and heroism attending the first steps of the old faith in the New World: along the rivers and lakes rise the same cross-boughed trees that, with the golden domes of the sunset clouds, build now, as then, the fabled city of the wilderness, the Norembega so firmly believed in by the early French pioneers, so nobly sung by a New England poet of to-day. Is one not carried back in spirit to the days of Marie de l'Incarnation, the beloved mother of the Indians, when, from the church altar of a little New England village surrounded by miles of wilderness, the Sunday's homily is preached in French, and the marriage is published of Jean Baptiste and Marie Madeleine, with the added names of the parents of the contracting parties, as if to give greater solidity to the announcement? while one may fancy the Indian ancestry of the dark skins and piercing eyes of some of the child-faces that look down so demurely or gaze so frankly at all about them. No foreign faith does the foreign tongue suggest—"each hearing in his own tongue the wonderful works of God"—the one Sacrifice denationalizing all as they kneel in worship of the one God, the Father of all, by whose heavenly hearth each soul has its child's-place, each one offering his own petition as child and remembering in his heart the wants of his

own people before the Giver of all, all bound together in the faith and the dependence on God's love, no matter how wide apart home and nation and circumstance of life.

Do you think, kind reader, you can find with me, in a Sunday morning's walk among mountain-ways in the midst of what is held to be our bald, unpoetic, modern life, that poetry of faith and humanity that can clothe the unsightly stucco of a village church with the celestial dreams of a Fra Angelico, and can frame saints for God as surely in the colorless, unpictured window-panes through which gazes the graciousness of green hills and blue skies as in the sculptured niches of Old-World cathedral-door? In the great cathedrals we seem to worship as all the world may; in these by-ways there seems a feeling of wider brotherhood in the bond of a love that waits not till it is sought, but seeketh first and maketh itself a home in the remotest place and most isolated heart.

One summer the holiday home of a little party of mountain-lovers had been fixed on the northern side of the White Mountains, where toward the north the wilderness hills stretch away to the lumber-forests and fishing-lakes of Maine, the outposts of the greater hills all about, and the mightiest mountain of them all a daily companion of the eyes that would watch

> "The sunshine weave
> Its golden network in the belting woods,
> Smile down in rainbows from the falling floods,
> And on the kingly brows at morn and eve
> Set crowns of fire!"

To the centre of the settlement—or "the village," *par excellence*, distant between one and two miles from our summer quarters—occasional visits were paid by the members of our household, to whom the scantily-supplied shops offered but little inducement for the spending of money: "jaw-breakers," "bull's-eyes," and lozenges tempted very insufficiently dainty palates accustomed to Arnaud's and Whitman's confections. For the gratifying of larger desires recourse was had to the next town, which was a centre of industry in the region owing to its being one of the stations for a deeper plunge into the heart of the White Mountains, and the terminus of one section of the trunk line that through the hills wound its way to the north. In this thriving village of pretty dwellings, summer boarding-houses, and shops one never failed to find Sydney Smith's golden epitome of civilization—a lemon—and here the would-be camper-out could sup-

ply himself with all the necessary appurtenances, from the "King of the Forest" axe, bearing the brand of Bethel, Maine, to the Italian sardines packed on the coast of that same maritime State. Here on week-days one could watch at the station the arrival and departure of troubled tourists, and in the street the whirl of business or pleasure-bent buggies that, with the irregular line of vehicles drawn up under the sheds of the principal hotels or before the chief "store," or gathered round the scattered hitching-posts, made the town populous with horse-flesh. One marked with enthusiasm the line of grace made by the great Concord coach as, with its six milk-white steeds guided by some veteran of the stage-route, it whirled round the corner by the post-office to wait for its proper mail-bags to be added to its load of passengers and baggage; the travellers on top jubilant in the possession of their wide horizon and given to chaffing the resigned occupants of the body of the coach—resignation apt to become defiance when the tormentors on top proved too merry. On the street the summer-boarder, in delicate costume of white robe and picturesque shade-hat, sauntering in search of a skein of worsted or a spool of silk perhaps not to be found in the possession of any merchant or milliner of the town, mingled with the leisurely farmer and wonder-seeking urchin—

"Barefoot boy with cheek of tan"

and ragged straw hat, round the brim of which might have taken place the race known to Dr. Holmes' boyhood. One could sympathize with some gentle driver from the city, unused to the reins, but left in temporary charge of her "team," and trusting that during her brief authority all men and beasts would prove as gentle as herself and none call on her for any guiding of her charge. Glorious country gardens made bright and sweet the wayside of the long and dusty main street, old-fashioned flowers in luxuriant bloom giving gorgeousness of color in the unshaded garden-ways and scattering wealth of exquisite perfume over the fences against which the city straggler would lean to enjoy the perfection of bloom denied him in his brick-walled home, his sense of humor taking especial satisfaction in the broad-leaved castor-oil plant that presided, as it were professionally, over the gay-hooded poppies and other beneficent or thoughtless members of the flower-patch of one of the doctors of the town.

Near the machine-shops, and up the slope of the foot-hills above the railroad-track, stood the neat white houses and the low, unpainted shanties, with their cabbage and potato patches,

occupied by the railroad employees and chief members of the little pioneer Catholic church fitly dedicated to St. Joseph, the patron of North America and the bearer of his Lord into the strange land of Egypt. Still unfinished, the simple building made no pretence of beauty, though pointed windows and the apse for the altar gave it, with its lesser size and soft color, more picturesqueness of aspect than the Puritan architecture of the Protestant places of worship that stood at peaceful distances from one another, and the bells of which could be heard at times at our summer home five miles down the valley, all jangling notes modulated to sweetness in their journey through the gentle summer air.

Three gentlewomen of the little summer party mentioned above will not soon forget their first visit to this little house of the Good Shepherd standing in the midst of the little flock, when, taking advantage of one perfect Sunday morning, they walked along the country ways to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, fearless of tramps or any other untoward circumstance among the hills of New Hampshire. An early start was needed, that we might accomplish in time the five miles of our pilgrimage, and we were already on the road when the rising-bell of the "Cottage" summoned our fellow-boarders from their beds.

Briskly we walked along the open road, where the dew still lay on the grassy borders, and where the firm soil had been made the pleasanter to walk on by the rain of the day before, while the air about us was of that delicious coolness and clearness born of mountain-storms and seeming always the inalienable birthright of the hills that sometimes they lend the lowlands, as it were, to lift tired hearts to the hills the eyes may not see. The long morning shadows on the mountain-slopes and in the woods were broken by the clear sunlight that sparkled through the air like the dancing bubbles of champagne. Who does not know that exhilaration of the peculiar beauty of the early morning that makes one wonder how one is willing to forego so much life and loveliness day after day? And this July morning had all the freshness of the poets' June, the hills wearing still the summer's early green untouched by the drought that had desolated the lower countries. Two miles of our walk brought us to a famous bridge renowned in the note-book of the tourist for its much-praised view of the lofty northern peaks of the Mount Washington range seen over the rushing waters of the Androscoggin River. Clear-cut the peaks rose before us, no drifting cloud obscuring any of their outlines, though the west

wind was already wafting the noon clouds across the sparkling blue of the sky. Not dream-inspiring were the hills that morning, as on late afternoons when the earth's day has spun its golden veil over the sunlit heights and shadowy ravines: the clear atmosphere and firm lines seemed the emblem of the earnest purpose of life, the direct achievement, the straightforward march, the "truth within and God o'erhead"; the aim of life so sure, our strength so strong. We do not need to dream, because the reality cannot fail us.

A few steps from the bridge we struck the railroad-track, taking it in preference to the more beautiful but more winding high-road, on account of the directness with which it would bring us to our destination, and sure that along its single line of rails no Western Express would sweep us out of life down the low embankment above the intervale through which lay the circumscribed path of the monster. Freshly the wind blew down the track as the valley opened out more widely to the westward, giving us the vision of the comparatively low line of dark mountains where the winter's ice lingers through all the summer, and where in deep ravine, for the alpine growth, it is still springtime in July. With the widening western horizon we lost sight of the truly alpine summits of the great mountains, to be revealed again in tiny portions as the road crept closer to the foot-hills. Purple vetches climbed up to the very rails, while in the meadows below, where the grass was still unmowed, swung the orange-colored bells, the golden censers, of the Canada lilies—lilies of St. Mary Magdalene, as they seemed to the present writer, with their flame-colored garments and lowly-bent heads.

Poets have sung the simple perfectness of nature when 'tis enough "not to be doing, but to be." It seemed our full possession as we drank the bumpers of the intoxicating air and felt the exhilaration that comes of pure physical strength—"the pulsations of mere joyous might"—the untiring feet leaving their miles behind them without need or desire to stop for rest along the level ways, even the monotony of the railroad-track failing to fatigue. And above the intoxication of the air, and the exhilaration of physical strength, and the fitness of the outside aspect of the day for its place in the week was the thought of the consecrating act that was the purpose of our walk.

It was still early when we reached the little church, the doors not yet unlocked, but already a few men and boys gathered about waiting service-time and the advent of fellow-worshippers

with whom to exchange the news of the week, from the latest reduction of the church debt to the lack of skill shown by the pitcher of Saturday's game. But it was not long before we were admitted to wait within the hour of Mass, leaving the unshaded glare of the village by-road for no "dim, religious light," since on the bare, undecorated walls the broad white light poured in through unglorified window-glass. It was no especial feast-day, but the white wooden altar, with its simple Gothic rood-screen and tabernacle, was beautified with trailing evergreen-vines and spruce-boughs from the forests, with golden-rod and meadow-sweet from the fields, and June roses and bright geraniums from the gardens; the work of decoration being the loving tribute of some lowland strangers summering in the little mountain-town. The vestments of the priest were many-colored, like the coat of Joseph, since they had to serve for festa and feria and penitential season; but the alb showed the tender care of the laundress, whose flat-iron had plaited it in fine folds. The costume of the altar-boys—who were wonderfully sedate, as if within the narrow walls sober thought had no space to lose itself between earth and heaven—was as if temporary until better could be done; while the robes of the surpliced choir seemed even more temporary. The singing was a charming surprise to one accustomed to the indevotion of choir music in general. A perfectly plain chant was rendered by a quintette of voices, whose owners were hard-featured men, Irish and Canadian, whom it must have cost the good priest a world of labor to train to sing the simple choral in the painstaking and religious manner in which it was given, each word clearly enunciated, no vain repetitions, yet a vast amount of time absorbed from the deliberate conscientiousness of each individual singer. The voices were hardly musical, but they sounded wholly in earnest, and it was with great regret that some Sundays later, on another visit, we found that the church had acquired a melodeon, a soprano, and figured music that had not yet learned to peacefully unite in time and tune with the male sanctuary choir, whose plain chant seemed to have suffered ship-wreck amid the conflicting tides of harmony. The notices were read in both French and English, a predominance of Celtic names appearing in the list of monthly contributors to the church debt, while the homily was wholly in French, our American ears noticing certain peculiarities of pronunciation that we determined were Canadian, as we felt quite sure they were not Parisian—nor American. We learned afterwards that the English instruction of the day was given at Vespers, when strangers to the faith were

apt to visit the little church, the pastor of which had wrought so good a work among his people, he being a zealous apostle of temperance—a subject about which the towns-people had been much excited, and they honored the *bon père* for his effectual assistance to their cause. An enthusiastic Irishman, with whom one of our party talked after Mass, told of the good deeds wrought by the father, holding little less than miraculous the recovery of the dead body of a child carried away by the rapid river—a log sent adrift, by the counsel of the priest, being stopped in its course by an eddy, where was found also the little lost one. With pride, too, the loquacious parishioner told of a Fourth of July when the Catholic pastor had opened the public celebration of the day and had marshalled the Irish and Canadians of his mission—they bearing their national colors with the broad banner of their adopted country—to honor the holiday and impress their fellow-citizens with their order and patriotism.

Here, indeed, were no footprints of the martyrs, but here was the sowing of the mustard-seed in peaceful furrows, the old church seeking to build up the new nation, the cross taking under its shadow, into the brightness of its eternal light, the blue field of stars, and consecrating to the Author of all liberty the dear-prized liberty of the Republic. Yet even here rose visions of wilder times as one saw the "black-gown" wearing his robe freely in the streets of the mountain-town and held an honored citizen by possible descendants of the old enemies of the Abenakis. And might not the imaginative patriot have visions of a nobler time when the "Beauty ever ancient and ever new" should have moulded the people of the republic so that they should, indeed, be "serious and temperate," and having "such a concern for the public good that each one would prefer the public interest to his own," and so in truth most worthy their privilege of choosing "their own authorities for the administration of their affairs," as St. Augustine wrote of old? At least we wayfarers felt, as we left the dusty streets and bald unpicturesqueness of the village, that there had entered into our Sunday an element not often associated in thought with the outposts of railroad and lumbering interests.

Our way home was to be by a different route from that by which we had come—a new road that came to an abrupt end at the edge of a gully, from the other side of which ran on the foot-path we were to follow. As the footing of the road was much like that of a ploughed field, it was pleasant to exchange it for that of the narrower way, even though the path soon became somewhat

overgrown, leading where fire had been, and where the consequent thickets of wild cherry, covering the charred and fallen timber, did not prove desirable companions as the day waxed warm and the interlacing boughs administered castigation rather than shade as we pressed on. Now and then we would come to a larger forest growth, where, between the delicate leafage and slender trunks of the tall paper-birches, would be let in charming glimpses of the great mountains. At times, too, we would be refreshed by descent into some deep dell the fire had spared, where the trees grew tall and green, and the air was cool with the shadow and the damp of the woods. At last, where the intervale broadened below the foot-hills, the path widened once more into a road, a grassy haying track, by which we descended to the low meadows bordering the river, where we pressed through the long grass that covered road and field alike, past deep ditches where bloomed the tall, fringed orchis and Canada lilies, and the white tassels of the rue-anemone, and where lingered still some late elder bloom, while twining over the alder-bushes, and dwarf trees growth of the lowland, hung the green sprays of the clematis, soon to spread its bridal blow along the meadow borders. On a little knoll at the end of a long meadow we saw a farm-house, the furthest outpost of the scattered village to which we were now bound, and as we neared the solitary habitation we saw, bent down in a potato-field, absorbed in some important occupation, a sun-bonneted figure that started with surprise when one of our party spoke, after we had watched for a while the old lady's active warfare with the black-and-yellow-barred beetles that were making havoc among her plants. It was the Colorado beetle's—that model tourist—first summer in the neighborhood, and he was still to be fought in little, the old lady's weapons being two sticks between which she crushed the offenders. After she had recovered from the suddenness of our appearance from so unusual a direction, we explained how we came to be there, where we had started from, and what had been our Sunday errand; and then followed, from her, that ready hospitality of the hills: We must stop a bit at the house and rest, and have a glass of milk, since of course, after such a walk, we must needs be tired out and needing refreshment. We declined her hospitality for the trouble it would give her, and, bidding her good-afternoon, walked rapidly on; but we soon heard quick steps behind us, and turned to see our would-be hostess following us and growing short of breath in her effort not to be baffled in her intent to serve the strangers. So we yielded to her desire and went with her to her home, where all was so still within in

the quiet, sunny Sunday afternoon. Her son and daughter-in-law, she told us, had gone down to the lower village to church, so she was quite alone to welcome us. And then she visited her pantry and descended into the depths of her cellar, from which she brought up a pitcher of milk, placing it, with three great goblets, on a table, adding to the feast three saucers of fresh, red raspberries gathered that morning by her son. And the raspberries were enriched with cream that clung so lovingly to the spoon that our feast seemed the very royal one of the little lady of the nursery rhyme who was to fare so daintily at her lover's hands. And how strengthened we wayfarers felt for the three miles and the warm summer afternoon that yet lay between us and our supper! As we feasted our hostess told us that she had come from Boston, had been born there, and, on her marriage, had come into this mountain region, where she had grown old, and lived now with her only son and his wife. Strangers she knew we must be; were we from Boston? Bostonnais we were indeed, in the old Canadian and modern Indian sense of the word, but we were obliged to confess humbly that we claimed not the ægis of Pallas Athenæ; yet, with a modest pride, we announced ourselves as from New Jersey—the Pomona of the confederacy, her brows crowned with peach-blossoms and her horn of plenty showering down melons and sweet-potatoes! The good lady thought we had come a far way to look at the mountains for which, those long years ago, she had exchanged the narrow streets and chill sea-winds of her native town. Had she grown in all these years to feel less lonesome in the silence of the hills than amid the jangle and confusion of the unresting town? A dweller on a broad hill-top once told us that he found the town, that was shut in among low hills, too "lonesome," although the town had been the home of his boyhood.

Bidding our hostess a cordial good-by, after having pressed on her unwilling acceptance a silver trifle—she had served us for love, obeying more literally, as mountain people are wont to, than we of the town the apostle's precept, "using hospitality one toward another without murmuring"—we passed out from the cool parlor of the little house into the warm afternoon sunshine, and before the late shadows were very deep in the hollows of the hills we had ended our pilgrimage and were ready to tell our travellers' tales of all we had seen and done: memories more vivid then than now, as the blossom we gather by the wayside and bring home still undrooping excels in its freshness the faded petals that have long lain between the leaves of some favorite poem.

THE ORIGIN OF HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

"Time antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things."—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

ONE of the sure signs that a people is advancing towards a higher state in which letters, arts, and sciences may ultimately flourish is when a feeling is born among them to perpetuate the memory of former days and to interpret the origin and meaning of ancient things. Then history begins; and the spirit of history will associate men of similar and conservative tastes —men of patriotism and religion—to preserve the records of the past, to confer upon present occurrences, and to form a rallying-point for future generations. This is the beginning of historical societies; and whatever truth there may once have been in the melancholy words of the old antiquary who has suggested to me the motto of this essay, the enlarged views at present entertained about the benefits of association and the division of labor, and the universal diffusion and almost absolute perfection of the art preservative of all arts (printing), allow us to combat Time itself and dispute the assertion of the urn burial: "There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years."

Probably the first example of an historical association was the society of the Argonauts. Some writers of an original turn of mind believe that this famous expedition, which was undertaken about one thousand years B.C., consisted of a number of young knights under one celebrated leader, banded together to explore the Euxine with the mingled objects of curiosity and traffic; and that upon their return to Greece they continued their companionship, in order to combine their common experience, sift their various impressions, expose to view the many strange curiosities they had brought back with them, and by the public recital, in the midst of a hall (or be it temple) filled with trophies, of their wonderful adventures promote among their countrymen the spirit of geographical discovery and historical research. Their corporate seal can no longer be found, but Shakspere has preserved for us the legend which it bore:

"We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece."

At such a period of a people's existence the loss of any authentic record of earlier times and the destruction of old monuments is always keenly felt, and when expressed—whether in prose or verse—is generally coupled with at least an implied regret that no means had been found to preserve them. Thus the inspired writer, three hundred years before the Christian era, after having praised men of renown and his fathers in their generation, mournfully concludes: "And there are some of whom there is no memorial; who are perished, as if they had never been; and are become as if they had never been born, and their children with them" (Ecclesiasticus xliv. 9); and thus also the Augustan poet sang:

> "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
> Multi; sed omnes illachrimabiles
> Urgentur ignotique longâ
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."
>
> —Horace, Od. iv. 9.

A house and garden in one of the suburbs of Athens, enclosed by a wall and having the grounds laid out in walks shaded by trees in which the nightingales made music—this was the original Academy. It is thought to have been so called from the name of its first owner, Academus. When his groves were bought by Cimon, the Athenian general, he adorned the place with statues and fountains and works of art, so as to convert it into a retreat for study and meditation amidst the charms of natural scenery and the luxuries of Hellenic refinement. At his death he left this garden to the public, and it immediately became a favorite resort of philosophers. Hither Socrates was wont to repair to converse with his more intimate disciples; and here his most illustrious pupil, Plato, established that school of divine philosophy which took its distinctive name from the surrounding associations, and over which he presided for half a century. Although the speculative sciences were the principal objects of the Platonic Academy, yet the abundant erudition of its founder, the variety of topics treated in his writings, and the special pursuits of so many of his followers, who insisted that history was but philosophy teaching by example, would seem to justify us in claiming it as the first historical society ever established outside of the mythological cycle of the Argonauts and order of the Golden Fleece.

The *Itinerary* of Pausanias, which mainly refers to objects of antiquity in Greece, such as buildings, temples, statues, and

pictures, and to mountains, rivers, and fountains with the popular stories connected with them, may be considered as a gift of the Academy to future societies, and entitles the author to be called prince of antiquarians.

Passing over into Italy, we find that the study of history and antiquity is cultivated with eagerness in the atmosphere of freedom. There Varro and there also Tully surrounded themselves with friends imbued with their own zeal for the memorials of past ages and the rational interpretation of the remains of other epochs. Both were founders of historical societies; and both, either by their published writings or their oral discussions on a very wide range of practical subjects, gave a mighty impulse to the study of history and antiquities among the Romans. Marcus Terentius Varro, whose accumulated wisdom in every department of knowledge distinguished him as the most learned man of his age, wrote, among other things, one work which commends him in a special manner to our esteem. It is his *Treatise on Ancient Things*, which is divided into two sections: the Human Antiquities and the Divine Antiquities. From this source St. Augustine drew largely for his own admirable treatise *On the City of God*. Marcus Tullius Cicero is too well known from his *Tusculan Disputations* and his *Academic Questions*—the fruit of the *conversazioni* (as we might now say) held in his villas at Frascati, near Rome, and at Pozzuoli, in the vicinity of Naples—to need any further mention; but I would still observe that he is most strongly stamped as a genuine antiquarian by his remark that the Laws of the Twelve Tables—whose language in his time was archaic, and most of whose provisions had long been obsolete—was of greater value than all the libraries of the philosophers (*De Oratore*, i. 44). The *Archæology of Rome*, by Denis of Halicarnassus, in which he treats of everything relating to the constitution, the religion, the history, the laws, the public and private life of the Romans; the *Acts and Sayings of the Ancient Romans*, by Valerius Maximus, in which a miscellaneous amount of curious matter of historical interest is collected in nine books; the *Natural History* of the elder Pliny, in which, attributing a wider sense than moderns would to such a title, he furnishes a great variety of information on human inventions and institutions, and on the history of the fine arts; the *Attic Evenings* of Aulus Gellius, in which he throws a flaming light upon the history and antiquities of the Greeks and Romans—are some only of those classical works of that period which have been saved from the well-nigh universal destruction of ancient literature.

We know little of the Gymnosophists of India, of the Magi of Persia, of the Star-gazers of Babylon and Chaldea, of the Celtic Druids, and of the Egyptian Hierarchs, except that all seem to have formed in their several countries so many associations of learning and to have been so many members of historical societies. A celebrated association of individuals for the cultivation of history and science was formed by the first Ptolemy, King of Egypt, in the city of Alexandria. Like the Athenian garden which has given the word *academy* to our language, the Alexandrian establishment etymologically survives in the word *museum.* A place dedicated to the Muses, in which poetry, history, and kindred subjects should be studied, and later any place where learning was pursued or which was set apart as a repository for things having some immediate relation to the arts and sciences, was anciently called a museum, from the Greek *Mouseion.* The earliest institution which received this appellation was that one founded, as we have said, by Ptolemy Philadelphus about two hundred and eighty years B.C. The buildings of this famous institution were afterwards enlarged by the Emperor Claudius. It was so perfectly adapted for the pursuit of knowledge, and for the comfort, dignity, and cultivated leisure of learned men under monarchical government, that the same plan, only with less magnificence, was adopted by other soveeigns in after-ages. Strabo has left us a good description of the Alexandrian Museum (*Geogr.*, xviii. p. 794). It formed part of the royal palace, and contained cloisters, porticos, a public theatre or lecture-room for the more elaborate discussion of appointed subjects, and a large hall where the professors supped together and enjoyed their symposiums unmolested by the presence, and perhaps the criticisms, of the vulgar. The Museum was supported by a common fund supplied from the public treasury, and the whole was under the direction of an archpriest, who was appointed by the king, and, when Egypt became a province of the Roman Empire, by the Cæsar. Botanical and zoölogical gardens and an aquarium were attached to this splendid establishment. The sciences of mathematics, astronomy, and geography were especially cultivated; but literary criticism, philology, history, and antiquities were also much studied. The Museum was subsequently transferred to the *Serapeion*, or temple of Serapis, in another quarter of the city, and continued to flourish until the end of the fourth century of our era, having existed altogether for upwards of six hundred and fifty years. In the city of Pergamus, in Asia Minor, a similar academy of

learning was established by its wealthy kings, who raised it to prosperity and fame throughout the East. A jealousy having sprung up between Ptolemy Epiphanes and Eumenes, King of Pergamus, about the libraries attached to their respective academies, produced a singular revolution, the effects of which are still perceived after the lapse of two thousand years. The Egyptian king, fearing or pretending to fear that the supply of papyrus would diminish on account of the large demand for that article to furnish additional volumes to the rival library—of papyrus, which is a reed or water-plant growing on the banks of the Nile, upon the thin leaves of which, when cut in strips and glued together transversely, the ancients wrote, and whence we derive our modern word *paper*—forbade the exportation of it from his dominions. Thereupon the Historical Society of Pergamus, equal to the occasion, invented a new and better material for writing upon—namely, the skin of an animal, generally a sheep or a lamb, and prepared in a certain manner. It was called *charta Pergamena* in compliment to the society. From it we derive our word *parchment.* When its use became general the whole perishable papyraceous manuscripts were transcribed anew upon this more durable substance, without which the works of ancient authors would have perished totally. *Vellum* is only a finer, smoother, and whiter sort of parchment, made of the skin of the calf—*vitulus*, "veal."

With the restoration of letters and classical learning in the fifteenth century the term Academy was revived in Italy, whence it spread into other countries, but with a somewhat different signification from that which it had borne in former times. Then all the seven sciences of antiquity—viz., grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music—were comprehended within the range of encyclopædic knowledge affected by a member of one of the ancient academies, although even these had their specialists. At the Renaissance, however, learned men separated according to their particular tastes or bent of genius, to unite again with others of similar attractions and form together an academy. There were at one time no fewer than six hundred academies in Italy. Almost at the very beginning of this surprising ferment of scholars in the fifteenth century the learned, while united in one common and often exaggerated devotion to antiquity, divided themselves into two great schools—those who studied the philosophy and languages (Greek and Latin) of the ancients, and those who sought after and explained their monuments and literary remains, being less interested in the style than

in the facts which these contained. Thus rose up on the one side the school of philosophers and humanists of which the Platonic Academy at Florence was the first in point of time and the chief in regard to merit; and on the other side the school of historians and archæologists of whom the Roman Academy was the proud exponent. At a later period, and at first almost exclusively among the English-speaking races, a distinction was drawn between an academy and a society: the former being a place where the belles-lettres or fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, architecture, or poetry—were cultivated, and the latter one devoted to history, archæology, or the sciences. In this division a society ranks higher than an academy, insomuch as the pursuit of that which can instruct mankind in useful knowledge and add to the conveniences and comforts of life is always nobler than that which, however pleasing to our sense of the beautiful or however strongly appealing to the pleasures of the imagination, can serve but for the entertainment of a leisure hour. Compare, for instance, in general usefulness and elevated aim the Royal Society of England, chartered in 1662, for the promotion of mathematical and physical science, of natural and experimental philosophy, with the Royal Academy, incorporated in the year 1768, for the purpose of cultivating and improving the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. There *is* no comparison.

The oldest society in Europe devoted to historical studies and antiquarian researches is the Pontifical Society of Archæology at Rome. It was naturally in the "Eternal City" that at the dawn of the Renaissance the study of antiquities and ancient history was first taken up. Two Italians were particularly engaged in this resuscitation of the past—Petrarch and Poggio Bracciolini. The former was often moved to tears by the sight of the crumbling ruins of Rome, and, wandering alone by moonlight in the chaotic Forum, or sitting by day beneath the shade of some tree growing in soil which ages and neglect had accumulated upon the palace of the Cæsars, he brought back to life in his excited imagination the presence of a mighty people and formed intentions of restoring, at his own expense, some of the monuments around him. It is chiefly as a poet and Latinist that Petrarch is known; yet his familiar epistles and innumerable passages of his Latin poems reveal how much more deeply he was moved by the spirit of history than touched by the grace and beauty of a sonnet; and although the title of poet-laureate and the ceremony of coronation were revived for him on the Capitol on the 8th of April, 1341, it was rather an occasion, by

recalling the deeds of the past, to kindle hope for the future and enthusiasm for the Seven Hills and the majestic ruins of Rome than to confer upon any individual, however renowned, the reward even of an intellectual triumph.

Poggio Bracciolini went to Rome about the year 1402, when Boniface IX. employed him in the papal chancery as one of the apostolic secretaries—a position which he held for fifty years and under eight successive popes. The Sovereign Pontiffs were in sympathy with the great revival of studies in the fifteenth century, as is shown, to mention one only of many proofs, by the high and sometimes eminent honors, important and always lucrative offices conferred by them on account of scholarship and literary merit. Poggio, turning his thoughts

> "To Latium's wide champaign, forlorn and waste,
> Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
> Mournfully rolls,"
>
> —DYER, *Ruins of Rome.*

made excavations at Ostia and in the Campagna around Rome, and in one of his letters describes his country-house as adorned with statues and other antiques which he had collected in various places. His merit as an historian and archæologist rests mainly on his treatise—one of his best works—*De Varietate Fortunæ*, in which he indulges at the very beginning in a vision of the past and sadly contrasts the miserable remains of fallen empire with the Roman magnificence of a thousand years before. It was in the last days of Pope Martin V.—that is, about the year 1430—that this discourse was composed. It was then, as Gibbon has described it, that "the learned Poggius and a friend ascended the Capitoline Hill, reposed themselves among the ruins of columns and temples, and viewed from that commanding spot the wide and various prospect of desolation. The place and the object gave ample scope for moralizing on the vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave; and it was agreed that, in proportion to her former greatness, the fall of Rome was the more awful and deplorable" (*Decline and Fall*, vol. viii. p. 267).

The Roman Academy, which still exists in usefulness and splendor, was subject at its birth to some mishaps which delayed its growth and withdrew from it the favor of the reigning pope. About the middle of the fifteenth century a learned professor in the Roman university, Pomponius Lætus, a bastard of the ducal

house of San Severino at Naples, gathered around him a number of young men, admirers, like himself, of the ancients and collectors of their remains. With these he formed an historical association called the Roman Academy, which met regularly in his dwelling on the Quirinal. The Academy was soon accused of being a centre of licentiousness, treason, and impiety, and when the rumors culminated in a specific charge of conspiring to dethrone the pope and restore the pagan religion strong measures were taken against it. During the carnival of 1468 twenty academicians were arrested and imprisoned in Castle San Angelo, the rest saving themselves by a precipitate and (as some argued) a guilty flight. Leto, however, who was then absent from the city, voluntarily returned to Rome and stood his trial. He and his companions were finally set free and the graver charges against them were declared not proven; but it can hardly be said that they received an absolute and honorable acquittal. This episode is sometimes yet spoken of among the erudite as a brutal example of antagonism between the papacy, upholding ignorance and barbarism, and the Renaissance, the representative of learning and civilization, the very title of one of Hallam's chapters, "Paul II. persecutes the Learned" (*Lit. Hist.*, vol. i. p. 165), showing the hold such an unjust opinion has still upon men otherwise worthy of respect. Hallam has the boldness to say of the Roman Academy: "Paul II. thought fit to arrest all this society on charges of conspiracy against his life, for which there was certainly no foundation, and of setting up pagan superstitions against Christianity, of which, in this instance, there seems to have been no proof." As regards the charge of treason the reader is referred to the great work of Tiraboschi, where it is amply discussed; but concerning the other and more serious charge of impiety, in which even the infidel Gibbon must have believed when he wrote, while treating of the use and abuse of ancient learning, that "some pagan votaries professed a secret devotion to the gods of Homer and Plato," and referred in a note to this very Academy, additional testimony was brought to light a few years ago quite unexpectedly from the gloom of the Roman catacombs. The excavations among these underground and early Christian cemeteries, carried on so successfully by the celebrated archæologist De Rossi under the patronage of the late Pope Pius IX., led to the reopening, and as it were the rediscovery, of some parts which had been visited in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by a few, but the precise location of and entrances to which had since been choked up and concealed by the

débris of the Roman Campagna and forgotten even by the peasants.

"The names of Pomponio Leto and other *litterati*, his associates in the famous Roman Academy, may still be read in several places of various catacombs, written there by themselves, with the addition of their title as *Unanimes antiquitatis Amatores* or *Perscrutatores*. . . . Platina also says that the motive which induced his friends and himself to visit these subterranean places was a religious one; but it is unfortunate that the inscriptions which they left behind them do not confirm this statement. On the contrary, when taken in conjunction with what is known of the history of the writers, they suggest or strengthen suspicions of another kind. Those who are familiar with the literary history of that time will remember how the Roman Academy fell into disgrace with the Sovereign Pontiff Paul II. on suspicion both of being affected with heresy and of conspiring against the government. One of the grounds for the first of these charges was their pedantic conceit of taking old pagan classical names in place of their Christian ones; but it has always been a matter of controversy how far the charge of conspiracy was really supported by evidence, and Tiraboschi hardly mentions any appreciable ground for it at all. We are not here concerned with the religious or political integrity of the Academy; yet, in elucidation of an obscure point in history, it is worth while to mention that the name of Pomponio Leto is found in these newly-discovered memorials of him, with the title of *Pontifex Maximus*, and even *Pont. Max. regnans;* that another member, calling himself by the name of Pantagathus, is described as *Sacerdos Achademiæ Rom.;* a third is *Æmilius vatum princeps*, and to some of the names other titles are added which show the dissolute habits of the Academicians, and that they were not ashamed to perpetuate their own memories, as lovers not only of pagan names, but of pagan morals. Another circumstance, too, ought not to be overlooked—viz., that whereas the names of the friars and others who 'came to visit this holy place' are found in the chambers and galleries nearest to the staircase, these 'lovers and investigators of antiquity' uniformly left records of their visits in the most distant and inaccessible parts of the cemetery. But whatever may have been the moral and religious character of this association, it must at least always remain a matter of profound regret and surprise that men whose lives were devoted to the revival of learning, and of whose chief it is particularly recorded that he applied himself to the elucidation of Roman antiquities 'which were then being disinterred' should have been familiar with these earliest monuments of the heroic age of Christianity, and yet never have felt sufficient interest to excite them to investigate their history or to publish anything at all about them. Whatever they may really have believed, we cannot wonder at the charge brought against them by their contemporaries, and which we find addressed to one of them by a bishop even after their acquittal—that they were more pagans than Christians" (Northcote and Brownlow, *Roma Sotteranea*, Hist. p. 28).

The Academy, purged of evil members and corrected in its chief, rose up again during the pontificate of Paul's successor,

Sixtus IV. The Emperor Frederick III., visiting Rome, granted many privileges to the Academy by a diploma which was read amidst great enthusiasm on occasion of the first celebration of the foundation of Rome (B.C. 753), which took place on the Capitol on April 21, 1483, and ended with an imperial banquet. This historic fête—still sometimes called, with a lingering trace of pagan thought, the birthday of Rome—has continued to be kept ever since; and I would refer any one asking for the *rationale* of such a celebration to the eloquent discourse entitled *Roma Æterna* pronounced on one of these occasions by Cardinal Manning, and published in a volume of his *Miscellanies*.

Outside of Italy, and particularly in France and Germany, the study of antiquities was eagerly pursued; but the earliest society for historical studies and the preservation of ancient monuments, founded north of the Alps, was the Society of Antiquaries in England. It was begun in the year 1572 by a few eminent scholars, and continues to be one of the very best societies of its kind in Europe, for the rank and erudition of its members, for the number and costliness of its publications, and for the zeal with which it has suggested and furthered the study of native history and the preservation of antiquities in all countries throughout the world to which the power of Great Britain has extended. In France the oldest society for the study of history and antiquities is the Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, established in 1663 in the reign of Louis XIV. In 1701 this Academy was placed upon a new and more extended foundation and its title changed to Academy of Inscriptions and Medals. From this date it published every year a volume of memoirs, many of great value, until it was suppressed in the year 1793. After the Revolution it was reorganized and now forms part of the French Institute. The Royal Academy of Spanish History was commenced as a private association at Madrid in 1730, but was incorporated by Philip V. in 1738, and has published some interesting transactions. An Academy of Portuguese History was established at Lisbon in 1720 by King John V. Germany, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden have all some distinguished academies, which, although later in the field of historical and antiquarian research, have done good service to archæology.

AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE SKETCHES.*

Perhaps none of the social institutions of the United States strike an English new-comer so strongly as the system of boarding. There is a great difference between it and the old-fashioned English lodging, and as great a difference between it and the system of French, Swiss, and German *pensions*. It involves no loss of caste in the boarding-house keeper, if she happen to have once lived in easier circumstances, and it does not necessarily argue poverty in the boarder. Boarding, on the whole, is more expensive than keeping house, unless perhaps in the large cities, and in cases where keeping house involves, in the fancy of the person concerned, the renting of a whole house in a fashionable, or even respectable, neighborhood. What the chief advantage of boarding is, in the eyes of the majority of boarders, is the absence of trouble. In reality there is a great deal of idle time on the boarder's hands, unless he or she has a profession to attend to or a large family to provide for. Several years' experience of it through necessities much chafed against, and two years' contrast of it with housekeeping, have made me an advocate for home-life of any kind, however humble—a luxury, however, studiously made unattainable by circumstances as well as prejudices in most of the Atlantic cities. Philadelphia is a striking exception. There every one who is not almost a pauper owns, or can own, his own little, cheap, neat, and well-built home, rather box-like or toy-like, it is true, but still a work upon which he can experiment to his heart's content and where he can find the chief blessing which boarding-house life denies him—freedom. In New York the system of *flats* and apartments recently introduced has been a change in the right direction, but it is too foreign an arrangement to suit the Anglo-Saxon nature perfectly. There are thousands to whom such comparative independence as it affords still wears the disguised look of a better kind of model lodging-house or refined tenement-house—words associated with anything but a "nice" meaning to New York ears. Far preferable to flats—which, by the way, have none of the French prettiness at which they aim, though by way of com-

* This is a posthumous paper by the late Lady Blanche Murphy, which we are enabled to publish through the kindness of the lamented writer's sister, Lady Constance Bellingham.—Ed. C. W.

pensation they possess all the "modern improvements" which somehow are so dismal of appearance and so suggestive of the workhouse—are the suburban cottages on both sides of the city, on the Hudson banks and the Long Island shore, accessible by boat and rail in ten, twenty, thirty, fifty minutes, generally reasonable as regards rent or taxes, and, though far from real country abodes, still commanding as fair a portion of country views as such situations lead one to expect. Of boarding-houses in New York there are as many varieties as there are classes of people. Some are hardly distinguishable from hotels in the number of their "guests," the hurry always apparent in their halls, the colored waiters running to and fro, the fashion-plate figures going in and out. Still, the style of the house generally tells you where you are. There is no "office" and no "clerk." It is mostly a large, dark, wide-staircased house, of a respectable age, with three parlors or drawing-rooms *en suite*, the centre one being that peculiarity of New York domestic architecture known as a "dark room," and the third, and smallest, possibly the sanctum of the mistress of the house. In this case it is generally the only pleasant, habitable room in the dwelling; has muslin curtains and chintz-covered furniture, cosey chairs, embroidered or carved brackets, a few plants, books, photographs, and such things. The oppressive parlors—with their wide stretch of French Brussels carpet, islanded with hard crimson damask chairs, one sofa, and the inevitable marble-topped table, and reflected in the pier-glass between the front windows, which makes an unpleasant confusion of angles with those of a chimney-piece mirror, itself reflecting a portrait opposite, in a massive gold frame—and the best bed-rooms above are dreary dens enough, but what shall we say of the basement dining-room, where excellent food is placed before you, but where the adjuncts of any but animal feeding are utterly ignored? The depressing feeling excited by these basement rooms—an *entresol* below the level of the street; not quite an "area," but too like it to be pleasant—is such as to counteract any wholesome effect of the food. It is not every boarding-house which condemns you to the basement for meals; many have pleasant dining-rooms on the ground-floor, with "lifts" communicating with the kitchen, and windows opening on little back-yards where an attempt to combine garden and bleaching-ground is the only sore to the eye. There are large, grim houses constantly changing hands, and where sales are advertised every other season; houses in Fifth Avenue that aim at looking like the "palaces" of merchant-princes; houses kept

more modestly on cross-streets by decayed gentlewomen; houses of middle-class reputation and no pretension, where, if you do not mind a little "jumble-down" in the service, a little scrambling at meals, and a little loudness in conversation, you get a very good, plain dinner. Then there are showy, "fast" houses, where Western politicians and other well-to-do persons of precarious social position congregate, chiefly about election times; of these the owners are generally widows fully able to "hold their own"; houses of mercantile reputation where small tradesmen and their assistants board in closets scarcely big enough to hold a single bed, but dignified with the name of "hall bed-room"; houses where workmen and inferior mechanics mingle with commercial travellers who give themselves fine-gentleman airs, and houses where all affectation is at last dropped and forms give way to rather uncouth realities. The latter are *terra incognita* to the passenger from the last Cunard steamer who has paid an extra five pounds for his passage on board one of the boats advertised not to carry steerage-passengers; and in a review of American boarding-houses these dens would find no place, any more than the dismal tenement-houses and rookeries of Oak and Baxter and Leonard Streets would be compared to the elegant suites of apartments to be had at Stevens' Building, Broadway. Imagine a comparison between chambers in the Albany and a hired room in Whitechapel; yet the difference between the two is less than that between the "down-town" abodes and the houses I have named above. They are very curious, uninviting holes; a "liquor-saloon" at the corner, and a filthy basement dining-room, so dark that the gas has to be turned on an hour earlier than elsewhere; irregular bed-rooms, none larger than ten feet square, without closets or shelves, wardrobes, or even hooks; a washstand, two chairs, and a tiny, fly-specked glass is all the furniture besides the bed. The mistress seems unconscious that better accommodation exists, and serenely asks six dollars a week for this "bunk"; yes, you *may* have something at five dollars, but not so good as this—a three-cornered room: it is all she has; she does not even add that she is sorry. If you discover the bed to have been preoccupied by uninvited and most unpleasant neighbors, which is almost invariably the case, she will first deny it, then sulkily come and look, exclaim in astonishment at the occurrence, and take the mattress down to the yard for a quarter of an hour, after which she expects "you will have no more trouble." The parlor—for even here there is such a room, though it is more a private smoking-room than anything else—

boasts a horse-hair sofa and a vase of dirty artificial flowers; the wall-paper is patched and damp; the window looks on an inner courtyard full of refuse, which, however, you can scarcely see through the dusty panes; the dining-room has more attractions, were it not for the sight of the servant—a slatternly, bold girl, barefooted, and with long, uncombed, dusty hair hanging down her back. The tables are long and narrow, the centre laden with alternate cruet-stands, plates of plain cake or fancy bread, and open dishes full of pickles. The food is generally good, abundant, and varied; indeed, some of the superfine private establishments "up-town" would do well to take a lesson in that respect from this unsavory kitchen. There are more men than women, and more table-boarders than inmates of the house. A great proportion of them are drivers of carts, express-wagons, etc., and they swear about as heartily as they eat. This is rather habitual than significative of any particular emotion or excitement, and the forms of oath are as monotonous as they are blasphemous. Dinner, like all noonday meals in business places, is a very short ceremony; and this, which to some Englishmen is a grievance, is in my opinion an advantage. It may be unwholesome and unsocial, but, having experienced the reverse in other boarding-houses, I can safely say that there is nothing more irritating than the loss of time, compensated by no intellectual gain, consequent on an attempt to follow the customs of society as regards "courses." The peculiarly American plan of setting all the dishes on at once (pursued in hotels and other public places that do not care to play at privacy) is a very expeditious and convenient one, but there are Englishmen so far slaves to prejudice that they object to running down to meals at their boarding-house, eating quickly and silently through fifteen minutes, and rising, irrespective of their neighbors, when they have done. Wherever I have listened to an attempt at conversation in a private house where "a few boarders" were taken, it was almost invariably a failure.

The Fifth Avenue boarding-houses and kindred establishments in ultra-fashionable neighborhoods are often filled with business men in good situations and of good social standing. Widows with marriageable daughters or small grandchildren also affect them, and maiden ladies of almost any kind of "means." Fashionable women deficient in the home instincts are a great staple, and spend their leisure time in visiting their fellow-boarders in their rooms—a habit tending to gossip, misunderstandings, and quarrels. Women whom circumstances

have forced for a time into such a current will generally bewail the discomfort of "living in one's boxes" and the moral disadvantage of having nothing to do; but the mass of boarders do not dislike this life, and would be quite lost without its petty intrigues and excitements. Some of these houses at mid-day seem like nunneries, as far as the absence of men is concerned, and the consequence is that you often find the women carelessly arrayed and generally apathetic; they reserve their finery and their sprightliness for the six-o'clock dinner. Another drawback to this style of house is the "scrappy" nature of the luncheon, as it is in every house where the male boarders only eat two substantial meals at home—the heavy seven-o'clock breakfast of beefsteak, buckwheat-cakes, ham and eggs, coffee and hominy, and the regular six-o'clock dinner. So far we have only seen a glimpse of the decorous, if gossiping, households kept by forlorn ladies who have seen better days, or by active middle-class women better adapted for the *rôle;* for the former hostess can never forget her antecedents, and treats her boarders too much as guests. Indeed, though to keep boarders is as infallible and almost as unique a resource to the American lady in reduced circumstances as to go out as a governess is to her English sister, it is on the whole rather a deplorable affair. Sometimes the poor gentlewoman is too sensitive, and you feel complaint to be impossible; on the other hand, the coarse natures she encounters wound her on every side, the servants snub her, and the tradesmen are often uncivil. Sometimes she has an aged mother to support; and the old lady cannot give up her traditions of ancient courtliness, and endeavors to entertain the inmates, or advises the much-badgered daughter to get such and such delicacies, all the nicest, earliest, unseasonable, extravagant things, which most of the boarders appreciate about as much as Chinese dainties or the "refection" which a Spanish nun prettily offers to a burly Anglo-Saxon pedestrian who has lost his way after a twenty-mile walk. Altogether, bustling, hard, practical women are much less embarrassing and more efficient landladies than gentlewomen, although, of course, there are exceptions to this as to every other rule.

The type of houses kept by more questionable females is a curious one. Wives of fraudulent bankrupts, or easy-conscienced widows of free manners with a fast daughter or niece, or, again, mothers of gambling, spendthrift sons of doubtful social station, are common specimens of the mistress of such establishments. The boarders are mostly transient, which, in such houses, pays

decidedly best. Races and elections fill the house, and the difference between the manners of these men and the carters of profane tendency is only that which the wearing of a white shirt with diamond studs, and an enormous diamond "solitaire" on the little finger, the broadcloth coat saturated with perfume, and the oiled hair, naturally brings about between two men essentially of the same stamp. Diamonds, in America, have a special significance in costume; in fact, they are a pretty correct standard of the social and intellectual status of the individual, male or female, who wears them. Boarding-house and hotel dinners, street-cars, certain kind of shops, and all kinds of "bars" are the places and circumstances that seem to suit them best. On the occasion of the last* presidential election, when party spirit ran so high in New York that rioting was expected, a Western senator and a business man of the Jay Gould sort did not scruple to come to blows over a political discussion in which material stakes had likewise a share. The "ladies" had left the dining-room and were sitting above in the parlor; the noise and scuffling betrayed what was going on, which, from previous "high words" uttered during the meal, had not seemed unlikely; but no attempt was made to interfere and the quarrel settled itself, while the recollection of it, and the description given by eye-witnesses to the mistress, only proved good material for that sprightly matron to turn into a *piquant* anecdote.

Boarding in the country has its peculiarities, too, and of this the English traveller naturally sees even less than of the system as it works in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington. I remember one house in Stamford, Connecticut, which will serve as a type of a well-kept domestic establishment. It stood fronting an irregular "square," or green, and was, though architecturally defective, a picturesque and attractive house. The centre with its porch of Ionian columns, its wide hall running through the breadth of the house, and its easy staircase, so different from the ladder-like ascents of modern cottages, showed its pre-Revolutionary age; indeed, it was close upon a hundred years old—a fact of which the rats were also witnesses. It had belonged to various families since its building, when its gardens stretched down to the Sound, and its drawing-rooms were bright with British uniforms and the hoops of Tory dames, and it was still the property of an old family, now much reduced in means, who lived in a "box" by the water-side and let the old mansion for its present purpose. The mistress was brisk, hard, obliging, and a capital mana-

* That of 1880.—Ed. C. W.

ger; the master, who had once "run" a hotel and failed, was a convenient cipher, whose authority was only alluded to when his wife had any disagreeable communication to make to an impecunious boarder; there were two maids and a negro cook, and about a dozen resident boarders, as it was winter and the house had been open only a few months. There was plenty of individuality among the dozen; for instance, a prim and inquisitive female of the comfortable middle class, angular in face and figure, who fished for her neighbor's name for a fortnight in the most persevering and open manner, and whose conversation mostly turned on the new Congregational or "orthodox" ministers who Sunday after Sunday underwent trial at the meeting-house. I had read about such persons, but this was my first live specimen, and, to all appearances, a perfect one. Opposite her sat at dinner—the only time the boarders met—a small, gentle, ladylike woman with eyes so weak as to be nearly blind: one of those frail creatures whom you always long to protect, while you admire their almost invariable fortitude; for on such women the mark of self-support is plain. They battle with penury and loneliness till they die of the struggle, and prosperous people look on approvingly and wonder how Miss So-and-so *does* manage so satisfactorily, to all appearances. This lady had a small school of a dozen pupils which she kept in a little room in the wing adjoining the dining-room, and that was her only means of support besides the care of a little boy of three years old, whom she tended as only a certain kind of "old maid" can tend children. His parents were alive, and what the circumstances were which made them entrust him to one who was not even a distant relation I never knew. Whenever her eyesight should fail entirely this poor lady would lose her school and her support together; yet she was always cheerful, gentle, and obliging. At the other end of this table sat a family of successful and rather vulgar people, father and mother and a grown-up son and daughter. The. women were always over-dressed, and the men never opened their lips without joking. Between the two ends the space was devoted to transient boarders, of whom a mild variety succeeded each other by driblets at this dead season of the year. Every Saturday came from New York a bass-singer engaged for the Episcopal church choir—a professional man, but remarkably quiet, with whom the Congregational spinster kept up a decorous conversation which you could not call a flirtation, yet was evidently more of a pleasure to her than a chat with one of her own sex. The ministers "on trial" occasionally dined here, too,

and on one occasion we were treated to a rather hot theological argument between one of them and a stray Episcopalian clergyman, who certainly was not the aggressive party in the dispute. But the most stirring of our "casuals" was a female book-agent, who wore an unmistakable shirt-front, with stand-up collar, and a dress made in the upper parts like a coat, while she wore her hair cut short and parted at the side. Her manners were abrupt and unpleasant—somewhat imperative, too—and she once startled the waiting-maid and broke the dull monotony of the regular boarders' meal by exploding in something not unlike an oath as she sharply requested, for the third time, to be given some mustard. At a separate table by a window were established a silent trio, father, mother, and son, of a different style from the rest, the old gentleman a good specimen of the English squire polished and Americanized, and his wife of the cheerful type, dashed with a taste of stiffness which wears off as acquaintance goes on, and which distinguishes many American gentlewomen. There was only one flaw in the *cuisine*, and that was the white bread, which was home-made and heavy; the brown (called "Graham" and made of wheat flour) was good, and everything else, quantity, quality, and variety, unexceptionable, but this deficiency was keenly felt by people in whose homes, as a rule, the perfection of baking is a *sine qua non*. So the son sometimes smuggled in a loaf from the baker's, and his blushing, and dexterous seizure of the minute the maid was out of the room, and the desperate rush across the dining-room to his place with his back to the kitchen-door, was a source of interest and amusement looked forward to by the rest, who were less daring in slighting the home *cuisine*. Besides these there was a recently-married couple, silent and not unpleasing, who left soon after I entered the "family," as the household is technically called, and a few single men who kept shops or worked in them, whose appetite was enormous and their hurry no less. They were always seated before the bell rang, and gulped down their food in ten minutes, giving each other enigmatical scraps of business information between the mouthfuls. One was old, wiry, and white-haired, and kept a tobacco-stall of tiny dimensions—a thorough specimen of the New England "merchant," as it is still the fashion to call retail shop-keepers; another, of rougher mould and larger build, evidently had not remotely foreign blood in his veins. The presence of the old couple with the grown-up son was accounted for by the reason I have alluded to—the difficulties and trouble attending housekeeping with bad or untrained

servants. The old gentleman, however, never ceased to complain of the substitute; he evidently could not reconcile himself to having his food pitched upon the table before him in portions, however abundant, and all amenities banished from the ceremony of dinner, while it was also a source of discontent that he could never comfortably entertain a friend. But his wife had been driven to bay by domestic imbroglios and really needed a little recruiting, which only boarding-house life seemed to promise at the moment. This couple had charming rooms, some of the old *salons* of the Tory mansion, and had overlaid the contents of them with so many belongings of their own—mementos of European travel, pretty womanish knickknacks, photographs, ornamental stands, bronzes, etc.—that the place looked like a ghost of home. Stamford is one of the pleasantest little towns possible to a lover of society and a searcher of antiquities combined. It is nearly pure New England, with a slight cross of New York, from which centre it is only an hour and a half by rail. Its two nice streets are shaded by beautiful trees and lined with detached houses standing back in their gardens, with an air of solid, old-fashioned, undisturbed gentility, very few of them new or showy, and all embodying the type described by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mrs. Whitney. The newer portion of the town has excellent shops and showy houses, some of stone—a rarity here as elsewhere, North or East—and some belonging to new millionaires whose offices are in New York. There is the average population of unpleasant and forward individuals of the semi-political class, and the pushing population of the "stores," and the pompous and small element of the "military" school—whose pretensions to that title rest on the uniform and the affectation of soldierly phraseology for common actions or divisions of time—and the quiet, scholarly society that gathers in the houses I have mentioned. Relics of old colonial days—family plate with crests on it, tea-sets dating from the days when tea was "unpatriotic" and Tories were known by their ostentatious indulgence in it, old books brought over from England, portraits of soldiers distinguished on both sides of the struggle of the Revolution—such are the treasures of these pleasant households. Even the young girls of such families are not so giddy as their city-bred sisters; there is an air of repose and age, of remoteness from vulgar "jars," of indifference to public and current affairs, that impresses the mind both sleepily and pleasantly in these old houses or representatives of old houses. Only the loftiest parts of current progress find entrance here; in knowledge and appre-

ciation of books, science, discoveries, the inmates are beyond most of their class out of New England, but of the scandal of clubs, the gossip of politics, the wrangle of even local affairs, they are ignorant. I fancy every one in town knew of a robbery in a grocery by night, and of the summary and rather murderous means taken to discover and track the burglars, who had carried off and hidden barrels of flour and sugar in a lonely wood well drifted with snow, before these secluded and happy inhabitants had any idea of the disturbance. Though my stay in Stamford was short and purely the result of an accident, I found I was almost sorry to leave the old-fashioned house and capital fare, the formal garden an acre in extent, with straight walks and box hedges cut down to six or eight inch borders, and the old green-house, where a gardener who had served "the family" in their days of prosperity now made a tolerable trade of his own as a florist. *

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

"And Jesus advanced in wisdom and grace and virtue with God and men."—ST. LUKE.

O GOLDEN Youth, life's fragrance yet
  Is flower-like bound about Thy brow;
Its buds against Thy cheeks are set;
  Within Thy lips its honey now

Lieth, wherein the bitter gall
  With drippings from the thorns shall be,
When wearily the shade shall fall
  Of thy dark Passion over Thee.

Still in Thee lies Thy blood unshed
  Like virgin wine within an urn;
Its splendors in Thy lips are red;
  Its savors round Thy tresses burn.

Fair Son of God! sweet Youth divine!
  From all men's hearts love's vine hath grown
Its tendrils round that heart of Thine,
  With leaves and blossoms overblown.

* To be concluded next month.

A REVELATION OF THE CENSUS.

I.

Longman said—and that famous publisher ought to have known—that "it was the title that sold a book." I was reminded of this saying when I chanced to glance at a book, with the unwinning and uncanny title of *Figures of Hell*, that somehow had strayed into my library—often seen there, but never opened once because of its title. For the first time I recognized in the name of the author one of the most celebrated women of this country, and, wondering what she had to say about intemperance, I read a few pages and then—I read the book to the end.

Since Helper's *Impending Crisis* no unprofessional writer has shown a greater power of massing facts and hurling them with Grant-like force on the enemy than Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson. They first repel, then attract, then astound the reader; for, the first repugnance to statistics overcome, the story they tell amazes by its revelations and arouses the moral sense to aggressiveness by its lessons.

Without quoting more than one figure in a hundred, and arranging them in a new order for a swift review—referring to the book itself for the amplest statistical proofs—let me present some of the startling facts that this writer has marshalled in war-like, stern array.

II.

The year selected ended June 30, 1881—the last year of authenticated Federal returns available at the time the book was written. The totals would be at least ten per cent. higher for the year that ends in June, 1885.*

THE QUESTION OF QUANTITY.

In 1881 these facts were undisputable:

	Gallons.
We imported of different liquors	7,556,603
We manufactured of distilled spirits	69,127,206
We manufactured of fermented liquors	443,641,868
Making in all	520,325,677

gallons of intoxicating liquors that were imported, manufactured,

* See note on next page.

and sold in the United States in a single year! In round numbers—as we were then fifty millions—we consumed ten gallons and two-fifths of a gallon for every man, woman, and child; or, reckoning families as groups of five, one gallon each and every week for each and every family, making three drinks a day for each and every family. This estimate leaves out of account all secretly-made or "moonlight" whiskeys and other liquors. Every day we drink 1,425,550 gallons—28,511,000 glasses; or every second we drink 330 glasses, never stopping a single second, night nor day, from the new year's birth to the old year's death. So much for quantity; now for the cash cost of it.

III.

Our imported liquors retailed for	$67,274,032
Our home-made spirits retailed for	207,381,618
Our home-made fermented liquors retailed for . . .	443,641,868
Showing that we paid in one year for intoxicating liquors the vast sum of	$718,297,518

Striking off, to make round numbers, the eighteen odd millions, and estimating the population at fifty millions, these figures show that we spend for drink no less than $14 for each and every person in the United States, $70 for each and every family, $1,967,938 daily, and every second—"every time the clock ticks," as Mrs. Thompson puts it—$22 76!*

These figures, striking as they are, do not tell the whole story: they show the money-cost only of the liquor-traffic to the people. There are other and almost as serious consequential damages to be estimated in considering the gross expenses of the drinking habit.

IV.

There is an army of no less than 909,980 persons—adult males for the greater part—employed in the manufacture and sale of liquors in the United States. This is one to every sixty of the entire population—one adult person to every group of twelve families. These men (and necessarily they are mostly able-bodied

* The report of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows a continual increase of these figures. For example, according to the latest, that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, the total revenue from distilled spirits amounted to $76,905,385 26, an increase over 1883 of $2,536,610 06. From fermented liquors the receipts for 1884 were $18,084,954 11, an increase over 1883 of $1,184,338 30. The total production of distilled spirits the last fiscal year was 75,435,739 gallons, an increase over the production of 1883 of 1,422,431 gallons. The total production of fermented liquors for the fiscal year 1884 was 18,998,619 barrels, an increase over 1883 of 1,240,727 barrels. The number of distilleries operated during 1884 was 4,738; the number of brewers, 2,240.

men) are taken from productive—that is to say, wealth-producing—employments; they are a tax on the workers, adding no one element of prosperity to the common wealth of the nation. At the low wage which all of them could earn they would receive every year of 300 days (thus allowing a large percentage for holidays and sick-days) the great sum of $272,994,000. Who can estimate the annual loss of permanent wealth that this aggregate of wages implies and suggests?

V.

Supposing that every man employed in making and distributing intoxicating liquors should remain a good citizen, as many of them are apart from their traffic, yet we cannot regard their withdrawal from the normal and wealth-producing industries as the most serious consequential damage done to the nation by the drinking habit. There remain the more direct damages of crime and its cost, which include the grievous burden of the expensive machinery demanded for its repression and punishment.

The Federal statistics show that there are in the United States "600,000 persons daily incapacitated for labor by reason of liquor." This number includes the drunkards, the criminals, the insane, and the paupers who have been dragged down into the ranks of these classes by the direct and recognized influence of using intoxicating drinks.

At one dollar a day, in a year of 300 days, this army of 600,000 persons placed *hors du travail* by the drinking habit could have earned $180,000,000, which, added to the other totals of money-cost and the loss of services of the army of makers and sellers — estimating these services on the wage-basis only— amount to the stupendous aggregate of $1,171,291,518 per annum!

VI.

"This vast sum," writes Mrs. Thompson, "is $23 per capita for every man, woman, and child in the country. It is nearly equal to our entire gold, silver, and paper circulation combined. It would build and equip 30,000 miles of railroad—nearly one-third as many as are now in operation; pay the cost of the public-schools for fifteen years; erect and maintain twelve thousand colleges; send out and support 1,200,000 missionaries; pay the entire national debt in two years; pay the entire debt of the country, national, State, and municipal, in less than four years;

construct 600 first-class ocean-steamers; erect and maintain 3,750 hospitals, libraries, or homes for the aged; provide one-third of the people in the United States with homesteads of 160 acres each; run the Post-Office Department for 34 years; support the navy for 75 years; pay our foreign consular service for 1,725 years; purchase, at seven dollars a barrel, 167,327,359 barrels of flour, and pay the salary of the President of the United States for 23,425 years!"

VII.

More than two-fifths of the arrests in New York City are of persons "intoxicated" or persons "drunk and disorderly." Uniting the figures of these two legally-separated offences—yet coming from the same source—the total number of arrests of liquor criminals was 28,669. (The total number of arrests for *all* offences was 69,632.) Who pays the expense of supporting two-fifths of the police force thus employed, and for two-fifths of the prison accommodations thus rendered necessary, and for two-fifths of the costly machinery of justice, otherwise unneeded, that the liquor-traffic forces us to maintain? The liquor manufacturers or importers, or wholesale dealers or retailers? No; the laboring classes and the law-abiding directors of industry.

VIII.

The maudlin or noisy drunkards were not the only persons in New York who were thus lodged in public institutions at the public expense because of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. No less than 120,683 "indigent persons" were forced to ask for lodgings at the station-house. That is to say, a number, during the year, that represents one-twelfth of the entire population! About 58,000 were men, over 62,000 were women! *Eighty-five per cent. of them admitted that their poverty had come from drink.* Who paid for the lodgings of these victims of drink? You and I, reader, and the rest of the workers of New York. And how much? The cost of keeping up the police is $3,280,053. Two-fifths of it must be charged directly to the liquor-traffic.

"The cost of the various courts," also writes Mrs. Thompson, "made necessary by reason of the traffic in liquors in New York City alone, reached the sum of two million dollars!"

The cost of maintaining the Department of Public Charities and Correction is $1,262,616. "*Over* 90 per cent. of it was made necessary by reason of the traffic in liquors."

IX.

These figures do not tell the whole truth of the cost of the liquor-traffic, but such portion of the truth only as is *forced* on official recognition. Not every person "intoxicated" or "drunk and disorderly" is arrested; not every person made homeless by intoxicating liquors seeks a lodging in station-houses. Nor, in these estimates, is any account taken of the loss to society of the productive services of the men and women thus lodged or imprisoned. For tens of thousands of drunkards who do not seek the retirement that a prison grants are supported in a demoralizing idleness by honest workers who are thus robbed of the fruits of their weary toil.

X.

Did you ever try to guess how many liquor-stores there are in New York City? If they were built side by side in one street, and on *both* sides of it, that double-lined, death-dealing street would stretch all the way from Kingsbridge to the Battery! There are fewer liquor-shops in the Sixth Avenue than in any other business avenue in New York; and yet in five consecutive blocks, in the most respectable part of it, you can count twenty-nine different places where intoxicating drinks are publicly sold! There are over 8,000 of them in New York City.

The statistics of character of the keepers of these shops are almost as startling as the other "figures of hell" that we have quoted. No one can get a license to sell liquor unless he can "certify" that he has a "good moral character." If you try to find out what the word "sacred" means as applied to the kings of England from a study of their records, you are apt to believe that it means a person who wears a crown and has broken all the Commandments. A similar deductive study would lead to a similar result in investigating the legal meaning of "a good moral character" in the certificate of a New York liquor-seller.

There are in New York of liquor-shops		8,034
Of their proprietors who have "served their" time in *State* prisons there are	2,004	
Of their proprietors who have been confined in *county* prisons there are	2,665	
Of their proprietors who have been confined in *city* prisons there are	1,769	
	——	6,438
Leaving only		1,596

licensed dealers in intoxicating liquors who have never been in jail! Yet they have each and all, these 8,034, certificates of "good moral character"! "They are all honorable men!"

XI.

Judge Noah Davis, who for a full quarter of a century sat on the bench of New York, declares as the result of his judicial experience that he had "found *three-fifths* of all cases of violence to be directly traceable to strong drink."

Ninety-three per cent. of the persons confined in the House of Industry were sent there for liquor-crimes.

In the New York hospitals for the insane, out of 286 patients 139 were habitual drunkards, 95 moderate drinkers, and only *three* were total abstainers.

It is sometimes argued that we should leave the liquor-traffic alone; that education will cure all the evils that may come from its unlicensed sale. But the statistics of education and crime do not warrant this hope or belief; for, as Mrs. Thompson has shown, "within the last 25 years our teachers have increased from 25 to 30 per cent., and pupils attending school more than 50 per cent., yet crime has increased 60 per cent., *about keeping pace with the increase of the traffic in liquors.*" That's what the French call a reply "sans réplique."

XII.

A wider range gives the same or similar results. Federal statistics show that 20 per cent. of the insane in all the insane asylums of the United States went mad as the direct result of the use of intoxicating drinks, and that 35 per cent. of the remaining number were made insane indirectly by the use of liquors.

The Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane tabulated its records for 28 years. With what result? It was shown that $13\frac{9}{10}$ of the inmates had been made insane directly from the use of intoxicating drinks. Judge Allison estimates that four-fifths of the crimes committed in the United States are directly attributable "to the influence of rum. There is not one case in twenty," he says, "where a man is tried for his life, in which rum is not the direct or indirect cause of the murder."

XIII.

Foreign countries tell the same story. Two insane asylums in Liverpool report—the first, that out of 83 cases admitted 50

were made insane by liquor; the second, that out of 495 patients "257 were known to have been made insane by drinking." In the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum exactly one-half were made insane by drinking. The tabulated reports of all the asylums of England and Scotland showed that "more than 20 per cent. of the patients were made insane by intemperance."

Dublin found that 115 out of the 286 patients in her lunatic asylum were made insane by the use of liquor.

St. Petersburg, where brandy is the popular liquor, gives a terrible report. There is one brandy-shop in the Russian capital for every 293 persons. During five years the five chief hospitals in that city treated no less than 3,241 cases of delirium tremens!

Canada repeats the mournful story. "Out of 28,289 commitments to the jails for the three previous years," says an official report, "21,236 were committed either for drunkenness or for crimes perpetrated under the influence of drink."

I objected to the title before I read Mrs. Thompson's little book from which I have selected my statistics, but a study of it shows that she was not far astray in naming it as she did.

JEANNE D'ARC.

FULL many a time in earth's eventful day
A virgin's strength hath made the people free,
A virgin's hand the tyrant dared to slay,
A virgin's soul hath bowed to fate's decree.
Saved by a virgin! runs the Jewish tale;
Homeric echoes chant the monody;
The Roman sibyl's wild, prophetic wail
Sang of The Virgin that was yet to be.
So in that sunny land beyond the sea,
When savage warfare bade the folk despair,
A maiden, dauntless as her fame is fair—
A virgin clad in heaven's panoply—
Drove the oppressor to the further shore
And freed th' ungrateful people evermore.

THE FUTURE OF FRENCH CANADA.

"WE are Englishmen speaking the French language," said the late Sir George Cartier, the colleague and close personal friend of Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir George used this epigrammatic sentence in a post-prandial speech he delivered in London in 1870, in which he pretended to speak for himself and his compatriots, the French-Canadians. It appeared afterwards he had made a mistake—a mistake all the more surprising in a statesman who from his position should have been well acquainted with the feelings and aspirations of his countrymen from Sarnia to Gaspé. Sir George was engaged in the Papineau rebellion of 1837. He was then a young man strongly imbued with patriotism. When the French-Canadians obtained the rights for which the insurgents of 1837 had fought, Sir George grew more than loyal to England and the British connection. He grew enthusiastic and struck at the independence or the annexation idea wherever either showed its head. It is easy to realize, therefore, how, heated with champagne and breathing in an atmosphere pervaded with loyalty and imperialism, he was led to make a statement which was imprudent as it was inaccurate. Before this he was the undisputed leader of the French-Canadian element in Canada; three years later he was unmercifully beaten at the polls for Montreal East by an obscure young lawyer of the name of Jetté. The crushing defeat was the French-Canadian way of punishing Sir George for his ultra-loyal speech and the misrepresentation it embodied. Not that French-Canadians are not well affected to the empire as things go; only it must be understood they are well affected as French-Canadians. They look upon England as a country which has dealt justly by them and fulfilled its treaty obligations to a very great extent, as much, however, because of their contiguity to the United States and fear of France as because of any distressing eagerness England has for carrying out the spirit of treaties generally. What they are really loyal to is Canada. They call themselves Canadians, and they call the English-speaking folk "old-country people," though they may be, as some of them have been, settled in the country for generations. Strangely enough, the British accept the title with pleasure, and it is not uncommon to hear an English-speaking member complain in the federal Parliament

at Ottawa of the preference shown "Canadians" over "old-country people" in the matter of appointments. The distinction between the two elements composing Canada's population is thus recognized, and is as broad as a difference in race, religion, and language can make it.

The question which, owing to recent events and the growth of certain circumstances, must soon be considered is, How long can such a state of things continue before a collision shall take place or a political separation? No intelligent person who has given the subject any thought commensurate with its importance can imagine for a moment that two races, so equal in pride and worth, who do not intermarry can go on ever without a rupture. Hopes were at one period entertained by British statesmen that if what they were pleased to think the aggressive and superior Anglo-Saxon did not in time absorb or annihilate the French settlers of Canada—until lately not considered formidable in their numbers—the climate would do the work almost as effectively. For how, they asked, could a race of men from sunny France prosper and multiply in a region remarkable for its long and severe winter? Vain hopes! The French of Canada have, in a century and a quarter, increased from 60,000 to 2,000,000 without aid from emigration; they are still increasing, and, if they continue to increase in a like ratio, will in the year 1899 have reached the figure of 5,000,000. It is a fact no longer questioned that the French are driving the British from Canada and extending themselves south and east. They were invading the Northwest when the Canada Pacific Railroad project was launched all too suddenly to allow of them to seize a firm hold of the soil. It is this project, in fact, which alarmed the French half-breeds and caused two insurrections. Every screech of the railroad-engine sent terror to their souls. The company's cars brought settlers in thousands to the country they had looked upon as their own. They read their doom in every pamphlet scattered broadcast by the company's agents praising the very lands upon which they were settled, with a view to enhancing their value. They saw the establishment of Orange lodges with dismay, for they had heard of the terrible order and knew the system that fostered it never spared half-breeds or native races. The French from Quebec ceased coming amongst them and left them to their fate, which of course meant annihilation, as the British never absorb. Were it not for the railroad the French would have settled and occupied the Northwest so silently as not to create alarm, and a future French nation would grow up on this continent bounded

on the west by the Rocky Mountains, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the south by Ontario, as a state in the American Republic. Singularly enough, it was the strong Canadian element in the Ottawa Parliament enabled Sir John A. Macdonald, the astute Conservative leader, to carry out his Pacific Railroad policy—a policy that will circumscribe the bounds of the Franco-American nation now growing under the eyes of politicians who cannot see.

In order to realize the extraordinary growth of the French in Canada it is necessary to go somewhat into figures. When Louisburg fell into the hands of the British in 1758 their numbers were but 60,000: they are now little short of a million and a half in Canada alone. This great natural increase in population in so short a period will cease to excite astonishment when it is borne in mind that the average French-Canadian family is composed of nine and that families of from twelve to eighteen are not uncommon. There has been no French immigration to Lower Canada worth speaking of since the conquest by England, but there has, on the other hand, been a steady stream of emigration to the United States, and such distinguished French-Canadian advocates of repatriation as Charles Thibault, Senator Trudel, and J. A. Chapleau assert there are in the Eastern States alone six hundred thousand French-Canadians or their immediate descendants. The scarcity of French names may tend to throw discredit on this statement, but when we remember how names are Anglicized or modified among us every day—French, Irish, and German—how Schmidt is changed to Smith, Mahoney and Callahan to Mahone and Calhoun, by a slight alteration, while Lenoir and Leblanc become Black and White by translation, we shall have to treat it with more respect. In several of the States are settlements whose residents have French features and characteristics to this day, though all trace of the French language is lost. It is, therefore, pretty safe to assume that the 60,000 Frenchmen of 1758 have left descendants who number 2,000,000, and that the 1,500,000 of them in Canada, if nothing extraordinary happens and if they transmit to their children the grand moral qualities and physical characteristics received from their ancestors, will in the year of our Lord 2000 have reached 25,000,000. When in 1758 the French-Canadians numbered 60,000, the British colonies which a few years later christened themselves the United States had a population of about 2,500,000 Caucasians. Now, if this number increased in the same proportion as the French, and if there had been no immigration from Europe,

our population at the present time would be 85,000,000. If, on the other hand, the French-Canadians had been more American and therefore more "progressive," their population would not up to this have reached more than half a million.

That the French-Canadians are increasing more rapidly in proportion than their fellow-subjects of British or Irish descent is manifest from the census returns of 1881. They are crowding the English-speaking people out in all directions. They are spreading themselves through all the Provinces of the Confederation, and the result is seen in their parliamentary and municipal representation. Thus the corporation of Montreal twenty years ago was composed of twenty-seven members, of whom twelve were French and fifteen British, while to-day the former have a representation of eighteen out of a membership of thirty. They return three members to the Ottawa Parliament from the maritime provinces, and expect to return four at the next general election, though in 1878 they sent only one. It was Lord Sydenham, I think, who, as governor-general of Canada, originally set apart what are known as the Eastern Townships in the Province of Quebec to be settled exclusively by British, or those of British blood and language. And settled by them they were in the counties of Brome, Huntingdon, and Shefford. But they have lately been crowded out by the prolific French; they have gone either to the United States or Ontario, and the Eastern Townships know them no more. The Irish-Catholic element of Montreal was enumerated as 35,000 in 1871; in 1881 it had dwindled to 27,000, and the British had decreased in a like ratio. They are invading and settling the Ontario counties bordering on Quebec, such as Essex, Carlton, Renfrew, Prescott, Cornwall, and Glengarry. The island of Prince Edward contained about two hundred and fifty French at the conquest; they are now between eleven and twelve thousand. In Ontario there are at this time (April, 1885) 150,000 French; in Nova Scotia, home of the Acadians, 45,000; in New Brunswick, 60,000; and in other provinces and territories, 25,000—which, added to the 1,200,000 in Quebec, make 1,490,000, or a million and a half in round numbers. The fact is, the Dominion of Canada is silently but surely undergoing a process of Gallicizing which is only now beginning to attract attention. The municipalities are changing the names of streets and localities from English to French and taking such action generally as indicates to the British that they must go. The note of alarm at this spread of French power and influence is sounded now and then by such able journals as the To-

ronto *Globe* and Hamilton *Times*, but what can be done to prevent it? A law cannot very well be enacted prohibiting the French from having large families or increasing those of the British. And in the matter of legislation the French can hold their own. They have three representatives in the Ottawa cabinet of their race and two others under their immediate control, and in Parliament they hold the balance of power. While the pro-British and ultra-Protestant journals grind their teeth at the treaty which allowed the French "their language, their religion, and their laws," the French themselves move serenely on in the expectation that in the near future they will form an independent nation, as free from the control of the pagans of Paris as from the imperialists of London.

The growing power and importance of the French in Canada is the cause of the annexation feeling now taking root in Ontario and Nova Scotia. It is felt by all sections of Canadians that the connection with England must be severed, but the dread the French entertain towards annexation and the English towards independence prevents the sundering of the fragile tie. The French feel that annexation would make of their province another Louisiana, and the British that independence would place them at the mercy of the ever-increasing French, strengthened perhaps by an immigration from France. The French can afford to wait. Their present condition is almost as favorable to their development as independence. The enemies of the French-Canadians—and their bitterest enemies are in Ontario—pretend to regard them as an illiterate people speaking a barbarous patois, living from hand to mouth, led and kept in ignorance by their priests. If these things were true of them, and if one who admired them could still say they were, after all, the happiest people on the earth's surface, what would it matter how little they knew, what they ate and drank, or how they were led? While knowing these things are not true, I believe they are at least among the happiest people in the world, as they are undoubtedly the most moral. Except the changes effected by their environments and that they are better educated, they are the same as were their Norman and Breton ancestors of three centuries ago—as brave, as religious, as simple, as industrious, and as trusting in God. In such cities as Montreal and Quebec they have the vices inherent to cities, but in the rural districts, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Gatineau, St. Maurice, and the Richelieu, vice is unknown. As for work, no mortal works longer or harder than the French-Canadian. Few of their farms

are mortgaged; their diet is frugal but wholesome; and they have handsome churches all over the country, which they have erected themselves to the glory of God. I boarded with a wealthy farmer near St. Mark's, on the Richelieu River, some few years ago, who is a good type of the race. He had nine children, mostly grown up, all of whom worked, in one way or the other, in the house or around his two-hundred-acre farm. They were the most joyous creatures living and the most pious. The old Breton songs were sung in that house in season, and the Rosary was said by the assembled family, including servants, in season. The daughters spoke the pure French they had learned in old Villa Marie, Montreal, and played old Norman airs on the piano. They all went to Mass in the huge family wagon on Sundays and holydays, and all belonged to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. It is possible the young men might have spent their time to more advantage attending philosophical lectures on evolution, or the young women at sewing-circles at which woman's-rights matters are intelligently discussed; but as they believed in a future life with its rewards and punishments, their conduct was at least rational and was certainly consistent. Men of observation like Joaquin Miller, who have taken some trouble to study the French-Canadians, are enchanted with them and their country. The morals of a people, say the scientists, have a good deal to do with their personal appearance; and if this be so, seeing the young women of Quebec are admitted to be the most beautiful on this continent, and that Quebec is the most purely French city on the continent, their morals cannot be bad. As regards the patois they speak, it is only called so by those who take their French from Ollendorff and pronounce it *à l'Anglais*. Visitors from France admit that their beautiful language has lost nothing on the banks of the St. Lawrence; nay, that it has even grown in literary vigor, as is proved by the writings of Garneau, Bourinot, Fréchette, Benjamin Sultz, and a dozen others—writings given to the world by French-Canadians, while British-America has not yet furnished a single author of eminence. The French of *La Minerve*, of *Le Canadien*, and of *La Patrie* is just as pure as the French of *La République Française*, while the denizens of the stately mansions on St. Denis Street, Montreal, speak the language of Corneille and Racine as correctly and as musically as the dwellers in the Faubourg St. Germain themselves. The brightest poet in Canada is the French-Canadian Fréchette, the greatest orator the French-Canadian J. A. Chapleau. The French-Canadians

have a chartered university of their own, and numerous schools and colleges where the higher branches are taught; and, though in some respects they are behind, in others they are far in advance of their fellow-subjects of British origin. They undoubtedly surpass them in literature and arts, though behind them in technical education. The French priests of Quebec, especially in the rural districts, are what the French priests of Brittany were two hundred years ago, and are to-day—the fathers of their people. Most of them belong to the old families of the province. There are few among them who cannot speak three or more languages well. They are all gentlemen of refinement and education. It must be confessed they are not "fashionable" clergymen, as well as that their clothes have a provincial, perhaps a rustic, cut; but they seem to satisfy their people, who love and honor them. It is also true some of them do now and then take a stand in politics. When this is the case, however, it is Voltaire and Rousseau they are fighting in the shape of young sprigs of politicians from Montreal who have visited France and brought back with them the scepticism of Paris. Naturally enough the priests do not like this. It would be strange if they did, and stranger still if, as Catholic clergymen, they neglected to oppose the men who mix religion with politics. The life of the French-Canadian priest is not an easy one. It does not admit of anything like prolonged rest. The parishes are often a hundred square miles in extent, and they have to celebrate Mass in places thirty miles apart in one day. They have to work like the people, from whom, in the jargon of the philosophers, they are evolved.

The close commercial relations that have sprung up between France and Canada within the past decade are significant and may bear political fruit in the near future. The Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Minister of the Interior, and Louis Senecal, an enterprising Montreal merchant and speculator, are to be credited for their exertions in this direction. They, with the aid of French capitalists, have established a branch of the Crédit Foncier in Canada from which farmers and small merchants may borrow money on easier terms than they previously obtained. It is also through the efforts of those two gentlemen a line of steamers to run between Montreal and Havre has been subsidized by both the French and Canadian governments. When Quebec Province requires a loan in these days it is to Paris her financiers apply, and not, as formerly, to London. In fact, many millions of French money have been invested in Quebec since the *rapprochement* between mother and daughter took place a dozen years ago.

French-Canadian society is, on the whole, in a healthy condition. Its leaders have the wit and culture of their ancestors before the dry rot of a profligate court and the teachings of the Encyclopédists corrupted them and brought about that revolution in which France is still struggling. All the signs of the times point to an independent French state in the near future having the noble St. Lawrence River for its largest commercial artery and Montreal for its capital.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP IN PRACTICE.

IN the article under this head in the June number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD it was shown that true liberty is founded upon religion and the Gospel; that the Catholic Church has from the beginning of her great and exalted career, by her fathers, doctors, theologians, and prelates, maintained the rights of conscience, and has been the champion of religious and civil liberty; and that the reign of Mary, Queen of England, called by Protestants "Bloody Mary," when correctly and fairly viewed, contrasts favorably with the reigns of Protestant sovereigns of England, such as Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. We will now proceed to show that there is nothing in the true history of the Spanish Inquisition and of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day to refute or weaken the claim of that church as the champion of human liberty, and that the history of the church in this country sustains the claim.

As to the Spanish Inquisition, we have no hesitation in saying that all Catholics unite in condemning it. Catholic historians, theologians, and commentators have denounced it. Popes have struggled against it, have mitigated its severities, and extended refuge to those flying from its penalties.

It must be acknowledged that intense prejudice is arrayed against the very word *inquisition*, owing to the biassed history of Llorente and to the zeal and hatred engendered by sectarian controversy. And yet there is nothing odious in the word itself. In its proper signification inquisition means *inquiry*, and nothing more. By overcoming traditional and sectarian prejudice one great obstacle to a proper understanding of the subject is removed. Johnson's definition of *inquisition* is, "*a judicial inquiry.*" There never has been, and is not now, a well-regulated civil gov-

ernment in the world without an inquisition, or rather a multitude of inquisitions. It exists in all countries, including England and America, the two which are most founded on constitutional liberty. It exists in all the Protestant churches of the past and present day. There is not a government in which there does not exist an inquisition or judicial inquiry into offences against the laws of the land, against good morals and religion, and against the safety of the nation. There is not a church without its inquisition to inquire into and punish offences against the laws and safety of the church. Every Protestant church has, as a part of its organization, a tribunal or inquisition to inquire into not merely misconduct generally by its ministers and members, but heresy itself (which was the leading subject inquired into and punished by the Spanish Inquisition) is the most common offence inquired into, and for which its ministers are tried and punished by the Protestant inquisitions of our day. Heresy was also an offence against the civil laws of Spain, and the Spanish Inquisition was the court that had jurisdiction over it. Other offences over which the Spanish Inquisition had jurisdiction were the practice of magic, sorcery, soothsaying, blasphemy, polygamy, sodomy, disturbing religious congregations in church or at service, insulting the clergy, and non-observance of the Lord's day. There is scarcely one of these that is not now punishable under the laws of civilized nations, including our own. Trials and punishments for witchcraft were common among the Puritans of New England, and might take place to-day in any of our States or cities under the head of fraud. There are special statutes against most of these offences in every State. The grand jury is not only the judicial tribunal charged with the duty of inquiring into these offences, but this body also bears the very name, "*the grand inquest*," or grand *inquisition*, of each county. The oath administered to grand jurors requires them to make *inquisition* into all offences committed against the laws. Nothing is more common in our day than prosecutions for bigamy, and almost the entire population of one of our national Territories are under the ban of the laws against polygamy; and this offence is about to be provided against by an amendment to the Constitution. Prosecutions and punishments for breaking the Sabbath day are of familiar occurrence amongst us. But, further, our statutes have created special corporate bodies which are nothing more nor less than special inquisitions to make inquiry into and bring to punishment offences against morals and religion. Of these I will only mention a few in our boasted metropolis of wealth, enlightenment, and

liberty, the city of New York, such, for instance, as the Society for the Prevention of Crime, under the leadership of Mr. Comstock; the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, under the presidency of Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry; and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, under the direction of Mr. Bergh. Any citizen is liable to arrest on the spot, without notice or warrant, by a member or officer of these societies. We must approve of their objects. But still they possess and exercise inquisitorial powers. The inquisitions now existing in our model republic differ from the Spanish Inquisition only in the details, the different offences punished (many, however, being the same), and in the modes of procedure and the nature of the punishments.

The Spanish Inquisition owes its origin to King Ferdinand, of Spain, and to the supposed necessities of the country and the throne after the conquest of Granada and the Moors. He was actuated more by human and political policy than by zeal for religion. Queen Isabella, a far more zealous Catholic than her husband, was reluctantly induced to sanction it, and all historians concur in according to her the highest and purest motives. In order to understand the circumstances and motives which led to its creation, it is necessary to glance at the position of affairs in Spain at that time. Under the united reign of Ferdinand and Isabella a struggle of eight centuries by the Spanish nation to rescue their country from the Mahometans became finally successful and the empire was consolidated. People of all nationalities and of all creeds sympathize with the brave struggles of the Spanish nation through so many centuries for the accomplishment of this glorious result—a result intimately connected with the ensuing still more glorious event—the discovery of America. Still, the Moorish population to a great extent remained. For centuries, too, the Jews had been accumulating in numbers and in wealth. The country was divided in population between Spaniards, Moors, and Jews. The country was still more divided politically and religiously by the hostility of the Moors and the Jews against the Spanish rule and faith. Forbearance and mildness were inapplicable to such a case: such a policy would only have weakened the Spanish power, now for the first time united and cemented; it would have strengthened the enemies of Spain, and thus dissipated the fruits of that long struggle for national existence and union which had just been crowned with success. The position of things was somewhat similar to the position of the American Union

towards the close of the late civil war, when the American government thought it necessary, in order to preserve and maintain the Union and preserve the fruits of successful warfare, to adopt measures savoring of cruelty—measures of confiscation, disfranchisement, iron-clad oaths, and death even, against even our own countrymen, for political opinions maintained by overt acts or words; and the courts-martial were then the inquisitions of our day and country. The Catholic faith was the strongest bond of union among Spaniards; it also united the Spanish population to their sovereigns. It was traditionally and practically interwoven with the whole framework of the Spanish social and political system. It was the most potent and at the same time the dearest interest of the Spanish nation and people. That the political and religious interests of Spain were fearfully threatened by the disaffection and machinations of the Moors and the Jews cannot be denied or doubted. These two races were justly suspected of desiring to transfer their allegiance from the king of Spain to the king of Barbary or the Grand Turk. Had their plottings been solely directed against the political state it might seem that political measures alone should have been resorted to. But their hostility was equally aimed against the Spanish religion and in favor of securing a triumph of Mahometanism over Christianity and a reversal of the result of that protracted and glorious struggle just accomplished in the ascendency of the Spanish polity and Christianity. The design of the Spanish Inquisition was conceived in the fertile brain of Ferdinand as a means of preserving the Catholic faith in Spain, and perpetuating the integrity of his kingdom, by excluding every influence and element not Catholic and Spanish. It was not originated by pope, bishop, or priest. In this sense it certainly was a measure of self-preservation, or we might call it a measure of defensive aggression. It was an agency of the Spanish government, not of the church. It was a royal and political institution, not an ecclesiastical one. The king nominated the inquisitors, both lay and clerical. He dismissed them at his pleasure. They derived jurisdiction as a court over his subjects from the king alone, and all the results flowing from fines, penalties, and confiscations went into the royal treasury. It is true that when Isabella importuned Pope Sixtus IV., representing to him—and no doubt she was convinced that such was the case—that its erection was necessary for the preservation of order in her kingdom, that pontiff consented to its establishment. It might have been established in Spain without his

sanction but for the fact that ecclesiastics were needed as judges of ecclesiastical and religious and moral questions, and especially to define what constituted heresy, which was then an offence against the laws of Spain; and though the ecclesiastics selected were Spanish subjects, it was necessary to obtain the sanction of the pope, their spiritual superior, before they could act in that capacity. The pope, believing the apprehensions of Isabella to be well founded, gave his consent. At that time the Inquisition had not been tested in Spain, and the pope could not foresee the abuses to which it might be carried nor the undue severities which it afterwards practised. From his subsequent course against the Inquisition it is evident that had he foreseen these abuses and cruelties, he would have condemned the proposition. It is true that one of the effects of the Inquisition was to secure to a great extent the objects aimed at by Ferdinand—the repression of Mahometanism and Judaism in Spain and the consolidation of the united empire of Castile and Aragon. But neither this end nor any other, however just and commendable, could, in the judgment of that very pope and of his successors, nor upon general principles of Catholic moral law, justify the use of such unjust means.

That cruelties were practised by the Spanish Inquisition cannot be denied; but the number and character of them have been greatly exaggerated and misrepresented by Llorente, the most popular historian of the Inquisition. This man was a degraded priest, dismissed from the Board of the Inquisition, of which he had been secretary. Joseph Bonaparte, the then newly-imposed king of Spain, desired to blacken the character of the dynasty which he had, by the usurpations and conquests of his brother, displaced, and for this purpose selected the Spanish Inquisition as the institution or policy in respect to which that dynasty was most vulnerable. This was done for his own selfish and political purposes. He found a willing instrument in the fallen priest Llorente, who performed the task assigned him by his new master with alacrity and zeal from motives of revenge and self-interest. His account is utterly untrustworthy. One clear instance of deliberate untruthfulness is sufficient to discredit his whole book. For instance, he quotes the historian Mariana as his authority for the assertion that two thousand persons were put to death in one year in the dioceses alone of Seville and Cadiz. This is a deliberate falsification of history. Mariana makes no such statement. What he states is that the number of victims in all Spain during the entire administration

of Torquemada, a period of fifteen years, was two thousand. This is quite a different story from two thousand in one year. To Llorente may be applied the maxim of law relating to the credibility of witnesses, *Falsum in uno, falsum in omnibus.* If the same proportionate reduction or correction is made in his work, then the Spanish Inquisition, though bad enough, will have far less to answer for to history and to posterity.

The royal and political character of the Spanish Inquisition is affirmed by Voltaire, De Maistre, and Ranke. It was also worked in the interests of the political state. Not only Mahometans and Jews were subjected to its rigors, but also Catholics, even priests and bishops, were amongst its victims. We will cite one illustrious instance of this. After the convening of the Council of Trent Bartholomew Caranza, Archbishop of Toledo, was arrested by the Inquisition on a charge of heresy; neither the intervention of the pope, Pius IV., nor the remonstrance of the council itself, of which the archbishop was a member, could secure his release from prison. The pope who gave his consent to Isabella for the erection of the Spanish Inquisition, Sixtus IV., the very next year afterwards condemned and rebuked its cruelties. Prescott himself informs us that the pope issued a bull against the inquisitors, rebuking their intemperate zeal and threatening them with deprivation. Archbishop Gibbons quotes from a letter of the same pope, addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella, these words: that "mercy towards the guilty was more pleasing to God than the severity they were using." The same pope struggled to eradicate the evil: he offered an asylum at Rome for refugees from the Inquisition, to the number of four hundred and fifty in two years; in other cases he censured and excommunicated the inquisitor whom he could not reach in any other way; he protected the children of those whose property was confiscated to the crown; he struggled against the introduction of the Spanish Inquisition into Naples and Milan, which then belonged to Spain; encouraged the people there to resist its introduction, and succeeded in preventing it. All Catholic writers condemn the Spanish Inquisition. One example out of many we take from the pages of Archbishop Gibbons' *Faith of our Fathers*, one of the most popular Catholic books published in our day. "To sum up," writes the archbishop, "I have endeavored to show that the church disavows all responsibility for the excesses of the Spanish Inquisition, because oppression forms no part of her creed; that these atrocities have been grossly exaggerated; that the Inquisition was a politi-

cal tribunal; that Catholic prelates were amenable to its sentence as well as Moors and Jews; and that the pope denounced and labored hard to abolish its sanguinary features."

Another instance of the opinion entertained of the Spanish Inquisition in the best Catholic circles now occurs to the memory of the writer. It is an interesting incident in the history of Lord Baltimore and the Maryland colony. While conferring with King Charles as to the selection of a name for his colony, and when it was suggested to select a name in compliment to Queen Henrietta Maria, the king suggested the name *Mariana*. "No," said Lord Baltimore, "I object to that name, because it was the name of an historian who wrote a book in favor of the Spanish Inquisition." Lord Baltimore then suggested the name of Maryland.

From Ranke, an eminent Protestant writer, a standard authority among Protestants on ecclesiastical history, we quote the following passages taken from his work, *The Ottoman and Spanish Empires.*

"In the first place," Ranke writes, "the inquisitors were royal officers. The king had the right of appointing and dismissing them. . . . The courts of the Inquisition were subject, like other magistracies, to royal visitors. 'Do you not know,' said the king (to Ximenes), 'that if this tribunal possesses jurisdiction, it is from the king it derives it?'

"In the second place, all the profit of the confiscations by this court accrued to the king. These were carried out in a very unsparing manner. Though the fueros (privileges) of Aragon forbade the king to confiscate the property of his convicted subjects, he seemed himself exalted above the law in matters pertaining to this court. . . . The proceeds of these confiscations formed a sort of regular income for the royal exchequer. It was even believed, and asserted from the beginning, that the kings had been moved to establish this tribunal more by their hankering after the wealth it confiscated than by motives of piety.

"In the third place, it was the Inquisition, and the Inquisition alone, that completely shut out extraneous interference with the state. The sovereign had now at his disposal a tribunal from which no grandee, no archbishop, could withdraw himself. As Charles knew no other means of bringing certain punishment on the bishops who had taken part in the insurrection of the communidades (or communes who were struggling for their rights and liberties), he chose to have them judged by the Inquisition.

"It was in spirit and tendency a political institution. *The pope had an interest in thwarting it, and did so;* but the king had an interest in constantly upholding it."

So much for the testimony of Ranke.

Thus it is clearly seen that the voice of Catholic and Protes-

tant historians of rank unite in exculpating the Catholic Church. Furthermore, they give her the credit of finally destroying the Spanish Inquisition.

The next subject we deal with is the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1572, in Paris and other cities of France, by which the French Protestants, or Huguenots, were destroyed on an order issued by the king. Undoubtedly in this bloody tragedy a great crime was committed. This, too, was not the act of the Catholic Church, as generally alleged by Protestants, but the act of a French king, done suddenly and without the knowledge of the pope or of his legate at Paris. While the church has been accused of sanctioning it and of rejoicing over it, a proper investigation will show that she did nothing of this kind. Even viewed as a political or secular measure, many historians of various nations and different creeds mention numerous circumstances palliating the deed. There are not wanting strong historical grounds for the view that, although it was cruel, sanguinary, and unjust, it was, in part at least, a measure of self-defence on the part of the king, who prevented his own assassination and the massacre of his family by ordering the massacre of his intended assassins.

The Calvinists of France, not content with the peaceful and free exercise of their religious worship in a Catholic land, organized themselves into a great and aggressive political party. They found a powerful leader in the Prince of Condé, the celebrated Admiral Coligni d'Andelot. They became so powerful as to form an *imperium in imperio*, and waged open war on the Catholic faith and Church and on the government of France. For years they destroyed the Catholic churches and raised seditions throughout France; but Languedoc, Guyenne, Poitou, and Saintonge were the principal theatres of their excesses. Not only were churches destroyed, but abbeys, hospitals, and seats of learning, piety, and charity, and the religious inmates sometimes massacred. They resorted to plunder, to fire, to the sword, and to massacre. They seized whole cities and districts, destroying churches, breaking images and sacred relics, and killing priests, nuns, and citizens. In some instances they collected the public revenue in the districts they had seized. More than two thousand Catholics were destroyed at one time. They treasonably plotted the ruin of their country by appealing to the aid of foreign and hostile princes. In 1562, ten years before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, the Huguenots made a treaty with Queen Elizabeth, of England, and, in consequence of it,

delivered up to her the town of Havre, the key of the kingdom of France. It was with difficulty that a Catholic king could retain the throne. In 1572 Charles IX. was King of France. But he was a feeble man; he was king only in name; his mother, Catherine de Médicis, was the real ruler of France. At this time the disturbances took the form of a conflict between the houses of Guise and Condé. It was a part of the Huguenot scheme to dethrone Charles IX., of the family of Guise, and elevate the Prince of Condé to the throne. It is an unquestioned historical fact that the Huguenots were uttering violent threats. Catherine de Médicis went to her son, the king, on the night of the 23d of August, 1572, and announced to him that a plot of the Huguenots had been discovered to massacre the Catholics, and that the plot was on the point of being executed. Appealing to his fears and his instinct of self-defence, she persuaded him to issue an order at once for the immediate massacre of the Huguenots. The fatal order was given, the Matin bell of St. Germain tolled the signal, and the order was executed on the 24th, which happened to be St. Bartholomew's day.

It has always been claimed by the Catholics that in the massacre of the Huguenots their own massacre, plotted by the Huguenots and on the point of execution, was anticipated and prevented, and that the measure was one of self-defence. Neither Charles nor Catherine had ever shown any great zeal for the Catholic faith. The Huguenots, to them, were not only a sect of religionists, but also a political party plotting the king's destruction.

The king's mother, an unscrupulous woman, sent envoys immediately in the king's name to the several courts of Europe (no such deception could be practised in our day of the electric telegraph and the marine cable) with a distorted message that the king and royal family had barely escaped from a horrible plot to assassinate them and the leading Catholics of France. No allusion was made to the indiscriminate massacre of the Huguenots; but the message was that on that memorable night, by the destruction of a few seditious men, the king had been delivered from immediate danger of death and the realm from the perpetual danger of civil war.

The pope, Gregory XIII., had for years been aware of the distracted condition of France, and fears for the safety of the reigning Catholic prince (though himself not a St. Louis) were constantly entertained. A hurried message was also sent to the pope that a murderous attempt had been made on the lives of

the king and of his family, and that they had been delivered from the hands of the Huguenots, and that the intended assassins had been punished. On receiving the deceptive message, having before his mind only the information of the preservation of the life of a Catholic king of France from the hands of his enemies, the pope went immediately to St. Peter's and returned public thanks to God by a solemn *Te Deum*. All historians of fairness, without distinction of creed, accord to Gregory XIII. entire exculpation. We will quote but one Protestant authority on this point, among many.

In the *North British Review* of June, 1863, will be found this passage: "The See of Rome was imperatively called upon for immediate action before the true facts of the case could by any possibility have been known, if, indeed, they were not designedly concealed."

We are also informed by the Protestant historian Sismondi that the pope's nuncio at Paris was purposely kept in ignorance of the designs of the king and his mother. Ranke, the Protestant historian already quoted, informs us that the pope, on learning the real facts, sent a legate to Paris, but that Catherine and Charles suddenly left Paris, no doubt to avoid the rebuke of the messenger of the Vicar of Christ. No author has ever accused the bishops or clergy of France of complicity in this heinous crime. But in the midst of the massacre the bishops and priests exerted their best efforts to arrest the carnage and in protecting the lives of the fugitives. The house of the Archbishop of Lyons became an asylum for the Calvinists, three hundred Huguenots having taken refuge under his roof. The episcopal palaces of the bishops of Lisieux, Bordeaux, Toulouse, and of other places became also asylums for the refugees. We Catholics unite with the common voice of humanity in condemning the crime, but at the same time we are unwilling to have its odium thrown upon the shoulders of the innocent.

We regret that so small a space remains for unfolding the historical evidence of the services rendered by the Catholic Church and her children to civil and religious liberty. We have given passages from the most eminent divines, from the third to the nineteenth century, in favor of liberty of conscience. Her earliest struggles were against arbitrary power under the Roman Empire. A similar struggle was bravely entered upon and continued through the middle ages in her contests with arbitrary kings of England, France, and Germany, down to the present day, when she is struggling with a German emperor for liberty of

conscience and of religion for her bishops, priests, and people in Prussia. We need not refer to her struggles against human slavery in the early and middle ages and in all ages and countries of the world—a struggle conducted always with ardor and zeal on the one hand and with justice and moderation on the other. Lecky, the rationalist, no friend of the Catholic Church, mentions this as among the priceless blessings she had bestowed upon humanity, saying: "She might point . . . to the slavery she had destroyed." We need not mention the famous *Magna Charta*, guaranteeing both civil and religious liberty, trial by jury, the right of habeas corpus, and exemption of the people from taxation unless they themselves through their representatives vote the taxes (a great, fundamental principle of constitutional government incorporated from *Magna Charta* into our constitution). Nor need we tell our readers that the leading spirit in wresting this great bulwark of liberty from an unwilling despot was a Catholic archbishop. Nor need we mention the honored name of Michel de l'Hôpital, the real author of the Edict of Nantes, who, in 1562, by this edict granted liberty of conscience to Protestants in Catholic France. Nor need we detail the *Four Liberties of Belgium* granted to Protestants by a Catholic majority in that Catholic country. Nor need we recount the history of that most glorious example of religious toleration in our own country which has made the name of the Calverts, the Lords of Baltimore, illustrious among the most just, benevolent, and tolerant law-givers of the world; nor how a Catholic colony, planted in an age of religious persecution and surrounded by persecuting neighbors, opened her bosom as a sanctuary for the oppressed and for those that bore persecution for justice' sake; nor how religious liberty from the first foundation of that Catholic colony became at first the injunction of an English Catholic nobleman, then the practice of the colony, then the traditional and common law, and finally the statute law of the land; nor how Presbyterians and Quakers fleeing from persecution in the Episcopalian colony of Virginia, and Episcopalians fleeing from the Presbyterian and Puritan colonies of New England, all found equally a home and an asylum in Catholic Maryland. We need not give in detail the provisions of that famous Bill of Religious Liberty passed by the Maryland colonial legislature in 1649 by a Catholic majority, just before, and in anticipation of, the passage of power from their hands into the hands of a Protestant majority—a statute which realized the brightest and happiest dreams of the author of *Utopia*, Sir Thomas More, who was

himself a martyr to religious liberty. Nor need we prove again that the author of this great charter of religious liberty was an English Jesuit; nor that an English Jesuit introduced and set up the first printing-press in the English colonies now forming the United States; nor that the first printing-press in America, consecrated to the education of the Indians, was destroyed by Protestants and Puritans. We need not recount the prominent part taken by the descendants of the Catholic colonists of Maryland, and by all the Catholic people of the old thirteen colonies, in the cause of American Independence; how their zeal and wisdom in council were represented by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and in doing so was not content with signing his name, but added the title of his residence and estates in defiance of threatened Tory persecutions and confiscations; nor need we mention that other patriot priest and prelate, Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore, the Langton of America, who journeyed to Canada in the dead of winter with his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Benjamin Franklin, to secure the alliance and co-operation, or at least the neutrality, of that province in the struggle for freedom. We need not give the history of the achievements in battle of the old Maryland Line in the Revolutionary War; nor of the gallant deeds at sea of Commodore Barry, who has been styled the founder of the American navy. Nor need we relate here the co-operation of Catholic France under the reign of a Catholic king, nor of her gallant army under La Fayette, nor of the achievements of Kosciusko and Pulaski, in that same glorious cause. All these noble records are inscribed in the grateful heart of America. Among the Catholics of that day there was not a Tory nor a traitor. Washington recognized all these services; for, after peace was established and independence secured, he addressed a letter to the Catholics of the country in answer to a patriotic address they had presented to him, in which he used these words: "I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed."

Happily we may now congratulate ourselves that the days of religious intolerance have mostly passed away, and, we hope, for ever. It is true we now see coercion and persecution carried on in two of the leading countries in Europe against the Catholic Church. In France we have seen the expulsion and exile of the

members of the religious orders, teachers of the Catholic schools and shining lights of piety, learning, and humility. In Prussia we have seen the Catholic hierarchy deprived of the liberty of exercising the essential functions of their sacred offices. These atrocities are perpetrated by two opposite extremes of despotism—extreme imperialism or Cæsarism in Prussia, and extreme radical and infidel democracy in France. These extremes are tending to a meeting or union in revolution. They are hostile to each other, though colleagued together in robbing Catholics of their rights; and when they do fall out we hope that honest men will get their dues.

It is a matter of surprise that such instances of oppression for conscience' sake in the nineteenth century—a century that boasts of its enlightenment, its civilization, its love of order and liberty—have not awakened an indignant public opinion that could make such despots quail at the bar of human justice. But a century that witnessed with calm indifference the seizure of the very capital of Christendom, in violation of every principle of right, both human and divine, cannot boast much of its sense of religion or justice or heroism. With all its advantages and glories the nineteenth century is a mercenary, not a heroic, century. It is a century in which a certain species of despotism, which we might call nationalism, has usurped the natural liberties of the people and of the real nations. Not only has Rome, the capital of Christendom, been seized ruthlessly by an armed rabble led by a robber-king, but the tomb of our Saviour and the Sacred Places still remain in the hands of the Mahometan, while united Europe by raising its finger could restore them to Christian custody and veneration. No crusades are necessary now to recover them. There is not sufficient chivalry in Christian diplomacy (it were proper to unite those two words!) to wrest them from unholy grasp. But if commerce is impeded anywhere in the Orient or in India, if the Suez Canal is obstructed, fleets and armies are immediately set in motion, and the commerce of Christendom (two other words illy mated!) vindicates its own amid slaughter and inhumanity. The nations and peoples of the world are held down by immense standing armies, and the peace of the world is precariously preserved at the point of the bayonet. The most heinous public crimes and outrages might be perpetrated in any quarter of the globe (just as the seizure of Rome was committed at the very centre of the Christian world); but if they do not injure commerce, or interfere with or hurt the pockets of the great nations, a selfish neutrality

is observed all around. No amount of injustice in our day can arouse the peoples of the earth to arrest, avenge, or punish, because each people is held down and bound hand and foot by vast standing armies. No call can now be made upon the justice, the humanity, or the chivalry of mankind. The policy of cabinets controls all things in the nineteenth century. A crusade in answer to the call of wrong and woe is impossible. There is neither a common humanity nor a common liberty to appeal to; nor is there a judge or arbiter to whom oppressed nations and people can apply for justice. Public opinion is public policy. Such an abstract notion cannot supply the place which the Vicar of Christ once held on earth as chancellor, so to speak, or chief justice of Christendom. All this is owing, in a great measure, to the sixteenth century, which was the century that rent the seamless garment of the Saviour. These evils are greatly owing to the religious dissensions of Christian peoples and nations, and to the want of a recognized head of Christendom, an united Christendom. This appalling necessity is acknowledged by the abortive efforts made in our day to erect peace-congresses and international courts of arbitration. But these have failed for want of a common faith, a common recognized jurisdiction, and a consequent want of confidence. The world has coldly seen the sects divide themselves into an indefinite horde of jarring and disputing schools, and has indifferently permitted a godless and lustful revolution (miscalled Reformation) to wrest from the traditional head of the Christian society the spiritual and moral sceptre of right and truth and justice. It has witnessed and permitted the reduction of such a recognized international arbiter, once acknowledged for a thousand years, to the ignoble position of a prisoner in the Vatican.

Well does the inspired penman demand: "*Was Christ divided?*" Then why should his following on earth be divided? Is there no common ground of faith and truth and charity upon which the Christian peoples of the earth can be united? What Christian is there, guided by the light and freedom of the Gospel and by the experience of our modern military civilization, that would not rather recognize the arbitrament of an impartial father, Vicar of the Christ we all adore, in matters of faith, of morals, and of public justice, than to see the nations bound down by sword and by the dynamic logic of brute force? Until the world is emancipated from this brutal power there can never be realized true liberty, civil or religious. There is nothing despotic in truth nor in the unity which truth generates. Truth

and unity do not enslave the human intellect and will, but give them true liberty. How, then, can the organized and practical union that results from truth enslave the human intellect or result otherwise than in liberating it? We have the divine assurance: "*You shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.*" This is the road that leads to true liberty—that legitimate liberty which enlightens the human conscience and elevates and emancipates the human intellect. With the achievement of such results as these, the world and the nations thereof would then truly rejoice in the possession of true liberty, both civil and religious.

IDLENESS.

THE caterpillar swings his airy thread
From off a leaf of this far-spreading oak
That towers in solemn grandeur o'er my head;
Upon the leaves of my neglected book
A tiny spider, green and brown, doth weave
His shining gossamer; the black ant hies
Across the rustic bench, his insect prize
With effort huge amid his store to leave;
From tawny speck to gorgeous butterfly,
The insect world before my gaze doth lie;
And so e'en Plutarch's self how can I choose
When Nature in her festive garment wooes?

A flutter 'mid the branches, and my heart
Leaps with the life in that full chirp that breathes;
The brown, full-breasted sparrow with a dart
Is at my feet amid the swaying wreaths
Of grass and clover; trooping blackbirds come
With haughty step; the oriole, wren, and jay
Revel amid the cool, green moss in play,
Then off in clouds of music; while the drum
Of scarlet-crested woodpecker from yon
Old Druid-haunting oak sends toppling down

A ruined memory of ages past:
O life and death—how blended to the last!

Far up, the sailing wing of hawk or crow
  Allures me, while a voice within my soul
Is whispering marvellous things; a hidden woe,
  As if I heard an inner funeral toll
O'er hopes and aspirations quite as dead
  As this poor branch, conflicts with hope as high,
  Which mounts beyond that atom in the sky,
Beyond the blue, and must with sun be fed.
A squirrel leaps from bough to spray, now skims
The gray old fence with acorns laden; chimes
The distant cow-bell, mingling with the call
Of laughing children as the apples fall.

So Plutarch's witcheries have been left to-day—
  The lives and hopes and woes of men who pressed
To honor's summit, for the thought's sweet play,
  And peace on music-throbbing Nature's breast.
Borne inward o'er the soul's mysterious chord,
  The melodies of other worlds respond
  Her anthems, sealing that far-circling bond
Which clasps creation to creative Word.
I close my book; my tangled spider free,
Musing on that unuttered unity;
And walk the homeward path, with daisies pied,
In vague, sweet yearnings for the "other side."

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—*Continued.*

"I DON'T believe that he is right," Maria Rawson said when Katharine told her the determination at which she had arrived. "You will know all the Fathers, and all the doctors, and all the history from the year one down, I suppose, but what better off will you be in the end? Can't you see that if Christianity is true it must be absolutely necessary that there should be some way to apprehend it which would not involve all that trouble?"

"I see it plainly, but if you knew how much I wish to have my husband go along with me at every step! We have been one thus far, and I don't want to leave him, even to go to the altar, if I can avoid it by a mere delay."

"Delays are dangerous, young woman. One prayer made after you have fairly given in would be worth more to your husband than all the philosophy you could discuss together between now and Easter. I know what he is. Once you say to him that you can stand it no longer and that you must make your submission, he will relinquish you at once. He is not like George Marlow. Poor fellow! My heart aches for him, I will say. I used to fancy that Amanda was the better of the two, because she had a sort of surface amiability. I begin to believe that there is no such thing as a good heart which does not rest on a solid, hard substratum of common sense. If she does not make him heartily repent that he did not let her go with me and put herself under instruction, as she wanted to the week before poor little Jack died, I shall be much surprised. She would go now, if she took it in her head, for she defies him at every turn; but she seems utterly impervious to anything that I can say on that or any other subject."

"No," said Katharine, "Louis is not like that. He is goodness itself to me—and that is what makes it so hard not to do exactly what he wishes. A heavy yoke would be no yoke at all to me; I should break from under it by sheer force of living."

"Now, you listen!" returned Maria. "Anything which keeps the soul one minute away from God, when once it has clearly seen him and knows perfectly what is his will with regard to it, is the very heaviest yoke that Satan can lay upon it. Do you

suppose he has not fathomed your nature just as accurately as he did Amanda's? She told me she did not dare to disobey her husband when he suddenly altered his old ways, and, from letting her do exactly as she pleased in all directions, put his foot down that toward the Catholic Church she should not go. I think it rather flattered her a little when he first took that attitude—she found it so unusual; and there are some women who seem to get tired of too much complaisance, and relish even a little brutality by way of change. It is the change, though, and not the brutality, that pleases them. Not that George was ever brutal—though I confess I thought he verged on it where I was concerned the night he drove me up-stairs before him and turned the key on me before I knew what he was about. I might have perished there from starvation, like Ginevra in her chest, if he had not needed me the next evening and remembered that he had my door-key in his pocket."

"And did you have nothing to eat all that time?"

"Only some Huntley & Palmer's biscuits which happened to be in my closet. But it was a Friday in Advent, so what did it matter? I was as happy as a king the whole time."

"I have often meant to ask you about that," said Katharine. "How could you be happy when you had set your heart so on the child's baptism, and yet saw that you were not going to be able to bring it about? You seemed to me to have staked so much on that—to have been so certain that your prayers were heard, as you wanted them to be—that I should have thought you would have passed some very bitter hours up there. I feel sure that I should."

"We are made so differently, you see. My faith is gigantic, and that is all right, for it is entirely supernatural. But my conceit of myself, my natural obstinacy, are rank overgrowths also, and that is all wrong; and whenever either of them gets a good hard knock I take a positive pleasure in it. If you will believe me, I laughed until I cried when I heard the click of the lock that night, and knew that I was going to have no part nor lot in the affair of Jack's salvation but that of praying for it. 'It serves you just right,' I said to myself. But as to doubting that it would be brought about all the same, I never doubted it one instant. But, of course, I settled it at once in my own officious little mind that either you or Mr. Giddings would be the instrument selected, and had laid out a whole programme of the effects of it on whichever one of you it was. Failing you, I had some faint notion that Amanda herself might pluck up courage

and do it. I had taken good care to teach her the formula. You see, I deluded myself all round."

Up to this time neither Katharine nor her husband had spoken with a priest, and, but for a seeming accident which took place about the middle of Lent, neither might have done so for some weeks to come. Louis himself had placed a limit beyond which he would not in any case prolong his wife's delay, and meantime such books as he required were easily accessible through Lindsay's intervention. But, being one day with the latter in the library of the Jesuit College, he came with mingled surprise and pleasure upon his Montreal acquaintance, Father Baptist. They recognized each other with mutual cordiality.

"The world is very narrow," said Giddings, making a trite remark. "I was thinking of you as I entered, and here you are."

"And here I shall be until after Easter, when, instead of going back to Montreal, I believe that I am to be sent to Boston."

"Better still," said Giddings, moved by a sudden impulse. "I have a piece of congenial work for you on hand, if you are at liberty to undertake it."

They began to pace up and down the room together, and Lindsay, approaching from a distant table and seeing them thus occupied, came up to excuse himself on the plea of an engagement and take his leave.

Father Baptist listened with interest to what his companion had to tell him.

"Yes," he said when he had finished, "one is always at liberty and at leisure for what is, after all, one's only business. Moreover, the affairs which caused my summons here are nearly transacted, and I have all the time that you can ask for at your disposal. I shall be glad to make your wife's acquaintance whenever you and she are ready. But are you going to permit her to take this step alone?"

"I do not know, and every day I find myself still farther off from knowing. The more I examine the structure of your religion the more perfect and compact I find it in every part, and the more thoroughly I understand the attraction that it has for a mind like hers, which is not merely upright and simple, but has a clear perspicacity and natural logic which have never been spoiled by any manner of sophistication. But the initial difficulty is what daunts me. Postulate a Creative Intelligence, and all the rest follows, as it seems to me, by an easy if not a necessary sequence."

"And you find yourself unable to admit that postulate? What have you been reading on the affirmative side?"

Giddings named a book or two. "But they are useless," he went on. "They supply no arguments which every man who thinks has not adduced to himself a hundred times already."

"Well, I have nothing newer to offer you than the old question: Canst thou by searching find out God? If you could look directly at him, weigh and measure him and define his exact value, he would not be God. Even the sun, which lends itself to those operations, blinds you if you try to regard it in mid-heaven. Tell me one thing, though: do you ever pray?"

"What to? And how? Would you have me say, 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul'?"

"Well, yes, if you can find no better formula. Are you sure that you really wish to believe?"

Giddings stopped to reflect a little. They had entered the embrasure of a window and were resting there. He lifted his eyes at last and looked directly at the elder man.

"Yes," he said with great deliberation, "I can honestly say I wish it. But I fear it is a barren wish."

The priest held out his hand.

"Come," he said, "for you there is but one way to make it fruitful. You need no further instruction, and you have already been baptized. If I put you to the test at once it is because I am convinced that you are honest and that the time is ripe. Come into the church with me and let me receive your confession. I will give you half an hour for preparation, if you like."

"Very well. I hardly need so much time, I think. The possibility of that transaction has been tolerably plain before my mind for some weeks past."

Then, as they emerged from the recess of the window, "You understand the art of striking while the iron is hot, I see."

"That is only the commonest kind of prudence. Sometimes, though, one fails to see when it is hot. But nothing has become plainer to me, as a result of a good many years of dealing with men's souls, than that what they mistake for intellectual difficulties are, nine times in ten, simple disorders of the will. I want you to find out for yourself how true was that saying of our Master: My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man will do the will of him, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

"Ah!" sighed Katharine, her eyes lighting with a soft,

tremulous joy, "then you went before me, after all! Oh! I am glad! I like to follow you, to be your shadow, your echo, even here. I could not bear to be alone. Then I need not wait any longer?"

"No; he will give you conditional baptism early to-morrow morning, and afterwards we shall make our Communion together."

But that night Katharine's child came prematurely into this world, and, having been made the citizen of another, went out of it again while the mother lay unconscious.

Four days later the first gray streaks of a young March morning showed Louis, who had been keeping a solitary vigil at her side, that she was regarding him intently, and with eyes that were clear from all traces of the horror and anguish that had torn his heart so many times already. He knelt down beside the bed and looked at her in silence, fearing to chase back by a too hasty word the soul whose reappearance all but himself had ceased to hope for. Presently she put up her arms and closed them about his neck.

"Is it you, Louis?" she said. "And are we alive?"

"Did you think we were not, dear?"

"I thought I must be dead," she answered, speaking with some effort, and in a tone that made him dread that consciousness was slipping away from her again, "for I have been in hell. But I did not see you there."

Her hold upon him loosened as she spoke, her eyes closed, and she fell into a natural sleep, from which she wakened fully mistress of herself. This time Maria Rawson was beside her, and a white-capped nurse hovered about the foot of the bed. Her husband, from whom the doctor's early visit had lifted the long burden of anxiety, had dropped at once into the sleep of profound exhaustion.

"For three days and nights he never left you for a moment," Maria said, replying to her inquiry for him, "and now I think that we must let him rest. He is not far off—only on the sofa in the next room."

"Have I been so ill, then?"

"So ill that it seemed to me at last that nothing but your husband's will held you from following your baby into heaven. Father Baptist wanted more than once to baptize you, but he kept putting it off. Last night I tried to persuade him, but at last he told me that you would not die; that he had bought you with a price and knew that he should keep you."

The nurse came up and touched Miss Lawson on the shoulder. She spoke in Italian—the only tongue she understood—but her quick eye had read on the sick woman's face that her strength was being tried too far.

"You must go away, miss, or you must be quiet. Don't you see what you are doing?"

Maria was instantly all penitence and promises; but the mischief had been done, and Katharine's recovery was again retarded.

"It is a curious thing about women," the doctor said when he had received the nurse's report, listened to Maria's self-accusation, and set himself to the task of reassuring the husband. "The best of them can't be trusted to hold their tongues until they have been under special training. Fortunately there is no great harm done this time. It will take her a little longer to pull around, but she will do it."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FAIRLY started on her road to convalescence for the second time, Katharine's recovery was rapid. Toward the close of it Father Baptist came to pay her one or two friendly visits, and, finding her well disposed and tranquil, availed himself of the opportunity to give her such final instructions as he deemed necessary. Her formal reception into the church took place the first day she was pronounced able to leave the house with safety.

"I am by no means certain that I am about to baptize you," said the priest, who had listened with much interest to such account as it occurred to her to give him of her innocent life. "Of course," he went on, seeing the mute inquiry in her eyes, "I shall do so conditionally, which, in such cases as yours, is all that is allowable. But I have so often received young people like you, brought up in honest and religious homes, where there seems to have been no wilful error and no darkness not purely intellectual and hereditary, and I have not infrequently found them so free from mortal or deliberate sin, that I could account for it satisfactorily to myself only on the theory that they had really received the baptismal grace and never lost it. However," he added, smiling, "there is something still to be done for you. Your enemy's attacks seem to have been made on your heart thus far, and really, now that he is worsted, I feel rather inclined to congratulate him on the skill and subtlety with which he planned them. But he is likely to change his tactics hencefor-

ward, and I shall be glad of the chance to circumvent him and safeguard that good little head of yours, which he appears to have neglected thus far, by the exorcisms and other ceremonies which ordinarily precede the rite itself."

A few days later they started on their homeward journey, accompanied by Father Baptist and Miss Rawson.

"I am not getting tired of Rome—far from it," said that mercurial little lady in proposing to become a member of the party, "but I can't live here alone; it don't quite suit the Lindsays to take me in and do for me; and as to staying on with the Marlows under present circumstances, I am obliged to confess that I am not quite equal to it. I thought I had spunk and obstinacy enough for anything, but—" she stopped and shook her head. "Well, there's no use talking; least said is soonest mended always. I may as well give up at once and own myself for beaten. At present I am a mere bone of contention, and the quicker I take myself out of the way the better for the pair I serve in that capacity. I was in hopes you were going to stay abroad longer and would give me shelter beneath your conjugal wings; but, since you cannot, I will betake myself with you to that happy land where the unmarried woman may abide secure, both in fact and reputation, without any need of a sheep-dog in the way of a chaperon."

She walked to a mirror as she finished speaking, and regarded her reflection with an amused and comical smile.

"In America every woman is safe," she went on, "who chooses to conduct herself discreetly; but wouldn't you suppose that even Italian common sense would accept that face as abundant security for my good intentions?"

"Yes, I should," said Katharine, laughing; "but far be it from me to flatter that egregious vanity of yours by telling you why I think so. On the whole, I am rather grateful to Italian stupidity this time, because I shall be more than glad to have you go back with us. Until yesterday I had somehow taken it for granted that we should stay in Europe until the autumn; but now that Louis has shown me the letter that came from Mrs. Kitchener while I was ill, I feel that I cannot get away too soon."

Mrs. Kitchener had written, late in February, to say that Mrs. Danforth seemed to be failing rapidly, both in health and spirits. A heavy cold, contracted in the fall, had left her with a teasing cough. Then rheumatism set in, and for a month she had been a prisoner in her chair, where she pined visibly for the pre-

sence of her daughter. The news added one more to the list of self-accusations with which Louis Giddings had tormented himself at Katharine's bedside, and he was now not less eager than she to turn their faces homeward. But it was mid-April before they were able to take ship at Liverpool.

They were walking up and down the deck one starry night, Louis and Katharine and Father Baptist, when she, reminded of it by the aspect of the heavens, began recounting to the priest the impression made upon her mind on the first Christmas of which she retained a definite recollection.

"Those graces which are granted us in childhood are very rare and very precious things," he said when she had finished. "I owe the gown I wear to one which dates even farther back in mine than the one you speak of does in yours."

"Tell us about it, won't you, father?" she begged in an entreating little voice that he found pleasant.

"Why not?" he answered. "It is very simple. I was a little Swiss boy, living in the diocese of which St. Francis de Sales was formerly prince-bishop. I was six years old, perhaps—certainly not more than that—when a band of Jesuits came into our neighborhood to preach a mission. The mission itself I do not remember, for I was too young to be permitted to attend. But I recollect very well the last Sunday of it, when I went to Vespers with my father. One of the priests came out upon the altar, to make the final exhortation, I suppose. He carried a great crucifix, taller than himself, and as he talked he rested it on the floor beside him and clasped his hand about the cross. I don't know what he said—something very moving, doubtless, but probably beyond my small comprehension. What I do know is that he set all the people crying and lamenting, and, looking up into my father's face, I was terrified to see the tears streaming down his face also. That was an entirely new experience for me, and of course I began to cry as loud as anybody, partly out of fear, partly out of sympathy. And suddenly a great light seemed to shine all about me—as I recall it, I see that it was within and not without me, but I was too much of a child then to have any idea of that distinction—and a voice said to me: 'You shall be one of them, hereafter.' I remember looking all about me to see who had spoken, and wondering that my father took no notice of what seemed to me to have been uttered in a tone so loud, and so in the midst of what the priest was saying, that I expected him to rebuke the speaker. But nothing happened, and for some reason I could not bring myself to men-

tion it, and after a while the impression faded. I grew up, went through my course at college, and the time had come for me to choose my profession before I thought of it again. I had never yet entertained any notion even of taking orders, much less of entering the religious life. In fact, I was a rather wild lad, I am afraid. And then, as it happened, another mission was preached in my native village just after I had settled in my mind that I would devote myself to the study of the law. This time I made the mission. And on the last day of it the same phenomenon was repeated, in the same way and in the same place. The first one had faded completely from my memory until it was renewed and graven there indelibly by the repetition."

"The light and the sounds?" asked Giddings.

"Everything, and in each of its details."

"And then?"

"Then I entered the novitiate, and here I am, a Jesuit priest, crossing the Atlantic for now the third time. The first was after the Sonderbund war, when they sent all of ours out of my native country. I have never been in it since. Yet I have an old mother living there," he ended with a sigh, "and a sister whom I have not seen since she was twenty. Ah! well, there will be time enough hereafter."

They were passing the bridge as he ended, and Miss Rawson, who was up there with some other ladies, called to Katharine as she went by.

"Do come up here, Mrs. Giddings," she cried out, "and look at Orion backing down into the water."

"Why backing down, Miss Rawson?" asked the captain's wife, who happened to be crossing with him. "That seems to me a terribly unpoetic way of describing anything so beautiful."

"Isn't that his hammer up in front? I supposed it was, at all events, and so I thought it must be his hind foot which he has just dipped in the sea."

She slipped her arm into Katharine's as she spoke, and, after looking at the sky for a minute or two in silence, they descended to the deck again and began pacing it in company. The two men meanwhile had gone on together.

"Tell me," asked Giddings, after they had walked awhile in silence, "do you think it wise to lay much stress on experiences such as you and my wife have just been recounting?"

"I am not sure I understand your question. What degree of stress do you suppose me to lay on it?"

"It remains in your mind, I observe, as the not dissimilar one

has done in hers, and apparently you both date from them as the beginning of a long series of mental or spiritual changes which have resulted in bringing you to your present condition. Does not that seem to be giving the marvellous, the purely supernatural, too great a play in what is, after all, a rational process—for the most of us, at least?"

"I don't think so. After all, what is the raw material of all rational processes? A fact or a collection of facts, isn't it? Why should I ignore those special facts in my internal history, any more than the not less positive one that I was born in Switzerland fifty-five years ago come next Michaelmas?"

"If you put it that way, none. Only the last fact has the advantage of being certifiable by witnesses, and of not running counter, even in appearance, to several hundred millions of similar ones, of a goodly number of which every one of us is directly cognizant. Personally I have as little doubt of one order of facts, where you and she are concerned, as I have of the other. But it has often seemed to me that Catholics—I speak now under correction and ready to receive any light you are ready to shed on the subject—lay themselves somewhat injudiciously open to criticism by being apparently ready to attach too much weight to the miraculous side of our religion. It is so strong logically, it can bear so well the test of close historical investigation, that I have a suspicion that it might be wise not to weaken its force on that side by flinging these other things in the face of such an incredulous age as ours. A sort of pearls before swine, isn't it?"

"Well, there are several things to be said about it. The most obvious one that occurs to me at this moment is that I don't quite see on what grounds you conclude that I, for example, would be likely to throw a purely personal bit of history like that 'before swine.'"

"That is a fair hit," said Giddings, laughing. "You return me to my trough very neatly. Perhaps you will permit me to drop the personal question and repeat the more general one in which it is included."

"To that I answer that I think you are mistaken. Historically, you cannot but remember that our religion is miraculous in its conception, miraculous in its propagation and its preservation. And what do you mean when you say it is strong rationally and logically, except that it is impossible to deny or to disprove it without at the same time denying not only the weight of human testimony but the data furnished by consciousness?

The fact is, the sceptical virus has infected a good deal that still presents the outward appearance of sound health. The whole warp and woof of our modern mental habit is saturated with it. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but yet I predict to you that science itself will one day break loose from the fetters that the rationalists of the last century laid on all of us, more or less, and, in the interests of sound knowledge and common sense, will refuse any longer to collar and turn out of court, discredited and uninvestigated, a whole order of facts as positive, as easily ascertainable, as well supported by testimony as any of those which rest in the last resort on special and personal experience. And what facts are there which don't rest on it, if you come to that?"

He paused for a little, but, his companion offering no remark, he finally went on again.

"To return to my own stray pearls and those of your wife, it is quite conceivable to me that He who made the heart, and who desires it to the point of asking for it, should sometimes make his appeal to it directly, and in advance of that appeal to the reason which, as belonging to another order of things, he leaves in general to the action of other causes. 'Give me thy heart,' he says, but never, 'Give me thy mind.' Why, except because the heart has been corrupted even more than the head, and needs to be lured by love and hope, or swayed at least by fear, while the right reason has only to keep its eyes unclosed and deal with the facts of revelation as it deals with all those by which it lives from day to day, in order to escape that condemnation uttered by St. Paul when he declares that men are inexcusable for not having clearly seen and understood the invisible things of God by virtue of their knowledge of what is open and visible before their eyes?"

"You may be right; I think you are. But it is not easy to throw off one's life-long habit of regarding men and things, even with the best intentions in the world. However, and by way of apology about the pearls, my compunction suggests to me that I cannot make it more effectively than by telling you a bit of my own recent experience which I had intended to guard for myself only. The night my wife came out of her long stupor I had it impressed on my consciousness, not by any sound or sight, but as if it were wrought into the very substance of my soul, not merely that the cry of my heart for her life was granted, but that she would have died and been lost, and through my fault, if I had not previously made my prayer efficacious in the way that

you remember. More than that, that she would live to face with me some trial we should both find bitterer than death."

"It may be so," said the priest. "The balances of God are not like ours, nor is his justice blind. It is a more dangerous thing than we are apt to think it to turn a deaf ear to his special calls."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EARLY in January, 1861, a young American of the reader's acquaintance, who had then spent between two and three years in the service of his country, discharging to the best of an exceptional ability the not very arduous duties of an assistant surgeon on one of the vessels belonging to the China Squadron, received news from home which rendered further continuance in the service both unnecessary and unwise. Necessary it had never been, in point of fact, except to allay a certain boyish thirst for adventure and an impatience begotten by the plodding routine of a professional life begun a thought too early, and pursued with unremitting diligence, but not preceded by the four years of irresponsible, half-industrious idleness which make up the scholastic career of the average collegian. The relative to whom he owed his training and his start in life had urged upon him, with much affectionate insistence, the folly of absenting himself for an unnamed period from the place where a successful career lay all planned out before him, as well as the wisdom of familiarizing himself, while yet he could profit by the experience of his elder, with a run of practice and a *clientèle* of well-paying patients such as seldom fall ready made into the hands of the most fortunate of young doctors. But he had been unpersuadable, and, the means for travel on a more liberal scale not having been provided, he attained that end in a manner less suited to his inclinations, but more congenial, on the whole, to the well-marked independence of his character. He had gained by this time a certain amount of not very diversified experience, had gratified his passion for blue water and strange horizons, and found opportunity, while his ship was riding at anchor in the last port where she had been stationed, to perform on shore, in the family of one of the European residents, a delicate and dangerous operation which had gained him a good deal of local reputation and some offers for the future which many men of his age and position would have found irresistible. But, though he was growing as distinctly tired of the present routine as of that which had preceded it, these offers presented no attractions to him.

"Did you never hear that fifty years of Europe are better than a cycle of Cathay?" he said to one of those who pressed them on his acceptance. "Besides, what can one do with money in China after he earns it?"

It was about this period that letters from home apprised him, first of the serious illness, and then of the death, of his uncle. The blow, which was a severe one, was nevertheless not a little mitigated by the news that he had become, in consequence of it, master of a fortune sufficiently large to put all reasonable objects of desire within his reach. He was not long in forwarding his resignation to headquarters. His vessel, however, was lying at Shanghai, while the flagship, with the commodore on board, had been for some weeks in harbor at Hong Kong. He was a general favorite with his brother-officers, and a party of them from various ships volunteered to accompany him on the steamer plying between the two ports, when he should go to ask leave of absence. A day or two spent in taking his farewells added one or two recruits to the party from among the foreign residents, between whom and the line and staff of the war-ships lying in harbor had sprung up the comradery usually induced by the use of a common tongue under alien skies.

One of these, a lawyer attached to the little group of English government officials, was a man whose acquaintance with the young surgeon, though of the slightest, did not date from yesterday. He was in the neighborhood of fifty, a man of shrewd yet benevolent aspect, not thoroughly pleased with his present surroundings, and with well-marked symptoms that his aversion to them was likely to become chronic. He had a growing family about him, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whose future appeared to cause him some uneasiness. Opportunities for materially benefiting them were numerous in the present, while those that were in prospect were decidedly attractive. But he was a widower with young daughters from whom he hated the thought of separation, and a son whose abilities he believed above the average, and for whom he desired one of those home prizes which an Englishman rates above all other earthly goods. His early exile from his native land had put them out of his own reach, and in doing so had rendered them so much the more alluring to his imagination. The last evening of Richard Norton's stay in Shanghai was spent in his house, and when they parted Mr. Crawford, learning of the proposed excursion, declared his intention of accompanying it.

"The fact is," he said, "that I have business with his ex-

cellency of Hong Kong which will not bear putting off much longer, and, as the trip is one I don't particularly care for, the chance to go and come in cheerful company is too good to be neglected. I suppose you don't mean to come back here?"

"No," said Norton; "the matter of asking leave in my case is so much a matter of pure form that I shall go prepared to take an outgoing steamer from the island."

"You will point straight for home, of course?"

"Well, I don't know. I shall certainly not take ship for New York or Boston, if that is what you mean. I have written to my lawyer to have an account opened for me in London. How long I may stay there I can't say, but long enough, at all events, to provide myself with the best set of instruments that money can buy. I have been aching for a long time to act on Emerson's advice and 'spend for my specialty,' and now that I have the chance I shall not let much grass grow under my feet before availing myself of it."

"Happy youth!" said Crawford. "What would I not give to have your years, your prospects, and your trip home before me! It is a mistake, this wandering about the world and leaving the home-nest empty. I was younger than you when I was obliged to turn out of it, but I never had your luck in being called back and set on my feet in the spot where they first began to toddle. Go the world over, and there's no place like it."

"Perhaps not," the young man answered; "but I am tolerably cosmopolitan in my tastes, I fancy. America is such a big thing, you see. One's pride may compass it, and it certainly gives play enough to one's aspirations after freedom and independence, but it is a trifle clumsy for one's heart to put tendrils over. That tight little island of yours just lends itself to that sort of thing. I never yet ran across one of your countrymen who did not call it home, no matter how long he had been away from it, or however small desire he really had to go back."

"That is Yankee all over," said Crawford, laughing, "even to the admission that your heads are larger than your hearts. Your country has not cost you dear enough as yet; and then I suppose that what is every man's land is no man's land. For your spiritual growth it would probably have been a good thing for you to have remained colonists still. That would have cultivated your affections at the same time that it clipped the wings of your spread-eagle, and made you a little more like ordinary mortals. Well, good-night; I'll meet you at the boat to-morrow."

"Sorry to lose you, of course, doctor," the commodore said in granting the required permission, "but at the same time, if things keep on at home in the way they threaten at present, I *don't* know how soon I may be ready to follow your example. Under strong temptation I might even take French leave for my ship into the bargain. If it comes to war—and it looks decidedly that way just now—the question of allegiance will be a ticklish one for a good many of us to settle."

"There won't be any war," said Norton slowly. "But if there should, honest men would know well enough to what and to whom they pledged their services."

"Ah! yes. I forgot where you hail from. The difficulty would lie just there, you see. The first shot fired on either side in war between North and South would be mortal for the 'whom,' and make the 'what' at once a matter for discussion. However, the first shot has not been fired as yet. Since you are leaving us, I don't mind telling you that I learn through private advices that things are looking decidedly squally. Well, there is a P. and O. steamer starting for Southampton at three to-day. If you are ready you can't do better than take it and avoid the Cape. Before you reach New York you may see reason to congratulate yourself that your resignation was handed in at a less embarrassing moment than I think is reserved for some of the rest of us."

"If I thought that," said Norton, "I should certainly withdraw it. But war, to my mind, is as far off as the millennium, and about as likely."

Before sailing, however, it was his luck to hear not a little talk of the same description, and to become aware, as he did so, of certain emotions that were novel enough to make him remark on them to his friend Crawford, who had gone on board the outgoing steamer with him, in company with several of his old associates. At the moment they were standing apart from the others, who had gathered near the gangway to look at a group who were about crossing it.

"You heard what Lieutenant Jones was saying," he began, his face a little flushed, and his voice stirred out of its usual careless composure. "On our ship more of the officers than usual are Northerners, like myself—most of them, in fact—and to us the idea seems too absurd to be taken into serious consideration. But if I had to listen to many more remarks like that, civil war would break out over a certain very limited area without delay. I find I have more patriotism and more pugnacity than I thought for."

"I told you so the other night," Crawford answered, with a smile. "Like you, I don't believe in the possibility of civil war in the United States, but if there should be one I can fancy that it might bring some compensations with it. What are those fellows looking at? By Jove! that can't be—"

He left Norton's side as he spoke and went hastily to meet the group the naval officers had been regarding. The most prominent member of it, a young lady in a dark travelling dress, close-fitting, and without the customary crinoline, who was on the arm of an elderly gentleman of distinguished aspect, turned her eyes on him, as he approached her, with a smile of recognition in which there was some evident surprise but none of the half-stupefied astonishment plainly visible in Crawford's face. Following him with his eyes, in some amazement at his sudden start forward, Norton caught this expression with perfect distinctness. But the next moment two or three of the crew passed across his field of vision, and when they left the space clear the lady had her back to him, and Crawford was exchanging what were clearly the salutations of an introduction with her companion. But he turned at once to her when they were over, and began an animated conversation which, after a phrase or two, ended in her separating herself from her escort and walking slowly along the forward deck with the lawyer. The hour of sailing was close at hand, and in another moment Norton was again surrounded by his friends.

"You are in luck," said one of them, a member of the commodore's staff. "To be shut up on shipboard for six or seven weeks with the handsomest woman in Hong Kong—in the world, so far as I am able to speak for it—would make me pray for rough weather, a shipwreck, or anything else that might prolong the pleasure indefinitely. Your friend seems to know her well enough to give you the chance of a presentation in due form, but he is so deep in his parley with her that it is doubtful whether he will leave himself time enough to make it. How disgusted M. Blondel looked at being left in the lurch in that way!"

"I did not see her face," said Norton, turning again to look at the pair, who had stopped near the bow and were plunged in hurried talk in which Crawford was evidently the chief speaker. "Who is she?"

"A Mrs. Lloyd, who has been the belle of Hong Kong for some years past. I have not seen her often, for she has been a widow for the last twelvemonth and has not gone about much.

But one hears of her on all sides. That was the French consul who came on board with her."

"There goes the bell," said another, "and here comes Crawford with the lady. Jove! she *is* a stunner! Well, good-by, Norton. May we never meet under less friendly auspices than we part!"

In the midst of the hearty but hurried farewells Crawford came up to make his own, and to disengage Norton from the group in order to lead him toward Mrs. Lloyd, who had now rejoined her own friends, all of whom were preparing to go ashore.

"There isn't half a minute," he said, "but I want to put a lady under your charge for the voyage. She is going back alone, with not even a maid. I never was so surprised in my life as to meet her here. I hope you will excuse ceremony, Mrs. Lloyd, and allow me to present a young friend who may be of service to you both here and after your return. By the way, he knows one of your old Canadian acquaintances, who, like myself, supposed—"

The last bell rang before he could finish his sentence.

"Crawford! Crawford!" shouted half a dozen voices from the foot of the gang-plank. He wrung Norton's hand hastily and was gone without mentioning his name.

"He is a dear, forgetful old man," said Mrs. Lloyd, smiling and waving her handkerchief to the group in which Crawford stood. "It is quite like him to leave me in ignorance how to address you."

"Is he old?" Norton asked as he remedied the omission. "I have been rather in the habit of considering him in a different light."

As he ended he made a final gesture of salute and a last hearty response to the shouts of farewell from the shore, and turned upon her his first really attentive glance. He met a pair of large, well-opened brown eyes, in which the expression blinded him for the moment to the exceeding beauty of their form and color, and the curling fringe of night-black lashes which deepened their brilliancy. Her beauty, in fact, perfect as it was in all physical details, and insensible as he speedily grew to anything except it, came, after all, only second in the earliest impression she made upon him. Something in her unabashed and easy gaze reminded him of the unshamed license of an animal. But this impression was momentary and instinctive. In Mrs. Lloyd's voice and manner there was the

accent of a person better versed in the world and its ways than her present companion.

"Perhaps not," she said in answer to his last remark; "but when one has known a man from childhood, and played pranks with his children, one gets to thinking of him as an old man. At all events, that is what I had grown to do with Papa Crawford. He was so busy in talking to me about my own affairs that I had no chance to ask him how he came here, of all places in the world. Fate, I suppose. That is the best solution I have ever found for all my riddles."

"It is as good a one as any, and better than most."

"Then you are a Canadian?" she went on. "I should not have guessed it from your looks."

"Not at all," he answered, somewhat perplexed. Crawford's remark, to which he had paid small attention, had already slipped his memory. "Why should you think so, if appearances do not suggest it? I was never in Canada but once, and that was the time when I met Mr. Crawford first."

"Because he said you knew a friend of mine there, and I was wondering who it could be."

"Well, as I know one family only, the clue to the mystery cannot be far to seek. It must be Reuben Jennings, or perhaps one of his sons."

Mrs. Lloyd looked puzzled.

"The name is familiar," she said. "I have heard my mother mention Reuben Jennings, but I have no personal acquaintance with either him or his sons. They left Canada for the United States when I was little."

"But they went back some half-dozen years ago. It must be they of whom he was thinking, for I assure you I don't know another soul belonging to that region but himself."

"I am sorry for that. Mr. Crawford knew that I should need some powerful friends when I got home, but he had so little time to talk that he omitted half the details I am dying to know. In what position is Mr. Jennings? Would he be able to give me real assistance in a matter demanding both influence and money?"

"I am not competent to judge. He has money enough, no doubt, but what influence he possesses I don't know at all."

"You see," she said, turning as if to promenade the deck—a movement which at once made it incumbent on Norton to offer her his arm—"I suddenly find myself in a most embarrassing position. Thank you! I am the best of sailors, but, even so, the

motion of the ship makes a support agreeable. Mr. Crawford told me just now that I have been supposed dead for several years, and that in consequence of that supposition a good deal of property which ought to be mine was bequeathed by my mother to various institutions. Of course they will not be at all willing to resign it. I have a little money, but not enough to contest it with them unaided, and Mr. Crawford seemed to think that, even if I had, it might be difficult to do so successfully. The terms of the will, according to him, were very peremptory, and made so by my mother's express desire." Her teeth closed with a slight but audible click as she said this. "But I shall try it all the same," she went on after an almost imperceptible pause. "The fact is, I don't suppose my mother believed me to be dead. She had no reason to think so, for she was entirely responsible for the cessation of all correspondence between us. That is the theory on which I shall go to work, at all events. Mr. Crawford says the money was absolutely hers to dispose of as she pleased; but still, if to do so in the manner she adopted she found it convenient to deny the existence of her natural heirs, the proof that she might have known the truth, and probably did so, ought to go far toward setting her will aside. Don't you think so?"

"You have me at a disadvantage," said Norton, who found the situation embarrassing. "You seem to ask for advice, which is a difficult thing to give when one does not know all the circumstances of a case, and yet you speak with so much apparent candor that you tempt one to inquire further into what does not really concern him. Except," he added, half-involuntarily, and smiling at the upturned face, which exercised a momently increasing fascination over him, "as anything which interests you must concern any one who looks at you."

"Thanks!" she said, smiling also. "I forgive you your remark about my 'apparent candor' for the sake of that which followed it. The fact is that I displeased my mother beyond her power of forgiveness by my marriage. Yet she was really to blame for it, as she was for the harshness and cruelty that drove my brother into evil courses and made him an outcast and vagabond on the face of the earth. How such a nature as hers ever came to attract one like my father's, which both his children inherited, with perhaps a dash of our mother's obstinacy thrown in, used to puzzle me a good deal when I was a growing girl at home; but I understand it better now that I have seen what curious ties draw men and women together. However it came about, it made his misery and ours, and now, it seems, it has

made my poverty. It has, that is, unless I succeed in persuading judges and juries that I was not only not dead when she made her will, but that she knew it. Now do you see?"

"I see what you have in your mind, of course. But if, as you said just now, she was free to dispose of her property without reference to her natural heirs, it seems to me that to prove that she knew of their existence would only lay so much the greater stress on the validity of what she actually did. It would be more to the purpose to show that she was in error than to insist that she was lying on a point which, after all, interfered in no way with her right to do as she pleased. Would it not be more natural, and—I beg your pardon—more filial too, to take that view? I am still in so much darkness that, as you see, I am not a competent adviser."

"True," she said thoughtfully, "that did not occur to me before. I was so confused at first by the unexpected news that my mind went straight to the scenes that preceded my departure from home, and to others that lay still farther back. Well, I will think more about it. In any case, you must admit that it is, on the face of it, unjust and unnatural that children should be deprived of what ought to be theirs by every law of common sense."

"So unjust and so unnatural that the course you first proposed might put a very ugly weapon into the hands of whoever was concerned in contesting the case against you. That sounds unpardonably rude, I am afraid, but remember what you just said about your brother and try to forgive me. Where is he?"

Mrs. Lloyd frowned a little.

"He is out of the question entirely, poor fellow! He is in Australia, and if I say he cannot come back you will divine that something stronger than his inclination keeps him there. I can understand that she should desire to forget or deny his existence. But she had no excuse for doing the same thing by me. She did not choose that I should marry as I did, and yet she knew the man was honorable and his position unexceptionable. I don't know why I should take you into my confidence in this way," she went on after a pause, during which Norton had also been pondering the same question, "but I suppose I feel so irritated and outraged that, failing a listener, I might have apostrophized one of these masts, if I had found myself leaning against it. There was no reason why I should have left Hong Kong at all, and I should probably not have done so if I had not accidentally learned last week that this property had been left

my mother. I thought she was living still, and that it would not be difficult to bring about a reconciliation between us. And, in any case, I did not suppose the money could be diverted from me in the way it has been. And then to meet Mr. Crawford at the last minute and have the cup dashed from my lips in this way! It is too bad!"

She looked up at Norton as she ended, with eyes filled with tears that in nowise dimmed their lustre. One or two great drops rolled down her cheeks, in fact, before she found it necessary to brush them off, but her glowing face was not distorted by her emotion.

"You will pardon my babyishness, I am sure," she said, smiling through them, and holding out her ungloved hand as they reached the companion-way, "and the unnecessary candor with which I have been boring you with my affairs. But it *is* so vexatious not to know what to do, and to have no one to advise with!"

"Pardon you! and for your candor!" he said, retaining her hand a moment. "I wish I might dare to hope you would honor me with it often."

On shore, meanwhile, Crawford, after leaving the naval officers, turned in the direction of the government buildings, and was soon joined by the French consul, whose acquaintance he had just made. They walked along the Praya together, and the lawyer, whose thoughts were still full of this unexpected meeting, was not sorry to find his companion disposed to be communicative.

"Who is your young friend?" the consul asked after a little general talk. "I saw you had no scruple about running his head into the noose. Mrs. Lloyd is a lady whom, of course, I admire excessively, and for whom I naturally entertain the profound respect which your fair countrywomen universally inspire. At the same time I think she is perhaps a safer companion for men of the world like you and me than for young fellows of that age."

"He is a clever Yankee, who will be able to take care of himself, I imagine. What are you driving at? I have known Mrs. Lloyd since she was so high—and a handsome, saucy baggage she always was! She couldn't have been more than seventeen or eighteen when she came out here with Lloyd. She told me he died suddenly about a year ago."

"Suddenly is a good word for it," said M. Blondel. "His speculations in opium turned out badly, and he shot himself."

"What did he do that for?"

"I tell you he had heavy losses. If you have known his wife so long, you can probably figure to yourself also that she might not be the most consolatory companion in the world to a man in misfortune. I have a theory of my own, into the bargain, that he was beginning to tire of playing sheep-dog to her."

"Don't be so oracular. Remember that I have not seen her since she was a girl, when she differed from other girls chiefly by being handsomer and inclined to presume upon the fact. My poor wife didn't use to like her much, I admit, but she was very High-Church in her notions, and used to lay all her pranks to original sin, because she came of a dissenting family of I don't know what variety. But I have seen too many people swept and garnished, and entered into afterward by devils, to take much stock in that explanation. There was really no great harm in her that I could ever see. She was older a good deal than my girls, but my boy who died and she were friendly enough to bring her often under my observation. What did she do out here to call for criticism of that sort?"

"Nothing that I know of. I never heard a breath of scandal touch her. But your wife's feeling about her is a specimen of what I mean. She is of the sort whom other men's wives have an instinctive dread of, and whom their own husbands stand guard over in a manner infinitely suggestive. Lloyd used to watch her as a cat does a mouse. Perhaps he found it wearing. At all events, he threw up the job, and his life with it. She might have married twenty times over since then, if she had been so inclined, but she has shut herself up and behaved with perfect circumspection. She is going back now, she tells me, to take possession of some family property. That will suit her better than marriage, or I mistake her greatly."

"She was under an error on that head which I have just been under the necessity of clearing up. There was some property, but her mother, besides being incensed against her for some unknown reason, was under the impression she was dead, or said so at all events. She willed it all away so hard and fast that Mary's chances to undo the knot are of the slimmest. I had the tying of it, and though I tried my best to leave a loop-hole, lest there should be some mistake, the old lady was inflexible. I am sorry for her daughter—one can't help having a friendly feeling for a pretty creature like that, whom one has dandled on one's knees."

"Of course he can't," said M. Blondel, with a laugh. "But

she don't call for over-much sympathy. She may be trusted to look out for herself. I am only theorizing about her, you understand. Women of her sort, in her position, naturally give food for thought to men of mine."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NOSOLOGY OF REGICIDE.

THERE never was a more inoffensive ruler than Louis Philippe, King of the French, first of the house of Orleans. Nature had not designed him as *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν*. The grocer-king the wits called him. A head like unto a pear the caricaturists gave him. He would have been much more at home with the umbrella of a *bourgeois* under his arm than with the sceptre of Charlemagne in his hand; and he felt and freely acknowledged it. In the luxurious imprisonment of the Tuileries he often sighed for the happy days when he could potter about the streets inspecting the buildings in construction, as middle-aged *flâneurs* will, and feasting his gaze cheaply on the latest engravings in the windows of the print-shops. Yet this unambitious, unpretentious, amiable mediocrity of domestic virtues, commonplace gifts, and simple tastes was made the target of many vile conspiracies. His life was attempted as often as if he were the most ferocious inheritor of a relentless absolutism instead of a kindly sovereign, elect of the people, and hedged in by the barriers of constitutionalism. In the eyes of persons of a certain temperament, to be a king is crime sufficient to merit death. It matters not if the king be good or bad, sound or foolish, brilliant adventurer or cruel conqueror, monarch of usurpation or by heritage; his position, for them, is equivalent to treason against the "sovereign people" and deserving the capital sentence. They reason on the same lines as that Communist who shot a priest, and, when asked why he had committed the deed and what harm his victim had done him, answered: "Harm! He never did me any. I shot him because he was a priest—that was his offence!" These persons often shoot down kings for no other apparent cause than that they are kings. With them it is a monomania. And an ample illustration of what I venture to advance is afforded by the experiences of the reign of Louis Philippe, the

clement, comfortable, paternal, elderly potentate, who was pursued with as rabid a hate as any White Czar of the house of Romanoff.

It was my habit, during a residence in Paris, to stroll, like Mürger's Gustave Colline, on the line of quays between the Pont Neuf and the Pont des Arts, rummaging in the book-stalls. I was a veritable *piocheur* at that epoch. I picked up a rare volume there once, entitled *The Prison of the Luxembourg under the Reign of Louis Philippe.* It made a deep impression on me, and contained so many facts bearing on the nosology of regicide that I determined some day to epitomize its contents for the benefit of an English-speaking community. This volume was written by the Abbé Grivel, a canon and vicar-general of Bordeaux, guardian of the tombs of the Imperial Chapter of St. Denis, and chaplain to the Chamber of Peers. He was also ordinary to the state-prison of the Luxembourg, better known to the tourist as a palace and a picture-gallery. His gleanings in the latter capacity make up his book, which is one of the most instructive and profitable of its kind ever penned. This good, self-sacrificing ecclesiastic attended some of the most conspicuous lunatics inscribed on the pseudo-martyrology of regicide, in the dungeon and on the guillotine; and the sum of his reflections on their mental structure and motives resolves itself into the conviction that a false idea, once it has been entertained and encouraged, can produce every species of fanaticism and turn a man into a monster. That false idea is as a demon that possesses him, and it is only religion that can exorcise it.

On the 28th of July, 1835, Fieschi's famous, or rather infamous, plot against the life of Louis Philippe was brought to a head. As the monarch was passing along the grand boulevards towards the Bastille, reviewing his troops, an infernal machine was discharged at him from a third-floor window. Eighteen individuals, including a marshal of France and several generals, were killed outright, and two-and-twenty wounded; but the king escaped with a black powder-streak across his forehead. The author of this wholesale butchery was captured red-handed; he had been "hoist with his own petar," and had been unable to secure safety in flight. He was recognized as a Corsican who had served in the army, Giuseppe-Marie Fieschi; he was aged about forty and had signalized himself by his vagabond disposition and unruly temper. He was dishonest, immoral, and addicted to vicious company. Nevertheless he was an ingenious mechanician, had some education and a prodigious memory.

His force of character, too, was great. But all these qualities, which, properly trained and disciplined, might have led him to a position of competence and respectability, were counterbalanced by an overweening sense of his own importance. He was an *exalté*. One could not be two minutes in his company without perceiving that this supercilious and loquacious creature, who fancied he resembled his countryman, Bonaparte, was eaten up with vanity. He thought the eyes of Europe were fixed upon him.

I have a theory (if I may be permitted to intrude it) that all French conspirators against the ruling powers are mainly urged on by vanity. They wish to advertise themselves; they are essentially *poseurs*—desirous to attitudinize on a pedestal; and, failing to gratify their restless ambition by the slow and sober exercise of industry and perseverance, they try to clutch at it by some daring act, in the prostituted name of patriotism, which will bring them into the glare of publicity with a startling suddenness. Fieschi, with his exaggerated pride, his sensitiveness to a false point of honor—he had sworn to compass assassination: he would be a coward, forsooth! if he did not keep his oath—was undoubtedly of this class. His brain had been crammed with the pestilent stuff foisted as the messages of wisdom by speculative revolutionists, and he had linked himself to a secret society with the sounding title of "The Rights of Man." The lazy and discontented rascals who engineer these occult confederacies prate of despotism and are jealous of property because they have neither the ability nor the patience to acquire it, in nine cases out of ten. If property were to fall to them by accident, in nine cases out of ten, they would become rank conservatives. Liberty, to them, is but too often the convenient signboard under which they trade. They would be nobody in the open world; they are somebody in their own hole-and-corner organizations. There are exceptions: in every secret society there are the ardent dupes who pay in money and are ready to pay in blood, and there are those, with more enthusiasm than judgment, who have worked themselves up into a frenzy of belief. But how do those societies finish? Voltaire has supplied the answer; *fas est ab hoste doceri*. "Speak of liberty," he said, "declaim against law and authority: you will win over the boobies; and when you have boobies enough at your beck some clever fellows will turn up who will bridle and saddle them, and ride upon their backs to the overthrow of thrones and empires." Fieschi was one of the boobies, the instrument of

shrewder scoundrels in the background; and be sure, if he had succeeded in his nefarious crime, the richest sheaves in the harvest of profit would not have been carried off by his hands. In spite of his vaunted fidelity, the Corsican made avowals which led to the arrest of three associates, Morey, Pépin, and Boireau. These self-constituted champions of the rights of man sometimes "peach" upon one another. All were members of the secret society. Morey, an old soldier like Fieschi, was deaf, decrepit, and rheumatic. He had a diseased antipathy to royalty, and was oppressed with the hallucination that he had been a much-maltreated man. The unhappy fool babbled of his conscience, which told him he was right—that warped conscience which would seek to restore a fictitious peace and prosperity to France (which had never been more peaceful or prosperous) by foul and cowardly murder! This wretched gray-beard had cast the bullets for the infernal machine and paid the hire of the room in which it had been placed. Pépin was a grocer and had very lax notions in matters of religion. He had joined a sect which called itself the French Church, and had given himself up to the reading of the silly and wicked "philosophy" of Saint-Just, whose tracts had been discovered in his domicile. He was weak of fibre, a passive rather than an active participator in the scheme, and had furnished Fieschi with funds to buy gun-barrels and wood for his machine. Boireau was a young lamp-maker, frank and honest, but cursed with the sin of vanity, impulsive and carried away by the wild conversation of more mature associates and by the reading of bad books. He had ridden along the boulevard the evening before the explosion, in order that Fieschi might be able to take correct aim. Boireau, having made a clean breast of it, was let off with twenty years' detention. The three others were sentenced to death. Grace to the assiduity of the chaplains, particularly the Abbé Grivel, they turned to the stool of penitence. Fieschi, whose hardihood was equal to his conceit, became very docile under the sweet and skilled persuasiveness of the pastor as soon as he realized that he was, indeed, no hero, but a misguided idiot who had confounded civic virtue with base brutality. He thanked God that he had not taken the king's life, and explained that his majesty owed his preservation to the chance of a M. Ladvocat, a former benefactor of his, having crossed the line of fire, which so overcame him that he involuntarily lowered his infernal machine a few inches. Providence works in curious channels.

Fieschi had great difficulty in ridding himself of his pompous,

almost childish self-sufficiency. It was not his nature to be meek and humble; that vanity to which I have already alluded was his besetting weakness. At one time, after he had confessed the error of his ways, he grew almost presumptuous in his confidence in the divine mercy. He occupied himself much with writing and reading. As clue to his temperament it may be told that one of the studies to which he had devoted himself was an annotation of the satires of Salvator Rosa, between whom and himself he had the arrogance to establish a parallel. This he preceded with a quotation from one of the painter's stanzas:

> "Quando eri penso il capo mi traballa,
> La feccia che dovreble andare abasso
> In qu'est' acque per Dio va sempre a galla." *

The last morning for the trio of murderers broke drearily. The dramatic narrative of how they met their fate will be edifying. In a hall on the ground-floor the preparations for the final act were to be made. The Abbé Grivel placed himself beside the Catiline of the conspiracy. The condemned was in a state of extreme nervous irritability, spoke quickly and volubly, and addressed his remarks to all with whom he had the slightest acquaintance.

His thoughts reverted to home and the scenes of early life, and in a softened tone he lamented having quitted his father's roof, never more to see it, only to arrive at the foot of the scaffold by the path of misery, vice, and crime. Suddenly he burst loudly into the apostrophe: "My God! why didn't I leave my bones at Moscow instead of returning to have my head chopped off in my own country? Nevertheless I declare to you, messieurs, you who are here, that I have rendered a service to society. I have told the truth and I don't regret it. My death should be an example."

The toilet was over.

"Now," he said with an ironical grin—"now I am ready. The others may be fetched; I am anxious to see them. C'est mon banquet, à moi—*It is my treat!*"

The abbé, shocked at this grim pleasantry, approached and bent over him. Fieschi presented his face for an embrace, and the good chaplain kissed him several times and gave way to his emotion. "What!" cried the criminal, "you are weeping?

* "When I think my head turns, the dregs which should seek the depths in those waters always rise to the surface."

'Tis I, then, that shall have to give you encouragement! Nonsense! I'm happy, because I am about to expiate my crime, and I shall die without fear."

The priest admonished him and put the crucifix to his lips. Fieschi kissed it reverently.

Morey was led in. He was calm, resigned, silent. He sank on the form and submitted to the manipulations of M. de Paris deputies without uttering a word. Now and again he cast a careless glance on those around. This taciturnity made striking contrast with the petulance of Fieschi, who never ceased babbling.

Morey did not seem to affront his fate so much as to have forgotten it. His countenance bore the imprint of suffering rather than of fear. The while he mutely underwent the terrible toilet one might have noticed leaning carelessly against a pillar a man with a seasoned pipe in his mouth. This man looked on at the scene like an indifferent spectator, occasionally addressing a few quiet observations on the details of the lugubrious ceremony to his neighbors.

It was Pépin. At a sign from the executioners he went over and sat by the side of Morey. While they were attaching his hands he calmly smoked his pipe. There was no emotion on his expressionless face; his voice was unaltered, but he seldom spoke. He turned towards Morey and remarked: "Well, Morey, old chum, it appears we're about to take the journey into the other world in company."

"A trifle sooner or a trifle later—what's the odds?" replied Morey.

"M. Ladvocat! M. Ladvocat!" bawled Fieschi from his side of the room. "What! he doesn't answer to the call? Not here, and at such a time as this! Ah! when there was need to defend him I never failed. Where can he be? May be they never told him I wished to see him. I wish him to come!" Then, with an accent and a look to make one shudder, he added: "If M. Ladvocat does not come I die damned!"

The abbé clapped his hand quickly on the criminal's mouth, and in pleading accents urged: "O my friend, what language! Hold your tongue, I entreat you. I have written to M. Ladvocat. Put yourself in his place; if you had a friend in this position you would surely spare both such a cruel interview."

"I understand you, chaplain," said Fieschi; "your comment is just. I submit."

Pépin, having exchanged a few words with Morey, turned towards Fieschi. "Well, Fieschi," he said, smiling with acidity,

"thou art content, now that thou art face to face with thy friend—thy victim!"

Fieschi was on the point of exploding with rage, but the chaplain intervened, and the criminal satisfied himself with a move of the head, a shrug of the shoulders, and a contemptuous "Bah! bah!" Then, turning to the Abbé Grivel, he said: "I hardly believe it is daylight yet! January the nineteenth! Dismal day and long, long night!"

At half-past seven the condemned were ready to leave.

"Messieurs," said Pépin, his pipe still in his mouth, "Fieschi's crime is Fieschi's own contriving. There is no other culprit here but he."

"I have done but my duty," answered Fieschi; "all I regret is not to have forty more days to live, that I might write many things."

The signal was given and the sombre procession was formed, Fieschi and his confessor going first, and made its slow progress to the garden of the Petit Luxembourg. Before mounting the vehicles which were to carry them on the last stage of all, they passed in front of Colonel Posac, commander of the palace. Fieschi saluted him with respect, and the colonel returned the salute with evident feeling, saying: "Fieschi, remember God and the soldier of Gaeta."

"Yes, yes!" answered Fieschi. "Make your mind easy."

On their way to the scaffold Fieschi told the abbé what this reference to Gaeta meant. There were two regiments at the siege there between which there was a fierce emulation—one French, the other Corsican. A soldier of the French regiment stood on the ramparts, a glass of wine in his hands, and drained it to the health of the emperor whilst the balls whistled around. A Corsican, not to be outdone, stood on the same spot and finished an entire bottle to the same toast. Fieschi also confided to his spiritual adviser the story of a singular prophecy which had been pronounced concerning his fortune by a *soi-disant* sorceress whom he and a comrade had visited in Calabria several years before. The horoscope she drew was in these words:

"Tu iras en France;
Tu seras guillotiné en France;
Et tu mourras avec plaisir."

The morning was chill and foggy. The gruesome, repulsive scene was lent new wofulness by the bleak weather, the unkind

look of the dull skies, and the black crowd and shadowy houses, portentous-looking in the mist. Just as the execution was about to be begun Fieschi whispered to the chaplain: "Let us turn aside, lest it should be thought I had the air of mocking their fate."

Pépin first ascended the fatal steps; he kissed the crucifix, embraced the priest who attended him, raised his eyes towards heaven, and faltered wailingly: "I ask pardon of God—a thousand times pardon! Adieu, messieurs! I die a victim. . . . Adieu!" . . .

It was Morey's turn. He, too, embraced his confessor, kissed the crucifix, and cried: "My God! at last this is going to end. Ah! it is not my courage that fails, but my illness that hinders me from standing up." . . .

Fieschi bore it well. Not even his eyebrows had quivered.

"It's my turn now. I wish to speak; I have Commissary Vassal's permission." The executioner touched him on the shoulder; he shook, and, in spite of the encumbrances to feet and hands, almost precipitated himself on the steps of the scaffold. The chaplain counselled him to moderation. "I obey," he said; "but accompany me close as you can to eternity." And the good man pressed after him. Fieschi faced the people and in a sonorous, re-echoing voice exclaimed: "I am about to appear before God! . . . I have told the truth; I die easy. I have done service to my country in denouncing my accomplices. I have told the truth, no falsehood—I take Heaven to witness. . . . I am happy and satisfied. I ask pardon of God and men, above all of God. I regret my victims more than my life."

He embraced the Abbé Grivel and said hurriedly: "What shall become of me? What shall be my fate? Would that I could give you tidings of myself five minutes after my death! Pray to God for me!"

The abbé murmured a few syllables of consolation. Fieschi passionately kissed the crucifix and delivered himself to the executioner. An instant afterwards the tragedy was finished.

It will have been remarked that Morey and Pépin talked of themselves as if they were innocent and had been betrayed by Fieschi. He had disclosed their names to justice, it is true—let us give him the benefit of the merciful doubt that this was less to curry favor from his judges than to make reparation to an outraged society—but if he had not done so they would have seen him march to the scaffold with equanimity. In the school of conspirators there is always a lurking selfishness; each wishes to keep his own head on his shoulders. One must not expect

chivalry among these self-styled illuminati. With their imperfect training and their dulled moral appreciation, they fail to recognize that he who manufactures the powder and moulds the bullet is as guilty as he who pulls the trigger; they have a vague idea, based on the instinct of personal safety, that they are not murderers unless they take actual, active share in murder, and imagine that it is wrong to exact punishment for a crime which has been deliberately conceived and prepared for, but which has not been carried to its issue through circumstances beyond their ordering. Morey was a being whose feeble intelligence had been twisted by pernicious reading. In politics he was a stupid visionary; he was opinionated over whatever store of indigested information he had picked up, and he had absolutely none of that self-respecting responsibility imparted by religion to moderate his views and restrain him to the path of honorable industry. Pépin was without firmness; had neglected his duties to his church, had even abandoned it for an accommodating heresy, and his narrow brain was heated by that furious rhetorical fuel which has such a charm for susceptible Frenchmen. Fieschi had more force of will than his fellow-miscreants; but at best he was a commonplace, melodramatic ruffian, superstitious, expansive, dissolute, with that little learning which is so dangerous, and an insatiable passion to make a figure in history. Provided his figure was brought out in bold relief, it recked not who suffered.

But the other attempts on the life of Louis Philippe afford clearer evidence still that vanity is the chief motive of those pests of society, and that this social disease, regicide, is nourished only in soil that has not been cultivated by religion, but that has, contrariwise, been poisoned by pernicious reading and the keeping of evil company.

A FARMING EXPERIMENT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

"It is very sensible in H—— to be interested in farming. Our boys and young men will be compelled by necessity, at some time, to go back to farming and the mechanical trades in order to make a living. We are already crowded in the professions and in business, and are the most expensive people ever known in history. In twenty-five years, at the present rate of increase, our population will be doubled and the crowding greater. There must be more work done with the hands, and more economy and self-denial, or there will be nothing to live on. The neglected soil of the New England States even will have to be cultivated, every inch of it which can be made moderately productive, to say nothing of the more fertile regions. It requires practical skill and great industry to carry on any particular undertaking, such as the one talked of in West Virginia. I cannot judge of that particular scheme, but, in general, I approve of young men, who have not a way open into a profession or business, going into farming with proper discretion and prudence."

This was written by a relative of a young New-Englander who had purchased land in West Virginia for the purpose of farming and sheep-raising, and intended, in company with a friend and partner, to settle in that country. The two young men, both sons of officers of rank in the army of the United States during the Civil War, were accompanied in their journey thither by an elderly gentleman, the father of one, and a Yankee farmer whose practical knowledge and skill were expected to prove invaluable aids to them, as their studies at school or college and their bringing-up in comfortable New England homes had not particularly adapted them to the mode of life they had chosen.

After a journey of about four days by railroad to Grafton, and about seventy miles across the State, over bad roads, by wagon, they arrived at Blue Spring, Randolph County, West Virginia, the nearest town to their future home. At this place they found themselves within two or three miles of a post-office with one mail a week; and to this place, until further developments, their letters were to be addressed.

The following extracts from the letters of these young men

will give an idea of this country and of life in this "vast wilderness."

April, 1883.—We have fortunately secured a temporary home with a family named Fretwell in a comfortable log house. Many of these houses are miserable shanties, having cracks large enough to put your foot through. We are in excellent health and find plenty to eat—though fresh meat is scarce: we have only tasted it once since we left Grafton. Our diet consists of pies, corn-bread, maple-sugar, milk, butter, eggs, buckwheat-cakes, coffee, salt meat, etc. The people are kind and hospitable. One man was even offended because we did not take up our abode with him, which we could not do, as he could not accommodate our party in his small house. There is a deplorable lack of education among "the natives," the queen's English being literally murdered. Schools are few in number, and school-teachers are incompetent; but they have the traditions of a better state of things, and a desire to give their children advantages that were enjoyed, strange to say, to a greater degree by their grandparents.

There is not a telegraph nor a railroad within many miles. The country is full of valuable timber—maple, beech, cherry, hemlock, chestnut, oak, ash, and so forth—growing up to the tops of the mountains. A part of the land is stony, but the soil is mostly good, and fine for grazing. Yesterday, following the stream on our land for some distance, we picked up several specimens of coal, some soft—one piece like cannel coal, as large as your two fists. This will pay better than sheep by and by. The earth is filled with particles of coal, and I have been informed that there is on our land a large bed of stone-coal—so-called—from which the whole valley was formerly supplied. But later they found a bed nearer, and, as transportation is difficult, our coal-field was abandoned. There is land near us that would sell, if we had a railroad, for $2,000 per acre, it is so filled with coal-beds, and could now be bought for $5 or $10. I suppose you saw in the papers a notice of the sale in Pennsylvania of fifteen hundred acres of coal-fields for half a million dollars where some of our prominent men have made fortunes. I would prefer a coal to a silver mine.

The country is also rich in iron and salt; the latter often appears in wells. These were filled up during the war, as they supplied a portion of the South with this commodity.

June.—We have selected a site for our house near the road, on a level plain, high up on Point Mountain—I should say twenty-

five hundred feet above the level of the sea—and when the trees are cut down we shall have a fine view of the surrounding country. We have commenced clearing away trees and underbrush, and cutting logs for the house. These logs are mostly of beech, with one or two of maple and chestnut, seventy-two in number, cut eight inches by six, hewed on all sides and made to fit. The "natives" consider a log house warmer than a "box house," as they call a frame house. We have cut down some trees that obstruct our view, or that might, in some storm, fall down upon us. We blew up the stumps near the house with powder, leaving the others to rot, which will take from three to twenty years.

July.—Our house has progressed slowly, being delayed by an occasional accident—one day our hewer of wood cut his foot with the broad-axe—yet our roof is on and we have moved in, as we only lack floors and windows and doors. We slept for a few nights on planks laid across the beams up-stairs, but, as Mr. M—— was anxious lest we should tumble off, we have moved our beds to the first floor. We have two rooms above and two below stairs, with five windows in all, besides a window in each door. We have purchased a stove with all its appurtenances for twenty-three dollars, and ordered furniture—which consists of two bedsteads, six chairs, and a table of cherry-wood, because the man was out of black walnut—for seven dollars, and we have commenced housekeeping in a very primitive fashion. We have a cow and calf, for which we paid thirty-five dollars. Having plenty of wood and a stove, we have every convenience for cooking; but we have nothing to cook. Like old Mother Hubbard's, "our cupboard is bare," our supplies not having arrived. We have neighbors living two miles distant, and they kindly furnish us with bacon, bread, eggs, and whatever else is needful. . . .

At last our stores have come—butter, eggs, maple-sugar, and honey for ten cents a pound. Hams and other things seem to us, in our ignorance of prices, rather high. We get along first-rate with our cooking, improving our bacon by boiling it, and acquiring skill each day, so that, with good appetites, we greatly enjoy our frugal board. We get up at five or half-past in the morning. Bert gets breakfast while I milk the cow. We work until noon, making fence or burning rubbish or hacking trees. At twelve we get dinner, and continue our work until supper-time. About half-past eight we go to bed. We set our watches by the sun.

August.—Our floors are laid—they are of poplar—and our house is as comfortable as possible. Mr. M—— left for home

last month, Bert going as far as Beverly with him; but the heavy rains of the last few days have swollen the streams, so that he feared to be delayed if he went farther. Before the war bridges were built over these streams, but they were all burned, and, with two exceptions, have not been rebuilt. Many trees have fallen with a loud crash in the last few days in consequence of the rain and wind. Our summer weather is delightful—cool nights, and days not too hot. Our health is perfect. How could it be otherwise in this pure mountain air? We have no mosquitoes and few flies. Gnats are troublesome in the woods, but not near the house.

Field-berries grow in the meadows. Why do they spring up from no apparent cause? The forests may be cleared, and a wood, if left alone, will come up entirely different from any former growth in the vicinity. Can the roots or seeds have lain here dormant for centuries, or where do they come from? Our grass is like the finest lawn-grass. In the woods you see only a wild grass, which, however, furnishes pasturage for large numbers of cattle. Very few sow grass-seed; when they do it is only to hasten its growth. About two hundred acres of our land are level, which will be sufficient to raise feed for all the stock we can keep. Many of the "natives" leave their cattle out all winter, so I am told.

There is little or no underbrush in the woods, and one can ride for miles on horseback; the lowest limbs being sixty or seventy feet from the ground, lack of sunlight having killed the lower limbs. The trunks are as straight as a gun-barrel, and many of the trees one hundred and fifty feet in height. The practical farmer who accompanied us to West Virginia, and whose skill and knowledge were to have been of such inestimable value to us, deserted us and returned home soon after our arrival, leaving us to gain experience for ourselves, and strength from hard-handed toil. We were disappointed, but we decided that the best New England farmer is not necessarily a first-rate hand in the woods, and that a native could do as much in one month as he could in three. While he can handle machinery and all modern implements of farming, a native could do better for us, as we count that man most valuable who can make the biggest hole in a piece of woods in a short space of time.

September.—If you could have seen our place yesterday morning, and suddenly been brought back last evening, you would hardly know it, it is so changed. In the morning we

were hedged in with trees and could not see beyond them; but by afternoon about fifty trees had been cut down by two men and a boy, and now our view extends many miles and is simply grand—equal, it seems to me, to any in the world. We had contemplated doing this for some time, and the result exceeds our expectations. Opposite us is Elk Mountain. Beyond is Gauley, its summit nearly always capped with clouds. To the left we see Cheat Mountain with its several ranges, and Mingo at its foot, eight miles distant. Every slope is covered with lofty trees from the foot to the summit, with here and there a clearing. I wish I could send a photograph of it. This morning we were above the clouds. The valley is only half a mile distant, but we are six or eight hundred feet higher. We shall enjoy our view these beautiful moonlight evenings, after our day's work is over.

On Thursday a gentleman from Washington passed by, en route for Addison Sulphur Springs. He thought it a shame to destroy the forests as we are doing. He was travelling in a canvas-top wagon, on a pleasure trip—"roughing it," to use his own expression. He was delighted with these hills, and said our view is the grandest he had seen, and that he would like to spend the rest of his days here. He was about sixty years old; had his gun and was looking for game. When told that he would find bears on these mountains he asked if they would attack you. I told him they would always run, unless they had cubs or were cornered.

A bear was seen last week on this mountain, about two miles away, by a stranger, who described it as about the size of the largest black bear he had ever seen in a show, weighing about four hundred pounds. He looked at the bear, and the bear looked at him, and each passed on his own way. Not far from us is a bear-trap, which is a pen with very heavy logs placed on the top, so that when the bear enters it he runs against a pin which lets the logs fall on him, and there he must remain until the owner of the trap comes—which may be days or weeks—when, if the bear be alive, he is shot. The trap is baited with some kind of partly-cooked meat, and after a trap is set the natives seldom bother themselves about it. Yesterday we saw three wild turkeys, each weighing about twenty pounds; but, having left our guns, we lost several good meals. I am told that the pheasant is the finest bird in these parts. They live on beech-mast, which when plentiful, as it is this year, attracts them in great numbers. They make a peculiar drumming sound on

the trunks of trees, which I heard for a long time before discovering the cause. Wild pigeons also come here in large flocks, so that you can hit them with a stick. The people here and elsewhere make frequent trips to Addison and bring back the water in casks, which they put into cisterns. The only practicable route between the eastern part of the State and Addison is the road on which we live; and this will become quite a thoroughfare, as the Sulphur Springs are a favorite resort in summer. Many prefer these to the White Sulphur Springs, which are sixty miles from us. Addison is twenty miles distant, and thirty or forty miles from the Ohio and Chesapeake Railroad.

October.—The leaves are beginning to fall, but only here and there a tree is bare. The foliage does not change color, as at home; some few trees only show a variety of tints. We have burned nearly all our brush and rubbish, keeping what is good for the stove. Last week we split two cords. Our turnips are growing nicely. We planted radishes with them, which have grown to an enormous size, but are tender and nice. Next year we hope to have a good garden, but it will be hard to work, as the roots of trees are in the way. Our cow and calf are thriving. We keep the cow in at night, turning the calf out, and reverse it in the day-time. On Friday nights the calf must stay at home, because on Saturday we go to the post-office, and she does not return early enough in the morning. They get all the feed they want in the woods. We have a bell tied to her neck, and can hear her when two miles off, unless she gets into a hollow. This morning the clouds in the valley were very beautiful—soft, white, and fleecy, as we often see them in the sky; but looking down upon them the valley had the appearance of a vast sea, with here and there an island. A little later these clouds began to move, and then it looked like the ocean rolling and the spray dashing high against the mountain-sides. If there had been a high wind to make the roar and moaning of the sea, it would have been perfect. It is very warm—like summer weather. The shower yesterday did not cool the air, though it is never sultry, there being always a breeze.

We were troubled for a while with wood-rats, but they have disappeared. They are of a grayish color, a little larger than a mouse. We have also owls to visit us; we tried to shoot a couple, but only wounded one. At this point the cat, which has been watching me, seizes my pen with both paws and will not let me write.

We are going to nail strips of roofing-paper all over our

ceiling, wall, etc., to keep out the cold air this winter. We have everything comfortable in the way of clothing, etc., and plenty of wood and water. If we get out of provisions our neighbors would make a sacrifice to supply us with anything we could not get from the store. We have ordered our potatoes. The man would only sell us five bushels, as he said it was all we would need. He is honest as the day, and all seem to be so in this part of the world. This man has some conversational powers, but his brother, a very industrious man, will only reply with a grunt. He is quite a character. His wife smokes and his daughter chews tobacco. They are honest and respectable, and very hospitable people, but, having always led an isolated life, they know nothing of the ways of the outside world. I am informed that there are some good schools in this State, one at Huttonsville, taught by a college graduate.

There are no ponds or lakes in this country, but streams of considerable length. There is no trout-fishing now, as the law is on, but plenty of game—deer, partridge, etc.

There is a tree growing here called the cucumber-tree, having large, fan-shaped leaves. The bark has an aromatic odor, and the fruit resembles a cucumber in appearance. We came across several of these trees to-day in our hacking, and when we cut into the bark the air was filled with a pleasant perfume.

November.—We have had three or four snow-storms this month, and the ground has frozen hard once or twice. We dug our turnips and have several bushels. The woods will no longer afford pasture for our cattle, and we have taken them where they can get feed. We shall miss the milk, but must get on without it. Fortunately our boundary-lines cross two streams running nearly at right angles, which will give us plenty of water. In locating our boundaries we ran our lines with perfect accuracy, which I consider remarkable, as we had never before attempted such a thing. Going down the mountain one day, we saw a man butchering, and bought seventy-six pounds of beef of him at five cents a pound. Roast beef is quite a treat when you have had none in seven months. Mrs. S—— sent us a box for Thanksgiving, and we had a good dinner. Though very comfortable here and in perfect health, we accept your invitation to go home for Christmas, and will start on December 10.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER VII.

A PROPOSAL.

COUNT VLADIMIR met Florian opposite a restaurant one day at noon and hurried him unceremoniously into its cool shade.

"From your elegant make-up," said he, "I judge that you are about to call on the charming Barbara. But pardon me if I think you are acting rashly in paying this visit on an empty stomach. Fasting does not favor the divine flame, so permit me to put you in better condition."

The politician did not feel amused at the count's raillery. There was an indefinable something about it which hurt him.

"You have not chosen a good place," said Florian, surveying the restaurant. "It is a second-rate establishment."

"Wait and see. This is an obscure gem, but when it becomes known all the city will bow to its superiority. You shall have a soup and a dessert whose flavors no other can equal, and you will talk to Merrion as if on air. What a lucky fellow to stand so high in her favor, and at the same time to be adored by De Ponsonby's fair daughter! I wish you would choose between them quickly, and give me an opportunity in either place."

"Your special line of action," said Florian, flushing in spite of himself, "is not apt to be encouraged in those quarters. You are not in Paris."

"I know that, but women are women the world over. While you stand in my light I acknowledge I can do nothing; but give me a clear field, remove your Jupitership to one side or the other, and see if Mercury is not as good a thief as ever. Why do you dally so much? If you are in doubt take my advice and choose Barbara. The divorce court is not pleasant, but it will do if you work quickly and quietly."

"The divorce court!" cried Florian. "That sounds queerly from you, who are a Catholic, by tradition at least."

"I am speaking to a politician," the count answered, "in whose path no difficulties are allowed to stand where his ambi-

tions are concerned. All your good genii urge you to choose Barbara. You have thought of divorce yourself many a time."

Florian did not attempt to deny the assertion, only saying: "You are taking too much for granted, count. I cannot see any weighty reasons for such a step."

"No?" The tone was slightly ironical. "First of all, this charming woman appreciates you. Secondly, she has become a Catholic. Do you desire the thirdly, etc.?—for it exists, although you cannot see it."

"Thank you, no," said Florian, hardly able to conceal his agitation. "You have a Parisian fancy, count. You will not be understood or appreciated in this country for many a year."

"These are the days of primeval innocence," sneered the count, "and the republic has usurped the virtue of the world. Well, wear your mask, Florian, but when you choose to throw it off let me know. I can lose no time where I have already lost so much."

As soon as possible Florian escaped from his friend, and, with feelings too mixed for thought, went on his way to Brooklyn. Mrs. Merrion was just preparing for a drive when he arrived. She stood in the hall fitting on her gloves, her graceful form arrayed in a dark green carriage dress. He apologized for his intrusion.

"No, no," said she; "you have come in good time. You shall go with me, and I shall tell you something to surprise you. Or can you be surprised at anything?"

"I was surprised once to-day," he said. "I do not think I could bear another of the same kind with equanimity."

She averted her eyes, half-conscious of his meaning.

"Your training has not done much for you. I thought you were proof against surprises. I suppose you are surprised that you could be surprised."

"Don't laugh at me, or I may take revenge by turning your mirth into tears. By the way, I have never seen you weep."

"When you do it will be the moment of your greatest humiliation. Do not ask me to explain, but assist me to the carriage."

They went down the steps and into the carriage silently, nor did they speak for some time. Florian was unnerved and discontented, and hardly knew why he was there at all. It was something less, something more, than an ordinary drive, and it vexed him because he could not feel as commonplace as usual.

"How do you like my new mood of utter despondency?" he said, when the silence had grown oppressive.

"I did not know you were a man of moods."

"Because they are not visible to all the world you think I have none. Even the gods can grow sad, and why not I? I am on the eve of matrimony."

She started at the severe emphasis of the words, threw up her hands in feigned amazement, and gasped.

"At last!" she murmured. "Ah! you are mortal. Death could not have proved you more human! When am I to congratulate Miss Lynch?"

"I did not say it was Miss Lynch."

"Not to-day, but last summer. You could not off with the old love so quickly, unless your moods were equal to a woman's."

"Let it be granted that it is Miss Lynch. I hope you can congratulate her next week."

Another start from Barbara followed this remark, and another gesture of mock-alarm concealed it very poorly from his gaze.

"You look sad," said she. "I was sad on my wedding morning. But there is less excuse for men in those things."

"Why?"

"Oh! they are binding themselves to so little. They are doing the thing to 'better' themselves, and the 'worse' need never trouble them. It never does. Madame is usually supposed to look after that."

He laughed at her earnest manner and agreed with her.

"Well, mine is a venture where love is only present by deputy, or accompanied by an 'if.' You remember our talk by the seaside?"

"Hardly," pretending to recollect, "I had so many there."

"It does not matter. I asked your advice about marrying Miss Lynch."

"I remember," she interrupted, laughing—"long before you asked about her inclination to marry you."

"My way," he replied, "but not intended to exalt me at any good woman's expense. I think, I hope, that Frances will marry me if I ask her. I have a high regard for her, and regard so easily turns to love."

"Oh! so easily," Barbara said, with a sigh. "But if you are gloomy there is no need of imparting your gloom to me. I am sure I wish you all happiness. You will come through the ordeal unscathed, and you are getting such a woman!—one out of a city-full."

"Might she not be the one woman of the world?"

"For you, yes, poetically speaking. But in these practical days, when you sit on a law-stool instead of a plunging steed, and there are no tournaments except those of the tongue, that fiction is only tolerated. But now you have not asked me to surprise you."

"Your tone implies that I have surprised you."

"You have, but it was not unlooked for. I shall be sorry to lose you from my bachelor circle—so very sorry! And I feel a kind of regret for your change of life. People change so much with marriage."

"Do they? You certainly ought to know. But in my case the change will not be radical. We shall rise to a statelier and better footing, like people of the same profession."

"Do you know," she said abruptly, "that I have completed my arrangements for entering the church?"

"I had an idea you were already in it. You have been so near it in costume and manner this last year that I trembled every day to hear you say you were a Catholic. At the present rate of progress you will fight shy of it for many a day to come."

"Two weeks from to-day I shall be a Catholic."

"Fourteen days are a long time passing," he said lightly. "I shall hope for a reprieve. The church will ruin you."

"You are bound never to consider me serious in anything I say or do," she complained, with a gentleness that touched him. "It is my punishment, I suppose. Never having been serious till now, my seriousness is taken as a joke. Is there anything preposterous or funny in a butterfly's attempt to save its own life?"

"You are too humble, Mrs. Merrion, and I too careless and selfish. I am glad of your conversion. I hope it will content you. There are many trials for a convert. Do you suffer no opposition?"

"None. If I chose to be a fire-worshipper Mr. Merrion would say not a word. I find the only opposition from Catholics."

"Do not construe my actions so, because I cannot encourage you cheerfully. I prefer to think of you as I knew you first, not under the shadow of this change. Here is a reason why I am gloomy. We both change, and the old selves are dying. I shall propose this very day," he added. "To-night I shall know my fate."

"Then you must have been gently paving the way to this,"

Ontario.

she suggested. "Your mine is ready; the match needs but to be applied."

"It has been ready these many years. When two persons have lived in the same house a long time they must know each other exceedingly well."

"Yes," she said, sighing again, "they must. If many others had the same opportunity there would be so little bitter talk and thought of the 'might have been.'"

They came back to the house in a sombre mood. They had been talking enigmas during the ride and fencing delicately while suspicious of each other's meaning. There was some evidence of the truth in Barbara's manner, but nothing definite; yet Florian felt one point of the position very keenly, and it was that if he wished to save himself from things which even to his cool fancy looked criminal, the sooner he came back to common sense the better.

During the next few days he loitered long in Frances' company, eager yet dreading to pluck the flower which grew so near his hand. He had not proposed to her that day, as he had said he would; he could not bring himself to do it. What if circumstances should change the state of affairs? *What if some one should die?* He shuddered at the direction his thoughts were taking, and determined to end the uncertainty by an immediate proposal.

Frances was passing his room one afternoon, and, hearing her light step, he called to her cheerfully to enter. He had fought his last battle with self a few minutes previous, standing before the pure, pensive face which hung over the bookcase, and he had turned it to the wall with the intention of removing it for ever from his aching gaze when he had won from his new love her promise to share life's joys and trials with him.

"I wished to show you this picture," he said, as Frances came timidly to him. "I am going to put it away for ever."

She smiled inquiringly and trembled in secret.

"You know its story," he went on; "every one knows it since Mr. Carter first heard it from Squire Pendleton."

"I have heard it," replied Frances, scarcely trusting herself to speak. "Mr. Carter was very earnest about it, and persisted in telling it more than once."

"Precisely. I know the gentleman, and am certain that he told much more than was strictly true. But no harm was done. You did not know Ruth Pendleton?"

"I just met her for a moment. She seemed to be a very sweet girl, and I was glad to hear she became a Catholic."

"Yes," assented Florian; "I suppose it was for her good."

"Will you excuse me?" said she, with a blush which betrayed her fears. "Mamma expects me—"

"I shall detain you so short a time," he interrupted boldly. "I wish you to know the truth of this affair—it was such a garbled story which you heard. Do you not think her face a very strong as well as handsome one? Would you blame a man for loving its owner very deeply?"

"She was so good!" Frances answered nervously. "I thought more of that than of her face."

"She was good, poor Ruth! We grew up together from childhood, and I knew her goodness of heart so well, and had loved her even as a boy. It was no surprise that when we had grown up I should have asked her to marry me. She accepted me, and but for the difference of religion we would have been married these many years."

"And now that she is a Catholic?"

"Now that she is a Catholic," he said sadly, "we are farther apart than ever. The old love is dead; but we are very good friends," he added, without a trace of bitterness. "I must marry some time," he continued.

"Not necessarily," she said archly; "there can be old bachelors as well as old maids, and of the two I prefer the former."

"Peter Carter, for instance."

"Well, he is good-humored, and then we do not know that he is a bachelor. I like him very much."

"I don't understand your likings," he said frankly, "but he has never shown me more than the rough side of his character. He seems to fear that I am going to marry in quarters he regards as his own. So I shall, if I can. Ruth is so much my friend yet that she wishes I would get a good woman for my wife. I am trying to do so. Tell me, Miss Frances, am I deserving of a good one?"

"If you are not," she replied, trembling, "who can be?"

"That is your natural kindliness of heart speaking. But how many women would care for a man whose heart was once given to another?"

"You have it back again," she said with unconscious irony.

"But not sound and whole. The first love broke it, and the second love may find it hard to accept second-hand furniture."

"Your comparison is too literal," she replied, becoming more nervous and frightened. He was growing nervous himself, but

his determination came to the rescue. He turned the picture once more to the wall.

"It shall never look this way again," said he, "until my wife turns it with her own hands. Ruth could tell you, Miss Frances, that I am a very faithful, tenacious lover. I could not forget her for many a year after our parting. When I love again it will be as tenaciously and purely."

The conversation narrowed down to a monologue. Frances was ready to cry and looked helplessly towards the door.

"I am in love once more," he said, dropping his voice to a gentler key, "and the woman I love is you."

The hot blood surged to her face and back again to her heart. He took her hand in his with tender respect.

"I have hopes," he continued, "that my love is returned. May I hope?"

She burst into tears and sobs and hid her face in her hands. He let the storm wear itself out before he spoke again, and a very sweet face she turned to him when he began to assure her of his love.

"I know it," she said faintly. "Do not tell me. I return it all."

Can there be any moment more deliciously awkward than just after so tender an avowal? Emotion has reached its limits, hope is dead in realization, love has exhausted expression, and down to the commonplace come manner and thought. Florian knew not what to do, but he kissed her hand respectfully and told her over and over again how little she would regret confiding herself to his care. He remembered long afterward how calm and sweet a feeling filled his soul as he thought that all the doubt and temptation was laid aside.

"I need not tell you," he said, "what a responsible position you are taking. You have now on your hands an ambitious, hard-working man. How will so gentle a being manage me?"

"You are so willing to be managed; and that is the secret of every woman's control over a man."

"Ah!" said he, with a smile and a sigh, "but not always."

"You can manage yourself during the 'not always,'" she replied; and seeing that she was on the point of weeping again—for the excitement was too much for her—he led her to the door to dismiss her. He had forgotten that it was open, and he now saw Peter standing there open-mouthed and transfixed with rage and horror. The expression of his face pleased Florian very much, for it was an involuntary confession of defeat.

"How is this," stuttered Peter as he blocked the doorway, hardly able to speak from passion—"how is this, sir? Is it the custom of your profession to be kissing the daughters of their boarding-mistresses?"

Frances turned red and shrank as Peter entered the room with a warlike demonstration.

"For two cents, sir," continued Mr. Carter, "I'd pitch ye headlong from the window."

"Before you proceed further," said Florian stiffly, "allow the lady to retire. Then we can settle matters quietly."

Frances slipped away, and the two men stood facing each other for a full half-minute, Florian provokingly cool and Peter purple with restrained fury.

"I see through it all," said the journalist. "You've succeeded, ye gizzard, in deceivin' a poor, innocent girl with your fine speeches. Ye're a traitor to your friend and a traitor to her. You don't care for her no more than a stick, but since you can't get Mrs. Merrion—"

"Stop, sir!" thundered Florian, with a step forward that startled Peter, "and leave the room, or I shall—"

"No, you won't," said Peter sturdily; "no man ever did yet. But I'll go. Only, mark my words, you will never marry that girl until I am in my grave."

He rushed out and nearly overturned the servant entering with a note for Florian, who stood smiling at the absurdity of the scene just ended. The note was from Mrs. Merrion, and read:

"Ruth has just arrived in a state of mental excitement. You are not to know that she is here, but must discover her by accident. Come, by all means come. Her presence has a meaning for you."

The note dropped from his palsied hands. What bitter irony of fate was this? Sinking into a chair, he almost wept from disappointment and rage.

CHAPTER VIII.

BACK TO THE WORLD.

FAR away from the clatter of the town, in a deep enclosure of trees over whose tops the river could be seen, stood the convent where Ruth was passing the quiet days of her novitiate. The doubt and distress had long been ended. The blessed certainty of the faith had found a resting-place in her soul. The mournful

past lay behind her, a picture with faded outline, and all those incidents and personages which had made up the circumstances of her life seemed no more than the remembrances of a troubled sleep. Everything about the convent life was so real. Where passions lay dead or asleep there were no heart-breakings. The daily exercises, so little in themselves and seemingly trivial, filled up the day with a pleasant routine and made sleep a sweet need at night. Every voice was so soft and low, every sound was music; the recreation-grounds were so neat and orderly, and the cheerful stillness which hung over the place consecrated anew the sacred dwelling. It was a spot where a soul came to know itself quickly. She had not been there six months when the grace of faith was given to her. So far away now seemed the world, and so indifferent seemed she to its people, that she took with ease the resolution to retire from its turmoil for ever. Oh! the pleasantness of those days. It was the nearest approach earth could make to heaven and immortality, for the heart beat like a clock, and the head was never clouded, and regret and superabundant joy alike were strangers. A calm rested on the soul which, without paralyzing its faculties, took away the wear and tear of the machine.

One person Ruth could not forget. Paul Rossiter had so closely identified himself with her conversion that every prayer of thanksgiving for the grace besought a benediction for him, and no face looked out more strongly than his from the misty past. She saw him always as she had seen him in their walk from the cathedral, with his eyes uplifted and the moonlight shining in their clear depths. She spoke of him often to the lady-superior, perhaps with more enthusiasm than was necessary, for her confidences were received with smiling reserve. As the months passed Ruth found her gratitude to the poet taking a deeper hold on her heart. Self began to fall away by degrees under the friction of daily prayer and mortification. Her enthusiasms began to diminish in number and intensity. The first hot fervors of the convert died away into the healthier and more sustained regularity of the established Catholic, and with this new feeling came the first intimations of the fact that God had not called her to the spiritual life of a convent. How such a thought fastened in her mind she could not tell, nor when it began, nor why she should continue to entertain it. She was in love with her convent, there was no attraction in the world for her, marriage she never thought of, her literary tastes could be more easily gratified where she was; yet into her spirit, day by

day, farther and farther intruded itself the conviction that she was not appointed to this life. It cost her many tears before she opened her mind on the subject to her confessor. He listened to her story with interest, and was a long time in coming to his decision. When he did give one it was imperative and final. She must go home and find her vocation there. Very sadly, and yet with some relief, she laid the case before the superior.

"I am not surprised," said that lady, to Ruth's great astonishment, "not so much as you were. Have you ever heard anything about your friend Mr. Rossiter? You spoke to me of him often."

Ruth did not see the connection between the first and second half of the lady's remark.

"No, I have not. I shall meet him some time probably, if he is living. I can never forget him."

"And are you absolutely determined to go into the world? Remember it is quite possible that after you are outside your spirit may change as powerfully as it has on this occasion."

"I must take the risk. I am not going to a bed of roses, and I am leaving one. But what can I do? Some restless spirit has taken possession and will not be exorcised until I am gone hence."

"Why not go off as a novice with permission, remain in the world until your mind is settled, and then return if it seems wise?"

"It is kind of you to suggest that," said Ruth slowly, "and I will think of it."

"I may as well tell you," began the superior suavely, in order to conceal her own sense of awkwardness, "that I had a visit from Mr. Rossiter during the spring to inquire about you."

"Oh!" cried Ruth with parted lips and amazed eyes, as if she feared something more from the announcement than the words contained.

"He sent you his regards. I was very glad to meet him, after all you had told me concerning him. He seemed to be ill, or going into an illness."

Ruth grew pale and nervous for no reason which she could understand.

"I think Mr. Rossiter must have a high respect for you. He loitered a long time about the grounds after his visit here, and indulged in some drawing and writing. One of the sisters found a specimen of his work and brought it to me. I have preserved it for this occasion. I would have told you of this long since had

I thought it would have been for your good. It is for your good to know it now."

She handed a package to speechless Ruth and dismissed her. The novice took it to her room and opened it in feverish haste. What connection could she have with Paul Rossiter's writings and sketches? It was the bit of bristol-board on which he had scribbled the day of his visit to the convent. Ruth read and studied it with flushed face and moistened eye, and into her heart slipped the first spark of love to light anew the flame which gratitude had once lighted there. As much as her vocation had been a matter of doubt before, so much of a certainty it now became. She left the religious life absolutely and for ever, though with many tears, and presented herself one sunny afternoon before Barbara Merrion in Brooklyn.

"Why, what in the name of everything uncommon and wonderful," cried Barbara, "brings you here, Ruth Pendleton?" And an angry light shot into her eyes.

"I am too tired to say anything now," said Ruth; "but when I have rested you can give me your opinion on that." And she handed her the bit of bristol-board. Barbara examined it critically, and a happy smile touched her face when she caught its full import.

"What a happy destiny which threw this in your way," said she, "before you were bound to the nun's life irrevocably!"

"I had resolved long before to leave the convent," Ruth replied, but Barbara did not believe the assertion.

"We had arranged a match for you and Paul long ago," Barbara said, laughing, "and I assure you we were bitterly disappointed when our plans failed. The poet is not here now, and no one can tell where he is."

"Florian must know," said Ruth confidently.

"Oh! dear, no. They had a quarrel of some kind after you left, and have never since been intimate. Early in the spring Mr. Rossiter left his quarters and has not since been heard of."

"Not been heard of?" Ruth murmured tremulously.

"Oh! we can find him, no doubt. That odious Peter Carter was a friend of his, and will be likely to know what has become of him. I must be the go-between. I shall take up my old office of match-maker."

"You shall do nothing of the kind," said Ruth, setting her lips.

"What!" cried Barbara maliciously, "are you to do it yourself, then?"

"You are extremely rude," Ruth began, with a red face. "I came to New York to see if Mr. Rossiter was well and—"

"If he meant what he wrote on this paper, and is going to stand by the consequences. Ruth, it is as clear to me as day, and, if you do these things less boldly than a poor butterfly like me, you are none the less sure. I know you would go away after saying, 'How do, Mr. Rossiter?' and pine away in Clayburg for the rest of your days. I do not mean that you shall. I shall make the match in spite of you. I always felt it would come off, and that I would be special manager. First we must find Paul."

"If he is not in town I shall return at once to Clayburg."

"And have him seek you there? Love has a sure instinct, you know. You cannot escape so easily, however. Were you aware that about the poet's departure there was a mystery, that he was ill and poor and wretched when he went away, that Madame Lynch dismissed him because of a false story of Peter Carter's, that he left the house secretly, and that there is a suspicion of—shall I say it?"

"Suicide," said Ruth calmly, though her face was pale. "You may say it, but I do not, could not, believe it of him."

"Nor I," Barbara added with emphasis; "but the poor fellow left in a sad plight, and where he went no man knows."

"He was at my convent in the spring, and went northward, but how far or in what direction was not known."

"A little money and the assistance of Peter Carter will discover him; and when you have found him you may run home to Clayburg, and I shall send him after you."

"Barbara!" protested Ruth hotly.

"That will do," said Mrs. Merrion sharply. "You know me, Ruth Pendleton, by this time, and, whether you like it or not, the thing shall be done. You had no right to drag me into the affair, if you did not wish me to interfere with it. Now go to bed for a few hours, and when you come down I shall acquaint you with the news of two hemispheres—some of it interesting, I assure you."

Ruth obeyed in silence and shame. She had not mentioned to herself her object in visiting New York; she had only said: "I will go and see him once more, be satisfied that he is well, and then return to Clayburg." In making Barbara her confidant she did not seek more than that lady's advice, and was consequently much troubled in heart about Barbara's interference.

When she sought Mrs. Merrion later in the day the vivacious

sprite was carrying in both hands a large manual of prayer as she walked tirelessly through the long hall.

"You are piously engaged," said Ruth, smiling at the unusual sight.

"I must be, having an ex-nun here," replied Barbara smartly; "and then I am making preparations for my baptism."

"For your baptism?" repressing an inclination to laugh. "Are you going over to the Baptists?"

"No, to the Catholics," and her eyes fell. Ruth stood for a moment transfixed and actually suspicious.

"I congratulate you," she said at length, but there was little warmth in her good wishes. "When did this happiness come to you?"

"So long ago that I scarcely remember. It was not sudden. It grew within me. But let us talk of something more to your taste. Converts are suspicious of one another. You have heard, perhaps, that Florian is soon to be married."

"I have heard none of these things, but I supposed it would take place some time. Who is the happy lady?"

"You remember that Frances Lynch who—"

"What a good choice he has made!" Ruth exclaimed in delight. "I hardly expected it from Florian. It will save him—surely it will save him."

"Save him from what?" said Barbara sharply, and crossly too.

"From himself and the temptations which surround him in his position. Florian needs a check of some kind. I think him apt to fly beyond limits."

"You would make a Puritan of him. I think he was fortunate in missing you."

"It was fortunate for us both," Ruth answered, and dismissed the subject with a sigh. Barbara sat watching her secretly. She had improved very much during her absence, and the pale, spiritual light which shone about her face rendered its natural beauty more remarkable. The old aggressive firmness seemed gone from her manner, the old determination had found a different way of expressing itself; and, sweet and gentle as Ruth had ever been, these qualities were now intensified.

"If she beckoned Florian to her now," thought Barbara, with some bitterness, "an army of *mes* and Franceses would not keep him from her."

She was waiting impatiently for an answer to the note which she had sent to Florian. It pleased her malicious spirit to re-

flect on the storm its dubious suggestiveness would raise in his heart. He came that afternoon by accident, as she had recommended, and was intensely surprised to meet with Ruth. There was no trace of agitation or painful feeling in his manner as he welcomed her to the world again.

"We are so accustomed to your coming and going," said he not unkindly, "that we treat it as men treat the visits of angels —with respect and surprise, of course, but with resignation. If it is not too out of the way to ask, shall we see you here any length of time?"

"For a few days, and then I return to Clayburg. I am so glad to meet you, Florian, and to hear of the honors which the world is heaping on you. Are you spoiled by Fortune's favors?"

"Hardly yet. What I received from Fortune has made her the debtor, not me. I had to pull her gifts from her hands."

"And he prides himself," Barbara put in, "on the strength of his pull, as if Fortune could not have resisted him. There is an evidence of the rank disease of self-made men. And they tell me," she continued, "that we are soon to give you over to the majority—that you are to join the happy matrimonial circle. I wondered how true it was, and so did Ruth, she is so interested in you."

He looked from one to the other in perplexity. Was this a mere bit of Barbara's usual impertinence, or was she testing the strength of old relationships? He put himself down mentally as a fool, and looked at Ruth's calm face as he answered.

"I have never wondered, Barbara—" Ruth began.

"I beg your pardon," said Florian, "but it is true. I have had the honor of obtaining Miss Lynch's hand."

"You are a fortunate man," said Ruth. "Everything succeeds with you."

"Most fortunate," said Barbara, with an irony he alone could feel. "If your engagement is publicly known we shall do ourselves the pleasure of calling on Miss Lynch to-morrow."

"It is publicly known," he answered. "Frances, I am sure, will be happy to receive *your* congratulations."

Ruth thought that Barbara spoke and acted a little queerly, and told her so when Florian had gone away down-hearted. Barbara had accompanied him to the door and apologized for nothing.

"Do not think me harsh," said she, "but I fear you were too hasty," with a glance towards Ruth. "And so you are

really lost to us for ever. Ah! believe me, no one regrets it more than I."

It was when she returned that Ruth spoke to her of her behavior.

"If you wait and see the continuation of my behavior," said Mrs. Merrion sweetly, "you will have reason to lecture me. Now, to-morrow we go to see Miss Lynch, and you must look your best. Not a few know that you are the female who won the youthful heart of Florian Wallace and did not know enough to keep it."

"I could not go to a place where they knew me so. I shall go home as soon as possible."

"But what of Paul Rossiter?"

"He will come in good time. Until he does I can wait. Meanwhile I shall not call on Miss Lynch."

"And Florian expecting it! My dear Ruth, you do not realize the gravity of the situation. What would people say to know that Florian's best friend left town without calling on his affianced? Again, you are the only friend that Paul Rossiter has. It will require skill and prompt action to find the erratic poet and restore him to favor. What has become of him, what will become of him? O Ruth! do you really care for him?"

"I owe him a debt," said Ruth.

"And you can pay it only by marrying him, he thinks. He is deeply religious indeed, or he would have taken you bodily from the convent. If he knew that you were free he would not hesitate an instant to bind you to his allegiance. To find him we must get the services of Mr. Carter, an old flame of mine and a great chum of your father's. He lives at Mrs. Lynch's, though why that extraordinary woman should keep him is a mystery. For a small sum of money and a little encouragement he will do anything. He is our man."

Barbara had her way about it, and they called on Frances the next afternoon.

"It will be such a coincidence," whispered Barbara as they entered the hall, "to see together three great admirers of Florian."

They were a distinguished-looking trio indeed as they sat in the parlor talking formally; with Florian among them. The sober stateliness of Ruth and the florid elegance of Barbara found an admirable mean in the soft, warm coloring of Frances. She was composed but timid, and quite unable to keep back the blushes aroused by Mrs. Merrion's unsparing innuendoes. Florian watched them with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. How

closely they had entwined themselves in the story of his life! He recalled how three women in his younger days had caused him his most bitter sorrows. In striving to retain all he had lost all at one blow. Would fate treat him so hardly again? His eyes turned longingly towards Ruth, as they had turned to dying Linda, hopelessly. She was removed from him by an infinite distance, and Barbara was still farther away.

"I am so pleased," Ruth whispered to Frances at the first opportunity, "to know of your happiness. He needs you."

"Not as much as I need him," replied Frances, with quick comprehension of Ruth's generous sympathy.

"What! whispering?" said Barbara, raising a warning finger. "Contraband goods, and they are declared confiscated."

"I was going to say—" said Ruth deftly.

"What *did* you say? is the question," Barbara interrupted. "Come, confess!"

"I appeal. There is no court here to give judgment."

"I am a married woman," said Barbara—"a supereminent claim to jurisdiction. You can appeal to Mr. Wallace, who, being a bachelor still, is in duty bound to tell what he hears to me."

Florian was in no mood for bantering, and, moreover, he was wanted in town; so, after changing the conversation, he made his excuses. His departure brought Peter to the room with the intention of upbraiding Frances for her engagement. He was in a sorrowful mood during those days, and went about with downcast head and gloomy eyes, unconquered still and breathing the direst threats against Florian and madame. He sought often and more anxiously for tidings of Paul, in a vain hope to stem the torrent of failure by the old intriguing; but no Paul was to be found, and in consequence he was lavish of abuse towards those concerned in Paul's departure. When he saw the other ladies with Frances he began to withdraw, but Barbara, ever audacious, called him pleasantly.

"Can it be possible? Mr. Carter! Why, I have not seen him in an age." And, in spite of the fresh and bitter remembrance of her faithlessness, Peter thawed under that witching smile.

"Ah! my," said he, "time has no effect on ye, me girl. Just as sweet an' pretty as the day I saw ye last, an' as ready to deceive a poor ould gran'father, I suppose."

"Not at all," said Barbara. "Do you not know Squire Pendleton's daughter, Mr. Carter?"

A wild, exultant light leaped into Peter's eyes. Next to Paul this was the very person of all others he wished to see.

"I am glad to meet ye, ma'am," said he quietly, "but I fear ye come a little too late. P'raps not, though. But we'll see, we'll see."

Barbara alone understood this mysterious language. He sat down among them in a cheerful mood, and began the chatter which was the delight of his friends and the astonishment of strangers. In the end Barbara won from him a promise to call upon her next day, and, having accomplished her mission, departed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TWO EDUCATION REPORTS.

Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. No. 1, 1885. *City School Systems in the United States.* By John D. Philbrick, LL.D. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1885.

Forty-third Annual Report of the Board of Education of the City of New York for the year ending December 31, 1884. New York: Hall of the Board of Education, corner Grand and Elm Sts.

THE first of these volumes—for it has two hundred and seven pages—is limited to the report of John D. Philbrick, LL.D., on "City School Systems of the United States." This is one of the many documents which it has pleased the Bureau of Education at Washington to print and send forth. From all we are able to gather—and we have carefully read the report—we do not see why the funds of the general government of the United States should be given to print and circulate Dr. Philbrick's lucubration. It quotes authors as authorities, among others William von Humboldt and Huxley, with whom we have little or no sympathy on this point, and with whom, in our judgment, the American people have just as little. Be this as it may, we ask, Why should the funds of the United States be spent, wasted—nay, worse than wasted—upon a sectarian scheme of education? Is it not known that millions of the citizens of these United States protest with an overwhelming conviction against this worse than waste of their hard earnings? Who has switched the general government off its broad and safe constitutional road upon this side and dangerous track? What are the aims of these men? Will

not those to whose hands the responsibility of the political general government of the people of the United States has been recently entrusted take warning and look into this matter? Or are they, too, already hoodwinked by a class of restless men who live, in one way or another, by their wits? To-day chemistry is introduced into the system of education, to-morrow physiology, the next day the senses must be trained, then comes psychology—for does not the public school aim at the principle of "self-control" and the "formation of moral character"?—and so forth and so forth. Who can tell where all this is to end? Whither are we drifting?

The public-school system is a parasite, feeding upon the vitals of our free American institutions, and bids fair, unless timely cautions are taken, to revolutionize our republic and to ruin our people. Its natural tendency is to usurp the functions of the family, the state, and the church.* Already these divine structures have been removed from their time-honored landmarks, and we fear that this system has been allowed to absorb the functions of these sacred institutions to a greater extent than many are aware of. Already has it come to pass that American citizens cannot expose this false system of education without a hue and cry being raised against them by its partisans, and attempts being made by these to exercise over their opponents political ostracism. Here is a new phase of things! It is un-American. Whence its origin? It is too late in the day to start to run the political government either of the State or general administration in favor of any religious sect or division of creed. Education, unless you wish to form and fasten a dynasty upon the country to rule and govern it, is a business that does not concern the general political government at Washington. Stop heaping care and responsibility upon political governments! The Bureau of Education at Washington is an anomaly in a

* In the Boston *Journal of Education* of May 21, 1885, Superintendent B. A. Hinsdale writes in "expansion of some of the thoughts" expressed by another writer, Miss Ames, in an article entitled "Do Our Schools Teach Morality?" in the same journal of February 12. The thoughts to be expanded are thus summed up by Mr. Hinsdale: "Since 'moral training is pre-eminently the training of the will'; since the rising generation are 'exceptionably deficient in the fundamental virtues of obedience and respect for authority'; and since these virtues are 'not inculcated in the homes of the majority of our children,' *some other agency than the home* must be relied on if they are to be educated in silence, regard for the rights of others, and, more than all, obedience and respect for authority. What shall this agency be? *Not the church* and *Sunday school*, 'for the evident reasons that, at the most, it can affect the child but two hours of one day in the week, and its function is merely to quicken the child's religious perception and to touch his heart. It never touches the will, for it has no power to enforce anything.' Now the very things that the home (as a rule) does *not* do, and that the church and Sunday-school *cannot* do, are the things that the public-school does."

government like ours. The sooner it is swept away, root and branch, the better. The spirit of the American people is not to show how much political authority and government they will bear, but how little is needed to promote their general welfare. Let such schemes and work be done by political cobblers. "The world is governed too much" is a good democratic maxim and expressive of the true American spirit. Let us shape our political institutions in accordance with the evident truths of reason and the inalienable rights of man—this ought to be our study—and leave the rest to political fanatics or religious cranks.

The second book mentioned at the head of this article is a small volume made up principally of statistics concerning the common schools of this city. We presume that it is a fair statement of the amount of educational work done last year. But to us it is particularly welcome because it makes some important acknowledgments.

The Board has spent $29.61 for each child in average attendance, the aggregate being more than four millions and a half of the public money. More money is called for; the deepest, and doubtless the sincerest, regret is expressed that yet more money was not spent. Many thousands of the children seeking to be taught the merest rudiments were turned away for want of room. Yet the vast sums expended in giving college-training free are by no means recommended to be applied for the extension of the facilities for primary instruction; more money, it is affirmed, should be given to the primary instruction and not less to the higher. The tendency of education is to become, like some trees and plants, top-heavy.

We mark two things in the report—first, the tone is no longer that of jubilant triumph, but rather deprecatory and apologetic; and, second, the part that the school plays in formation of character is admitted. The latter is a great gain. How long was it dinned in our ears that religion did not need the school; that the school might stand apart from all doctrinal color and no harm be done to religion; that home and church formed the man—school had no influence capable of taking rank in competition with them! Public-schools were necessary, indeed, but only to check the rapacity, to prevent the antagonisms, of warring sects; they were a compromise for the sake of peace and efficiency and economy. In teaching children to read and write they were only the better fitted for home and church influence. Among other things said in this report, the remark is made that "our very form of government makes ignorance more dangerous here

than in any other country in the world." This is undoubtedly true. And we are glad to see that this truth is acknowledged. But we wish the writer of this report had been more specific and told us distinctly what he meant by "ignorance." Does he mean by "dangerous ignorance" the lack of knowledge such as has been given in our Sunday-schools or in our public-schools? Does he mean by "dangerous ignorance" the ignorance of the Ten Commandments of God, or the ignorance of arithmetic, chemistry, or algebra? Does he mean by "dangerous ignorance" that ignorance that ignores Who created man, why he was created, or how he can attain the great end of his creation—the work of religion, the object of Divine Revelation—or does he mean the ignorance of the curriculum for which our free colleges were established? What kind of ignorance does he mean? Why so reticent?

But we forget! The writer of the report does tell us, and explicitly, that "school life must be an apprenticeship in self-government"; not only knowledge but "an adequate training in the use and value" of knowledge must be provided. "*The doctrine of W. von Humboldt,*" *says the report,* "*should never be forgotten, that whatever we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation must first be introduced into the life of its schools.*"* Development of judgment and reflection, the *formation of character*, are laid down as the object of the public-school system.

This is what the religious critics of the system have ever maintained. The school forms the man. Teaching, example and correction, emulation, ambition and achievement, friendship, early recollections and life traditions, moral tone, atmosphere and drift, all applied during the most impressionable years, all brought to bear by the incessant labors of a highly-educated and disciplined body of teachers, cannot help but form the man. The influence of home and of church together will in most cases be unable to compete with the school in forming the man. The neutral school will form the neutral man.

Thus the theory of education that the state is supreme and the Board of Education is a substitute for the family, the state, and the church underlies the public-school system as hitherto maintained, but hitherto denied by its advocates in the United States. This is rank rationalism. We are not surprised to hear this expressed by the Prussian, William von Humboldt, but we are surprised, we confess, that this opinion should be openly endorsed by the Board of Education in the city of New York,

* Page 12.

signed by its president and clerk, in the year of our Lord 1885. We don't know who wrote this report, but we do know that its author has let "the cat out of the meal-bag" in which it has been so long concealed. We do not know the president of the Board of Education, or its clerk, or the members of the committee on this report, but what we do know is, none but rationalists would approve of this report. It is honest. Did those who accepted it read it? Did they think of the matter when reading it? They must have been distracted. If the American people have not abandoned Christianity they ought to open their eyes. The question squarely put is this: Is the public-school system supreme? and is the Board of Education a divine institution? A manual to guide the school-teachers has been published and put in practice. The next step would be to invite Paul Bert to give us a second edition with corrections and emendations!

If Von Humboldt is right, the question of the schools is, as we always have held it to be, the question of life—the nation's life and the man's. If any nation is going to be filled with the divine life, then, if it has schools, they must be channels of that divine life; otherwise the measure of the school's power will be something like the measure of the weakness of home and church in imparting divine life. If we wish to see religion (and by this term we mean any form of belief and practice tending towards God and eternity)—if we wish to see religion a vital element in American character, then into the schools of the American people religion must go. The power of the school is too great to go neutral; the conflict incessantly waged in the human breast is too absorbing to permit any moral force to be neutral. The school is the power of God for good or the power of the flesh, the world, and the devil for evil.

To form the conscience of the voter is to form the conscience of the man, to attune the whole moral nature to motives imperatively commanding interior allegiance to the moral law. Can it be done without religion? The public-school system says, Yes! If our public-school advocates keep on saying that religion is not necessary to make men moral, then they will soon arouse the religious people of our country to the true state of the school question—education *versus* God.

Every earnest man, every man who is not a rationalist, must be opposed to the present public-school system, on the avowed principle that what you want in life you must put into the school. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." It is displeasing to God that any influence concerned with the training

of the little ones of Christ should be morally neutral or religiously neutral. And now that the state schools are forced to drop the neutral banner and are setting up to teach a positive morality, to form human character, to make men, we declare them to be more and more an open enemy of the faith of Christ, and, indeed, of all revealed religion.

This new department of the public-school system as an educator of the moral nature we condemn with every energy we possess, and declare it an affront to every religious man and woman in the land. We condemn any attempt to make "citizens" as adequate, except it be based on the authority of God as appealed to by the framers of the Declaration of Independence.

We record our firm determination all the more earnestly because we know that a little less bigotry and a little more fairness could so arrange the training of American youth as to secure, in a more democratic spirit, the rights of parents, the sanctity of citizenship, with less expense and not the faintest danger either to the state or the sensibilities of religious souls, but just the contrary. The public-school system, as now maintained and upheld for state support by its advocates, is at issue with the first principles of our American free institutions and contradictory to the Christian religion. No enlightened American, no intelligent Christian, can favor it.

Whether knowingly or not, the advocates of this system are endeavoring to substitute the political government for the church, the school-teachers for the priesthood, and the school-room for home. It is an effort of those who have little or no belief in the Christian Church and her sacred functions to secularize the children of this generation in order to gain the future. Will those concerned awake to their danger before it is too late?

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS WORK.

The death of Victor Hugo, although not unexpected since the poet had passed fourscore years, has caused deep emotion not only in France but throughout the world. The claims of genius on sympathy and admiration are not confined to a nation but to mankind, and Hugo long ago had been proclaimed a man of genius, the greatest lyric poet of France, the founder of a new school in literature, a lover of humanity, a pure and uncompromising patriot. He had attained fame ere he reached manhood; living beyond the limits of the average life of man, he received at the hands of his countrymen honors and ovations such as never were awarded the greatest hero; had he lived a little longer he would have seen his own statue erected in Paris. His death was bewailed as a public calamity; all Paris thronged under the *Arc de Triomphe* to view his body as it lay there in state; and the government, imitating its predecessor of the First Republic, once more ejected God from the church of Saint Genevieve and turned the sacred edifice into a Pantheon, where the ashes of the "great" citizen will occupy the place once filled by those of Mirabeau and Marat.

The ancients, prone as they were to make demi-gods of their heroes, did not always trust in the hasty enthusiasm of the populace. In Egypt and in ancient Persia the dead man's past life was closely investigated and the good and bad in it weighed before his body was consigned to the grave. He won or lost immortality according as the balance stood for or against him. This old usage still obtains, in spirit if not in form, wherever free thought and a free press exist. We exercise a right, then, when we seek to determine—not in a spirit of malice or of adulation, but by carefully sifting the facts before us—what will be the verdict of posterity on the claims of the man whose world-stirring voice shall never more be heard.

The task is no easy one. This man has filled the world with his name during three-quarters of a century; his gifts were numerous: all at once poet, novelist, dramatist, philosopher, and patriot, these various rôles intermingle so that it is difficult to take them up singly, as a jury takes up each separate count in an indictment. He commenced writing when a mere lad, and we prepare to look with indulgent eyes on that early period of his

career, for youth is the season of error; when the passions lead astray the inexperienced heart; with manhood comes reason, and with old age regret. Not so, however, with this singular man. He reverses the order of nature at the start, and this contradiction will be but the first of a series which will continue through his whole life, growing more and more evident with time.

His earlier poems have a peculiar charm, a rare beauty of thought and felicity of expression, which he frequently attained but never excelled in his subsequent works. Not only are they remarkable for their purity—in justice to Hugo let it be said, neither his poetry nor his private life were ever unchaste—but they breathe a religious feeling, a trust in God and reverence for his greatness as seen in his works, equal to anything we may find in Lamartine's *Méditations*. Not a vague conception of an unknown God dreamed by the poet, but a Catholic belief, admitting of no doubt but that of his own worthiness. We have but to open that exquisite little volume, *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, to see this reflected in almost every page. What an admirable confession of Christian faith in the well-known piece, "La Prière pour Tous"! Could there be a more touching definition of prayer, especially the prayer of a pure young heart, than those lines where the poet teaches his little daughter to pray for all, for the good and the wicked, for the living and the dead? He tells her to pray while her guardian angel smiles upon her, to lift up her young heart to the Lord and pour out the fragrant incense of her praise at his feet, as of old "Martha, the sister of Mary, laved them with sweet perfumes." Who has not felt moved on reading that eloquent appeal, "For the Poor," where he defines charity, the blessed virtue:

> "Qui, lorsqu'il le faudra, se sacrifiant toute,
> Comme le Dieu martyr dont elle suit la route,
> Dira: 'Buvez! mangez! c'est ma chair et mon sang.'"

We might quote indefinitely from this volume, and others that followed during a period of twenty years, evidences of a sincere religious faith, in sad contrast with what was to come later. The change, for being gradual, is not less painfully surprising. One can hardly realize that the same pen which wrote *Les Feuilles d'Automne* in 1831, the same brain which in 1862 conceived the ideal Bishop Myriel of *Les Misérables*, could have conceived and written all the pieces which fill the five volumes of *La Légende des Siècles*, his last work in verse. His God—for Victor Hugo was never an atheist—is no longer the God of love

and mercy, who delights in the offerings of pure hearts; he is the merciless God of hate and vengeance, who hurls his bolts at all offenders, or, in other words, at all in authority. Mankind is divided into two classes: the good—that is, the people, always oppressed and wretched, with innumerable wrongs to avenge; the wicked—that is, the kings and rulers, the priests, those who make and those who execute the law. Is it a matter of wonder that the Communists of Paris insisted on going to his funeral with their red flags displayed? Do they not belong to the suffering class? are they not the victims of law and order? And yet Victor Hugo was not one of them. He had a horror of bloodshed; he never did a physical injury to his brother-man. Why this inconsistency? A close study of the man's nature and of the influence of events on his career may give us, perhaps, the key of the enigma.

He was endowed with a highly-developed poetic temperament, a lively imagination, with a strong tendency to look at things through a magnifying-glass, a strong memory, a soft heart, and an unusually large allowance (even for a poet) of self-esteem. His first royalist odes brought him favor, and Louis XVIII. gave him a pension of one thousand francs. He identified himself still more with the Bourbons by celebrating the coronation of Charles X. in 1825. Yet other themes inspired him, and, as he tells us in some celebrated stanzas written in 1830, "to the fallen emperor he erected a temple, and loved liberty for its fruits, the throne for its rights, the king for his misfortunes." His admiration for the first Napoleon was genuine. There was fascination for him in the idea of the tremendous power of a victorious emperor, equalled only by the greatness of the papacy. The pope and the emperor, "those two halves of God," as he styles them in that magnificent scene in *Hernani*—Charles V.'s soliloquy over the tomb of Charlemagne—"one is truth, the other strength." He pitied the poor, he had a poetic tear for every suffering, but he found glorious accents when he tuned his lyre in honor of the great. It took many years to convince him that all kings and emperors were monsters who bathed with delight in the blood of their subjects, and that Pius IX., the pontiff venerated by the Catholic world and respected by his worst enemies, the pope who saw the temporal power wrenched from his hands, was responsible for all the oppression, all the crime and bloodshed, of one-third of a century.

Hugo does not seem to have been hostile to the Orleans dynasty. A little flattery from princely lips reconciled him to

the new order of things. In 1841 he was admitted into the French Academy; three years later Louis Philippe made him a peer of France. He was at the zenith of his fame. His novels were eagerly read. The principal, *Notre Dame de Paris*, was published in 1831, and its doubtful morality drew upon the author the censure of Rome. Its artistic merit consists chiefly in the wonderful architectual description of the venerable pile and the vivid pictures of so-called middle-age life, with which fancy had more to do than facts. It met with great success and was the corner-stone of the new school of literature which has given us a few masterpieces and an endless array of bad and stupid books. The indefatigable Hugo had also turned his attention to the stage, and here again success attended him. Notwithstanding the violent opposition of the *classicists*, as they called the admirers of Corneille and Racine, the free, ranting, unconventional Drama ousted stiff old Tragedy from the stage. Hugo's dramas abound in fine scenes, poignant situations, and magnificent verses, yet all truthful and impartial critics agree that they lack the principal qualities which reveal the hand of the true dramatist: unity of design, naturalness of character, clearness of exposition, and respect for historical truth when he has sought a subject in history. Few, even in his lifetime, have been retained on the stage. Their place is on the top shelves of the library, to be taken down when one wishes to read a fine passage or study what an admirable instrument the French language is in the hands of an expert.

When the revolution of 1848 came Victor Hugo was growing discontented—some say because the king would not make him an officer of the Legion of Honor; others, because he failed of becoming the leader of the Chamber of Peers. At all events, he accepted the Republic and was elected to the French Assembly. There he mounted his favorite hobby and ran a tilt against capital punishment. During the short-lived Republic of 1848 he made but little noise, though, like the other members of the Assembly, he must have talked a great deal. He sided with the Conservatives and was not unfriendly to Prince Louis Bonaparte. This period of transition must have been very painful to Victor Hugo. A poet, accustomed to live in dreamland, in a world of his own creation, where he moved at his will, singing the praise of the good, beautiful, and great, consoling the unfortunate or denouncing wickedness in strains tender or heroic, and from which he descended to the sublunary world only to meet loving friends, sweet fame, and the smiles of for-

tune, he found himself suddenly thrust into the political arena. He had no longer to deal with fancies, but with stern realities. The idols he had worshipped were shattered and swept away; everything was in chaotic confusion, especially his own brain. Ah! well, there was France; he had always loved her—what Frenchman does not?—and the *peuple*, the poor *peuple*, so long down-trodden and now victorious; he would take them to his heart and make them his fetich. (We are compelled to use the French word for people to render an idea which the American mind can hardly grasp. Here, where all are citizens with equal rights, the word *people* cannot mean a class.)

Such, then, was the conclusion at which the poet must have arrived when the treacherous *Coup d'état* delivered France bound and gagged to Louis Napoleon. Hugo—he tells the story in his *Histoire d'un Crime*—was persuaded by his friends to seek safety in flight, not, however, before he had protested and had spoken his mind to a general at the head of his troops; the said general hanging down his head in very shame and letting the angry poet pass. The Bonapartists, even to M. de Maupas in his strangely candid *History of the Coup d'État*, have always contended that there was no order of arrest against Victor Hugo; that he was not considered dangerous. Howbeit, Victor Hugo escaped to the Island of Jersey, where he remained in voluntary exile nineteen years, refusing absolutely to avail himself of the general amnesty or of the special overtures made to him by the government of the emperor. It was during those long years that a complete and deplorable change was wrought in his ideas; disappointed in his hopes, humiliated in his pride, continually brooding over his wrongs—real or fancied—he acquired the monomania of denunciation. "Le peuple" alone was spared. An eminent French critic, Vicomte de Pontmartin, wrote of him in 1864: "Given the predominant features of the temper, genius, and intellectual and moral physiognomy of M. Victor Hugo, nothing more fatal could have happened to him than to estrange himself as he has done, during long years, from the French mind and French society; to cut to himself—he, the son of a softened and diminished age—a rôle in the ancient stories of a chained Prometheus, of a banished Æschylus, wandering Dante, or begging Homer; to condemn himself, willing or unwilling, to that superb sequestration which flattered and excited at the same time his two most dangerous propensities, pride and hate; to create for himself a second St. Helena, where he walks about, his hands behind his back, in mute contemplation

of the sky and the sea. With his disposition to magnify and exaggerate everything, principally his own importance and all that relates, in his person, to the glorious misfortunes and apostolic mission of poetry and the poet; with his unhappy tendency to force the tone and to persecute our ears with a continuity of high notes, to pile up big words in order to obtain a counterfeit presentation of great thoughts, and finally to drown the thoughts in a redundance of words, he is become at last what one might have easily foreseen." This opinion, uttered twenty years ago, was more than confirmed when Hugo's later works appeared.

Leaving aside the use of scientific names, technical terms, and obsolete words which display his vast learning but often puzzle the reader, his later poems and prose writings abound in passages that are wholly unintelligible and of which it would be impossible to give an idea in English. His critics contented themselves with quoting these passages; other writers amused themselves with imitating his peculiar style, clothing the semblance of an idea in a redundancy of grandiloquent phrases. The late Villemessant, who was inordinately fond of a joke, published a two-column poem in his paper, the *Figaro*, as sent him by Victor Hugo from Jersey. There was a tremendous rush at the newspaper-booths that day. Next morning Villemessant acknowledged that it was a sell; the poem was the work of a young writer whom he adopted this means to introduce to the public. It is sad to think that a man of genius, whose impassioned words have so often stirred the noblest feelings in the hearts of his countrymen, who dealt with the gentler emotions so tenderly as to bring tears to the eyes, should have become a fit subject for ridicule. Far better if the great poet had died or become hopelessly insane in that eventful year 1851. Universal regret for his death or a respectful pity for his misfortune would have been his lot. But if we deplore the intermittent ravings of an intellect which remained otherwise strong to the last, with what sadness we must note that this aberration was particularly strong and persistent in the religious belief of the unfortunate poet! He had loved God in his youth, and he clung to that love through all the evolutions of his mind, proclaiming to the last the existence of God and the immortality of the soul; but his incommensurable pride and the morbid habits into which he had fallen made him found a theocracy of his own very different from that Christian faith which had inspired him in better days. The tendency of the foremost historians and philosophers of modern times—even those who are not professed Christians—is

to see the shadows left behind in the march of progress, and a pure light, steadily increasing in brightness, lighting our path. Whether this be founded on faith, as was the case with Lamartine and Chateaubriand, or attributed to the influence of civilization, as held by Cousin and Michelet, there is something consoling in the thought. Victor Hugo's later view of the problem of life is the darkest, most hopeless that can be presented to the wretched beings whose fate he deplores.

He has loved mankind and justice, and he sees man unhappy and injustice triumphant; therefore he denounces society as ill-constituted, and calls the vengeance of Heaven upon all evil-doers—those who commit and those who permit wrong. His voice is not heard, and he proceeds to reform God as he has reformed society. Since the ministers of God are powerless to prevent evil, they are useless. The dogma is a prison in which his soul frets; he shakes it off. He has lost all conception of the fatherhood of God. But he does not doubt the existence of the Deity nor that of a hereafter. He ponders over the problem and solves it. God does not interfere with the affairs of man. He has put him on earth to be happy; those who spoil that happiness will be called to account after their death. In his visions the iniquitous rulers and men in authority who stand trembling, awaiting the sentence of the inexorable Judge, seem to be still in the flesh; the multitude of the oppressed call loudly for vengeance; no song of praise is heard, no voice is raised in pitiful appeal. Hate demands its due, and an avenging God grants it. Of reward not a word. He has had visions of the torments of the damned, not of the beatitudes of the just. He isolates man from God, from that immense, motionless, veiled being which he describes in "The Temple," silent as a statue, unfathomable yet visible, good to the good, terrible to the wicked, a God without priests, without dogmas, without worship—the Fate of the ancients. And man who frets; who, if he be one of the victims of "the tyrants," cannot wait for the Judgment Day to claim, Shylock-like, his pound of flesh; who yearns for some token of his Maker's love, for some ray of hope that will lighten his burden? M. Hugo tells him in "L'Abime": "Go, move, seek; but know, once for all, that you will never reach the goal or find what you seek. Whatever your religion, it will ever be too far from the Cause of causes!" Well might the French critic exclaim, when he reviewed the stupendous work in which the pieces we have quoted occur: "*La Légende des Siècles*—c'est la nuit des siècles!"

It is indeed the darkness of night succeeding the bright light of day. *L'ombre* (the shadow) was a favorite rhyme of Hugo's, which occurs hundreds of times in his late works. This shadow, which other writers leave behind in their progress, he has thrown on the path through which his benighted disciples must pass. It is a shadow which must obscure his glory. It would doom his last work to eternal obscurity but for the flashes of genius which light it here and there.

In attempting to analyze Victor Hugo's principal works, at least those that mark the periods of transformation in his ideas and manner, we have found it impossible to separate his personality from his works; and in our endeavor to follow his eccentric genius in its ramblings we have been compelled to digress more than once from the original plan of our review. To sum up the results of our labor, with a sincere desire to do justice to a man who, despite his faults, must remain one of the most prominent figures in the literary history of the nineteenth century, we will add that Victor Hugo's private character was without blemish; a fond husband and father, a faithful friend, a patriot devoted to his country, he was beloved by many and respected even by adversaries whom he denounced with the blind rage of hate. If we seek a reason for the strange anomalies presented in his works we are forced to the conclusion that he had more genius than common sense. In the purely poetical view of things he was without peer; in the practical he hardly had an inferior. He looked at one side of the question, and often wasted his eloquence to justify a wrong while convinced that he was defending a right. The lavish praise with which his early works were received had raised his self-esteem to prodigious proportions, until his own dreamy conceptions became the standard by which he measured everything. The whole world was wrong if it disagreed with his notion of right—a fatal idiocrasy in one who wished to be a leader or teacher of men. He possessed none of the qualities that make the statesman. He was impulsive in action, verbose in argument. His philosophy was vague, his learning immense. As a novelist he had many superiors; as a dramatist, still more, perhaps. His fame as a writer must rest on his poetical works. A day may come when some friendly hand, solicitous for that fame, will take those many volumes in which the purest dreams of a noble heart mingle with the hideous nightmares of a mind diseased, and separate the chaff from the grain. Were this done we should have an enduring monument of Victor Hugo's genius.

We have dwelt at some length on the strange perturbation in the poet's ideas of religion during the latter part of his life, as compared with the calm, hopeful faith of his youth. We have done so more in sorrow than in anger. We can hardly believe him responsible for these vagaries, hurtful to himself more than to others, for no sane man can find in them a substitute for the creed he professes. At heart Hugo was profoundly religious, and, though he had framed for himself a new idea of the Deity, something of the trusting belief of earlier days still remained. His pride had raised a wall between him and the dogma, which must have crumbled on the approach of death. We cannot believe the report that the dying poet refused to see the Archbishop of Paris. He was probably unconscious, and his free-thinking friends feared the *scandal* of a death-bed repentance such as M. Littré had given. With our understanding of Victor Hugo's disposition, we rather think he would have been very glad to see the archbishop; his mind being free from its visions, a little friendly argument with the prelate would have made him admit that the God of his childhood was a more consoling, loving, forgiving God than the sombre idol of his dreams. We believe he would have died reconciled, and, furthermore, we believe he would have been more gratified by the hope of being buried in Notre Dame—*his* church, as the young Duchess of Orleans called it and thereby won his allegiance—than by the prospect of the civic honors of the Pantheon.

AMONG THE INSECTS IN A SOUTHERN CITY.

I was strolling one afternoon last winter on the beach at Galveston. A pretty brood of pelicans near me were hopping along by the edge of the placid Gulf. Their mother was soaring aloft, with one eye on her chickens and one on the flying mullets, whose little bodies shone like silver as they shot up out of the water. I stopped to poke the ferrule of my cane at the fiddler-crabs that were slanting about on the sand, disappearing into their holes whenever my attack would seem to be in earnest. As I was amusing myself a tramp approached from a clump of water-cedars with a salute that was meant to be either servile or gentlemanly, as I might prefer. Tramps are not plentiful at Galveston, as they can only get upon the island by one of two railroad causeways usually well guarded against them by the

Galveston police, who are careful to send all the tramps they catch over to the sister city of Houston. Nevertheless tramps do get across from the mainland occasionally, as this man's presence proved.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but please don't look suspiciously at me. I am not a tramp, but an amateur Bohemian, and, I may say, an amateur naturalist. As Texas is an expensive place to travel in, and my means are not unlimited, I prefer to dress plainly, so as to be able to frequent the cheaper restaurants and hotels without exciting comment." His plain dress consisted of a few tattered remnants of what were once garments and—if what is odd can be called a pair—finished off below by a pair of shoes that, partly, must have been cast away by a negro field-hand; for one of them was not only down at the heel, but there was enough of the leather in that direction to turn up again, while the other was nearly all upper with little of either sole or heel. He talked a deal of high-sounding nonsense, but one remark of his had so much of a peculiar truth in it as to be worth noting.

After hoping that he wasn't making any mistake or giving any offence—for he always did like the genial manners and the hospitality of the South—in taking me to be a Northern man, he gave vent to wisdom: "Wherever I've gone in this far Southern land I've observed the wealth and variety of animal life in the air, on the ground, in the forest, and in the water; but I've also observed the lack of interest which these Southerners, even the educated Southerners, take in the study of the animated nature which is so near to them." As he paused for assent or contradiction on my side, he raised one arm aloft and scratched his armpit with the other hand. At which, lending him "two bits," I made an excuse to withdraw.

It is true that these "far Southern lands" teem with life. Wherever an electric light is set up in the open air thousands of insects are attracted and fall dead to the ground from the electric shock. Even in a city like Galveston, of thirty thousand inhabitants, the stranger from the North finds it at first troublesome to walk in the streets, from the swarms of flying insects of all sizes, shapes, and colors which glance across in front, beside, and above him, not to speak of the danger of crushing out the existence of nearly as great a variety that creep on the ground at his feet. If one were an entomologist, or were writing for entomologists, there would be enough of long, Greek-rooted, strange-looking insects to fill a whole page of small type. But, happily

for many readers, the people of the South do not bother themselves much either about their most varied flora and fauna or about the scientific nomenclature. All their insects are "bugs" that are not cockroaches, ants, or mosquitoes. And yet a facetious critic might fairly say that these last are the "big-bugs" of Texas.

It is the negroes, the most intimate students of flying and swimming and creeping life at the South, who have originated many of the popular names in use there for plant, insect, fish, and bird, as well as for many of the strange creatures that run on four legs. When you want to know the name of anything that attracts your attention, and which you have observed nowhere else, ask the negroes, and you will be furnished with the character, *habitat*, and name in a style to drive a naturalist mad. But don't go to the whites, for as a general thing the answer will be, "Well, now, I really decla', sir, I don't know."

The dragon-fly, or devil's darning-needle, is an old acquaintance at the North. Who has not seen it of a hot July day glancing its neat, small-waisted, brilliant little body over some clear pool? It is the humming-bird of insects. In Galveston, however, a species of this insect, called by the negroes the "mosquito-hawk," sometimes so fills the air, even in winter, if the day is bright, that one has to fight his passage along the sidewalks with a cane or umbrella. But the Father of Evil has another helper in southern Texas, if names have any significance. This is the "devil's-horse," a hideous-looking green fly, combining in its shape the appearance of a katydid, a wasp, and two or three other interesting, curious, or venomous things; for it is said to be venomous. It has a bad habit of flying in at one's windows at night, if the slats of the shutters be left open; for it loves the light, in spite of its name. And once in your room you cannot find him when you want him, though sometimes you will fancy you hear him. He lies low, or rather he flies high, and takes a back-seat, a retired station somewhere on a picture-frame, on your mantel behind a vase or ornament, or perhaps on the top of your mosquito-bar—anywhere to see and not be seen. Just as you have concluded that the pest has very likely gone out when you were not looking, and are preparing to make yourself comfortable for the night fighting mosquitoes—oh! those mosquitoes of Texas; a volume might be written on them—just as you are calmly preparing for a quiet night with your buzzing little friends the devil's-horse comes out from his retirement and indulges in a humorously triumphant flight, passing within an

inch of your light and rattling about from ceiling to floor, and suddenly settles down again out of your sight—perhaps somewhere about your bed! But you will not close your eyes until you have killed him or driven him from your room, say you. Very good; you may have to sit up all night, or a good part of the night.

There is another favorite insect which has the same trick of getting into your room at night. This is the "flying cockroach," as Southerners call it. All Northerners are familiar enough with the female of the species cockroach (*blatta orientalis*), the stupid little brown beetle which sometimes stands face to face with you as it comes up to the front of the pantry-shelf, and crosses its antennæ nervously in wonderment at what you are. Galveston swarms with it. But there no one really minds it, though occasionally tidy housewives make war on it for a day. Yet what is the use? While that painstaking person is powdering all the closets and crevices and corners with camphor, or with some "insecticide" which the smiling, obliging druggist has sold her, and a whole army of panic-stricken roaches are going hastily and ostentatiously out of her doors—to come quietly in again when her fervor is cooled—the winged males make their appearance at her windows, and though she may shout, "Don't want any!" they come in, for in a Southern climate one cannot well keep all the windows or the slats of all the shutters closed, or there would be danger of suffocating with the heat. Alas! for the lover of books who is so unsophisticated as not to keep his books in a tight book-case. And the doors of the book-case must fit so tightly that it requires more than patience to open and close them; otherwise—the cockroaches! These semi-tropical roaches love choice old books, if you happen to have any, where the paste has gained a delicate bouquet; and, like all inhabitants of sunny lands, they like bright colors, too, and your red and green and blue cloth bindings will soon be made away with, turned into blotched deformities, if you do not guard them closely.

Early in May you will be forced to notice the coming and going of a black wasp in your room. The creature, if you let it alone, will not sting you, but will go on with its business, whatever it is, for three or four days or a week. You will query, perhaps, what there is in your room to attract these insects. You observe them fly out at your window and alight on the oleanders that shade your sidewalk, returning again very persistently, and if kept out at one window coming in at another,

or, if necessary, entering the house in some other part and then getting in at your open room-door. Some fine morning you are horrified to behold one or two or more ugly daubs of black mud plastered against the wall of your room close to the ceiling. You have simply been favored by the mason-wasps, or "mud-daubers," as Galvestonians call them—a species of wasp everywhere found near the tropics. The little daubs of mud contain each six or eight nests, where the she-wasp has laid as many eggs, providing each with a caterpillar, which she has sealed in with the egg as food for the grub when it is born. Having performed this duty of decorating your walls, the she-mud-daubers go off and die.

A Southern kitchen and pantry are a study for a Northerner. In the first place you notice two or three cupboards with doors of wire-net. These doors are to keep out the flying cockroaches and the clouds of innumerable gnats and flies of twenty different species, which are blown heedlessly about by every breeze into all corners, or which deliberately follow their noses—if they have noses—in quest of bread, meat, pastry, sugar, or anything good to eat or to drink. And if you look lower you will see that every cupboard and every table there and in the dining-room has a shallow tin dish set under each of its feet, and that each dish is full of water. That is to keep the ants which swarm over the floor from mounting higher.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE REVISION OF THE ANGLICAN VERSION OF THE HEBREW AND CHALDEE BOOKS OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

That portion of the Old Testament which is received as canonical by Jews and Protestants has now been published in the revised English version prepared by a joint commission of English and American scholars. Such careful and full accounts of the changes which have been made in the text of King James' Bible have been published by the principal daily papers that it is quite unnecessary to recapitulate them. The revisers have bestowed a vast amount of labor upon the task now accomplished. We give them credit for having performed it in a scholarly and honest manner. The alterations which they have found reasons satisfactory to a ruling majority of their number to make in the old version are comparatively few, and relatively of minor importance. The old version has many excellences and not many serious defects. The alterations in the revision do not, so far as we can at present make an estimate of them, compromise any Catholic doctrine. In some cases, at least, they are certainly improvements. Another result of the labors of the English revisers, similar

to the result of equally laborious and learned efforts of the German revisers, is of very great importance. This is, namely, the critical confirmation of the received Hebrew and Chaldee text of the ancient Jewish Scriptures, with but few and unimportant exceptions. Together with this vindication of the original text there is also associated a vindication of the traditional and current translation and rendering of its sense and meaning in the Greek, Latin, and modern languages, in all things which are essential or of grave importance. In this way the foundations of the Christian doctrine and religion which were established in the revealed dogmas, laws, and prophecies given to the people of God in pre-Christian days are strongly vindicated and defended against the objections of unbelievers, to the great advantage of the cause of Christianity. As a whole, we consider that the revised version of King James' Old Testament is much superior to the revised version of the New Testament. Even this last has its good points and some value of its own; the former, we think, has a great value and will aid in the preparation of a revised Catholic version, if such a desirable work is ever actually accomplished.

We call this a desirable work with a certain conviction that we are expressing the sentiment of the generality of educated English-speaking Catholics. It does not seem to be such a very difficult work, after all. Of course such a version must be conformed to the Latin Vulgate, although marginal readings having other sufficient authority might accompany the text. The sense being already determined beforehand by the authoritative version, the work to be done by revisers is chiefly of a literary kind. It is in respect to English idiom, choice of words, style and manner of constructing phrases and sentences, typographical form and arrangement, selection or preparation of prefaces, notes, etc., that the editors of a revised Catholic version would have chiefly to bestow their labor. With the two principal English versions, the Jewish one of Rabbi Leeser, the revised King James' Bible, and Archbishop Kenrick's revised Douay Bible as a basis of operations, it would not be, in our opinion, a difficult work to produce an English Bible which in correctness of rendering and excellence of style would be completely satisfactory to English-speaking Catholics. The principal requisites of the editor, or editors, would be, besides competent learning, an exquisite judgment and taste in the use of language. We have already an English Breviary, the work of one man, which is almost perfect. One person fully competent could edit a Bible in an equally excellent manner. A small committee of learned ecclesiastics appointed by episcopal authority could pass the work under review, and if several metropolitans of important provinces, or even one provincial council, gave it approbation, it would assuredly before long receive that of the entire episcopal body in all English-speaking countries and come into universal and exclusive use. We have before expressed the opinion, and we repeat it once more, that the Scripture Lessons in Lord Bute's Breviary are specimens of what can and ought to be done with the whole body of the Holy Scriptures.

Prophecy and History in Relation to the Messiah. Warburton Lectures for 1880–84. By Dr. Edersheim. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1885. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Dr. Edersheim's Warburtonian Lectures furnish a suitable companion

to his *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah.* They contain some things which a Catholic cannot approve, particularly in the part which treats of the deutero-canonical books of the Old Testament. In the main, however, the learned doctor is a controversialist arguing against our common opponents, Jews or rationalists—against those who deny the fundamental doctrine that the Catholic faith respecting Jesus the Messiah, the Saviour of Jews and Gentiles alike, is contained in the sacred books and foreshadowed in the sacred rites of the ancient church of the Jews.

The destructive criticism which has been carried to its acme by Wellhausen endeavors to undermine the entire basis of Christianity in Judaism by ingenious and complicated theories of the later origin of the religious institutions and the sacred books which were existing and recognized as divine in the Jewish church as it was during the period immediately preceding the foundation of the Christian Church. Just as Protestantism breaks the historical continuity of Christianity, this new German heresy breaks the historical connection between Jesus Christ and Moses, and between Moses, the patriarchs, and Adam. It is a sapping and mining process intended to overthrow the whole edifice of revealed religion. Dr. Edersheim's learned refutation of this destructive theory is able and thorough. Protestant works on religion cannot, unless in some few instances when they are free from every error respecting faith or morals, be recommended to the perusal of the Catholic laity. Some of these works of learned men are, however, of great value and utility to Catholic scholars, and among them we assign a very high rank to this volume of Dr. Edersheim's lectures. Like the great Delitzsch, the author derives a special advantage from his Jewish education, which makes him at home with his own people and with their peculiar literature.

NATURE AND THOUGHT: An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy. By St. George Mivart. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

We pronounce without hesitation *Nature and Thought* a masterpiece of cogent, conclusive reasoning and beautiful writing. One of its prime merits, in view of the author's purpose to instruct the multitude of readers and not the select few, is the smallness of its bulk. None but a master could say so much and say it so sufficiently within such a narrow compass of space. Another excellence is the combination of close, logical reasoning with charm of manner and with poetic elements. The topics are philosophical, discussed in the form of dialogue, with a very pretty scenic background and environment, and a bright thread of personal story skilfully interwoven. The book is fascinating both to the intellect and the imagination. Let any one read the first chapter, "Introductory Groupings," and then say if it is not at once a lesson in science and a piece of fine art. It is, however, only introductory. The author explains his object and scope to be the expression, in language from which technical terms are banished as far as possible, of the outcome of recent discussions on fundamental questions which underlie all science. His leading idea is, that Nature in every one of its parts and aspects is a symbol of Truth; that Thought, to be true, must correspond to it in all respects, and to be complete and

systematic must result from a harmonious relation of all faculties of the thinker with all parts and sides of the object of thought. This is why his essay is really an introduction to a *natural* philosophy.

The sceptical formula is a formula of universal disharmony, discord, and dissymmetry between thoughts and things. Its precise contrary is Mr. Mivart's formula, which he demonstrates with scientific rigor, arriving finally at the existence of the Great First Cause, the origin of all being, goodness, truth, and beauty, as the conclusion of his argument. All those who desire to investigate the deeper problems underlying all science will do well to give this book a careful study.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISENCHANTMENT. By Edgar Everston Saltus. "In Arcadien geboren sind wir Alle."—*Schiller*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

Calvinism is Protestantism logically expressed, and pessimism is Calvinism logically expressed. Hence the origin and spread of pessimism in Germany, England, and to a very limited and feeble extent in the United States. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the logical offspring of Protestantism in these lands should be floundering in Pessimism and in the varieties of its several forms. Life as presented by heresy, when logical, is indeed dark, sour, and hopeless, and not worth living. John Wesley truly said when speaking against the doctrine of Calvinistic predestination, "Here I fix my foot—you represent the Most High God as worse than the devil." The radical and satisfactory answer to pessimism and its variations is the Catholic treatise on beatitude.

THE MORALS OF CHRIST: A Comparison with Contemporaneous Systems. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago, Ill.: Colegrove Book Co. 1885.

We cannot say that we have read this volume as carefully and attentively as we should have done had its author clearly, or even obscurely, stated his criterion of truth. The value of what the author says, in our opinion, depends upon the value of his standard, and he nowhere tells us what that is! Why has he not told us? We don't know. He ought to have the ability to do it, for he is the author of a philosophy, as the title-page to this volume informs us. Where does Mr. Austin Bierbower stand? What is he? Is he a Christian? Or a rationalist? Of what kind? Hang out your banner on the outer wall. All we know is that, this book being the test, his and our estimate of many things do not agree.

THE WORKS OF THE RT. REV. JOHN ENGLAND, BISHOP OF CHARLESTON, S. C. With Memoir, Memorials, Notes, and full Index. By Hugh P. McElrone. In two volumes. Baltimore: Baltimore Publishing Co.

The title given to this collection of writings from the pen of Bishop England, and which is explained in the preface, is misleading. These two volumes do not contain *The Works* either in a complete sense—*i.e.*, *all* the works—or in a restricted sense denoting all the *principal* works of Bishop England. They comprise certain selections from the complete edition published under the direction of his successor, Bishop Reynolds, in 1849.

We are informed by Mr. McElrone that this edition was "cumbered with extraneous matter and badly edited," and that the object of the present edition is to free his (Bishop England's) works from these imperfections, and to present them to the public "in that shape which the great bishop himself would have chosen." He lets us know that he found "an immense amount of matter in the 1849 edition not written by Bishop England. *None of this*," he says, "appears in the present edition"—implying that all which *was* written by Bishop England, and not included in one exception which he had just made, has been reprinted under his editorial supervision. The exception refers to articles which were repetitions of each other; "in these cases" the editor says he has "selected that which presents the subject best, fortified by notes from other articles and such sources of information as were within reach."

We have not found these notes taken from omitted articles or other sources, and such notes as do appear at the bottom of the page are few, brief, usually of little importance. What the editor has "selected" as "that which presents the subject best," an uninformed reader would suppose to be the ablest and most elaborate of Dr. England's polemical writings. The fact is otherwise. The first volume contains only two pieces of a theological character, "Discourse before Congress" and "St. Peter's Roman Episcopate," which together fill about 110 pages in a volume of 531 pages. The second volume is chiefly filled up by writings of a theological character or bearing upon matters connected with questions which in a wide sense are theological. But most of these belong to the minor and not to the principal writings of Dr. England. Most of his great polemical writings—viz., the Blanco White, Fuller, Bowen, and Smith controversies—have been entirely omitted. The principal pieces omitted in this edition occupy in the original and complete edition about 500 of its pages, which are equal to 1,000 pages of the new one. Those who expect to find in this new edition a collection of all the works of Bishop England, except such as were hasty, fragmentary, unimportant contributions to a newspaper, or of merely ephemeral interest, or whose valuable contents are included in some other distinct form among his writings, will find themselves disappointed. The edition contains the greater part of the minor and miscellaneous writings of Bishop England, with a selection from his principal works, from which those which are the ablest, most learned, and most elaborate, those which chiefly gave him fame as a writer, have been excluded.

Whether a republication of these principal works of Bishop England would promise sufficient remuneration to a publisher we cannot say. We should rejoice to see the work done, and also to see a life of the great bishop published which would be worthy of such a subject. Bishop England was a great man. He was the most eloquent preacher who has ever spoken in this country, among the Catholic clergy; and we doubt if any one of the most famous Protestant preachers has ever surpassed or even equalled him as an orator. We cannot venture to make a judgment of the relative rank he would hold among our great forensic orators, but certainly, according to the estimate which some of these made of him during his lifetime, it would be a high one. In other respects also he was a bright ornament of the American Catholic Church and hierarchy. His name and

his works deserve to be held in perpetual remembrance, for he was one of the greatest among the founders, the fathers, and the champions of the Catholic Church in this republic.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT. By George Bancroft. The Author's Last Revision. Vol. VI. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

We have now received the sixth and last volume of Mr. Bancroft's *History of the United States*. While we have seen much in Mr. Bancroft's work to admire and praise, we have found much to censure. We are pleased to see that in one particular we have not criticised in vain. We objected, together with others, that Mr. Bancroft had omitted the footnotes of references to authorities, which are valued as much or more by students of history than the text of the author. We now observe that some few authorities are given in the fifth and sixth volumes of the *Author's Last Revision*. It is this circumstance that makes the earlier editions, *with notes*, preferable to this. The present volume is less historical than discussive. It discusses the Union and the government, and in this respect we must confess that Mr. Bancroft's views are formed more in the mould of the historical experiences of the country than of those original constitutional principles, balances, and compromises upon which the fathers formed it. This volume contains a fine likeness of Mr. Bancroft, which, we doubt not, will be acceptable to his countrymen. As Catholics we reject this last edition of the author as unjust to the Catholic chapters of American history, and as too strongly influenced and pervaded by the past and now decayed pretensions of Protestantism. Our opinion is still unchanged that Mr. Bancroft has left the history of the United States yet to be written.

THE EVE OF THE REFORMATION: An Historical Essay on the Religious, Literary, and Social Condition of Christendom, with special reference to Germany and England, from the beginning of the latter half of the fifteenth century to the outbreak of the religious revolt. Part I. By Rev. William Stang. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

Father Stang has undertaken a work which ought to be of the greatest service to religion. He proposes, as his title-page shows, to give an account of the time preceding the Reformation, especially in Germany and England. Every one must see of what immense moment accurate and reliable information about this period must be, and at the same time how hard, on account of prejudice especially, it must be to get such information. The church, indeed, is essentially holy; and however great may be the number of her unworthy children, the fault is and must be their own. Consequently Catholics are not precluded by any argumentative necessity from fully recognizing the existence of evils in the church, if and when there is proof of their existence. The fact is, in our judgment, some Catholics are too ready to magnify and exaggerate in this respect—writers of saints' lives, for example. While this is true, we must confess that it would be painful to believe that before the advent of the Reformation the

Catholic Church was not producing notable fruits of holiness; and what these fruits were, at least some of them, Father Stang has indicated in this, and will in future parts point out more fully. In his first chapter he gives short lives of the popes of this period; the second, third, and fourth chapters are devoted to the lives of some of its bishops, priests, and canonized saints, and in the sixth chapter there is an account of some of the first productions of the printing-press. This chapter includes a valuable list of the versions of Holy Scripture which appeared during this period. Here is a fact by which we may judge of this time. The world has of late been doing honor to the memory of General Gordon; his inner life has been laid before the public and the sources of its strength have been disclosed. Of the uninspired sources the principal was the work of a writer who died in the period of which Father Stang writes. This work was the *Following of Christ*. During this "godless" time it was so well appreciated that (see p. 181) between 1486 and 1500 fifty-nine editions were published. We wish Father Stang God-speed and a wide circulation; he is doing a good work and doing it well, and, as he is writing in English, we hope he will spare no pains to do what refers to England as thoroughly as possible.

THE LIFE AROUND US: A Collection of Stories. By Maurice Francis Egan. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

We recognize some old acquaintances among these stories, in company with others which we have read for the first time in this collection.

Mr. Egan has a fine talent for writing short stories. One of these, "Philista," has been noticed with interest and praise by Cardinal Newman. The title indicates that their subjects and scenes are taken from our own time and country, which is true of all except one, the scene of which is laid in France. They are full of tokens of the author's wholesome sense, good taste, and cultivation. Except in one case—viz., the story of "Carmel," in which certain features are a repetition of similar ones in the "Tragi-Comedy"—he does not, so far as we remember, reproduce himself, but furnishes the reader with an agreeable variety. There are excellent religious and moral lessons, as well as entertainment, to be found in the stories, not by way of prosing or preaching, but by making sketches of character and narration of incidents *ipso facto* instructive. We recommend the book heartily to readers, young and old, and wish the writer the success he well deserves, hoping that he may go on and prosper in his literary career.

ESSAYS AND SPEECHES OF JEREMIAH S. BLACK. With a Biographical Sketch. By Chauncey F. Black. New York: Appletons. 1885.

Judge Black was eminent as a lawyer, a judge, and a statesman. His most distinctive characteristics, in which he shines by contrast with some as conspicuous as himself, were honor, integrity, uprightness, with the other great moral virtues. His speeches and writings have a thoroughness, a manly directness, an intellectual force worthy of their author's high reputation, besides being replete with valuable and authentic information and an able presentation of the arguments by which the side taken by the statesmen with whom Judge Black was associated is defended, in regard to

the most important political events of the last quarter of a century. We must not omit to notice with approbation Judge Black's answer to Robert Ingersoll, for which he deserves the thanks of every Christian. At a period when so many public characters have various sorts of blots upon them it is gratifying and encouraging to look back upon the character, the life, and the career of Judge Black—a man who is acknowledged to have been not only conspicuous for his ability, but an honor to his country by his noble and upright character.

Memoir and Letters of Jenny C. White Del Bal. By her Mother, Rhoda E. White. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1885. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

Jenny C. White was a daughter of the late Judge White, of New York, a niece of Madame Catharine White, of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and a grandniece of Gerald Griffin. In 1862 she was married to Don Bernardino Del Bal, and in 1863 accompanied her husband to his residence at Santiago in New Granada. Four years afterward she died suddenly of yellow-fever caught in nursing the sick. During this short period she accomplished so much for the religious, moral, and social improvement of all classes in Santiago that she was called the tutelary angel of the place, and her memory received the most distinguished honors, both official and private. The condition of things was most deplorable, and Mrs. Del Bal's letters give a vivid picture of the state of society, the manners and customs, the scenery and the *tout ensemble*, in that strange little revolutionary republic, a mixture of good and bad, of the delightful and the revolting, of piety and wickedness, in a most singular combination.

We have in this *Memoir* a simple and truthful narrative which reads like a romance and reminds us of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *Too Strange not to be True*. It ought to be read by all, especially by women. It narrates the brief but fruitful life of a lady, young, accomplished, full of gayety, taking part in all innocent festivities and amusements, observing the customs of society, without anything singular in her manner of life, yet very holy, and accomplishing what we may truly call an apostolic work. There are many important lessons to be learned from such a life, especially by those who are placed in a similar position.

The Protestant Faith; or, Salvation by Belief. An Essay upon the Errors of the Protestant Church. By Dwight Hinckley Olmstead. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

Here is one more Protestant error, and an attempt to add another sect to the long list given in the appendix. There is no reason why any one should feel alarmed for any cherished truth or favorite error. The *status quo ante bellum* remains undisturbed by this small essay.

A Holy Mendicant; or, The Life of Benedict Joseph Labre. Translated from the French of Abbé Solassol by Mrs. Marian Vinceletti. New York: D. & J. Sadlier.

It has been said that Leo XIII. did a heroic act when he canonized St. Benedict Joseph Labre, for the reason that in the canonization lay an

open protest against the spirit of this age of luxury and pride. The church always performs heroic acts; it is her mission. So far from being strange that she does them, it would be stranger if she neglected them.

The translation before us is a *good* one, far better than many we have read which made more pretensions than this. It ought to be read by every Catholic, for the lessons learned from a saint of our own time are likely to be more lasting than those from others. St. Benedict stands, as it were, and preaches at the dawn of an evil and corrupt day, and the lesson may be easily learned from his life. We gladly commend it to all pious readers.

Our Own Will, and How to Detect it in our Actions. By the Rev. J. Allen, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1885.

Our Own Will is a book that will attain the object for which it was written. It treats of the interesting subject of the free-will of man and his co-operation with, or rejection of, divine grace. The author, the Rev. J. Allen, D.D., has evidently made himself thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the free-will, and has given in the book entitled *Our Own Will* the result of his patient and attentive study. Although the work is principally intended for those who are living a religious life, yet its very valuable contents—on the means of detecting our evil inclinations, of regulating the inordinate emotions of our lower nature, of subjecting them to the empire of reason, and of rendering reason perfectly obedient to the action of God on the soul—will, we are sure, prove very profitable even to people living in the world. Having read Dr. Allen's book with great interest, and with the conviction of having derived from it instruction and spiritual profit, we most heartily recommend its careful perusal to all those who are striving to acquire a knowledge of the subtle workings of their will and of the way to bring it in harmony with the grace and inspirations of God.

The Champion Parish School Hymn-Book. A collection of sacred hymns, especially adapted to the wants and capacities of Catholic parochial schools. Selected and arranged by E. J. Forgeron. St. Louis: P. Fox.

All real wants meet sooner or later with an adequate supply, and we presume that hitherto the want of a cheap hymn and song book for use in our parish schools, though unquestionably real, has not found much expression or we should long ago have had a suitable book prepared. One of the most refining exercises for the mind, as well as healthy exercise for the lungs and throat, is to sing; and wherever children, and grown people too, are encouraged to sing we know they are the better and the happier for it. This volume is an attempt to furnish a cheap book of the sort to be put in the hands of our school-children.

The Chemistry of Cookery. By W. Mathieu Williams. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

Mr. Williams has an interesting pen. His *Science in Small Chapters* is very entertaining and instructive. So far as we have read this volume, it is of the same character. But it will take some time for the good sense which *The Chemistry of Cookery* contains to percolate into our kitchens. Read it, especially those who are concerned with this important part of

human economy. The cook controls the world more than the world thinks.

WILD FLOWERS. By Ruth A. O'Connor. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates. 1885.

Wild Flowers is a neatly-bound volume of about a hundred pages of verse, with here and there a prose composition by way of variety. The contents of the book are of the class of writings we call "pretty." It is readable and will make a pleasant companion on a lazy summer's day, and this is what cannot be said of many a more pretentious volume.

LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Katharine Tynan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

Miss Katharine Tynan has done well to gather in a volume the poems she has been contributing for a couple of years past to the *Irish Monthly*, *United Ireland*, some English magazines, and recently to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. If we are not mistaken in our prognosis, the flowery chain of Irish poetry that fell from the dead hands of Denis Florence McCarthy has been picked up by this young poetess. Miss Tynan has certainly the Celtic genius for style, the Pindaric flexibility and refinement of utterance which is so purely a Celtic quality that we do not always find it in even Aubrey de Vere's chiselled stanzas. It is a natural gift and imposes on its possessor the responsibility of carefully cultivating it. Already we fancy we can perceive in Miss Tynan's writing the influence of the poets of the English renaissance, of Spenser, Lord Surrey, Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Herrick. There could be no purer influence than the first three of these; but to be secure and strong an impressionable poetic temperament should be nourished from the great Catholic poetry of continental Europe, from Dante's forward to Chateaubriand's. Miss Tynan is gifted with the true poet's sensitiveness to beauty in nature. She hears "silken-soft murmurs" that grosser ears would not detect, and marks every gleam of "the waved gold of the wheat." We have not space to quote from this volume as we would wish; but here is an animated little picture, in two verses taken from "The Dreamers," that is a good example:

> ". . . Hark! in the hush
> A small wind ruffles with fingers slow
> The grasses long and lush,
> And O the choir in the elm-tree bough!
>
> "The brown, bright shapes that swaying sit
> I' the heart of shade,
> Their throats are amber and chrysolite.
> Frail each body was made,
> But the gold voice poured into it!"

Miss Tynan's thoughts are high and pure, and very often holy. Even of the least spiritual of her lays it cannot be said, as Sainte-Beuve said of a volume of Victor Hugo's, that God is forgotten in it. It is a hopeful sign to meet poetry like this, which is at the same time full of warmth and color, in a day when "libidinous and ignorant poetasters" are more plentiful than when John Milton denounced them. Some of the strongest of Miss Tynan's writing is in the two or three Irish pieces, especially the elegy on A. M. Sullivan.

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HERBERT SPENCER'S ENIGMA.

THE recent controversy in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Popular Science Monthly* between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederick Harrison merits, not only from the character of the writers, but especially from the matter so carefully formulated by the first-named in his article, "Religion: A Retrospect and a Prospect," thoughtful and respectful consideration. To our mind he has done a decided service to the cause of religion. A man of vigorous thought, a writer of clearness and precision, a teacher who has the courage of his convictions and who utters them with the truthfulness and candor of one who is willing to risk everything for truth, whatever Mr. Herbert Spencer says will carry weight, and influence widely. Of course we differ with him; we cannot for a moment admit his assertion of the impossibility of knowing the existence and attributes of God after our limited but none the less sure way, and our reasons will appear in the sequel. We feel, moreover, that in his earnestness to uphold his theory, as put forth in the article we are reviewing, he has gone too far, according to his own rules of reasoning, and, overstepping the limits, has contradicted himself. He is very categoric in laying it down as an axiom that man is conscious of a feeling in himself that leads him to believe in the existence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy which he cannot apprehend, of which he knows nothing, and which he therefore calls the Unknowable. Yet, notwithstanding the assertion that it is unknowable, he proceeds to tell us something of what

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it is, and a good deal of what it is not. Thus, for example, he says:

"The cruelty of a Fijian god, who, represented as devouring the souls of the dead, may be supposed to inflict torture during the process, is small compared with the cruelty of a god who condemns men to tortures which are eternal; and the ascription of this cruelty, though habitual in ecclesiastical formulas, occasionally occurring in sermons, and still sometimes pictorially illustrated, is becoming so intolerable to the better-natured that, while some theologians distinctly deny it, others quietly drop it out of their teachings. Clearly this change cannot cease until the belief in hell and damnation disappear. Disappearance of them will be aided by an increasing repugnance to injustice. The visiting on Adam's descendants, through hundreds of generations, dreadful penalties for a small transgression which they did not commit; the damning of all men who do not avail themselves of an alleged mode of obtaining forgiveness which most men never heard of; and the effecting a reconciliation by sacrificing a son, who was perfectly innocent, to satisfy the assumed necessity for a propitiatory victim—are modes of action which, ascribed to a human ruler, would call forth expressions of abhorrence; and the ascription of them to the Ultimate Cause of things, even now felt to be full of difficulties, must become impossible."

Here we are told that the Unknowable is the Ultimate Cause of all things, and that it cannot by any possibility have acted as he supposes the Christian religion teaches God has acted and does. Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy is at fault. He starts with a false principle. It is only another illustration of the old saying: *Causa mala patrocinio pejor erit.* And yet we are far from calling his a bad cause. There is too much of good in it to be spoken of in that way. It is bad by defect; what is in it is good, though that good be but twilight, a glimmer of truth. The good consists in this, that he teaches, without subterfuge of any kind, the existence of an Ultimate Cause, of an Infinite, Eternal Energy; the bad, or the defect, is that he pretends we can know nothing about it, and that the only progress in the appreciation of this great Being will consist in a far greater increased consciousness of the belief that it is. What is still farther good in his theory is that this consciousness cannot be destroyed, as it belongs to nature; but, on the contrary, will go on, becoming ever more stable and constituting the essence of all religion. To use other words, this is the testimony of nature, of which Tertullian and others spoke long ago; and we may exclaim of Mr. Herbert Spencer: "Testimony of a soul naturally Christian!"

To us, to whom the explanation is so simple, it must appear surprising that this well-informed writer should speak so lightly

of the language of Holy Writ where it treats of God in the speech of men. With the knowledge that we must use material expressions to signify our internal intellectual and spiritual operations, our thoughts and feelings, how can any one be surprised that in writing of God and of his operations, so far above our limited comprehension, the inspired author should have used terms easily understood by those for whom he was writing, and who certainly would not have understood him had he used recondite phrases and words known only to himself? We should have thought a moment's reflection, with the light of common sense, would have prevented such a mistake as Mr. Herbert Spencer has made here. We could expect this from a Robert Ingersoll, but from Herbert Spencer we did not expect it. If he has ever given any attention to the theology he combats, such as every fair-minded man ought to give to theories he impugns, he must know that Catholic theologians teach that such expressions as he objects to are only figurative, while referring to acts which, among men, are accompanied with the phases of thought and feeling described by the writer of the inspired text. God is said to be angry, to repent, to be glad, etc. These are our ways of speaking. He himself is unchangeable; seeing and knowing all possibilities from the beginning, he cannot be subject to the changes such possibilities would produce on one who had not foreseen them. But the actions of God have the sequence they would have had had he been capable of the emotions described, while all the result the actions of men could have on God is coeval with the eternal act whereby God willed creation and ordered his providence; for, in his eternal foresight, he knows all things past, present, future, or possible: nothing can escape him who willed all and made all things what they are.

Another false view we must comment on is the one which causes Mr. Herbert Spencer to stigmatize the wording of Scripture where God is spoken of as requiring the praise of man. It is strange that the obvious distinction between the Creator and the creature should have escaped so acute a thinker. The inspired writer says, speaking in the name of God: *In gloriam meam feci eum* [*i.e.*, *hominem*]—"I have made him [man] for my glory." Mr. Spencer rightly condemns self-glorifying in a man; and then he goes wide of the mark by applying the same rule to God, forgetting that the reason why man does wrong in glorifying himself is because all he has he has received of God, and all the glory, therefore, belongs to God and not to himself, who can do nothing without God. Justice requires that glory

be given to him to whom it is due. God, being infinitely just, as we shall see, must exact that glory for himself, all the more because he must correct the continued tendency of man to prevaricate in this regard. Again, God must act for an end worthy of himself, and he can have, therefore, no end but himself, as nothing worthy of him exists outside of himself, for only an infinite end can be worthy of infinite action. God must hate the robbery of his glory by man, and must teach man to repair the disorder of which he has been guilty in attributing to himself any honor whatsoever. St. Augustine, in his book of *Retractations*, tells us how he made the mistake of attributing to himself the first steps in conversion, and how he was corrected by reading the commentary of St. Cyprian on the words of St. Paul: "What hast thou that thou hast not received; and if thou hast received it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?" The same may be said of every gift, even physical; and therefore all the glory belongs to God, and he would fail in justice if he did not bid all men give it to him.

A somewhat similar error Mr. Herbert Spencer falls into where he speaks of the Divine Intelligence, or intelligence ascribed to God. He gives us an argument, subtle but faulty, to show that the First Cause could not have been intelligent, as we understand the word, because this intelligence is dependent on alien activities—"the impressions generated by things beyond consciousness, and the ideas derived from such impressions." Now, intelligence is the exercise of the intellectual faculty on ideas, it really makes no difference how they come. They may come from consciousness or from outside, or they may so be in the mind as to be identified with it. The recognition of one's being and relation with others is itself an act of the intellect, an act of intelligence. The First Cause, therefore, could be intelligent at least in this way. But this is only to answer the argument. The real fact is that the First Cause, being first in order, must be also first in the intellectual order and possess it most perfectly; and as the perfection of intelligence is to understand the Infinite, so this First Cause must understand itself, all its possibilities which it sees in itself viewed, as it were, materially, these possibilities being the archetypes according to which things come to exist in the actual order.

To come, however, to the fuller and more direct reply to the assertion that the First Cause is unknowable, the profession of belief in the existence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy frees us from the necessity of proving this existence. We see that Mr.

Herbert Spencer, by a different process perhaps, and in a different degree, is in harmony with the assertion of St. Paul, quoted by the Vatican Council, that man's mind can attain to the knowledge that there is a God. But St. Paul goes further, and so do other texts of Holy Writ, the writers being more logical than our author, and not under the baneful influence of nineteenth-century unbelief. Once grant the existence of a First Cause, and reason recognizes it as infinite, and must do so, because it could not be limited, as it is the First, and it would be absurd to say it limited itself. This infinitude cannot be considered a mere name; it implies no limit of any attribute compatible with it, and it must, in fact, be infinite Reality, in which everything is in itself or as possible, and without which nothing can be. It must be, therefore, infinite truth, infinite goodness, infinite perfection, infinite power, infinite energy or will. Whatever is must first have existed as an object of that divine, infinite intellect from the beginning; for no one can give what he has not, and beings must, therefore, have received what they have from a Cause which first had what it has given them. Consequently reason shows us that the First Cause, whom we call God, has in him Infinite Intelligence; he is the pure act of Intellect whereby he understands himself and all he is able to do—in a word, all possibility.

Again, reason teaches us that the First Cause must be Truth itself, all that which is in any way, as explained above. Therefore it excludes all error or falsity in this First Cause. And as it, moreover, recognizes in God infinite perfection, it excludes from him all untruthfulness, and all derogation from the moral law which is indelibly stamped on our mind and heart. The doctor of grace, St. Augustine, quotes the words of the Psalmist, "Who shall show unto us what is good?" and he answers with the words that follow, "The light of thy countenance is stamped upon us." This law first is in God and then exists by participation in man; and, as we have said, it could not be in man if it were not in the First Cause, on the principle that no one gives what he has not. The eternal fitness of the ideas of the Divine Intellect constitute this moral law which is natural to man, and found in him, in its essence, everywhere.

In like manner reason recognizes personality in the First Cause, being the principle which makes a rational being the adequate source of his own operations and responsible for them. This noble prerogative is what makes man eminently worthy of respect, like unto his Maker, and merits for him the grade he holds in the esteem of his fellow-men. All society is based on

the fact that man is a person. It comes into play everywhere, in daily life, in business, in the law-courts, in the Patent Office, where a man is awarded a right of property in an invention because it is his own, from him as a person. To pretend that man could possess such a noble and eminent and perfect quality, and that the First Cause from whom he comes has it not, were to do outrage to reason.

Reason can know more. It can know that this infinitely good First Cause cannot irresistibly lead man into error, and that, therefore, when man makes use of every proper means of becoming certain, he can arrive at the knowledge of truth to the extent it may please this First Cause to manifest it him, by ordinary or extraordinary means. It makes him realize, too, that the Infinite and Eternal Energy, being all-powerful, can maintain the physical laws, or alter or suspend them; and therefore it recognizes the possibility of miracles, of which man judges surely by the use of the laws of evidence. And when he sees miracles used as a testimony to the truth of teaching he recognizes that teaching as of God. Reason, therefore, declares its belief in the possibility of revelation.

To sum up. So far from man not being able to know what God is, so far from declaring the First Cause Unknowable, reason can know God; know that he is; that he is infinite; that he is perfect; that he is intellect itself; that he is goodness itself and justice itself; that he is the author of all that is, the Sovereign Personality who has made man after his own image; that he is morality itself, and the source of the moral law in man; that he can make known his mind to men, cause men to recognize him as speaking, by signs of his omnipotence we call miracles, and oblige men to accept the truths which constitute a revelation.

We have not given special attention to the arguments of Mr. Frederick Harrison. Materialism is so gross that it is not likely to hold long-continued sway over the minds of any large body of men. It is unfortunate that this form of error should have taken such hold on the minds of physicians especially. They are so much wrapt up in matter, and see so many strange and interesting phenomena of reflex action, that they come to regard matter as the only thing that is, and the source of all activity. Were things as they should be, theology would hold the first place in a man's estimation, law the next, then physical science. But the theologians, so-called, have rejected divine or church authority and given their own comments, and therefore have lost im-

mensely in public opinion; lawyers, by substituting expediency for justice, or because they have to take the ignorant legislation of semi-cultured bodies as the law they interpret and apply, share the same fate, and are not in the esteem they should naturally have as a profession. The people remember the words of Scripture, "Honor the physician on account of your need," and, as that need comes often, the physician is considered as more important than the minister or lawyer, while the brilliant discoveries of the profession dazzle the public eye. Those, too, who share the opinions of Mr. Harrison are apt to look on the physician as the high-priest of humanity, and hence make him share in the cult they pay it. Certainly the physician who does his duty, who is faithful to God and to man, is a noble being and a most powerful agent for good, not alone for the health of the body, but for the social weal. Such a man every one will willingly honor, and we should be the last to detract from his merit. But the physician who has given up God, and especially the materialist, has no code of morality but his own ideas, and is therefore a dangerous man, liable at any moment to do, perhaps in invincible ignorance, the greatest ill. We remember in our young days meeting with one of these physicians, who had not the fear of God before his eyes. He was speaking before several, we being of the number, of his treating a young woman for some ailment, and told us he had for this purpose given her to read works of an immoral character. That incident has never been blotted out from our memory, and the thought of this physician comes up always as of one who was a traitor to a noble profession. The only safety there is for society is the moral law; and without belief in God and in his revelation, which confirms and sanctions the moral law, that law loses its hold on men and untold evil will be the result. Mr. Herbert Spencer's belief in an Ultimate Cause which is an Eternal, Infinite Energy goes far to safe-guard the natural law; but we hope and pray that his earnest and manly truthfulness will be rewarded by a still greater knowledge—the knowledge which surpasses all earthly knowledge and which so satisfies man's yearnings. When that time comes he will experience something of the joy and happiness that fill the heart of those who have found the truth. One of these, formerly a prominent writer on the infidel press of Paris, afterwards a doughty champion of the faith of Christ—Louis Veuillot—thus speaks of his feelings: "I was ruined the day I dropped from the clouds. But it is God who ruined me, blessed be his mercy! These clouds concealed the lightning; it lit up when mercy dis-

sipated them. I have seen heaven, and in my dust I am heir to a kingdom that will never perish. Formerly, to my eyes, all was but the splendid decoration of vast emptiness unfathomable; the delightful sound of an ingenious mechanism put up by a fantastic workman, who, without saying why, had withdrawn from his work. At present all is clear; at present I see, I hear, I know. The smiles and the sounds of nature are a language I understand; my heart answers it with a beat that tells of brotherly love. I know why the hills are clothed with joyousness, why the seed rejoices in the earth, why a song of praise comes up from the valleys, why the little stream leaps and claps its hands. I know this, and my voice, uniting itself with those voices that are never silent, has begun to chant an eternal hosanna."

CATHERINE TEGAKWITA,

THE IROQUOIS MAIDEN FOR WHOM BEATIFICATION IS ASKED.

O HUNTER race! your sky-walled plains we till;
We left your prey no guard of secret shade;
Free forest rovers, where your gray oaks grew
The white man's pride his shining street has laid.

His presence pale to you has been a blight,
The Aryan glance a dart to make you die;
Now, for the gloom our sight to you has brought,
A star you give to us to light our sky—

A potent star that can our fates persuade,
As erring sages taught of planets dead;
A radiant star to guide the vagrant bark
When from sin-fretted waves the day has fled.

Its bright beam shows us that all tribes of men
Of man's true fellowship a memory kept,
Through wars unceased, since Eden's closing gate,
And grace awakes the virtue that but slept.

Silent, though proudly sad, the stoic chief
Sees the oncoming of extinction swift.
Well hath the warrior known to fee the sword,
And render for his doom a kingly gift.

AN EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Coming down from the forests of Morvand we stopped at Sens, the ancient capital of Senonese Gaul, which stands at the confluence of the Yonne and the Vanne, nearly surrounded by water, in the midst of undulating hills, the sides of which were flecked with quarries of white limestone, surging wheat-fields, and terraces of luxuriant vines—the vines which, as the poet pretends, the renowned Brennus brought home from Italy and planted with the end of his victorious lance. The two unequal towers of St. Étienne rising majestically up from the red-tiled roofs, the beautiful gardens in the outskirts kept perennially fresh by numberless rills, and the graceful Yonne as it goes winding off among the hills, fringed with poplars and silvery willows, delight the eye and arrest the foot of the traveller. The old stone bridge over the Yonne, with its cross; the cyclopean walls of Gallo-Roman construction, with the remains of the Orbandelle, or band of gilded bricks that once encircled the town; the streets, with their suggestive names; the old shrines left here and there at the corners, the antique portals and curious carvings of the houses; the churches that date from apostolic times—all remind one of the past. Fragments of Roman history, monastic chronicles, and popular legends and traditions crop up at every step to interest the mind and charm the imagination.

Among these traditions nothing is more delightfully astonishing than the great antiquity ascribed to the place, as related by Jacques Cassan in his work, *Dynasties des anciens rois des Gaulois et des Français depuis le déluge*, dedicated to Louis XIII. According to him Sens was founded by Samothès, or Javan, surnamed Dis, the fourth son of Japheth and grandson of Noe, who, sent into Gaul by his father one hundred and fifty-two years after the Deluge, or, as some say, after the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, left a colony in Greece, went to Italy to see his brother Gomer, and then, crossing the mountains, stopped in a pleasant valley enclosed among hills and watered by numerous streams. Here he founded the city of Sens, which he surrounded with walls and towers, and made the capital of his kingdom. The Yonne he so named for his uncle Yonichus, or perhaps from his own name of Javan, from which the Ioanes, Iones, or Yones derived their name. He built a palace for himself on

the top of a neighboring mount where now stands the chapel of St. Bond. Here in the year of the world 1900 was born his son Magnus, who succeeded him as the second king of Gaul—an event he joyfully celebrated by a great festival. Some years later he founded the city of Autun, and further up the Yonne, among the wild hills of Morvand, he built a castle where now stands Château Chinon—so named in honor of his wife, China—the picturesque ruins of which may be seen crowning the top of a sharp cone that rises up from a deep ravine through which pours a mountain torrent. At the foot of the cone is the town of Château-Chinon—*Petite ville et de grand renom*, says the proverb. There is also a street in Sens still called Rue Chinon, doubtless from its first queen.

Samothès was building another castle in a wooded region southwest of Sens when he received a present from his grandfather, Noe, of some ingots of gold and silver. This was in the year 1909, when Prince Magnus, who was with him, was just nine years old. When the gift arrived it found the young prince crying for some mishap, and to soothe him Samothès gave him one of the ingots, saying: "*Voilà de l'or; ris*—There is some gold; laugh," which the child did. Hence the name of Lorris (*l'or, ris*) given to the castle, and still borne by the village—a presumptive proof that Samothès had quite abandoned the use of his mother-tongue, the Basque language!

This same delightful writer tells us that Noe and his wife, with a long suite, came to Gaul to visit Samothès, and made an extensive tour through the country, going to Autun and Lorris (I am not quite sure about Château Chinon!) and even as far as Bordeaux, stopping doubtless to see his son Japheth, who, as every one knows, founded the town of Périgueux. Perhaps it was in memory of this visit of the great progenitor that a village near Sens was called Noé, a name it bears to this day.

The people of Sens, it may be supposed, take pride in being thus assured of the purity of their descent—so much depends on the particular strain of one's blood. Truly, as Shakspere says, "some are born great." And to be "of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth," as Dame Juliana Berners styles him,

"Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?"

Samothès seems to have bequeathed to his descendants a truly Oriental taste for water, for the Moors of Granada were not more given to irrigating their beautiful gardens than the inhabitants of Sens are to this day. A thousand streamlets and

canals convey the waters of the Vanne with a gentle murmur through the meadows and pleasure-grounds, and the Courtils (gardens) of the Faubourg St. Pregts and the Coquesalles, giving them a perennial freshness and making the environs of Sens exceptionally beautiful. The avenues and bosquets share in the general verdure, attracting innumerable birds, which add to the charm of the many popular resorts. These streams and canals likewise propel a great number of gristmills and feed the tanneries and other industries, such as the establishments for cutlery, whiting, and the preparation of the wine for which this district is noted; so that the town is full of modern life and activity in spite of its air of, and pretensions to, antiquity. The streets, too, are kept beautifully clean and healthy all the year round by the water which flows through them, giving freshness to the air and rendering Sens one of the cleanest towns in Europe.

Wandering through these streets, you come here and there upon the type of all purity, the image of Maria Purissima, set up at the corners, as in the Ruelle de la Petite Bonne Vierge—a name full of caressing affection which bespeaks the devotion of the people. Another is in the Quartier St. Paul, called Notre Dame de l'Orme, which the Huguenots pulled down in 1558 and threw into the river. The whole city was roused at this profanation and the river dragged till the statue was recovered. A general procession was then formed to restore it to its place. The image of Our Lady used to stand over the nine gates of the city and the doors of private houses, as well as on the public squares and at the corners of the streets; but only ten or eleven of these statues remain. Before them the people kept lights and flowers, and often came to sing hymns, dropping their offering in a box for the oil in the lamps. It is related of the celebrated Piron that, being fatigued one day, he seated himself on a bench beneath one of these wayside Madonnas which was held in great veneration, but which, as he was near-sighted, he had not perceived. Every one who passed by uncovered his head or made some other respectful salutation which Piron supposed addressed to himself, and never failed to take off his hat in return, till, weary of such general homage, he was glad to make his escape.

At the corner of one street is an old Gothic house remarkable for the carvings on the outside timbers, representing, among other things, the genealogy of our Lord from Abraham down, with all the personages in relief, on one piece of wood, forming a complete genealogical tree issuing from the side of that great patriarch.

Some of the streets have most significant names, like the Ruelle Queue de Loup, which whips through the garden of the Annonciades, cutting it completely in two; the Rue Monte-à-Regret, by which criminals were led to execution; and the Ruelle des Pendus, leading up from the Rue Haut-le-Pied, where justice was administered. Rue St. Benoît is so named from an old church of the time of King Eudes, commonly called St. Benoît *la mal tournée* because the altar did not turn to the east according to the usual custom. The Rue des Cinq Joies de Marie derives its name from a chapel of that title (now the college chapel) founded in 1348 by Jehan de Mézières and his wife, with four chaplains to sing High Mass every day in honor of Our Lady—a reminiscence, perhaps, of St. Thomas à Becket, who used daily to say the Ave Maria seven times in honor of the Seven Joys of Mary. The Rue Brennus recalls the famous chief, a native of Sens, who scaled the Tarpeian rock with his brave band of Gauls, and would have taken the Roman Capitol had not the garrison been roused by the clamor of the geese. And as in Rome the goose was afterwards honored as the saviour of the city, so the enraged Gauls used to subject it every year to horrible cruelties before serving it up to their soldiers.

And the Place Drapès is called after another Sénonais who defied Cæsar, and, when at last taken prisoner, refused all food, preferring death after the "high Roman fashion" to the loss of liberty. It was on this square that for several years lived Crébillon the younger, whose works were so much in vogue for a time that the poet Gray could imagine no higher pleasure than to "read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon." Horace Walpole, too, admired both these authors so much at one time that he commissioned Liotard to paint their portraits for his gallery at Strawberry Hill. And Miss Strafford, a young English lady of fortune, from reading the works of Crébillon conceived such a fancy for the author that she ran away from her friends and went to Paris, where she married him. To escape from the consequences of his pernicious writings he retired to Sens with his wife. Their marriage proved to be a happy one; for, though his works were licentious, his private character was unimpeachable. His wife nursed and attended him with exemplary fidelity to the day of her death. Crébillon's greatest amusement at Sens was the boyish one of rising before light, and, disguising himself as a ghost, appear in the cloisters of St. Étienne to frighten the canons as they were going to their morning office.

Marivaux also lived for some time at Sens in the Rue de l'Écrivain. His wife was a relative of the Fauvelets, one of the oldest families in the place, and he composed his *Marianne* in a small pavillon, or summer-house, of theirs, called *Tout-va*, at the eastern extremity of the Coquesalles. In his *Télémaque Travesti* he introduces the names of several families at Sens. Horace Walpole, on receiving his portrait, describes his face as "a mixture of the buffoon and the villain." The popularity of these two writers happily decreased so soon that Walpole a few years later declared Crébillon was entirely out of fashion and Marivaux so much of a proverb that *marivauder* and *marivaudage* were established terms for the prolix and the tiresome.

The cathedral of St. Étienne is the most prominent monument in Sens. The front is one of those wonderful pages of religious lore which the ages of faith loved to spread out before the people. Here is related the "passion" of St. Stephen, and before his statue, left intact by the storms of centuries, might be sung the old *Chant* written by Gatien of Tours in the tenth century, which thus begins:

"Por amor Deu, vos pri, seignor barun,
Si ce vos tuit * escoter la leçun
De Saint Estenne li glorieux barun:
Escotet là par bone intention,
Qui à ce jor reçu la passion."

Above the saint-guarded portal are two series of bas-reliefs representing the homely labors of the husbandman during the year, such as the sowing and reaping and winnowing of wheat, the gathering of grapes and treading them out in the wine-press, picking acorns for the swine, cutting wood for fuel, etc.—perhaps to denote the sacredness of labor. It was common in the middle ages to place the twelve signs of the zodiac on the churches, together with the four seasons and the twelve months of the year, distinguished by the labors peculiar to each season, as a kind of moral calendar to remind man that by the sin of Adam he has been condemned to labor with his hands.

At the north is the portal of Abraham, where once stood his statue with the long line of the kings of Israel. Around the Porte de la Sainte Croix were the twelve apostles and the prophets of the Old Testament, only a part of which are remaining. In one place you see Religion and Justice, the latter with a drawn sword, trampling errors and vices under foot. In another is Liberality opening her treasures, with Avarice seated on

* Si cela vous plaît.

a coffer, weeping and tearing her hair. At the sides of the chief entrance are the wise and the foolish virgins with their eternal lesson of the necessity of vigilance, and above is the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. The gates are open, and before one is an angel sounding a trumpet, as if to announce that the Bridegroom cometh. Above he is standing with outstretched arms of welcome. And beyond is the same city with closed gates, above which stands a man mourning and weeping because of those not ready to enter in to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. And around the archway are a multitude of angels, archangels, and saints, looking up at a hand issuing from a cloud—the hand of Him who saith: "And I will give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish: neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

No wonder the court before such cathedrals used to be called the Paradise, when the hosts of heaven were thus spread out in glorious array. If we, who think we have some culture, take delight in going from one grand old cathedral to another to read page after page of such divine lore, how much more the simple and unlettered of the middle ages must have enjoyed them, who had no other book to read! Never were such books on religion, art, and poetry written—ineffaceably written—for the poor.

This church was begun in the tenth century by St. Anastase, Archbishop of Sens, surnamed the Man of God because he was never weary of almsgiving and rose so much above the wants of the body that, among other austerities, he never touched animal food from the time of his ordination. It stands over three separate oratories of the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Baptist, and St. Stephen, built by St. Savinien, the first apostle of Sens, which now form the crypt. Within, the paintings, the statues, the glorious windows bespeak the devotion of its founders to the Holy Virgin. And there are magnificent tapestries representing her crowned in heaven by the Eternal Father, with her prototypes, Esther before Assuerus, and Bethsabee crowned by King Solomon. In 1176 Archbishop Guillaume aux Blanches Mains appointed four canons to celebrate daily the office of Our Lady, and Archbishop Pierre de Corbeil drew up a missal expressly for their use, the music of which he composed himself, showing himself worthy of the reputation of Sens for the solemnity of its chants. One of the great schools of music founded by Charlemagne in France was at Sens, and from time immemorial all instrumental music was forbidden in its offices, and to this day a concession has only been made with respect to the organ.

This cathedral has many celebrated memories, such as the council at which Abelard was condemned, presided over by St. Bernard. Here, too, St. Louis was married to Margaret of Provence, and hither he and his brother Robert, Count d'Artois, clad merely in tunics, and with bare feet, bore the Holy Crown of Thorns which they had come to Sens to receive.

Twice during the middle ages was Sens saved from its enemies by means of its bishops. One of these was St. Leu, a name for ever dear to the people on account of his beneficence. When Sens was besieged by Clotaire II., King of Neustria, this saint of royal lineage hastened to ring the cathedral bell with his own hands to summon the people to pray for their deliverance. This bell, which was named Mary, rang out with such miraculous power that the enemy, seized with terror, abandoned the siege and fled. This was one of the first church-bells introduced into France, and Clotaire's soldiers, chiefly from the north, where bells were still unknown, had probably never heard the sound of one, so it is not at all surprising that the solemn peal, ringing across the valley and echoed by the neighboring hills, should terrify them as something supernatural.

Some years after, when Clotaire had become master of the place, he carried off this potent bell to set up in his own palace at Paris; but, according to the legend, it lost its voice as soon as it left the territory of Sens. Clotaire, therefore, sent it back, and as soon as it arrived at Pont-sur-Yonne it recovered its voice and rang out more musically than ever. This bell lost its ancient name and henceforth became famous throughout France as the Cloche de St. Leu. In the course of centuries it was recast, but it cracked when rung for some political purpose at the Revolution (no wonder!), and was taken to Paris, where it was probably melted down for profane usage.

St. Leu is the St. Swithin of this region, and, like him, was buried, at his own request, beneath the water-spout of the church. And he is always invoked for rain, and his relics are borne in procession in times of great drought, because he once saved the city from destruction by fire through the abundant rains obtained by his prayers.

In the next century St. Ebbon, another bishop of Sens, saved the town from the Saracens, who had laid waste the whole country around, massacred the people, and now laid siege to the place, to the great terror of the citizens. St. Ebbon revived their courage and placed himself at the head of the boldest to make a sortie upon the enemy, who, taken by surprise, were

utterly routed, leaving behind them the spoils of many provinces they had devastated.

There were formerly thirty-six houses for the canons in the cathedral close. Five gates gave admittance to the cloister, in the midst of which was a *préau* (*pratellum*), or green, shaded by sycamores, with a well in the centre for common use. This well was noted at Sens. The water was remarkably good, and over it was the inscription: *O vos, qui non habetis argentum, bibite aquam cum lætitiâ*—"Ye who have no money, come drink of this water with joy." This well was protected by a dome resting on three light pillars covered with bas-reliefs. Around it took place the religious dances not uncommon in the middle ages. The priests and choristers hand-in-hand began the *O filii et filiæ* in the nave after Vespers, and proceeded to the cloister, where the people joined them in dancing around the well. This custom at length degenerating into profanity, it was suppressed, and in its place a procession was made every Sunday to the well and the priest blessed the water. But for a long time after the canons were forced to admit wedding parties to the cloister, that they might dance in the *préau*.

Another noted well at Sens was called the Puits des Treize Prêtres, because the thirteen priests appointed to attend Pope Alexander III. whenever he officiated during his residence at Sens came to this well every year, on the festival of the Holy Cross, to receive their stipend.

One of the glorious memories of Sens is that of St. Thomas à Becket, the great upholder of the rights of the church, who spent four years of his exile here in the abbey of St. Colombe, the remains of which are now occupied by the sisters of the Sainte Enfance. Every traveller, of course, goes to see

> "Where the English exile Thomas
> May have dreamed prophetic dream
> Of those distant Kentish meadows
> Where, at scarce a later day,
> His own tomb should be the altar
> Where half Europe flocked to pray."

Here he gave himself up almost continually to prayer, and one night in the abbey church, while praying for England, he had, in fact, a wonderful vision in which the fate that awaited him was revealed. The historic abbey of St. Colombe was founded in the seventh century by Clotaire II., and became noted for the shrines of St. Leu and the titular saint. There is a poetic legend of St. Colombe, a young martyr in the reign of Aurelian remarkable for her beauty, around whose body, left for a time without

burial, the cattle of the fields came every night and knelt as if in adoration, their horns blazing in the darkness like torches, till the Christians came to give her honorable burial.

St. Eloi adorned the shrine of St. Colombe with gold and precious stones at the expense of good King Dagobert, and wrought several other ornaments for the church, which having been carried off by robbers, the people hastened to beg St. Eloi to obtain their restoration. Whereupon he went into the church, and, kneeling before the shrine of St. Colombe, cried in a loud voice: "Hearken, O Columba! to my words. Our Redeemer commands thee to restore forthwith the jewels of gold that have been taken from this church. Otherwise I will close up the entrance thereof with thorns and briars, so thou wilt no longer be honored and served within these walls." The jewels were restored, but in the sixteenth century were again carried off, together with the precious shrine of St. Colombe, by the Huguenots, who, more impervious to saintly influences than the robbers of the seventh century, never brought them back again.

In the church of St. Colombe was buried in the tenth century Richard, Duke of Burgundy, the terror of the Normans, who during his life was called the *Justicier* for his love of justice and the severity with which he administered it. When he lay on his death-bed the bishops standing around exhorted him to beg pardon of God for shedding the blood of so many people. He replied that he only repented of not having shed still more, for by every robber he had put to death he had saved the lives of a hundred by intimidating his accomplices. His son Raoul, when dying, sent his crown and sceptre as gifts to this church, and was here buried by his own order, in a gray marble tomb at the left of St. Colombe's shrine, afterward destroyed by the Huguenots.

Another celebrated abbey at Sens, but now demolished, was that of St. Pierre-le-Vif (*vif* is a corruption of *vic*, or bourg), so called from an ancient church founded by St. Savinien in the very first ages of the church. There are many legends of this great saint. With one breath, *solo mutu*, says Dom Mathoud, he overthrew the temples of Mercury and Bacchus, and set up oratories to the true God. And as late as the thirteenth century there were crosses on the walls of the city, imprinted in the solid rock, as upon soft wax, by the mere finger of the saint. But other impressions, made by his preaching the religion of the cross, have proved more durable and remain to this day. When St. Savinien came to Sens he received hospitality from a wealthy patrician named Victorin, who became one of his converts, and

near by he built the church of SS. Peter and Paul, who had appeared to him after their martyrdom. This remained the aristocratic quarter of the town. The church here was afterwards included in a larger one, built and endowed by Clovis at the request of his granddaughter, Théodochilde, who founded a monastery adjoining. In this church the archbishops of Sens passed the night before their enthronement, keeping vigil at the tombs of the martyrs. The church with its neighborhood enjoyed great privileges, such as that accorded it by Louis VII., who made it a place of refuge like the Alsatia of London. Here, among other fairs, was annually held the Foire des Pardons, so called from the indulgence granted by the Holy See to all who should pay due devotion in the church of St. Pierre-le-Vif from the 19th to the 21st of March, the time of the fair.

Several of the monks of this abbey were noted for their learning. Among these is Odoranne (tenth century), celebrated for his knowledge of mechanics, goldsmith's work, and the fine arts. King Robert and Queen Constance regarded him with great affection, and employed him to make two *capses* (shrines), adorned with gold and precious stones, to contain the relics of SS. Savinien and Potentien, the first apostles of Sens. Odoranne also wrote a chronicle of historic value, and composed a prose in honor of St. Sabinian * (published by Cardinal Maï in his *Spicelegium Romanum*), in which he says that this saint was a Hebrew by birth and one of the seventy-two disciples.

Another chronicler of this abbey was the monk Clairus, also numbered among the historians of France.

The ancient crypt of St. Sauveur is still to be seen, where St. Savinien was slain by the blow of an axe while officiating at the altar. Here he was afterwards entombed, together with St. Potentien and SS. Sérotin, Altin, Eodalde, and other martyrs. We like to make the discovery, as it were, of such unknown saints and martyrs, and recount their names one by one, and visit the places where they lived and confessed the faith by their sufferings. In the church of St. Didier is honored St. Mâthie, who is in great veneration here and at Troyes. And in the church of St. Aveline are the relics of St. Fort, St. Guinefort, and the titular saint.

There are several churches and chapels in the vicinity of Sens which are interesting to visit. One of these is at Soucy, to which belongs a large confraternity, the members of which come here to celebrate the rites for their dead. A distaff is kept on the altar, which is presented to brides on their wedding-day after

* St. Savinien.

the nuptial Mass—a custom handed down from primitive times, when it was the mark of a good housewife, as in the days of King Lemuel's mother, to be able to lay her hands to the spindle and take hold of the distaff. There is a similar custom at Villiers-Louis, not far from Sens.

Northeast of Sens is the ancient chapel of St. Béate, where once stood the village of Sancy, so named for St. Sanctien, who was martyred here about the year 276, together with his sister, St. Béate, and SS. Augustin, Félix, and Aubert, over whose graves an oratory was built, and, at a later day, a priory, which was wholly destroyed during the wars, with the exception of this chapel, around which gathered a few hermits in better days, and which has continued to be a resort, though the remains of the martyrs were long ago removed.

Not far from St. Béate, but further to the east, is the chapel of St. Sauveur des Vignes, built over the tombs of other martyrs by Archbishop Magnus, a favorite of Charlemagne's, who lies buried in the churchyard with several of his successors and many of the ancient canons.

On the top of an eminence southeast of Sens is the chapel of St. Aignan, Bishop of Orleans, who was born at Mâlay le Vicomte, a village at the foot of the mount. He lived in the time of Atilla, the Scourge of God, from whom he preserved the city of Orleans, as Rome was by St. Leo the Great, and Troyes by St. Loup. Mâlay le Vicomte is surrounded by fertile meadows in the midst of a smiling, picturesque region, with the remains of an old rampart and moat, around which sweeps the Vanne, rendering it almost an island. The villagers, with their curé, ascend in solemn procession every year on the 17th of June to the chapel of St. Aignan, which has stood here from time immemorial.

Northwest of Sens, between Mount Echelotte and Mount St. Bond, is a gorge called Vaumartoise, or the Valley of Martyrs, where so many Christians were immolated for the faith in early times that their blood ran through it like a stream. The processions of Rogation week, in going from one of these holy places around Sens to another, used to pass through this gorge and stop before the cross to sing the antiphon of martyred saints. They likewise ascended to the old chapel of St. Michael the Archangel, otherwise called St. Bond (Baldus) from a hermit of the seventh century who ended his days here. The early history of this hermit resembles that of St. Julian Hospitator. After his crime he made a pilgrimage to Rome and the Holy Land, and, returning to Sens, placed himself under the direction of St.

Arthème, the archbishop, who, presenting him with the staff he was carrying in his hands—a staff of dry wood wholly divested of its bark—ordered him to plant it on the top of this mount, and water it every day from the river that flows at the foot till new bark should be formed and it should put forth buds, bloom, and bear fruit. The penitent obeyed. Every day he ascended the mount with a jar of water, following the path still known as the Pas de St. Bond. He built a hermitage beside the chapel of St. Michael, where he so sanctified himself that after his death his remains were removed to the city and enshrined, and the chapel, taking his name, became a place of pilgrimage, particularly in times of public calamity.

An old legend says that while St. Bond was at his devotions in the chapel one day the devil beset him with such force that, to get rid of the distraction, he took him by the ears and plunged him into the holy-water stoup, and, placing his breviary on the top, kept him there a fortnight. A curious stone font at St. Colombe depicted this scene with the long ears of the demon, like those of an ass, thrust out each side of the breviary.

It was on this mount, it will be remembered, stood the palace of Samothès, the first king of Senonese Gaul.

HAWTHORN, HEART, AND HOMILY.

I ASKED her, "When doth Woman love?"
(As man on woman e'er presumes);
And, with a sense mere sense above,
She answered: "When the hawthorn blooms."

I asked her: "When doth th' hawthorn bloom?"
(My query formed of hope and fear);
Whereat she breathed this rich perfume:
"The hawthorn bloometh all the year!"

I asked her nevermore a word,
For I lov'd her, and she lov'd me;
Taught were we by a little bird
The heart and hawthorn's homily. . . . .

But there's a love mere "love" above,
And ne'er inconstant as the wind;
It animates or saint or dove—
The love of God and humankind.

FALSEHOOD AS A MORAL AGENT.

"It is never worth while," says Cardinal Newman, "to call whity-brown white for the sake of avoiding scandal"; and Cardinal Wiseman repeats substantially the same warning when he invites from all sides the most rigorous scrutiny, satisfied that, having dug to the very bottom of the well, we shall find Truth sitting there to greet us. Yet it is a melancholy fact that a large proportion of lies are told every year by the unco guid, partly through obstinate ignorance, and partly because they think such fabrications better fitted to instruct the average mind than a less didactic accuracy. Fox's *Book of Martyrs* is an admirable instance of what can be accomplished by discreet lying, and the reports sent home by a great many Evangelical missionaries fairly bristle with fictitious narratives that are calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of church-members and send the children's pennies rattling into the mission-box. It was all very well for men like Bishop Heber and Henry Martyn to acknowledge that the number of converts was painfully small, and that their zealous labors were *not* crowned with the success they fondly hoped for; but the modern correspondent of a Sunday-school paper is far too wise for any such rash admission. His glowing accounts of his own sacrifices and of his neophytes' devotion are pleasingly suggestive of a print we once saw, where a lot of little savages, in next to no clothing, were gathered round a venerable missionary and poring rapturously over some spelling-books just arrived from the land of civilization and freedom. The joy and gratitude with which these youthful darkies were learning to spell must have covered with confusion their small white brothers and sisters, realizing, as well they might, how very far they were from sharing in such virtuous transports.

But it is not from amid the heathen alone that the missionary sends forth his graphic pictures of life. Italy, France, Spain, and Mexico are now his beaten tracks, and vast are his exploits therein. A few years ago an elderly colporteur presented us, unsolicited, with a copy of a religious paper containing, among other valuable matter, a letter from Rome with an account of a little American boy, only seven years old, who, seeing the people kneel and make the sign of the cross when the Blessed Sacrament was carried by, and being filled with horror at the sight,

took it upon himself to explain to them then and there how very wrong it was. Whether the little American expressed himself in fluent Italian, or whether the crowd was sufficiently cultivated to understand English, does not appear; but the readers were solemnly assured that this baby-eloquence produced such an effect upon his hearers that they one and all became desirous to know more of this strange religion. Whereupon the small apostle in knickerbockers—or perhaps in kilts—requested them to come to his home every morning, when he would be happy to instruct them; and they, gladly availing themselves of his invitation, had been drinking in ever since from his lips words of salvation and life.

Now, incredible as it may seem, whoever wrote that little tale must have expected somebody to believe it; and though a lie so petty and so palpable appears hardly worth the telling, it was evidently accepted as an instructive story for the young. If it wasn't true it might have been; and, even as a falsehood pure and simple, it was yet calculated to instil right principles into the youthful mind. Or take, again, that ever-recurring little anecdote about the priest who in middle life accidentally comes across a Bible, and by it is converted from the error of his ways. The story is like one of the solar myths we hear so much about of late. It crops up anew whichever way we turn, the circumstances altering slightly, the main incident remaining always the same. Sometimes the priest is French, sometimes Spanish, while now and then an Italian monk works in nicely for a change. Cardinal Manning, in his *Doctrines of the Church*, refers, with a half-weary sense of humor, to his chronic reappearance; and the last time we made his acquaintance he was actually a Mexican, who, though ignorant of any religion but his own, yet read its falseness by the light of that unlucky Bible, and, moreover, brought his entire congregation to acquiesce in his views. As a result of this prompt measure and of the apparent indifference of his bishop the first Evangelical missionaries who penetrated into that part of the country found a body of people, Catholics in name but Presbyterians in faith, and ready to be received at once into communion with the strangers.

It may, perhaps, be urged that these follies are hardly worth serious notice; but Mr. Mallock, in his vigorous refutation of Henry George's fallacies, has wisely pointed out that any error or absurdity accepted by even a small portion of mankind is worth combating for their sakes. And there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the extravagance of a statement in-

jures its reception among those who would be pleased to think it true. It is surprising how much people can believe, if they give their minds to it; and if five readers out of ten pass by the story of the priest and his Bible as painfully improbable, the other five are ready to accept it as a beautiful and instructive truth.

Chance threw into our hands a few years ago a book published by the Presbyterian Publication Society and purporting to be founded upon fact; the writer announcing in his preface that his pious labors would be more than rewarded could he but impress upon Protestant parents the dreadful risk they run in placing their children at convent-schools. The convent therein depicted was a cross between the Bastile and the "Castle of Otranto," and, being located in the streets of New York, formed a pleasing link between the picturesque wickedness of the past and the commonplace realism of the present. Immured in its gloomy depths, an unhappy young Presbyterian suffers every indignity rather than renounce her faith, refutes all the arguments of the priest with surprising readiness, and finally makes her escape in a dramatic climax worthy of Mrs. Radcliffe's best endeavors. The things that happen within those convent-walls would startle the most indifferent, while every now and then a singular and instructive light is thrown upon the habits of the devout Catholic laity. One rigorous and bigoted Romanist brings her three-year-old daughter to be baptized, and, by way of atonement for any little dilatoriness in that respect, the child makes her First Communion at the same time, notwithstanding a shocking fit of passion at the altar-rail. Escaped herself, the heroine devotes all her energies to rescuing her unfortunate comrade in captivity; and by the time we have reached the last chapter, and all the good people in the book—including an Irish servant-girl named Bridget—have happily embraced Presbyterianism, we cannot help experiencing a slight relief at so comfortable a termination to so many horrors. We feel a little like Mrs. Linnet, in *Janet's Repentance*, when she is reminded of the good moral effect resulting to the Paddiford Lending Library from a similar work of fiction:

"'If the task had been confided to me,' said Miss Pratt, 'I could not have made a selection combining in a higher degree religious instruction and edification with a due admixture of the purer species of amusement. This story of *Father Clement* is a library in itself on the errors of Romanism, and I have ever considered fiction a suitable form for conveying moral and religious instruction.'

"'One 'ud think,' said Mrs. Linnet, who also had her spectacles on, but chiefly for the purpose of seeing what the others were doing, 'there didn't want much to drive people away from a religion as makes 'em walk barefoot over stone floors, like that girl in *Father Clement*—sending the blood up to the head frightful. Anybody might see that was an unnat'ral creed.'"

They might, indeed, and we would be the last to blame them for declining such an ordeal. But while these harrowing narratives represent the sensational and amusing side of religious lying, it has its graver aspect which concerns us more nearly. How many calumnies directed against the church of God have borne black fruits of corruption and unbelief! How many stupid falsehoods have, by dint of constant repetition, usurped the place of truth and established themselves securely in the public mind! Purge history of its lies, purge controversy of its wilful misconceptions, and what remains behind? A few simple and inalienable truths at which men would stare aghast. As for the great polemical leaders, the doctors and warriors of the church, friends and foes have alike united to destroy in our minds any clear conception of what these men were like. On the one side we have fierce abuse alternating with grudging praise and a total misapprehension of their minds and missions; on the other a persistent attempt to strip them of all human attributes, and to present them to us shorn of their manhood and enveloped in a misty halo of serene perfection.

Which of us has not been struck, when reading the records of the saints, with that air of unreality which too often deadens our healthy spirit of interest and emulation? It is not that we know so little about these servants of God, for we know a great deal less about many of the characters in Holy Writ, whose images are nevertheless sharply and lastingly imprinted on our hearts. It is the fault of their biographers, who, as a rule, persist in telling us too much, and who, having a preconceived notion of what a saint ought to be, are resolved to contract him into that mould for the better edification of their readers. After they have denuded him of every human impulse and of every human failing, after they have carefully destroyed all the thousand subtle links between his being and our own, and there is nothing left by which we can claim brotherhood, then the etherealized saint is placed on a supreme pinnacle of virtue and we are requested to climb by easy stages to his side. But, alas! we cannot breathe that rarefied air, and the steps by which he mounted are concealed from us. We are discouraged at the very outset by find-

ing no single likeness between our nature and his, and we end by considering his sanctity as something as far removed from any possibilities of our own as are the beauty and the glory of the cherubim. We fail even to get a very distinct view, owing to the haziness of the biographic atmosphere; so, leaving him on his eminence, we are content to admire him from a respectful distance, without drawing the smallest practical lesson from the hard-fought battles of his life.

This mode of proceeding is alike unfair to the saint, who was not born to his high estate, but had to wearily contend every inch of the way, and to the reader, who gains through it no clear insight into what it behooves him best to know. Pious writers are wont to lay undue stress upon the serene and holy childhood, the unspotted and apparently untempted youth, of God's chosen servants; and the average Christian, realizing that his own childhood was hopelessly commonplace and his youth turbulent and vain, comes to the conclusion not only that the saint was something apart and unapproachable, but that he probably had no evil tendencies to overcome—that he was, in fact, an abnormal being, whose instincts from infancy upward pointed all towards heaven. Now, the truth is that the devil is not so easy to conquer, and they who defeat and trample on his power do not emerge from the struggle with the "half-scornful delicacy" and contemptuous ease of Guido's Archangel, who spears his dragon with such graceful unconcern, but rather with spent breath and torn garments, and after many falls that mark, each one, a sturdy and glorious uprising.

Nor were the saints less human for their sanctity. Cardinal Newman at least recognizes this truth, and, seeing with clear eyes how meagre is the good resulting from so many well-intentioned efforts, he has striven hard, in his papers on the early Fathers, to set before our minds these men just as they really were—men who revered or distrusted each other, as the case might be; men who loved, and prayed, and toiled, and suffered, and laughed and jested too, with a delicious sense of humor about them which might have scandalized a less sincere observer. He is ever anxious that we should study these first defenders of the faith by the light of their own written words, so that we may grow to understand what manner of men they were. He is not at all afraid of coming up close to them in unguarded moments; he "exults in their folios," and welcomes every scrap of evidence that can be brought to bear upon their daily lives. But he does not care to have them artificially prepared for modern palates—"minced

up into spiritual lessons." The principal fault he has to find with pious biographers is that they want to turn commentators as well. Not content with relating a saint's actions, they must needs supply his motives also, and to get at these they assume to themselves an intimate acquaintance with his most hidden thoughts. On the other hand, the brilliant author of *Obiter Dicta* complains, with some show of reason, that they will not tell us as much as they might, and are consequently responsible for our lack of true knowledge. "The saints of earth," he sighs—"how shadowy they are! Which of them do we really know? . . . Their memoirs far too often only reveal to us a hazy something, certainly not recognizable as a man. This is generally the fault of their editors, who, though men themselves, confine their editorial duties to going up and down the diaries and papers of the departed saint and obliterating all human touches. This they do for the 'better prevention of scandals'; and no one can deny that they attain their end, though they pay dearly for it."

But if this be the case where the motive at least is honest, and the omissions such as in no way derogate from the saint's honor and glory, what shall we say of those compilations from the Fathers which have in view a distinct twisting of their doctrines to suit the beliefs of one particular class? What shall we say of St. Augustine "as prepared" for Anglican readers, or of the distorted and mutilated remnants of theology which circulate under the general name of primers, and are supposed to administer homœopathic doses of truth warranted too weak to be dangerous? It is no longer necessary to be a scholar in order to pronounce judgment on the early confessors, for these little brown text-books, revealing a scrappy synopsis of their great writings, may be bought for a trifle at every stand, and the imperfect knowledge which is the distinguishing badge of our day spreads rapidly over an enlightened country. "Every man gets a mouthful, and no man a full meal," growled Dr. Johnson when it was represented to him how universal was education in Scotland; and the worst of it is that they who are satisfied with the mouthful cannot be persuaded that to take more would not be to overload their stomachs. In addition to these superabundant primers we have a host of spiritual works altered and abridged to suit the market, from À Kempis, with the fourth book mutilated, to Father Faber's hymns, with all the objectionable sentiments removed. Perhaps it does not occur to a compiler that to change and deface an author's writings, or to present them so arranged and curtailed as that the whole drift of his meaning is

no longer clear, is to offer a deliberate lie to the reading public. Historians like Froude and Macaulay have a talent for quoting just enough to bear properly on their case, and ignoring any further authorities that might prove less tractable. When Mason undertook to edit the poet Gray it occurred to him that he could improve in many respects upon the original, and he did not hesitate to do so; while Colley Cibber doubtless considered that to his emendations Shakspere would owe lasting fame. But these vagaries, while reprehensible enough in history and poetry, become grave errors in theology, and are responsible agents for the mischievous confusion they induce.

What is wanted on all sides is a little more sincerity, a little more charity, and a great deal more sense where controversy is concerned. Perhaps the time will come when Protestants will no longer consider skirmishing around the flanks of the church a meritorious Christian warfare, and when Catholics will no longer be so fidgety where a supposed "scandal" is concerned. At any rate, no lasting good can be accomplished by swerving from the simple truth, which in the end is certain to prevail. People are slowly beginning to realize that Galileo was not the persecuted victim of Rome, that Bonnivard received no more than his deserts, and that Cranmer makes the poorest martyr on record. On the other hand, with the multiplicity of books and newspapers available to young and old, with the floods of cheap erudition surrounding us on every side, until, like Lady Ashburton, we not only overflow with learning, but positively stand in the slops, it is as well to be prepared from the start with something like accurate information.

Especially is this desirable when women are in question; for in this country, where leisure is unknown to men, it is the women who support the circulating libraries and keep the booksellers from starvation. They only have the time to read and think, while their fathers, husbands, and brothers are engaged in the ceaseless task of crowding into each day more than it was meant to hold. They, with their curious, active, illogical minds, are giving themselves up unreservedly to whatever literature has to offer, equally at home with its best and worst conditions: happy with the poets, critical with the critics, dogmatic with the historians, dipping an eager finger into science, interested in theology, and skirting the edge of agnosticism with a wistful desire to know what it is all about. How is a girl fresh from a convent-school, her faculties alert, her interests quickened, her mind unbalanced—how is she to make a stand against the new influences

that beset her? Her mental pabulum has altered so swiftly that her brain spins with the shock she is totally unprepared to meet. She has been taught all things from one exclusive standpoint, and recreated with those semi-religious novels in which a row of fallacious arguments are set up like nine-pins, for the sole purpose of being easily and quickly knocked down. But it is not in this fashion that error manifests itself in the world, or in the widely different literature which she devours so eagerly. She is amazed to find her faith assailed on every side—now with skilful and apparently dispassionate reasoning from Hallam or Buckle, now with plausible brilliancy from Motley and Prescott, now with angry satire from Browning and Carlyle, or a well-bred sneer from Matthew Arnold, or a covert calumny from Mr. Hepworth Dixon, a gibe from Heine, a jest from Pater, a passionate invective from Ruskin; while among the scientists, the novelists, and the magazine-writers she is no whit better off.

It is useless to say that these books need not be read, and that a French girl would not be permitted to read them. The fact remains that in nineteen cases out of twenty an American girl reads what she pleases; nor should those authors whose works form part of every liberal education have any force to hurt her, if only the plunge were not too sudden and too deep. It is surely unwise that at seventeen she should be guarded from even the necessary knowledge of error, and at eighteen be turned loose to make its acquaintance for herself. Above all things it is essential that her education be conducted on a basis of simple sincerity, lest she learn later to distrust all that she has been taught. It is hardly worth while to tell her that Henry of Navarre was a pious convert; that James II., of unsavory memory, was a good king, or that Mary, Queen of Scots, was a blameless martyr to her faith. Still less is it worth while to eliminate from history all that might shock or scandalize her, and from literature all that might give her food for thought. She cannot and she will not think always with the minds of those around her, and the sooner she is taught to use her own justly and temperately the better. We Catholics, secure in our church and in the abiding promises of God, have no cause to doctor history and to modify science for the sake of edifying the young. We, at least, have no need to call whity-brown white, but may look at all things squarely and truthfully, without anxiety or distrust, or the foolish fear that prompts a useless lie.

LUNATIC LITERATURE.

A MARVELLOUS change has taken place during the last fifty years in the treatment of the insane. Previous to that time it was, for the most part, simply barbarous. Gentle management was the exception; coercion, and too often cruelty, the rule.

St. John of God, in the paroxysms of penitence which accompanied his conversion, was taken to the mad-house at Granada. There, in accordance with the usual practice, he was daily fastened down and scourged until the blood flowed, this method being intended to drive out the evil spirit, supposed to be in possession of the patient. While under the blows of his keepers he vowed that, if he escaped alive from that place of torment, he would found a hospital where the insane should have gentle treatment. And nobly he kept his vow. The shed into which he gathered his needy sufferers—devotedly tending, feeding, nursing, begging for them—grew into the great hospital of the "Caritad" at Granada, the first of its kind in Europe.

As regards the old-fashioned English treatment of lunatics, one remedy much in favor was "bowssening," * of which Carew gives the following account as practised at Alternum, in Cornwall:

> "The water running from St. Nun's † Well fell into a square and enclosed plot. . . . The phrantick person was set to stand with his back to the pool, at the margin thereof, from whence, with a sudden blow in the breast, he was tumbled headlong into the pond, where a strong fellow, provided for the nonce, took him and tossed him up and down, alongst and athwart the water, till that the patient, by foregoing his strength, forgot somewhat of his fury. Then was he conveyed to the church and certain Masses sung over him, upon which handling, if he returned to his senses, St. Nennok had the thanks; but if there appeared small amendment, then was he bowssened again and again while there remained in him any hope of life or recovery."

Still worse "remedial" barbarities than the foregoing continued in vogue in England long after the humane treatment inaugurated by St. John of God had been adopted in Spain. In France it has been customary for some time past to employ the patients in field and garden work, and to allow them the recreation of music, dancing, and theatrical representations.

* The word is apparently derived from the German Büsze—penitence or penance.

† St. Nannita, or Nennok, daughter of St. Taffyd (David).

Of late years in England, and also in America, the experiment has been tried of providing them with materials for painting and for writing, these disordered brains being encouraged to express their ideas whether in literary or artistic composition. The experiment has been found to answer in every way. The compositions, besides often affording valuable indications of the treatment to be adopted in individual cases, also furnish subject-matter for conversations between doctor and patient which tend to promote in the latter a return to sane and coherent ideas. Compositions unfit for publication are destroyed, but not without an endeavor to show the author the necessity and justice of the indictment. Besides, there are many lunatics who have their intervals of lucidity, but who can only be enticed out of their shell, as it were, by means of writing or painting, as will be seen in the course of this article. This, however, in no way attempts to treat of the management of the insane, but merely, by giving specimens of their literary productions, to indicate the extent to which, in spite of their mental derangement, they are capable not only of much acuteness and sagacity, but also of sustained thought.

Were a complete account of lunatic literature possible it would include many things far more extraordinary than edifying. Such a history was suggested by Charles Nodier, and partially attempted by Champfleury and Delepierre; but a mine of unexplored material remains and is ever accumulating. Besides, it is a matter of no small difficulty to distinguish the writers who are mad from those who are sane in what they write, or to decide where reason merges into madness. Dryden regarded genius as the border-land of lunacy; and, indeed, the partition between them often is so slight that the one has frequently been mistaken for the other. The reverend director of one of the most admirably-managed asylums in England * told the writer of this notice that some of the cleverest articles in the high-class magazines of the day were written by patients within those walls. After this we need not wonder that the high-class magazines now and then give their readers something startling.

But with this external literature the present notice is not concerned, but solely with the Literature of the Insane, properly so-called. This comprises journals, pamphlets, periodical magazines and reviews, all emanating from lunatic asylums, and written exclusively by persons suffering from one or another form of mental derangement. These productions rarely go outside of the

* St. George's Retreat, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

establishment where they were written, unless in exchange for those of some other asylum. It is no easy matter, therefore, to form a collection of these compositions, which, we may add, are under the control of scientific practitioners whose character and position do not allow a moment's suspicion of trickery.

Most, if not all, of the large British institutions for the insane—Colney Hatch, for instance, the Royal Crichton (Dumfries), the Royal Edinboro', and Hanwell—possess printing establishments of their own, whence issue the books and periodicals written, put in type, revised, and printed by the patients. Among their magazines and journals we find the titles of the *New Moon*, the *Excelsior*, the *Morningside Mirror*, the *York Star*, the *Opal*, the *Gartnavel Gazette*, etc. Nor are these lunatic lucubrations devoid of worth or meaning. Often from amidst a mass of rubbish gleam jewels of an originality and wisdom to which the soundest understanding might willingly lay claim. Imagination, "*la Folle de la maison*," seems to take pleasure in illuminating the mental gloom of these unfortunates with bright though transient flashes of etherealized sanity. In them she is only a trifle more mad than she is in other dreamers who pass for sane; that is all the difference.

The eccentric publications whose titles we have given above comprise a little of everything: monstrous fancies, fresh and pure reminiscences, outbursts of piety and of blasphemy, tearful plaints and idiotic laughter, incoherent discourses, noble thoughts twisted awry, tender sonnets or wild tirades to some kind or cruel fair one, drinking-songs, nuptial odes, satires, burlesques, and dislocated rhodomontades—all this fantastic embroidery, and much besides, wrought on a groundwork of despair.

One thing to be borne in mind in perusing these productions is that they are not supposed to be those of ordinary individuals. The writers are clothed by their own imagination with whatever lofty form of dignity it may please them to appropriate. Some there are whose mania for riches leads them to spend their days in the fabrication of bank-notes; but for the most part these condescending authors are mighty sovereigns, or at least princes or princesses, invincible heroes, immortal patriots, or canonized saints. Some poor, puny sufferer announces himself to be the Almighty, and, perched on a stool which he calls his Mount Sinai, incessantly fulminates a new decalogue of his own for the benefit of those around him.

A French author who writes under the name of "North Peat," and of whose experience we have largely availed our-

selves in the present article, was allowed the rare privilege of admission to the large room at Hanwell in which the literary circle of that establishment was at work. Round a table piled with books and papers sat about fifty patients, old and young. Some, with eyes fixed and stupid, gazed vacantly before them, as if waiting for their lost reason to return; others, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, were writing rapidly, while others again seemed to be spying the rest or furtively looking round, in search, may be, of some shadowy memory or bright idea to touch them on the elbow and inspire their pen. One, a young man of singularly graceful and refined appearance, painfully impressed the visitor by the exceeding melancholy of his countenance and attitude. The cause of his madness was the marriage to another of the lady of his choice. He firmly believed himself to be the murderer of her husband, who was alive, and spent his whole time in writing to the lady, who was dead.

"Have you any letter, William," said the doctor kindly, "for me to take charge of to-day?"

"Better still!" answered the patient, springing up and laying his hand on the doctor's shoulder—"I have written her a little poem! You will not fail to give it to her—into her own hands?" he added, bursting into tears.

With this touching and tender "Complaint" we will commence our selection of lunatic literature:

"WILLIAM'S" POEM.

"Oh! had she been but false or proud, I would not now repine,
Nor grieve the cup of proffered bliss was never to be mine!
But no! she was as good as fair; no accent ever fell
From her that did not breathe of faith—so true was Isabel!

"I saw her in her infant years; I watched her in her prime,
And still the more she grew, the more my love did grow with time.
But now all that hath passed away, and broken is the spell
That bound my heart and being with my charming Isabel.

"O had it been the loss of friends or wealth, I would not mourn,
For other friends might fill the void, and wealth again return.
But no! a greater grief is mine than fancy's self can tell,
For life to me is all a void without my Isabel!"

On being asked for more of his writings William gave the following, amongst others, refined and plaintive as the foregoing:

"I cannot strike one joyous note; My harp hath lost its tone,
For it, like me, hath been of late Neglected and alone.

I cannot join thee in the song: My heart is full of care,
And when I am with thee I feel, No sorrow should be there.

"Some other day, if such a day Shall ever come to me,
When grief shall cease to press my soul, I'll strike my harp to thee;
In measures such as we were wont When hope was fair and young,
'Ere yet upon a willow bough That cherish'd harp was hung.

"But now the voice of song is like Some tale of by-gone years,
And chords of harp and heart are all Unstrung and wet with tears!
Oh! no, I cannot strike my harp In its accustomed tone,
For it, like me, hath been of late Neglected and alone."

As in the case of William, insanity is, in numberless instances, confined to one idea or set of ideas; and it is these monomaniacs who are the chief contributors to the literature of their respective institutions. They usually have a poetic tendency, love solitude, and are inclined to melancholy. Sombre views of religion have driven many to despair, while others write touching entreaties to divine Providence to shed a ray of light upon their clouded reason.

The literature, if such it can be called, of maniacs is of a different stamp, wild and reckless, without apparent sequence of ideas. Dr. Winslow observes that frequently, during their worst paroxysms of delirium, these madmen write with more than ordinary good sense, while at other times their brain is in utter confusion and their language unintelligible or incoherent. We cannot venture in these pages upon even a single specimen of these strictly maniacal effusions, but will next give some verses by a hypochondriac, beginning with a note of playful satire, but plaintively closing in a minor key. In an asylum in Yorkshire called "The Retreat" was a patient who, according to his own account, had neither heart nor soul, brain nor lungs, liver, blood, bones, or *anything* in his body. Our hypochondriac, an inmate of the same house, hearing him one day expatiating upon his pitiable plight, was roused from the contemplation of his own imaginary miseries to criticise those of his neighbor:

"A miracle, my friends! Come, view
A man (admit his own words true)
Who lives without a soul!
Nor liver, lungs, nor heart has he,
Yet sometimes can as cheerful be
As if he had the whole;
His head (take his own words along),
Now hard as iron, yet ere long,

As soft as any jelly;
All burnt his sinews and his lungs!
Of his complaints not fifty tongues
Could find enough to tell ye.
Yet he who paints his likeness here
Has just as much himself to fear—
He's wrong from top to toe.
Ah! friends, pray help us, if you can,
And make us each again a man,
That we from hence may go!"

A celebrated botanist, who lost his reason amongst the flowers, is under the impression that he has been on a botanizing excursion in the fields of heaven. So fixed is this idea that he has written a voluminous work describing *The Flora and Fauna of Paradise*—an extraordinary composition, in which the strange originality of the text is equalled by that of the illustrations.

In many cases the rapid succession of mental impressions is marvellous. Then all rules of prosody are set at naught. The Muse, scorning the beaten track, rides a steeple-chase through the world of fancy. The following is an extract from a poem of about forty verses, composed by a patient who, quite mistakenly, imagines that he has entered the marriage state:

"No more scheming; no more dreaming; no more seeming;
I am sure!
My path is bright; my heart is light; now all is right,
And secure.
Plans are ending; now I'm spending time in blending
Into one
The wishes sweet which seem to greet Love's joyous feet,
His journey done.
Now the altar. How I falter! What a halter!
Ah! I'm caught.
Jane is pretty, somewhat witty, rather gritty,
I think, too;
Hates my smoking, and my joking. Now, this croaking
Will not do."
Etc., etc., etc.

Maniacs are very acute, often exercise great self-restraint, and, when they think they are being watched, seldom give way to frenzy. It is rarely, however, that their particular form of madness does not discover itself in their writings. For this reason they are encouraged in literary work, whether by flattery, which gratifies their vanity, or by threats of the *douche*. It was thus that a poor unfortunate, after obstinately concealing for a length

of time what "screw was loose" in his mental department, ended by letting out his secret in the composition of his "Last Will and Testament," which we here give word for word:

"Last words and last wishes of *the late* W. Robertson. *I will* that there shall be henceforth no more fires, and no more wars! I will that all the pretended 'patients' of Bedlam shall be allowed to return home to their families. I will that Mr. Jones shall leave off talking to the walls; that Mr. Groves shall leave off swearing, and that Mr. Smith shall leave off giving advice. Lastly I will that I should be buried without any delay, for I have already been much too long walking about in this house a dead and corrupted corpse!"

Thanks to this revelation, it was discovered that this man's obstinate refusal to take food arose, not from a spirit of resistance, but from his conviction that he was a phantom, a skeleton, or a dead body; and thus the key was obtained to the treatment of his case.

In the collections from which these gleanings have been taken last wills and testaments, more or less similar to the foregoing, abound. They eschew all lawyer-like circumlocution, are short and to the point, rarely exceeding a few lines. The writing of advertisements also seems to possess a peculiar charm to many patients. One, imagining himself the editor of the *New Moon*, advertises for contributors, "as soon as possible, if not sooner, capable of undertaking leading articles which cannot ruffle the susceptibilities of any nation." Another, who has a horror of rats, "wishes to purchase a dozen cats well versed in their trade."

The two following specimens are from the *Gartnavel Gazette*:

"1. *A desideratum.*—The editor of this journal offers the title of Baron to whomsoever shall discover, whether in the regions of physical, metaphysical, physiological, or psychological science, an instrument fitted to keep within just limits, to curb and control, like the rein of a horse, the ideas, impulses, and ardor of the human brain.

"2. *For a Throne*, which it would be indiscreet to name at this moment, *Wanted* an Emperor or King who knows his business. No Tsar of Russia need apply."

The next advertisement is that of a man whose mania for collecting curiosities developed into a veritable madness. His hands and pockets are always stuffed with rags and other rubbish, regarded by him as treasures unique in their value and interest, as the following quotation will show:

"Mr. C—— B—— wishes to dispose of a few of the curiosities he has been so fortunate as to collect in his numerous journeys round the world. Amongst other rarities he offers to amateurs the following: 1, the famous fairy broom upon which Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, was wont to take his nocturnal excursions; 2, a watch belonging to an inhabitant of the moon, and regulated by the sun; 3, a nut the size of a melon; 4, a cobweb weighing two pounds; 5, a tile off the roof of the Tower of Babel; 6, Mahomet's snuff-box; 7, a hair from the tail of Alexander's horse, and, 8, ditto from that of Alcibiades' dog; lastly, a congealed flame from Mount Etna."

The author of this advertisement is a charming writer, both in poetry and prose. His history is remarkable as an instance of the acuteness and self-possession exercised, for a set purpose, by the most violent lunatics. He first showed symptoms of madness when about thirty years of age, and was then sent to travel abroad under the care of an experienced man. His alternate states of extreme depression and fury becoming seriously worse, it was resolved, after his return home, to place him in an asylum. On the day secretly fixed for his departure his brother invited him to take his usual drive. He accepted with pleasure, and on the way was very cheerful and communicative, and perfectly rational in his conversation. As the distance was considerable, the brother halted at a wayside inn to rest the horse and refresh himself. The lunatic quietly allowed him to alight, but, instead of following his example, seized whip and reins and started off at a frantic pace. The brother, from a window of the inn, saw him tearing along in the distance amid clouds of dust, and knew it was hopeless to attempt to overtake him. An hour passed away, when, to his immense relief, he beheld his runaway charge soberly returning. The latter drew up at the inn, calm and smiling. Where had he been? To the questions with which he was assailed he only answered by rubbing his hands or by immoderate laughter, but not by a syllable would he satisfy the curiosity of his questioners.

He had driven straight to the asylum. There he gave his brother's name, and was at once shown to the director's room. A letter had been received the day before from his family, announcing that he would be sent under this gentleman's care.

"I am come, sir," he said with the utmost courtesy, "to ascertain that all is in readiness for the reception of my unfortunate brother."

"We are quite ready for him; in fact, I expected to see him with you."

"I thought it advisable, however, on reflection, first to men-

tion to you some particular characteristics of his case. He is remarkably acute and intelligent—so much so that even *you* might be deceived by him."

"Scarcely!" said the doctor, secure in the sense of his long experience.

"But his lunacy has of late taken a peculiar form. He is persuaded that *I* am the lunatic, and that he has to take care of me. You will soon have proof of this. When I bring him here he will not fail to tell you that *he* is bringing *me*, in the hope that I may be cured!"

"This, my dear sir, is by no means an isolated case. I have known more than one very similar."

"However, I thought it just as well to tell you beforehand. And now I will go for your new patient. We shall be here in the course of an hour."

And duly, about that time, the cabriolet, now with two occupants, stopped again at the gate of the asylum. Mr. C—— B——, to the amazement of his brother, who kept behind him, went without any hesitation to the doctor's study; there, introducing his companion, "This," he said with perfect gravity, "is the gentleman I mentioned to you."

"Very well," said the doctor, with a penetrating glance at the new-comer, whose eyes and mouth were open in breathless bewilderment; and, feeling his pulse, added, "We shall soon have him all right, I hope!"

"What," gasped the brother, "is the meaning of this? You are deceived—he is deceiving you! *He* is—"

"The lunatic," said the doctor, completing the sentence and smiling benignly. "Yes, my good friend; we know all about that."

And noting an impending paroxysm, he made a sign to two keepers, who secured their charge, and, in spite of his struggles and protestations, led him towards the door.

"This is infamous!" shouted the unfortunate man. "I swear to you that *he* is the lunatic! Let me go this instant, or—"

"You see," said the real lunatic, calmly, "he is just as I told you he would be. Suppose, now, that you give him the *douche?* We always find that the most effectual remedy."

"Never fear," said the doctor ominously, as the keepers and patient disappeared from sight, but not from hearing.

"And now," said the other, "I must hasten home to relieve the anxiety of our family by assuring them of my poor brother's safety."

And he mounted the carriage and drove steadily away. Great was the consternation at home when he returned thither alone. It was thought at first that he had murdered his brother; nor was it until the morrow that the latter, after having been subjected to more than one vigorous *douche*, was discovered and set at liberty.

Mr. C—— B——, satisfied with having played this prank, resignedly took the place of his victim. He consoles himself with the conviction that between two and three o'clock in the morning he does not want for company, the whole world being at that hour nothing but one vast lunatic asylum, given over to dreams and phantasmagoria of every kind. Moreover, during all the remaining hours he heartily endorses the opinion of Seneca: "*Non est magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.*"

The following verses, in which he playfully makes the best of his captivity, are characteristic of the man:

"Come, let us be happy, and drive Care away.
What's the use of indulging in sorrow?
If we have not our senses about us to-day,
We may chance to light on them to-morrow.
Did all the crack-brains of some places convene,
And give us their company here,
Silk gowns and big wigs would enliven the scene,
And make it more court-like appear.

"We should then have the spectres of railway directors,
Engineers and contractors in crowds;
The fortunate holders of scrip, and projectors
Of schemes that were hatched in the clouds;
Promoters of loans who had nothing to lend,
Of mines that were all in the shades;
And a few Mr. Dunns,* their proposals to send
To rich widows and wealthy old maids.

"The Navy could some gallant heroes afford,
The Army, of colonels a few;
The Peers could well spare us one troublesome lord,
And the Commons an M. P. or two;
The temperance cause, and financiers bold,
Would have fit representatives here,
Who tell us that paper is better than gold,
And water much better than beer." . . .

Another case of what has sometimes been called "lucid mania" was that of a distinguished mathematician, whose chief

* A person who made himself remarkable by the importunity of his attempts to gain the hand of Miss Burdett-Coutts.

amusement consisted in the solution of complicated or impossible problems. His doctor, finding him one day seated before piles of papers covered with figures, asked him what he was doing. He answered gravely: "I am trying to calculate the length of Eternity!"

There are countless examples of insane persons who, being perfectly aware of their insanity, take pleasure in describing its varied symptoms, and, by a strong effort of their understanding, clouded though it be, coolly analyze their own hallucinations; forcing their reason back, as it were, to give an account of their delirious ravings.

These descriptions are often extremely valuable from a medical point of view. For example, the following remarkable lines, by a lunatic in the Ohio Asylum, are quoted by Dr. Winslow as presenting an exact and complete picture of true mania:

"A maniac!
Know ye the meaning of that word,
Ye who of health and reason are possessed?
Can ye scan
The tumult raging in the inner man?
Could ye draw aside the curtain
That doth envelop his distracted soul,
And see behind it what he doth conceive is real,
Then might ye see him scorched
On bars of iron, heated red by fire
Enkindled 'neath them. On every side
Are those whose office 'tis (so doth it seem to him)
To see it is not quenched. Should this delusion leave him,
His poor distracted soul by some new fear
Is tempest-tossed. Then will he fancy
Everything that he doth see or hear,
And cannot comprehend, is but some method
Or to destroy or harm him.
O thou whom God hath blest with reason,
Thou canst not know nor feel
A tithe of what he suffers.
For, thus to know or feel, thou must become, like him,
A maniac!"

Those who have been consumers of spirits or of opium appear to suffer most frightfully from spectral and other illusions. Their descriptions, sometimes terrible in the extreme, are far too voluminous, even if they were not frequently too horrible, to transcribe. There are, however, certain forms of lunacy in which the hallucinations are of a pleasing character. "I feel with de-

light," writes a patient, "the approach of a fresh attack; for then only am I perfectly happy. My memory acquires incredible power, and I can recite to myself all the great literary works of ancient times. I have, naturally, much difficulty in versification, but, during these attacks, without any effort I find myself a poet."

A patient in the Royal Crichton Institution has written a series of articles, biographical and critical, upon all the Great Insane who have distinguished themselves, whether as learned and scientific men, poets, or philosophers. Among their names we find those of Nathaniel Lee, who, during his most violent fits of madness when confined in Bedlam, composed a tragedy in twelve acts, called "The Rival Queens"; Thomas Lloyd, one of the most prolific of English versifiers, who ate up his compositions, if, on reading them over, he did not find them otherwise suit his taste; Clonmel, a painter when in his right mind, and a poet when he went out of it; Jonathan Swift, Southey, Cowper, Shelley, Chatterton, Beattie, Collins, and, amongst others, Alexander Cruden, compiler of the well-known *Concordance of the Bible*. An unrequited attachment having unhinged his reason, he set up as a reformer of public morals, and, sponge in hand, wandered from street to street, inspecting the walls and rubbing out therefrom all unseemly scribbling.

In this slight notice we have treated our subject merely from the point of view of literary curiosity; but even thus we think that it sufficiently indicates a probability that a careful study of lunatic literature on the part of specialists will throw some light on the still obscure and difficult question of mental derangement.

Works of fiction not unfrequently represent a lunatic or a maniac either as a senseless idiot, entirely deprived of the thinking faculty, or else, with bloodshot eyes, foaming mouth, and hair on end, a victim of *delirium tremens* or of hydrophobia. But the states of idiocy and insanity are clearly distinguished in the more complete examples of both.* Idiocy, fatuity, or dementia is an apparent obliteration or torpor of the mental faculties, whereas the maniac seizes relations acutely and rapidly, but not soundly; nevertheless, many instances occur in which the two states alternate or pass into each other. Madness does not, any more than sleep or a trance, destroy the activity of the understanding which it distorts and dislocates. The brain of man may be compared to a clock still going, though its works are injured. It marks the time, it strikes the hour, but the time is too fast or too slow, and the hour is not that of the sun, and the wild alarum

* See Abercrombie *On the Intellectual Powers.*

rings unbidden. Even so, the wondrous mental mechanism is there, unhinged or overwrought,

"Like sweet bells jangled out of tune,"

too roughly swung, may be, by the pitiless hand of Time, but destined to find their harmony again when Time for them is lost in Eternity.

A FARMING EXPERIMENT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE boys came home, where they remained until the middle of March, when they returned to their home in the wilderness, another young man accompanying them for a few months. While at home they got permission from the government, through the influence of Mr. M——, to establish a post-office in their log house, naming the place M——, and the elder of the party getting the appointment of postmaster. This has been an accommodation to all the farmers in their vicinity, and their mail is quite large enough to warrant it. They arrived at Blue Spring on the 24th of March, finding their house and stores in good condition. The extracts from their letters are continued.

April 2.—We secured a mail-carrier, who, after being sworn in, failed, after the first trip, to make his appearance. I went to his house to see what had happened, and found that he had decided to give it up; but when I told him that he was liable to a fine and imprisonment if he did not do his duty, he begged to be allowed to make up the lost trip. The walk of several miles through deep snow, which is eight or ten inches on the ground, was discouraging to the poor fellow. One day we walked ten or twelve miles to get some chickens. At evening we heard an unusual noise, and, going out, saw a wildcat trying to make its escape. Following its tracks in the snow to a pile of brush under which it sought to conceal itself, Bert fired seven shots into its head before he could kill it, after which he skinned it and tacked it on the outside of the house. The fur is long and handsome, of a dark-brown color mixed with gray, striped like a tiger. These cats grow to the length of three feet sometimes, but this one must have been young, as it is not much larger than

an ordinary cat. On the 9th we had a hard shower of hail with thunder and lightning. We have been piling up and burning logs, which are quite brilliant at night, even through a hard rain. The boys have set fire to a large stump that broke off about fifteen feet from the ground, by dropping coals into it. It looks like the chimney of one of our factories, and puffs and roars like a steam-engine.

I sometimes fancy myself at home when looking at the place all cleared and the green grass beginning to show itself. Have you ever had the feeling that you were very high up in the air? I have this sensation almost constantly, and as if I would tumble off some day, which need not surprise you, as the valley, six or eight hundred feet below us, is in full view, and the slope to it at an angle of forty-five degrees.

I send to-day one of our county papers containing items about railroads and about the murder and lynching at Charleston.

May.—Our garden is planted, and squash, melons, and cucumbers have been up for days, and since the wished-for shower peas have made their appearance. Our lawn is as beautiful as the best at home in its prime. Elk Mountain, opposite, is quite green with foliage at its foot, and it is curious to watch the buds and leaves as they unfold gradually to the top. The mark made in their advance is as distinct as a line drawn on a piece of paper, which is partly owing to the different varieties of trees growing at the various heights. For instance, elms are natives of the valley, but are never found here. Currant, raspberry, and wild-gooseberry bushes are coming up all over our clearing, where they have not grown before. Can the winds or birds have brought them in so short a time, or has the seed lain dormant all these centuries? It is well known that wheat found in the Pyramids of Egypt will grow.

Your objection to the burning of the logs is not practical, as a tree lying on the ground occupies more space than a tree standing, and a forest lying on the ground leaves no space for anything else. The ashes are also beneficial to the land. On our clearing we have left a few cherry-trees that are one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high. It is a surprise to look at them when separated from the others. They have not a limb for sixty or seventy feet, and then a splendid, large top. The oak is not here the monarch of the forest, being smaller than the cherry, poplar, or ash. Nearly all the wood is so hard that it is difficult to cut or drive a nail into it. Our cattle are in good condition.

One day the cow ate my soap, and to-day she swallowed my towel.

Later.—The weather is hot, but never sultry. Our coolest spot is down by the spring, where we have a delightful shade, and a log to sit on; and we go often for a refreshing draught of ice-cold water when we are thirsty at our work. Our place looks splendidly. The birds have come in great numbers about our clearing; one has a flute-like note I have never heard before. The owls at night keep up a constant hooting.

June.—The frosts, that have killed fruit and vegetables in many parts of the country, have injured our garden, but many of the plants have been revived by a recent shower. Yesterday afternoon we had a thunder-shower lasting from four till five o'clock. It overtook us after we had started from Flint's, and we took shelter in a shed that some workmen had built by the roadside. When the shower was over we walked up the mountain to our home, and saw in the valley a magnificent rainbow. It was a complete arch, its base resting on the ground. I could go within ten rods of the spot. Cheat Mountain was hidden by a cloud which rose perpendicularly, like a dark wall, about midway between that and our mountain, and I think it was raining there. Against this cloud was the rainbow, its colors very distinct, the ground below where it seemed to rest reflecting a pure, white light, as when two prisms are placed near each other in the sun's rays. In New England we look up at a rainbow, but in this instance we looked down upon the arch itself. In a walk down the mountain a few days ago I followed the ridge for a considerable distance instead of taking the usual path, and found myself unexpectedly opposite Gauley Mountain. It was the rockiest piece of land I have ever been across, but I was well repaid for my trouble, as I came suddenly upon as pretty a piece of woods as I have ever seen. It was like a park, the ground soft as velvet and smooth as a floor—a lovely place for a house. To the left was Elk Mountain, at the base of which is Elk Valley, dotted here and there by a clearing. The effect was picturesque beyond description.

How much do you suppose our taxes are? Just three cents for the three acres on which we live, and for the six hundred and forty-eight acres four dollars and sixty-six cents. It will not break a fellow here to pay taxes.

Last year two Englishmen bought sixteen hundred acres of land near Mingo, paying fourteen thousand dollars for it, which, as eight hundred acres was improved land, was considered a reason-

able price. They have purchased several thousand sheep at three and a half cents a pound, and yesterday they drove a flock of about five hundred down the road. They are men of culture and considerable capital. A gentleman who stopped here for shelter during a shower told me of six hundred acres of fine, mostly level land in Monroe County, three hundred of which are cleared, a good house all plastered, a barn and other buildings and five thousand dollars' worth of timber on the land, that can be purchased for four thousand dollars. If a man in this country has plenty to eat and drink, and comfortable clothing, and about four hundred dollars at interest, he can buy horses and cows, etc., and by the end of the year have three or four times this amount.

We have seen another remarkable rainbow while the shower was yet in the distance. It was like a huge pillar of fire rising straight up from the valley below, the other end of the arch resting apparently on the mountain near us. It was wonderfully beautiful, the colors being quite distinct, and the second bow only a little less vivid than the first.

July.—On the 4th I went fishing and caught about thirty trout. Mr. H—— gave us ripe cherries and a young pheasant for breakfast.

As fast as our string-beans appear above ground they are eaten by some animal. Bert has shot a rabbit, supposing him to be the thief, and we have set a trap for the others.

August.—The heat of the sun has been intense for a few days, though we always have a refreshing breeze. On Sunday night there was every sign of a thunder-storm, but it did not reach us. Each peal of thunder was like an explosion and shook these hills like an earthquake. We have had little rain for over a month, and our spring runs slowly in consequence. I wish it would rain, as it is time to plant turnips, for which purpose we have fenced in quite a piece, this being a necessary precaution to keep out the animals that are turned loose in the woods.

I think the earthquake you mention was felt here, though I did not give it much attention at the time. If I remember, it occurred on Sunday, the 10th, between two and three P.M. It sounded like heavy artillery over on Elk Mountain. There was a roar and a crash, as if heavy timber were being felled, and I wondered at the unusual disturbance of the day. I think we may have had earthquakes at other times, as we have felt a rocking sensation in the house, which we attributed to the wind; but one night, when it was more noticeable than usual, I got up and looked out, expecting to see a storm coming up. To my sur-

prise the night was bright and clear, and not a breath of wind stirring. A Mr. C—— is stopping with us to-night. He is on his way to Addison to buy a mowing-machine.

September 7.—I have been quite ill for three days with a cold, the first and only illness I have had. I was alone, B—— having gone to Beverly and R—— to Mingo. I got along but poorly, and am now nearly well, excepting a slight lameness. I shall go to Addison to-morrow for a few days, lock the house, turn the cow and calf into the woods, etc. This morning an old man named Peter Conger met with a severe accident on this mountain. He was getting out timber for Mr. Flint's barn, and a tree he was felling lodged in the branches of another tree. He attempted to cut down the second tree, so as to allow the first to fall, but the great pressure caused the second to kick back instead of falling forward, and, catching him by the leg, it pinned him to the ground. His leg was crushed and broken in several places, and he will probably die. The natives seldom work singly in the woods. About eight miles north of us a woman found her husband one morning lying dead across a log, a large tree having fallen upon him.

Addison, September 9.—I started yesterday from Point Mountain at nine A.M., and got within two miles of Addison before sunset, where I spent the night. I walked much of the way, but, being so lame, I accepted the offer of a horse for a part of the journey. I was awakened long before day, and had breakfast by candle-light, and, starting again on my way, I arrived here at an early hour this morning. The place is small and pleasantly situated among the hills, and has evidences of civilization one does not see at Mingo, or even at Beverly. It is only about twenty miles from our home on the mountain, and would be a pleasant place to stop in for the summer. They have a daily mail and will soon have a railroad. Board can be had anywhere in the State for two or three dollars a week. This house is kept by a Mr. Townsend, whose father was a Connecticut man. He gave me a room with a man named Anderson, a very nice fellow, originally from this State, but now from Kansas. He is a man of education, has travelled a good deal, and expressed a desire to visit the Eastern States. Mr. Townsend had built, apart from his house, a long shed divided into seven or eight rooms, each being furnished with two beds. When I first saw this structure I thought it was a row of bath-houses like those on the beach at home, and was somewhat surprised when I found them to be bed-rooms. The table is supplied with plenty of

fresh meat and vegetables, but they fry beefsteaks, cutting them as thin as you would slice roast beef. I have feasted on watermelons and other fruits that we cannot get in the woods. The water affected me unpleasantly at first, but I like it now and am feeling much better. On the shelf in my room I noticed some fossils, one of which particularly interested me, as on it was a perfect representation of a scallop-shell. I never before was so tempted to take anything not belonging to me as this specimen. The shell was perfect, as if it had been just picked up on the seashore and laid on this stone. I understand that these were gathered in the vicinity of Addison, which shows conclusively to me that the ocean once rolled over these mountains. I have found fossils in these woods, but none containing shells. I have one at home with the bark of a tree distinctly impressed on the stone.

Addison is a favorite resort on account of its sulphur springs, and the completion of the railroad will greatly increase the number of its visitors. The sulphur waters of this State have been famous for more than a hundred years. Some of the springs have a temperature of 107° Fahr. The papers say that Vanderbilt and others have purchased property here, with the intention of building a large hotel. The place is quiet excepting on Saturdays, when large numbers of farmers come on horse or mule-back to trade.

September 14.—The weather has changed and the day is delightfully cool. I shall walk home with perfect ease, my lameness having disappeared. The turnpike roads are excellent, and I walk nearly everywhere I go, as it is not easy to procure a horse, and, besides, it takes time to hunt up the owner.

In Addison and other places there grows by the streams a curious kind of wood called leather-wood, from its resemblance to leather. I think it also grows in New England. It is pliable and makes an excellent whip. There is also a fruit growing wild here, the papaw, much like the banana in appearance and taste, which ripens late in the fall. This State also abounds in medicinal plants not found elsewhere, and we find the Kentucky coffee-tree, cottonwood, dogwood, box-elder, three species of hickory, etc., etc.

September 21.—This is a splendid, cool day, and not a cloud to be seen. There were clouds in the valley this morning, making it look like a sea—which is an indication of rain, so I shall take the letters down to-morrow. The Post-Office Department have advertised this route for bids, and made the supply-office at Val-

ley Head instead of Mingo Flat. The bids are closed January 1, 1885, the route not being provided with a carrier until July, 1885. In the meantime I shall be expected to secure its transportation the best way I can. At present we are acting as carriers. A description of the northeast portion of this State has recently appeared in the New York *Times*, which is a correct picture of this part of the country, excepting that our houses are built mostly of logs. Coal, iron, and timber are as abundant here as there. You cannot dig without striking a vein of coal a few feet below the surface. The whole coal area of the United States is fifty-eight thousand square miles, of which West Virginia contains at least sixteen thousand square miles. In many places coal-measures have a thickness of one thousand feet. The *Times* writer predicts that in less than ten years West Virginia will be the greatest coal and iron producing region in the world, all it needs being two or three railroads.

This country is one vast wilderness. The only railroads in the State are the Baltimore and Ohio, built forty years ago, through the northern part, and the Ohio and Chesapeake, built fifteen years ago, through the southern portion. In the west along the Ohio River is the Wheeling and Parkersburg Railroad. In the east, and not in the State, is the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, which follows the Alleghany Mountains nearly their whole length. The northern and southern roads mentioned are one hundred to one hundred and sixty miles apart, and the distance between the other two mentioned is fully three hundred miles. There are short branches from these roads, recently built, but I am told there are but six hundred and ninety-three miles of railroad in operation, which is small considering the extent and natural resources of the State. Charleston, the capital, is in the interior on the Kanawha River. It is the largest town, and yet smaller than Fairfield in Connecticut. Its population in 1880 was four thousand one hundred and ninety-two. All the cleared land in the State would occupy a space no larger than Fairfield County, there being an area of nine million acres in the original forest. We have ample water-supply from the large rivers that traverse the State in various directions, of which the Great Kanawha is the most important, and its valley the richest part of the State.

October 2.—This morning again the valley was filled with beautiful clouds, white, soft, and fleecy, giving it the appearance of a vast sea with here and there an island. A little later these clouds began to move, and then it seemed like the ocean roll-

ing and the spray dashing against the mountain-sides. If at the same time a high wind had been blowing to make the roar and moaning of the sea, the delusion would have been perfect. I have seen these clouds in the valley at night, charged with electricity, glowing and flashing like the Northern Lights, without thunder. Imagine the Northern Lights at your feet, and if you look beyond, and not at the ground beneath you, you might fancy yourself standing on a cloud and viewing this wonderful scene. I have seldom heard the wind whistle here. It sometimes shakes the mountains; and why should it not? Thousands of trees waving violently in the wind, each tree vibrating even to its roots, would easily cause the mountain to tremble, while of course one tree would cause no disturbance. I have noticed this in a high wind, and even during a lull, when you hear the roar in the distance. I at first attributed the shaking to other causes, but I believe this is the true cause. We are preparing for winter, and have plastered the cracks in the house with mud and papered the inside. B—— is going to select another stove to be put into the front room, and, with an extra floor laid over the present one, we shall be as snug as possible.

October 8.—It is raining to-night and dark as Egypt outside. Thunder with sharp lightning came at first, but this passed away and it has settled into a hard drizzle. An approaching thunder-storm makes considerable noise in this region; your windows rattle and there is a sound on the other side of the hill like the discharge of heavy artillery, which dies away or suddenly ceases, and the rain usually comes down in torrents.

October 13.—Mr. M—— arrived this afternoon—a most welcome visitor—his capacious trunk being filled with home-parcels for our comfort this winter, which gives us an ample supply of everything needful. There is frost in the valley to-night. The leaves are falling fast, but there is still a freshness and greenness in the woods that remind one of spring. The foliage seldom assumes the gorgeous hues we see in New England. Chestnuts lie thickly on the ground, and you gather them before the frost comes.

October 23.—Thermometer falling. Ice in the wash-basin this morning, and snow in the distance, which looks, before it reaches you, as if an avalanche were descending the opposite hill.

November 6.—Clear and cold. Bert and I have been about fourteen miles away to hunt up winter-quarters for the cow and calf. As we walked along we saw smoke issuing from a cabin a

short distance from the road, and stopped to inquire our way. We found living here a man named Swope, one of the strangest characters I have ever met. He was boiling mush over a log fire in the cabin, and invited us "to partake of his mess of pottage." Having no dishes except a cup, he told us to whittle out a couple of sticks and help ourselves out of the kettle, which we did. He also offered us some wild turkey he had killed a day or two before. He used good English in speaking, and informed us that he had studied for the ministry. I should call him a religious crank. He believes it his duty to lead a life of solitude and contemplation, and occasionally "go into society and communicate his thoughts." His only book is a Bible. He was feeling the bad effects of too much turkey when we arrived. His cabin, about eight feet by ten in size, had a rough floor; the fireplace, on which was burning a good hot fire, was near the door, and opposite was a bedstead made of rails stuck into the walls of the house about three feet from the floor, on which were placed two or three bundles of straw. He lives in a most Indian-like fashion by hunting and raising corn enough for his own use. We invited him to visit us, if he could ever be persuaded to leave his den.

November 13.—Yesterday three wagon-loads of luggage for the railroad party who are encamped in the valley were brought to the foot of the mountain. The railroad bill passed by five hundred more votes than were needed, and, as they are going right to work, we shall in two years have a railroad as far as Huttonsville, only fifteen miles distant. The Wheeling *Register* says this road will be completed in one year, and that the Black Diamond road will be commenced from Parkersburg next spring and finished to Norfolk, Va., in two years.

December.—Snow two or three inches deep. Thermometer 24 to 28. We are still clearing land, and the wood we shall have to burn would supply a large town for a season. We saw the trees into lengths, pile the brush, and leave all on the ground until spring. Last night was clear and beautiful, not a cloud to be seen, and the moon shining on the distant mountains showed forests all covered with snow. It was just cold enough to make a moderate fire pleasant in the house.

I wish you could have spent Thanksgiving with us. We had fresh mutton, and the next day fresh venison. To-day we dined on fresh roast pork. The hay-crop has been so short this year that we are fortunate to have any for our cattle. In places where the usual yield is two or three tons to the acre the crop did

not exceed a quarter of a ton. The cost of carting to our place would be equal to the cost of the hay, and, as a cow needs also corn and bran, we have made the best arrangement we could; for if the mountain cannot go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. Our present supply of provisions consists of eleven hams, one barrel of flour, one barrel of meal, eighteen bushels of potatoes, fifteen pounds of venison, twenty-five to thirty pounds of mutton, some live chickens, etc. The cave you mention is on Cheat River, near Kingwood, in Preston County. The river rises on Cheat Mountain about ten miles east of us, flowing north into the Monongahela, being one hundred and fifty or more miles in length. About forty miles from its mouth it is navigable for large vessels for about seventy-five miles. Between this point and its mouth it is impassable, from which peculiarity it perhaps received its name. We are in excellent health; head shaved close; no colds, coughs, nor sore throats.

December 21.—Plenty of snow. Thermometer 18 below zero. Every traveller stops to warm himself, there being only one other house, three miles off, between us and Valley Head. Some ask if we have a good fire, and rush in; others will wait for an invitation. They pull off their boots and put their feet on the hot stove. One man, when told that it had been 18 below zero, said, "Yes, you have the Genholicker, and look and see."

January 21, 1885.—Weather changeable; frequent fogs in the valley. To-night the wind is whizzing outside, the rain pattering on the roof and window-panes. It is not below 4°. Every rainstorm changes to snow.

January 24.—Yesterday, when it was snowing hard, a whole flock of sheep started in single file down the mountain. The owner had been looking for them, with no intention of taking them home. Think of leaving them out in such weather without feed, except the shrubbery they find in the woods! Cattle are very fond of a winter fern that grows plentifully here, but is now covered with snow, and though sheep need some shelter, they should not be entirely housed in winter. Most diseases common to sheep are unknown here.

January 25.—Our neighbors in the lower counties are suffering from the scarcity of corn, it being eight or ten dollars a bushel instead of the usual price, seventy-five cents or one dollar. My cap did me good service when I went to find feed for the cattle. I had a dinner of eggs—a luxury at this season—also cornbread and pork and some nice jelly. Housekeepers make large quantities of apple-butter, and pies, usually of fruit, are offered

you at every meal. The fare consists mostly of pork, either boiled or fried, potatoes, corn-bread, honey, apple-sauce, preserved blackberries, buckwheat-cakes with maple-syrup, pies, and hot wheat-biscuit (which they make of buttermilk), all of which are eaten off one plate. The host takes the corn-bread on his own plate, cuts it in pieces, and passes it around, after which all help themselves without ceremony to whatever they like on the table. The blackberries are eaten in your cup, with cream, after you have drank your coffee. The old men ask a blessing at table, a practice the young men usually neglect. They neither know poverty nor riches, the well-to-do living about the same as their poorer neighbors. There is, however, one exception not many miles from us, where they use napkins, silver forks and spoons, etc., and have a fine piano. Among this large class of illiterate people there is little or no vulgarity. An ordinary school is only taught four months in the year, though there are a few colleges or universities of some note in various parts of the State. There is a Roman Catholic college at Wheeling, and there are a few Roman Catholic churches in the State. The Methodists are more numerous than any other religious body. The Dunkards are a peculiar sect, more numerous in Pennsylvania than here. They wash each other's feet, as the apostles did; the men part their hair in the middle and kiss when they meet. They wear a particular dress on state occasions, and are much given to piety. Aunt S—— was pained to see women working in the fields in France. We see that here every day. They hoe corn, potatoes, etc. (if this is done at all), put the hay into stacks, besides making the garden and doing the house-work, while men do the heavier work, clearing land, etc. They express surprise that all women do not work in the field; but I asked one day what they would think if they should see Mrs. Garfield hoeing corn, at which they laughed quite heartily, saying "that kind of work did not belong to her."

January 28.—Snow a foot deep. Thermometer 30 at noon, 6 below zero at evening. Yesterday I started again to look for feed for the animals. I had not gone a mile down the mountain-side when I came to a pleasant, romantic, narrow valley, where I could have walked in the lightest kind of shoes without dampening my feet. The air was mild and balmy, and the grass in places green. Not a sound could be heard except the murmur of the brook as it gurgled over the stones. I stopped to listen, thinking some one was talking. Looking back up the mountain, covered with snow to its summit, I realized the remarkable differ-

ence in the climate of the valley. I stayed here all night, during which a light snow fell. About 10.30 A.M. I started for home, walking up the valley in about an hour, and stopping for dinner at the first house on the road. Then commenced my climbing up the mountain, which took two hours or more, the snow becoming deeper and deeper as I went on. Long before I arrived I was perspiring as if it had been the hottest day in summer, and when I reached home I was one mass of icicles and looked more like Santa Claus than anybody else. It was 4.30 P.M., and the thermometer stood at 4 below zero. To-night, as I write, it is 6 below. We are comfortable in the house, and I write without cold fingers. We are perfectly well, having neither cold nor cough (in fact, lung diseases rarely occur in this State), and we do not feel this cold weather to any degree as we would at home. I have eaten four meals to-day. You see a traveller is well fed in this country, though the houses are far apart.

Last week, Wednesday, I saw a remarkable phenomenon. The sun had been up about twenty minutes. It was snowing hard off in the distance, and the sun shining through or upon the snow and clouds formed a bright pillar with all the colors of the rainbow. It only lasted a minute and was unlike anything I had ever seen. I did not know that the particles of snow would divide the light and produce colors.

January 29.—3 below this A.M. We drove the cattle down to-day, and had trouble in getting them across the streams, there being considerable ice, which we had to break. I tumbled in and had to walk four miles with my clothes frozen stiff, but caught no cold. Our boots filled with water, as we were obliged sometimes to return to the stream to warm our feet after walking awhile in the snow. We followed the cattle as they would cross and recross the stream, and once I waded in waist-deep. We sat before Mr. C——'s fire until late in the evening to dry our clothes. Near this place the United States troops were encamped during the war, and the ground is filled with rifle-pits, etc. Mr. C—— says when he came home after the war he was more of a rebel than ever, for his house, barns, fences, and cattle were all gone; but to-day he has over one hundred head of cattle and his farm is worth one hundred dollars per acre. Rising from his land is a high hill on which the snow never rests, but in the coldest weather, for some unknown cause, disappears in a few hours after a storm.

February 18.—Snow thirty-one inches deep, and falling still, almost in a solid mass. I walked four miles to meet the mail-

carrier yesterday; and with snow up to your knees, either ascending or descending a hill, this is not easy work. The old men tell me that their fathers hunted buffalo across these mountains, and the panther is said to live here still. A man lost twenty sheep from wolves last week, and not far down the road lie two sheep now with their throats cut, as wolves only suck the blood and do not eat the sheep. A wolf carried off a sheep from Mrs. S——'s door-yard, right before her eyes, a few days ago, though they did their best to frighten him away.

If E—— would study up on animals she would learn that a sheep does not shed its skin like a snake. She asked, in a recent letter, if I had read *Elsie Venner*. I have only read poems and short essays by O. W. Holmes. I wish I had read more of his works.

I wish this snow would disappear, or that we could have skating until we can resume work. It has been once 23 below zero. The sky is of the deepest blue. The trees in the forest snap and crack like a pistol-shot, and, before we were quite snow-bound, the scene was like fairy-land. The trees in the distance, when covered with ice and glittering in the sun's rays, present a picture of wonderful beauty, and it is a relief to view the meadows and pastures in the valley and on Cheat Mountain, as it seems to take us out of the woods.

March 2.—The railroad to Philippi has enabled land-owners in that vicinity to make a fortune in a short time. A woman has been shipping black walnut to England, receiving two hundred and ten dollars per thousand feet on the dock in New York City, she paying the cost of transportation to that place. Besides coal and salt of the best quality, we have petroleum, building-limestone of great beauty, fire-clay, potter's clay, glass-sand, ochre, saltpetre, and many other valuable products. I think this country as favorably situated for stock-raising as any. The climate is less severe than Nebraska, Iowa, Dakota, or some parts of Colorado; and these places are considered excellent for sheep-raising. West Virginia wool will bring a higher price than any other. Grass is usually so abundant here that you can make sure provision for your stock. Blue grass grows all the way up to the mountain-crests. Wheat, oats, rye, buckwheat, corn, etc., yield large crops, though corn grows better in the valley. This section is considered by "natives" the best grass-growing portion of the State. Beets and turnips grow to a very large size. The "natives" cut wheat, as in Bible days, with a

sickle. They say they can reap faster, which is true, because they are unfamiliar with the use of modern implements. I have seen a plough here of the genuine old Roman pattern used in Virgil's time. Those who manage well must make money, and I do not doubt our success, even without a railroad. Many start without a cent and become comparatively rich. The natives are good and honest, with a certain innate refinement and consequently good manners, but no knowledge of the outside world. Many of them have never been farther from their farms than to visit a next-door neighbor two miles off. They spin and weave, raise their own provisions, and have no occasion to leave their homes. I was one night at Valley Head when our English neighbors arrived with a flock of perhaps eight hundred sheep. Mr. L—— C—— lives there, and this is somewhat the conversation that passed between them: "Where can I turn these sheep in for the night?" L—— replied: "Perhaps at George Ives' or Eli Crouch's." "I can't go as far as that in the rain. You must take them in, and feed them too." To which L—— replied: "I cannot do it. I haven't enough feed." "Now look here," said the sheep-drover, "you must! Do you hear? Open those bars and turn in the sheep." Whereupon the bars were removed, the sheep sheltered and fed, for which five cents a head was paid the next morning. They are the most hospitable people in the world. You can travel from one end of the State to the other and find a welcome in every house, and are never charged for meals or lodging. We arrived once at a farm-house at midnight when on our way home. They made room for us by turning one of the family out of bed, and proposed to make a fire and get supper for us when they found we had not had any, but we would not allow them to do it. In the morning we paid them twenty-five cents for each of us, and they were happy.

April 1.—Spring has come with a rush, and the snow is rapidly disappearing under a temperature of 62 Fahr., and not a particle of frost in the ground. I find digging garden much less difficult than last year. The coming winter we expect to keep all the stock we want, and I have full confidence that the farm will soon pay expenses. We ought to have done this last year, but our winter at home and one or two disappointments have delayed us. Our farm has now a civilized appearance. The house for Herman, about a quarter of a mile distant, and a spring-house are completed, and Herman, his wife and baby,

are comfortably settled, with every appearance of contentment and happiness. The gradual appearance of foliage where all has been so long buried in snow, the singing of the birds, the huge piles of logs burning night and day, give us a cheerful outlook. We are in perfect health, well pleased with the result of our labor, and full of hope for our success in the near future.

ST. MARCIAN, MARTYR, TO HIS WIFE.

I.

My wife! Alas! that little words so sweet
Should seem so bitter in my mouth to-day,
That thy true love should learn love to betray,
Thy lips breathe eloquence for them unmeet.
Nay, turn aside the pleading of thine eyes—
Dear eyes, that ever, till this hour of ruth,
Have kept the promise of our love's fond youth,
Have borne unstained the light of calm, blue skies.
Can Cæsar's thunder menace so their peace?
Earth's heavy clouds obscure their steadfast light?
God's sunshine lost in gathering gloom of night
That winneth from deep shadow no release
Through star, uprising, fettering clouds to rift.
A martyr's wife should braver lids uplift.

II.

Can thy white hand, to me e'er prodigal,
Denying not the richest gift—thy heart:
O God! accept the scalding tears that start—
This day refuse me noblest gift of all,
The dear-bought vision of eternal life?
I think thou hadst been glad to see me wear
The victor wreath our legionaries bear;
Wouldst thou discrown me in a higher strife?

Ah! passing sweet the days thy love hath cheered,
Holy the ever-present thoughts of home
When, far from thy sweet voice, I fought for Rome.
Long grew the hours as the moment neared
When I should feel thy soft hand rest in mine,
See faith unbroken in thy kind eyes shine.

III.

So faithful then! Ah! Love, wouldst thou to-day
Dim all the tender duty of the past,
Death's shadow backward on that sunshine cast,
With flickering swamp-lights lead my feet astray?
For what true light would shine on our cold hearth
Did I, for thy love's sake, our Lord deny?
What giant shadow of His cross would lie
Through all my days upon the dreary earth,
Reproaching me for e'er with Judas' sin!
How could I teach our little son to pray,
How speak of Him that is the Truth, the Way,
While burned the quenchless thought my heart within:
Oh! that in that brief moment I had died
Ere I, for earthly love, my soul denied?

IV.

So, let me kiss our boy's sweet, wondering face;
So fair and innocent, it will not plead
For any cause save Christ's in my great need:
His baby hands will only beg God's grace,
Not man's, not Cæsar's, whose best grace of life
Were bought by me with everlasting shame.
Helpless as this dear little one, God came,
Was nursed in sorrow, trembling fears and strife;
Made Himself little that man might be great;
Despised and mocked, was lifted on the Cross,
For one soul's sake had suffered all life's loss.
Nay, sweetheart, love like ours is born too late,
Pure though it be, through His love sanctified,
To set its claim Eternal Love beside.

V.

Look up, dear wife, above our little earth.
I know thou lovest me, I feel thy fears,
I see the long, dark shadows of the years
Whose life, without me, wins so slight a worth.
How hadst thou blushed had men unto thee said:
"On such a day, when fierce the battle ran,
Rome's eagles driven backward on the plain,
Marcian his legion and his trust betrayed."
Shall I less faith to Cæsar's Master show
Than ever unto Cæsar I have given?
Rome's eagles cannot bear me unto Heaven;
Christ's Cross, alone, so lifts us here below.
The soldier by his standard must abide.
Sweet, couldst thou trust me if I God denied?

VI.

Ah! Love, I pray that in the after-years
Our Lord for this sad day may comfort thee;
Lifting thy soul above its misery,
Teach thee to thank Him, through thy tears,
That unto me vouchsafed the precious grace
To bear His blessèd Cross up Calvary,
To witness bear unto his charity,
Spite the dear beauty of thy pleading face.
May His love comfort thee when thou shalt brood
O'er this mine hour of triumph, thine of loss,
So shall the beauty of His holy Cross
Grow unto thee life's best beatitude.
Still dost thou tempt me? O sweet tongue, be dumb;
Our life is God's, not earth's.—Jesus! I come.

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER IX.

A CONFESSION.

"AND so Ruth Pendleton is back!" was the cry in Clayburg two days after a tired and disappointed woman left the train at the station, and, unrecognized by her friends, walked in the direction of the squire's now lonely mansion. Yes, Ruth was back to the old scenes, a much sadder and much happier woman than when she left them; and if the tears filled her eyes at sight of the familiar objects, and a great pain pierced her heart, it was not more than the protest which Nature makes against change.

Coming home at a late hour that night, Pendleton felt his heart give an awful thump as he saw lights in the unused parlor windows and heard the tinkling of the long-closed piano.

"It's Ruth," said he, stopping to catch his breath and rid himself of a fit of trembling. "It's Ruth come back again for good. Little girl," said he, as he stood nervously in the door and held out his arms to her. Ruth saw the tears in his eyes and the hopeful, expectant look on his big face.

"I've come back for good," she whispered, as he threw his arms about her. "I shall never leave you again, father."

And they both believed it; for it had been a pet theory of the squire's that if Ruth again returned it would be to never leave him, and in her hopelessness at that moment she felt a premonition that her stay in Clayburg was to be permanent.

"And where did you come from?" said the squire.

"From New York; and I have some astonishing news for you. Barbara Merrion has become a Catholic, and Florian is going—"

"Hold on!" said the squire, with a gasp, and may be an oath. "Barbery become a Catholic! Ruth, you'll have to don your old clothes. It isn't a religion for any one when she's in it."

"She is very much changed," said Ruth, in a tone that seemed to approve of the squire's sentiments. "You would not know her."

"H'm!" grunted Pendleton. "I'd know her if she put on the pope's own rig. She's Barbery all the same. I'll wager any sum that she's up to some of her devilish tricks. She hasn't got her eye on Florian now, has she? It would be easy enough to give old Merrion the slip, and she'd coax an angel into stealing, I swear."

"Florian is engaged to Frances Lynch."

"O Jer-rusalem!" said the squire, with a mighty roar of pain. "Then it's all over, Ruth—it's all over." And in an instant the tears were falling in a shower and a few sobs shook him fiercely. He had never given up his hope that Florian and Ruth would yet be reconciled.

"It was all over years ago," Ruth replied gently. "I did not think you expected it still, father."

"And I had no right to," said the squire, striding impatiently down the room. "You never held out a hope, though Florian thinks just as much of you to-day as he did ten years ago. Let it pass. I'm always making a fool of myself. Don't know when I cried before. And so Barbery is a papist, hey? I wonder how long she'll remain one? And Florian's done it at last! Well, he's got a mighty nice girl, but it won't please Peter Carter much."

Ruth started at the name, while the squire shook with hearty laughter. The memory of Peter was a source of mirth to him.

"What about Mr. Carter?" she asked timidly.

"Oh! you knew him—the greatest fool that ever lived; and I dunno," added the squire dubiously, "but that I was a greater fool, for I actually thought that man a genius. He had an idea that Flory was no match for that Lynch girl, and was anxious to help me in matching you and Flory. He did, but he helped me the wrong way. I'm inclined to invite him up here this summer, and let him make an ass of himself through the town."

Conscious of her own unlucky dealings with Peter, Ruth grew alarmed. "It would not be becoming," said she; "he is too—too—"

"Too much of a talker," supplemented her father. "Yes, he gives one away every five minutes when a secret is entrusted to him. Oh! no; I'll not invite him to this house. Well, Ruth, you're back, and I'm consoled for all my waiting. I'll have to stand a pile of chaff, though, from the boys when they see you going up to the Catholic church. It's better, though, than to see you at Buck's establishment. How does that man live with his eternal polishing? He ought to have been polished out of

existence long ago, by all rules of calculation; but he's just the same as ever. I've got the drop on the boys there. I have the tongue, you know. I'm a match for 'em. How will you stand the women, though?"

"I am not afraid," said Ruth cheerfully, "for I am a sort of balance for Sara Wallace's defection."

"That's a good argument," said the squire in delight. "I'm glad you mentioned it, for I'll give it to 'em first thing. I hope you're contented, Ruth, with your new clothes. Do they fit easy?"

"So contented!" said Ruth, with a happy smile. "And oh! if I could but persuade you—"

"There, there!" he interrupted hastily. "It's all right if you are happy, but don't try to rope me into any of these religions. They're good enough for the women, but they're beyond me. I thought more of Catholics, though, before Barbery joined them."

With a sigh Ruth relinquished the appeal which she had intended to make to him.

"I must warn you," continued the squire, "that if you try to convert me I'll take to drink, upon my honor. I'll get too stupid to understand an argument. So just let up on ideas of that kind. Go to bed now, and sleep off convent notions."

During the next few days the greater portion of the town paid its respects to Ruth. Among her visitors were the worthy elders of the various congregations, curious to know by what process of reasoning this young lady had gone over to the enemy, and many were the amusing questions put to her. Her great defence was the perversion of Mrs. Buck and the right of private judgment. With these weapons she triumphed easily, and Clayburg accepted the position with the easy-going, matter-of-fact slowness which is an inheritance from Manhattan ancestors and does not prevail in bitter, unforgiving New England.

Mrs. Wallace had not yet called, much to Ruth's surprise, and at the first opportunity she went over to see her. Time had dealt hardly with the placid lady. The Mrs. Winifred who feebly grasped Ruth's hand was an insignificant shadow of the stout, timid lady of three years ago. She tried to smile and chat with the old-time manner, but had not breath enough for so large a word as "seemingly," and Ruth sorrowfully recognized the fact that Mrs. Winifred's days were numbered. Billy was full of anxiety. He questioned every one eagerly for their opinion of her condition, and brought doctors from Albany to assist her. There

was something mysterious in her complaint. She had begun to decline slowly and almost unnoticed a year ago. Without suffering any pain or making any trouble, her flesh began to disappear and the wrinkles made themselves visible in her face. In vain they questioned her. She knew not why her appetite should fail, or her hands tremble violently, or her sight and strength give way. Nor could Ruth's sympathetic inquiries elicit any information. Her chief anxiety was for Florian. She hoped he was well.

"Oh! very well," Ruth said, "and getting so rich and famous, and moving in the very highest society."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Winifred, "that he is a great friend of the count that was here some time ago."

"I believe they spoke of a nobleman to whom he was attached, but I never saw him."

"He did not look troubled or anxious?" said the mother earnestly. "He has not written in so long a time."

"Florian never shows much of his inward thought or feeling, but to me he seemed full of happiness. Why should he not be? He is about to marry a handsome and good woman. He is fortunate."

"Not as fortunate as he might have been," protested Mrs. Winifred; "but I am glad he is happy. I do have such terrible dreams about him, and I dreaded some of them might come true."

Ruth looked at her with great pity, and a suspicion that all was not well with her mind. And this suspicion took deeper root after a few more visits. Florian was the theme of every conversation, and her chief anxiety was whether her boy was easy in mind and haunted by no apprehensions.

"Because if he is," she said very plainly to Ruth in Sara's presence, "I can help him, and I will in spite of every one."

It was the most determined expression Mrs. Winifred had ever been known to use, and only her extreme weakness accounted for and excused it. Sara shook her head sadly. It was plain to her that her mother's mind was giving way.

"I have no patience with you," said Sara. "You were always the queerest woman. Why can't you tell us what you think is the trouble with you or Florian, so that we can do something for you?"

"When you've done all that I ask for," replied her mother, "your duty is done. Don't trouble yourself any more. I think death is the matter with me. You were always a great reader, and you married a minister; can you tell me a cure for that?"

Ruth smiled at Sara's discomfiture. The lady did not reply to her mother's sarcasm, for even her defective taste could see how utterly shameful it would be to bandy words with an invalid.

"I think it will not last much longer," said Mrs. Winifred, after a few moments of silence. "I wish it had ended long ago. But no matter. Ruth, let me tell you something"—Sara had gone—"this trouble is all about Florian and Linda, and I feel it here," laying her hand on her breast, "gnawing always. In a few days I shall send for you, may be, to do me a favor. You will come, won't you? Promise me, Ruth."

"Oh! certainly," said Ruth assuringly, for the sick woman began to get dangerously eager.

"Ah! but you must promise, dear," she cried, catching Ruth's dress with feverish hands. "Seemingly you must promise that you will come, no matter what stands in the way."

"I promise," answered Ruth.

After scanning her features for a moment in an invalid's pitiful way, she lay back satisfied.

"What do you think of her?" said Billy when next he met her.

"What can you think of a dying woman? You will not have her long. Why not send for Florian? She is always speaking of him."

"The père wouldn't hear of it," said Billy tremulously. "No, no, he wouldn't hear of it. I couldn't permit it. It was that Russian, the divil! that did it all. Ever since he came here we got no good of her. It's awful!"

Ruth wondered at the père's interference in the matter, but said nothing, as she wished to speak to the priest later.

"It seems reasonable," she remarked to her father, "that if the poor woman would like to see her son she ought to see him."

"Why, of course," shouted Pendleton, "and so she shall. I'll send for him—no, I'll go for him myself."

"And do all sorts of harm," Ruth interposed. "No, no, father; but you might find out from Billy what his reason is for not informing Florian of his mother's condition. Then we would the better know what to do."

"Jes' so," said the squire, with a blush for his own stupidity.

"And to-morrow," said Ruth, "you must get out the boat and take me over to the islands. I have not seen the hermit since my return."

"There isn't much about him to see," said her father in dis-

gusted tones. "He's had a doctor running over there for some time seeing to a patient who lives with him or near him, and not one of us can find out who the sick man is."

"Trust a woman to do that," said Ruth. "I shall know what is to be known about him by this time to-morrow night."

Since the day she had bidden him good-by in the cabin previous to her departure for New York she had not set eyes on Scott, and she was curious to learn what changes time had made in his looks, habits, and opinions. All that had taken place during the years of her absence she knew that he was informed of, and his views on these subjects were sure to be interesting. They went over the next day, and were a long time getting to their destination owing to the scanty wind; but the scenes, the old scenes, were so very beautiful that Ruth could have lingered even longer among them. A soft haze rested like a veil on distant objects, and the river was dotted with the boats of fishing-parties, whose songs and merrymaking floated pleasantly to the ear. Every spot was a memory to Ruth, and Linda's bright face seemed ready to peep coquettishly from behind rock and tree. Eel Bay glittered, as usual, with deceitful radiance in the afternoon sun. How many times Linda had wept for the unfortunates buried so deeply in its treacherous waters!

"It keeps up its reputation, I suppose?" Ruth said.

"A pesky place," grumbled the squire. "No amount of warning seems able to keep some from getting caught here everyseason."

They came to anchor opposite the well-known boulder, and Ruth, leaping ashore, ran eagerly up to the house and knocked smartly. She heard the sound of voices in the room within, but only the hermit met her at the door. He had Izaak Walton in his hand and a cold look on his face, but she offered both hands so radiantly that he could not but smile at her delight and take them gingerly.

"You are welcome back," said he gravely. "You've come to a safe harbor, and I hope you'll stay in it."

"You may be certain that I will," she answered in a low voice, for the squire was abusing Scott loudly from the boat.

"Hello!" he was shouting. "When a man comes to see you the least you might do is to help him into port."

"How if he wasn't wanted?" said the hermit shortly.

"Don't get off any bosh, now," replied Pendleton; "keep it for those who understand it. I brought Ruth over, and it's no wish of mine to intrude on you except in a matter of business. You owe me five dollars, I think."

Scott laughed dryly and led the way into the house—the same old house, unchanged even to the patches on the bed-quilt. Ruth's tears began suddenly to flow as she stood looking at the only perishable spot about her which had a seeming of immortality. There it stood, not one iota different from the room in which Florian and Scott and she had discussed measures for the squire's safety nearly a decade of years past.

"I always thought it the gate of heaven," she said, smiling through her tears, "but now I am sure of it."

"It makes little difference to some people what gate it is," he replied. "They wouldn't take advantage of it anyhow."

"The nearer you get the harder to get on," said Ruth; "and the gate is the worst part of the road."

His eyes flashed an instant's surprise and admiration.

"You've learned something since you were here last," he deigned to say.

"Learned something?" retorted the squire, laboring to keep his oar in the conversation. "Why, man, do you think a woman goes backward as she gets older? Men advance, why not she?"

"I didn't say that men advance," replied Scott, "or that women didn't. Flory used to say that woman was the only creature which learned nothing from experience."

"Right he was, too. When Flory said a thing he hit the nail on the head every time."

"You saw him lately, perhaps?" said the hermit to Ruth.

"Yes, and he was very proud and happy in the possession of a young lady whom he is soon to call his wife."

"Ah!" said Scott indifferently.

"But his mother is so ill," Ruth went on, "and the family do not seem to think of sending for him. She is always speaking of him. I wonder they are so careless."

"These great statesmen," said Scott, "are not always willin' to give up their time to sick people. He must have consid'able work on his hands besides."

"There is nothing to excuse that much attention to a dying parent," Ruth answered sharply, "and I have no doubt the fault is on the side of the family. They could at least notify him."

Scott did not answer, for he seemed to feel they had no right to discuss the matter.

"You have not asked me yet," said Ruth, "about my experiences since I left. They have been very new, I assure you."

"I know them all," Scott replied briefly.

"And you take no credit to yourself for the fulfilment of your prophecies?"

"They might never have been fulfilled, an' they weren't prophecies. I guessed what might happen, an' it did—that's all."

Ruth was disappointed. Scott's ordinary brusqueness seemed to have taken a more gloomy shade, and the sarcastic, rough philosophy of his speech to have given way to a matter-of-fact plainness. They talked on in an aimless way for a half-hour longer, and then took their leave dissatisfied, without having discovered any trace of the stranger who was supposed to be living with the hermit. Ruth pressed his hand at parting, with the tears in her eyes.

"You are as human as the rest of us," she said. "You have changed, and not for the better."

He did not reply, and Ruth, as they sailed away, watched him sadly.

"Change, change, and nothing but change," she murmured. "I am getting old indeed. None but the old feel change. These differences in people hurt me."

Until the new life began to fit her shoulders she was weighed down with despondency. For a time it seemed hardly worth the trouble to live and fight the daily heart-ache and try to fill up the sense of loss which existed in her soul. Nursing feeble Mrs. Winifred helped her to overcome these feelings. But as the lady grew weaker, and there was the same hesitation in sending for Florian, she began to feel indignant. Every day the mother called incessantly for her son. She did not ask to see him, but an increasing anxiety as to his personal safety was evident in her manner. Although it was thought she was delirious at times, Ruth perceived a hidden meaning in the apparently wild utterances. She spoke to Père Rougevin one day rather sharply.

"Is there a conspiracy among you, père, to keep Florian in ignorance of his mother's illness?"

"Florian," replied the père, not at all disconcerted, "has never troubled himself about his relatives since he left, and I do not think he would thank us for troubling him now."

"I am sure it is quite otherwise with him," said she; "and if you do not care to inform him yourselves, I shall certainly take it on myself to do so."

The priest did not reply, but his manner showed that he resented her interference. He went away with the pettish air

which no one can adopt towards a woman better than a bachelor, and Ruth was about to send word to Florian when Mrs. Winifred called her and gave her the key of a cupboard in the room.

"Open that," she said, "and then follow my directions."

The cupboard contained on its dusty shelves a few old books and papers. At the back was a secret compartment neatly inserted and concealed in the plastering; and from this mysterious hiding-place Ruth drew out a metal box small enough to be carried in the pocket.

"Now get pen and paper," said Mrs. Winifred, with a new decision in her voice, "and write as I bid. Seemingly this can't last for ever, and I'll not have Florian's blood on my hands."

Ruth sat down in awed silence and began to write the following extraordinary confession. Several times she laid aside the pen in amazement, thinking Mrs. Winifred's senses had taken leave of her; but the lady smiled reassuringly and bade her continue:

"Florian Wallace and his sister Linda are not my children. Thirty years ago a stranger came with them to me and begged me to take care of them. Their mother was dead, and he offered me a large sum if I would adopt them as my own and keep from them for ever the secret of their parentage. I have done so up to this moment. Now Florian stands in danger from secret enemies, and I make this confession for his benefit, that he may know how to meet them.

"His father resembled him closely, but that his hair was yellow and his eyes blue. He told me his story. He was from Russia, compelled to fly because of his religion. He wished that his children should never return to Russia, and urged me to rear them as my own. He had papers in his possession which he intended to destroy; but I stole them from him and kept them to this day. What their value is I do not know. He left his children with me and went away. Some time ago a stranger, said to be a Russian, came to this town. I believe he was looking for the children. I know he will do harm to Florian, and I warn him. My husband can witness to the truth of this confession.

"WINIFRED WALLACE."

"You will give that to Florian," said she feebly, "and also the box. It was a great trouble to me, but now I feel better. You will have to be secret. There are some who think I have the papers, and would like to destroy them. Be careful, my dear—be careful."

Exhausted by the effort she had made, Mrs. Winifred fell asleep, and Ruth was left to think over and realize this strange story. The metal box was easily opened. It was full of papers, legal documents most of them, composed in French, and all tending to show that certain persons were nobles or princes of high rank in Russia. And so Linda, poor, dead Linda, was perhaps a Russian princess, born to luxury and love, to move through storied halls in proud attire, to live among the great and mighty; and fate had given her instead a home and a grave in an obscure American town. She could not picture to herself that dainty girl in any other form than the sweet, familiar one, nor fancy her a haughty lady of royal blood. And Florian was a prince! It was easy, indeed, to dream of him in such a position, who had ever been a prince among men; but she sighed as she recalled his present temper, and thought how little such an elevation would benefit him. His grasping ambition would now be increased and the field of wicked opportunities widened. While she sat and thought the sick woman opened her eyes again.

"Ruth, dear," she whispered, "you must carry the letter to New York yourself. I could not trust it in any one's hands."

"No," replied Ruth; "but Florian shall come after it."

A look of joy passed over Mrs. Winifred's pale face.

"I would so like to see him again!" she said.

And Ruth posted with her own hands a letter to Florian, urging him in strong, mysterious language to lose no time in reaching Clayburg.

A guest of another description arrived that afternoon by the special express from New York. The squire, seated prominently on a barrel at the station and staring at each passenger as he alighted, recognized in a gaily-dressed, stout-bodied gentleman a familiar form; but so unique was the traveller's appearance that Pendleton did not like to act at once on his conviction. The gentleman was dressed in a tight-fitting summer costume of pale yellow and gray, with a jaunty straw hat on his round head, a cigar in his mouth, a blue necktie at his collar, a slender cane in his gloved hand, and an eye-glass dangling at his button-hole. He jumped lightly on to the platform as a boy would, but tripped the next moment and sprawled at the squire's feet. As he rose, muttering, his eyes fell on Pendleton's amused face.

"Pendleton, old b'y," said he, with a shout which drew the crowd's attention, "is it yer own foolish face I see before me, an' not drunk or swearin'? Almightee cats! but it's me that's glad to see ye. I've come up to see yer daughther."

The squire, with a very red face, pulled him away from the mob, and began to walk in the direction of home with a stolid frown settled on his countenance.

"Carter," said he gruffly, "you will have to take the train out of this to-morrow. You're too much for the town. I wouldn't have you stay here for a fortune."

"I'm sorry for ye, then," said Peter, turning smartly on his heel, "but it's not you I came to see, my b'y, an' I'll get lodgin's where I'll be more welcome."

"Hold on!" said the squire; "you're my guest while you're here, but you can't stay long. I'm the sheriff, Carter, and I'll trump up a charge against you and fine you one hundred dollars, if you don't get out as soon as your business is done."

"Well, yer daughther has a say in that," replied Peter jauntily, with a knowing wink at the squire which troubled him.

"I don't see what Ruth has to do with your kind," he said; "she's not so particular as she used to be."

"I'm a necessity to the distressed female," said Peter; "I'm the only remnant of ancient chivalry now at large in this country, and my time and talents are ever at woman's disposal. At present your daughther requires my services, an' I'm proud of it, squire, though Mme. Lynch an' the divine Barbara have employed me."

He kissed his hand to an imaginary distressed female, and executed his usual single step on the roadway.

"Don't!" said Pendleton in apprehension; "they'll think there's a lunatic arrived."

"Every man's a lunatic, more or less. I am less, you are more. It's a mere matter of circumstance. I admit cheerfully me present state of aberration, but I see every hope of recovery in this lovely climate."

When they came to the house and entered Ruth's presence she flushed to the roots of her hair at sight of Peter and was scarcely able to speak. Her father stood eyeing her in simple wonder.

"That's the way they all do," said Peter gleefully, "as if I were a young boy goin' courtin'. Never mind, Miss Pendleton, me darlin'; I have good news for you. I can't hold it in any longer, so here goes."

"Thank you," Ruth interrupted quickly; "but I shall not hear it now, nor until you have taken tea. Do sit down and make yourself comfortable."

"Not a bit of it," said the contrary fellow, maliciously ignor-

ing her looks of appeal. "I couldn't keep it in ten minutes longer."

"Would you like a drink, Carter?" said the squire.

"Pendleton, me b'y, ye were always—"

The squire shoved the glass of whiskey which he had poured out into his hand, and Peter tossed it into his throat like a bear. Ruth was slipping away, but he stopped her.

"I had a letter from Paul."

"How fortunate!" said Ruth, resigning herself to the torture, while Peter flourished a letter in the air and poked the squire's ribs.

"And where d'ye think it's from?" continued the journalist, with a proud leer. "Why, straight from yer own town here, post-marked Clayburg. Read it, embrace it, and be happy."

Ruth read the short letter:

"DEAR PETER: Have no trouble about me. I am well and may return to New York in the winter. If I do not, send my traps to this place. PAUL ROSSITER."

"Who is the fellow, anyhow?" said the squire.

"Don't ye remember the yalla-haired boy that was Florian's friend?"

"Oh! I think I do," said the squire, with a whistle and a queer look at his frightened daughter. "Did he get lost, and are you looking for him? A pretty detective you make!"

"Just so," said Peter; "an' I'm goin' to stay here until I find him. So to get rid of me ye'll have to lend a hand in the search."

"I think he's not here," said the squire. "If he were he'd been found out long ago. There are sharper noses than yours after that lad."

And he threw another look at Ruth and relapsed into silence; but Ruth was thinking of the stranger supposed to be hiding with the hermit.

CHAPTER X.

INTO THE ABYSS!

PETER created a commotion in the steady village before he had been there a week. The squire was forced to introduce him to the leading citizens of the town, and to them he made known, in loud, important tones, the object of his presence among them;

insisting, with the earnestness of a privileged friend, that as there was a lady in the business they should give him all the assistance possible. His youthful costume, gay manner, and odd sayings and doings soon made him a favorite, and the squire, to his astonishment, found that instead of covering him with humiliation Peter actually shed a lustre upon him. As a journalist he was the object of many bits of description, as to his past career and present movements, in the Clayburg *Independent*. He tickled the imaginations of the towns-people occasionally with spicy articles on the metropolis, and his conviviality so far surpassed the highest reaches of the village celebrities that he became at once their leader. This happy state of affairs having been built up, Peter proceeded, with his usual contrariety, to pull it down.

"I wish you would be more careful in speaking of your errand to these towns-people," Ruth said to him one day. "I am not at all pleased at the manner in which every one speaks of it."

"It's the paper," said Peter in apology. "He's a brother-journalist, d'ye see, an' I must tell him all, of course, an' he hasn't the sense to keep it out of print. I can't help it. An' we're no nearer to findin' Paul than we were a week ago. Ye're gettin' thin, poor girl! wid the long waitin'. But cheer up! Meet sorrow wid a smile, an' never give in. We'll find him yet."

"I do not think there is any need of searching for him longer," said Ruth. "If he is in this county I can wait until he discovers himself, and if you would accept a small gratuity for your services and go away you would oblige me very much."

"Would I, indeed!" said Peter, throwing a regretful glance at his summer costume. He could never wear it in New York, and he had counted on wearing it out in Clayburg. "Ye're plain enough in yer hints. Well, if ye say so, of course I must go, girl."

"Thank you." And she promptly handed him a roll of bills. "Please go as soon as you can."

He went out on the veranda and stood moodily surveying his money, more and more dissatisfied with the idea of leaving. "'Please go as soon as you can,' hey!" he muttered as he started for the town. "It's easy to dismiss an old friend when his usefulness is over. But ye're not done with him just yet, me girl."

This fact both Ruth and her father discovered a few hours later as they sat on the veranda talking. A short, stout figure came hastily down the road.

"It's Carter," said the squire; "what's bringing him back so early?"

Ruth looked up in apprehension. Every movement and mention of Peter caused her intolerable dread and shame. The journalist was somewhat excited as he hurried into the garden and took a seat beside them, his handkerchief to his face, his eyes sullen, and his under-lip hanging.

"Pretty warm," said the squire, surveying him sharply.

"I believe you are the father of this girl," said Peter, turning upon him suddenly. "Punish her, then, or I will. She ordered me away out of this to day—me, a guest, and a gentleman that's used to the best society; told me to go as soon as I could, and the quicker the better."

"She had good reason for it," said the squire, while Ruth, with a burning face, withdrew; "and, to judge from your appearance now, I say the quicker the better, too. You're tipsy, Carter."

"Ay, am I, an' on me own money," said Peter bitterly; "money honestly earned. An' I'll have ye to know, Pendleton, that I'm not to be spoken to that way by you nor your daughter."

"You're a fraud," said the squire contemptuously, "a stale fool; staler—"

Peter bounced from his chair in a fury and made a sudden pass at the squire, who drew back and allowed him to describe his length on the veranda. Then he stood in defensive attitude waiting for the climax, but Peter came slowly to a sitting posture, drew out his handkerchief, and, raising his voice, wept. The squire was struck with consternation.

"Ye have bethrayed me!" sobbed Peter, digging his fists into his streaming eyes. "Ye were the friend of me bosom, but ye have bethrayed me, an old man who would have died in your defence. I came to your house as a gentleman, expecting the same treatment I gave ye in New York; an' what have I met with? Insult, outrage, violence! Pendleton, I forgive ye, but we part for ever. Allow me even in goin' to show you the regard I have for you. Accept a ticket for the lecture I am to deliver at the town-hall on Wednesday evening. Adieu. You are ingrates, you an' your daughter. I despise ye!"

He walked slowly down to the gate, leaving the squire standing statue-like with the ticket in his hand. It might have been that Peter expected a recall and hasty apology from the squire and an immediate restoration to favor, for he stopped at the gate a moment, looked back doubtfully, and then began to return.

"Keep right on!" shouted the squire suddenly; "don't let anything detain you. I am glad to be rid of you."

"Well, ye're the funny b'y," said Peter in his gayest tones, as he mounted the steps. "Sure ye might know I was only foolin'. It's me way, squire, an' for the sake of old times ye'll overlook it, an' we'll sail on together through bright an' stormy weather, meetin' sorrow wid a smile, an' keepin'—"

"Not a bit of it," replied the squire, looking down the road to see a carriage which had just come into view. "I tell you, you're played out, Peter, and you must go. Seems to me I know the person in that team. Good gosh! it's Florian; yes—no—but it is. Here, Ruth, come down; it is Flory himself."

The carriage, which stopped at the gate, really contained the handsome form of the distinguished politician, and Pendleton tossed Peter aside like a toy as he rushed down to welcome him.

"I have little time to stay," said Florian hurriedly. "I must see Ruth at once."

"Ah!" cried the squire, as a flash of the old hope lit up his eyes. "She's here. Come right in, Flory."

Peter moved haughtily down the walk without looking at either, and took the direction of the village.

"Is not that—" Florian began.

"Carter? Yes," broke in the nervous squire, "and I have just kicked him out. Is it anything important you have to say to Ruth?"

"She herself is the best judge," replied Florian, in a tone which set the old man's heart bounding. "Send her to the parlor, and do not keep me waiting."

But Ruth was already there with her papers in her pocket, and when they were alone, and she was sure of no one being in their neighborhood, she told him of the circumstances which had led up to his mother's confession, and placed it and the papers in his hands. She thought he received the astonishing news very coldly.

"I knew of this matter before, but there was nothing certain, no proof. These"—after a glance at the papers—"are of immense value. You will still keep this a secret, and if you will come with me now we shall go at once to my mother and obtain a piece of information almost as necessary as these papers. How can I thank you sufficiently for the prudence with which you have acted? I shall never forget it."

When they came to the hall again the squire was talking with a wild-eyed boy who brought the news that Mrs. Winifred was dying.

"No time to lose, Flory," said the squire, as he studied Ruth's face for some indication of his hopes. She and Florian drove away in the carriage, while Pendleton followed briskly on foot. Mrs. Winifred was in her last agony as they entered the room, where Billy knelt praying with Sara. Père Rougevin was reciting aloud the prayers for the dying. Mrs. Winifred was unable to speak, but her eyes showed the joy she felt on seeing him.

"You will be kind enough to leave us alone for a moment," said Florian. "I have something to say to my mother. Ruth, you will remain."

All left the room in some surprise, and Sara looked at Ruth significantly. Florian took Mrs. Winifred's hand.

"I received your letters, mother," said he. "But I must know one more thing. Tell me, is my father living?"

She hesitated, and then signified "yes" with a motion of her head.

"I must find him," he continued. "These papers are almost worthless unless I find him. Is he in the neighborhood?"

She would not answer, and it seemed cruel to urge her.

"Do you try, Ruth," said he earnestly. "So much depends on it. It must be discovered from her."

Then the dying woman shook her head determinedly.

"She will not tell," said Ruth. "There is no need of trying."

And although he persisted, Mrs. Winifred was silent until the death-mist rose in her eyes.

"Remember you have your father yet," said Ruth gently. "He may know, he must know, something about it."

Mrs. Winifred lived but a few minutes longer, and died as a good woman dies who has suffered much in a meek way. She was buried beside Linda, and Billy was offered the choice of a residence with his daughter or his reputed son. Clayburg he could not leave, and Sara it was impossible for him to more than tolerate; and when Pendleton invited him to take up his quarters with him the lonely man accepted eagerly. He knew nothing, however, of Florian's father, save that his son resembled him, and Florian was compelled to give up in despair.

"Yet something must be done," he told Ruth, "for the case is incomplete without evidence of his death."

She thought Père Rougevin might know something, he had so mysteriously interfered of late, but such a coldness had risen between him and Florian that she did not care to mention this to him.

"He is probably dead," said she. "You will be a great man in Russia when you have taken possession of your title, and Miss Lynch's fate is an enviable one. I pity your destiny, though, and the awful Russian tongue to learn."

"I shall never see Russia," he replied, "unless in travelling through it. I shall not even wear my title, but, like Esau, barter my birthright and take a good mess of golden pottage."

"You are a true American," she said proudly, taken by surprise, "and I honor you for so noble a resolution."

He did not think it necessary to tell her that it would be death to himself even to attempt to gain his own, and that he was but making a virtue of necessity in accepting the mess of pottage.

"I shall never be able to express to you my gratitude for all you have done," he said, as he rose to depart.

"Thank you," said Ruth simply. He looked at her for a moment undecided, for the old affection had its dying forces, and then he turned quickly and left her, lest its power should master him. The squire bade him farewell with anxious eye.

"I thought mebbe—" he began awkwardly.

"Don't think any more of such nonsense," said Florian. "I am to be married within the year to the best woman in New York. I wish to see you at the wedding, squire, and Ruth too."

"Jes' as you say," muttered Pendleton, feebly clasping his hand.

When Florian returned to New York he continued to keep his own counsel regarding late events and to study up a line of action. His was an eminently practical mind. He thought less of his title and his ancestry than of the gold they represented. The idea of donning his princely name and settling down in Russia entered his mind only to be ridiculed. He would not do such a thing even were it at all feasible; with assassination threatening it would be the highest folly. His chief difficulty was the mess of pottage. If he could get a half-million! It was a large sum—half of it was a large sum—but one serious circumstance threatened to diminish and perhaps destroy it. His father was, perhaps, still living, and no plans that he could think of safely bridged that difficulty. The prince would not risk his money on a chance, nor would he himself care to act so freely with what was only presumptively his own. His mood was preoccupied while he pondered these things, and Frances noticed it.

"There is something on your mind," said she. "You are

looking so troubled. You do not tell me what it is, when I should know."

"Indeed!" rather sarcastically. "And then we would have two troubled faces instead of one."

"Misery loves company, particularly of a cheerful kind, and I can make light of your heart-aches, and so soothe them to sleep, at least."

"It would take a heavier draught than you can give," he said, smiling, "to set my care sleeping. But it is not of much consequence, and you shall know it, perhaps, when we can both laugh at it. I can't do any laughing now."

"You have never laughed much in your lifetime, Florian," said she. "But I mean to change that disposition. You must tell me more about yourself, though. Do you know, you seem almost as grand and distant now as you did before. Whose fault is it?"

"Mine, I fear; but I promise amendment."

"No, let me break you off it in my own way. First I shall use your own testimony to show you how ridiculous it is that you do not laugh more and think less. Why are you deficient in humor?"

"There is in this world so little to waken a sense of fun."

"That depends on the view you take of the world. Is it not funny to fancy a huge ball swinging wildly through space, with millions of tiny beings clinging to it for dear life, yet eating, drinking, marrying, killing, as if there were no danger of falling off?"

"To me it is a melancholy exhibition of man's weakness. He can never rise above himself or above this little world."

"Do you not think it funny to see those tiny beings, whose destinies are immortal, acting as if they were mortal, just as if a man worth millions should starve himself, or *vice versâ?*"

"How can I think laughable what leads to so much misery?"

"Laugh at the incongruity, as we laugh at a man whose feet turn in."

"Now let me question in turn—"

"Pardon me, but I have not yet done with you, Florian. Is it not funny to see a man, with ambitions which never can be realized, acting as if he could obtain them, and quite aware that he can do so only by surrendering his very soul?"

"Ah!" thought Florian, "the cunning witch is beginning the process of conversion already. Well, madam," said he, "if you are showing me the comic side of life you choose mournful in-

stances. I could never laugh at them. They are the very things which give me pain."

"Do they pain you?" she said, while her eyes threatened a shower. "That is something." But Florian jumped up before she could say another word, and pleaded an engagement which called him away immediately. He remembered Barbara's prophecy that when a woman would attempt to subdue him with tears, then would come his greatest humiliation.

After many days of weary thinking he had come to no conclusion in regard to his manner of procedure with the count. That gentleman had of late been sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of dissipation, and, in spite of the care which he took of his health, found it hard to eat and drink and be merry always. Florian did not care to tell him at once of his late discovery. If his father were alive it became necessary to produce him. If he were dead his death must be well proven before the Prince of Cracow would part with his gold to the prince's son. And Florian so needed the money that he could not think of the dread possibility of waiting for it another year. The convention of the next summer was to nominate a candidate for governor, and he was determined to try for the nomination; but he needed gold to soften the bigotry of his own party and to gild his Catholicity out of sight. Here was his only chance to obtain it. Ambition's fever was eating him up, and his moral perceptions, long blunted, seemed losing their edge entirely. He allowed the autumn and winter to slip away without doing more than to set a very commonplace detective on his father's track. Nothing, of course, was discovered concerning him.

His only confidant in business matters was Mrs. Merrion, whom he had not yet made aware of his change of fortune. He called on her one afternoon when twilight was drawing near and visitors and admirers were sure to be put aside. She had a new doubt of conscience for him to solve. Her conscience always troubled her now that she was a Catholic. "Father Baretti told me to-day"—she affected foreign clergymen—"I had been speaking to him of some dear gentleman friends of mine—"

"The count, for instance," Florian interrupted with bitterness.

"The poor count!" she said. "He is such a harmless creature, and will die soon. Well, I had been speaking of them, and he told me I was altogether too gracious with them. And these men are so little to be trusted."

"How coolly he traduced his own!" said he.

"Well," she replied, "I really think they are sometimes a little—just a little—unscrupulous."

"Singly, perhaps, but not in such quantities as you have them. You counteract bad effects by variety. My pathetic advices can be enlivened by a sprinkle of the count's wit and rendered very harmless by an infusion of Merrion's dulness. And as many other compounds as you please can be made with the help of your numerous admirers."

"You have a testy disposition to-night! Presently I shall have you in a rage. You are spoiling our conference, and I have not told you all Father Baretti—"

"God help him," groaned Florian, "if he has to listen to the tales of women! I know a tithe of what his sufferings must be."

"But let me tell you—"

"No, no," he cried impatiently, "not a word. But let me tell you what I come to say. Look at me as I walk up and down this room, as I have walked many a time. Would you take me for a Russian prince of royal blood?"

"I would take you for czar," she said with enthusiasm.

"Well," said he, standing before her smilingly, "if you ask the count he will tell you that he does not believe I am plain Florian Wallace. He will swear almost that I am Prince Florian of Cracow, the heir to a noble title and estate, whom he has been commissioned to find in this country. For want of proof he has not been able to do it. But I have the proofs now. My supposed mother gave them to me on her death-bed, and I am at this moment truly the Prince Florian. Is it not a romance?"

She did not answer for a moment, but sat staring into his earnest face. His strange words carried conviction with them, but they caused her such astonishment and bitter disappointment that her first expression was a half-stifled sob. He looked at her curiously.

"I suppose," said she, "that I am the first person on this continent to whom such a story was ever told. I do not know what to say. I cannot congratulate you. Pray tell me all from the beginning."

He obeyed, and she listened with shining eyes.

"Oh! what a happy destiny," she cried; "what a future for your wife! How we missed it that we thought so little of you in Clayburg! What a bitter punishment for us!"

"Ay, indeed," he sighed, "what a bitter punishment!"

"Ruth will be sorry enough now that she threw you aside."

"Not at all," said he moodily; "she it was that first heard

the story and got me the proofs. Unless she be a skilful actress there was not one whit of regret in her manner. If there had been—"

He growled the rest of the sentence to himself.

"If there had been," she continued maliciously and bitterly, "somebody would be left out in the cold."

A burning flush spread over his face.

"You see how I estimate you," she said archly, "and you cannot get offended at the truth."

"I have not the title yet. I came to you to help me in getting it. Here is the point we are to discuss. I am not going to Russia nor to wear my title. I am going to sell my right to it and remain in America."

"You are not going to wear your title! you are going to remain in America! That takes the romance from the story. I don't feel like helping any one that's so foolish as to do that."

"It is not so very foolish. I am to run for the governorship of this State, and, if I have money enough, I shall get the place. Which would you prefer, the governor or the prince?"

"The governor, by all means," said she promptly, seeing that such was his inclination.

"But my father, who has first claim, is living. I cannot sell while he is known to be alive; and if he appears or does not appear, where am I?"

"Say nothing at all to the count about your father, but act as if he were dead. Probably he is, and will never disturb you."

He walked the room in thought. The twilight had deepened into darkness and the street-lamps outside were shining on the wintry night. Her advice had occurred to him already, but he did not like to whisper its dishonesty to himself.

"I will think about it," he said; "it's a nice point to decide."

"And naughty," said Barbara cheerfully; "but it is the only thing to do, and you ought to do it immediately, if you expect to have the money in time for the convention. You are attempting high flights, Florian."

"It will not be my last, if it succeeds. If it does not I shall come down with a crippled wing."

"Prince Florian," said she, half to herself, "I fear me you will get the crippled wing. In some ways you have not the support you should have. Frances is too weak a woman for you."

"I know it," he said calmly, but his face had whitened suddenly and his hands were trembling. "But the one woman fitted to support me is beyond my reach."

"I am not so sure of that. Love and ambition laugh at many things. I know one woman who, if you would dare to take her in spite of many difficulties, would be willing to follow you into hovel or palace. But you are too fearful. You would not dare to do as she would dare."

"Perhaps not," he answered; and then, after a pause, he said in a singularly quiet voice, "Name her, and I swear to you that if she be the woman I think her I shall dare anything."

Barbara very significantly gave him her hand.

Count Vladimir was honored next day with a visit from Florian, who carried a packet in his hands.

"Welcome, my dear friend," said the count; "you are becoming a model fiancé. All your time so exclusively devoted to Miss Lynch that you cannot spare an afternoon to your friends. It is well. Have all the skeletons of the closet laid bare for madame's inspection, and there will be no dread of them after."

"Never mind those trifles, count. I have here some serious business for you. I can now prove to you that I am the only son of the missing prince. Here are some new revelations."

Vladimir could not repress the exclamation of surprise that rose to his lips.

"My mother died in September," said Florian, "and made a confession. She also delivered to me these papers. Now please examine them and tell me what you think of my chances."

The count read the documents slowly and carefully, with an expression of professional distrust on his handsome, wearied face.

"They are very complete," said he, "and I congratulate you on your advancement. You are now a fit object of assassination."

"So I suppose; but as I emphatically decline to accept either the title or Russian citizenship, I hope that danger is averted."

"It would be," said the count slowly, "if you really mean that. But I cannot understand you to mean that you will not attempt—"

"I mean that precisely. I don't want the title, but I am in need of half a million. If my noble relative concludes to buy me off for that sum, he can remain for ever unmolested."

"My dear boy," said the count, delighted, "you relieve me. I shall never have the pain of seeing your stiffened body lying in the morgue. Instead I shall have the pleasure of handing you as much money as I can squeeze out of the prince. There is one

little obstacle. There are no proofs of your father's death, wherefore it is to be presumed that he is alive."

"Do not let that trouble you. My father knows your Russian methods too well ever to bother you. It is I who will receive the trouble, and I am prepared for it. If he makes his appearance, depend on me to manage him. If I do not your noble employer will."

"Is it so?" said the count, with a peculiar smile. "Then consider the work done. And now may I not invite you to the residence this evening? There is to be a special elegance in the appointments, and your new good-fortune will fit you the better if you offer a little tribute to the goddess' favorite game."

"Precisely," laughed Florian, and the reckless ring in his laugh tickled the count's ear pleasantly.

"I have you, my friend," he thought; "you are ready for anything to-day."

"I would advise you," said Florian, "to call in that agent of yours and dismiss him. It is impossible to say what harm he might do through the country, looking for the heir."

"His work is ended. You need not fear him."

"That I never did," said Florian. That very day he began to lay his plans to secure the nomination at the convention, and with the money which he had acquired, the influence he had won, and his name rung to every change by the partisan newspapers, his prospects looked very fair. The story of his life was published far and wide. When it became known that he had preferred his American citizenship to the proud birthright of a Russian prince, his popularity knew no bounds, and papers and people were never tired of calling him Prince Florian and pointing to him as a bright example of American training methods. His religion was not mentioned. It was a question which his party never could handle with perfect freedom, and the opposition never disturbed it unless for campaign purposes. He continued to receive public attention and the loudest praises until the convention prepared to assemble, and his name appeared prominently among the candidates for the nomination.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AMERICAN BOARDING-HOUSE SKETCHES.

(CONCLUDED.)

A CONTRAST to this was my Virginian experience. Virginia is, morally, socially, and technically, "the South"; but the climate and scenery are still Northern, in many parts English. Here at present you hear only of the past; in the country districts you find that life has stood still since the convulsion of the war fifteen years ago. Half the male population has gone West and North to repair their fortunes, or at least relieve their families of additional mouths to feed, and what remains constitutes the forlorn "remnant" characteristic of every crushed community. Here, too, I happened to pass only a winter. The summer still has an air of half-prosperity; strangers from States further south come here for coolness, and those who cannot afford Saratoga can still manage to screw out enough money for White Sulphur Springs. There are "springs" all over the State, and the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry is as well supplied with them as it is scantily supplied with hotels. Of this you have a startling evidence at Harper's Ferry itself, an important junction, even though the Armory of "John Brown" fame exists no longer. The place would support a thoroughly good hotel; the number of hungry passengers (mostly men, for this is the great route to the West) "dumped" every day on this forlorn platform would justify and make profitable at least a good restaurant, while the reality is little better than a disreputable tavern. A rickety house, only an enlarged shanty, serves both as station and hotel; the unpainted floors are carpeted with dirt; the dining-room takes your appetite away; the food, except the shad in its season (spring), is oily and raw; the mulatto behind the bar serves as cook, clerk, and waiter, except when an unusual press of travellers necessitates the help of the single chambermaid, a white woman, in baggy, untidy clothes, and with a scared, hurried, wearied look in her eyes. Up-stairs a few cells serve for bed-rooms, and in the wide, cloister-like passage the plaster is falling off the walls. Only one nook in the house is tolerable—the housekeeper's sanctum up in the attic, where she breeds canary-birds and knits bright worsted antimacassars. The view over the junction of the two brawling torrents, the Potomac and

the Shenandoah, and the abrupt hills on either side covered with thick woods, where the echo of the horn-signals of the canal-boats is heard almost every quarter of an hour, is very beautiful; and so is the road for ten miles on either side of "the Ferry"—fringed with willow, wild peach, red-bud trees which have the peculiarity of the Judas-tree of Italy, the blossoms coming before the leaf, wild cherry, oak, pine, and maple—and the rocky paths running up the hills, carpeted with more varied wild flowers than I know in any temperate climate, except that of the White Mountains. My destination was thirty miles beyond the picturesque, hilly, tumble-down, foreign-looking, pig-invaded hamlet of Harper's Ferry, in the plain or valley of the Shenandoah, with its wall of blue mountains encircling it—the famous Blue Ridge, through whose gaps Daniel Boone first found his way to Kentucky, and where fearful scenes took place in the late war. The woods have disappeared to a great extent, but there are park-like enclosures here and there. The general features of the immediate neighborhood are flatness, richness, and roughness—a tempting country for a Lincolnshire farmer with energetic and improving tendencies; any amount of raw material for agricultural wealth, provided you start with capital enough, say from five hundred pounds upwards, for the land will require care and outlay for at least two years before it will support and enrich you. As to existing improvements, I saw some odd and grandiloquently-described specimens on one or two expeditions to look at farms for sale. The description was a sad satire on the reality. But I was going to describe the local houses of entertainment, and have wandered far from the subject. The town in question is a county town, and had at the time two hotels; my host's establishment has collapsed since, while the original house has risen up again. T——'s Hotel, where I first landed, stood in the main street and was over fifty years old, with an inner courtyard and galleries running round on three sides on every floor—a common arrangement in Southern hotels of the old fashion. All the private houses took boarders at times, and a few regularly. And six weeks of this deplorable existence in a houseful of women, a batch of whose female relations from the country filed in to dinner every other day, making inroads on the "spare-ribs" of pork or mutton, or the couple of chickens which were the alternately standing dish for a household of six or eight, and were never added to when extra guests "happened" to come in just in time, made it desirable to change quarters. True, the change involved some

losses; for if the large, twenty-feet square bed-room was draughty, it contained a magnificent English four-poster nearly seven feet wide, with an old-fashioned English counterpane, and had also a dressing-room, or ante-room, with a centenarian press, half-cupboard, half-desk, filled with vellum-bound books, and a pair of boots, once the property of a lord-lieutenant of colonial days, whose name survives in that of a neighboring county, where his hunting-box remains in a ruinous condition; while the modern chamber which in the railway hotel became the substitute of this room was a slice of space at the end of a passage, which the bed and a coal-stove, with a table two feet wide and a miniature chest of drawers, so effectually filled that, had there not been a small recess just big enough to turn around in, the washing-apparatus would have hardly found room. The building in this case was in nowise typical of the style of boarding common in the country, being a modern, high, unsightly edifice overlooking the railroad station. But the company which succeeded each other reckoned fair specimens of many classes, from the handsome Episcopalian clergyman to the fictitious negro of a "minstrel-troupe." The hotel-keeper was a tall, elderly man of good appearance, a former quartermaster in the Confederate service, with the title of major and a thorough understanding of the "colored" element. He was one of those men of no calling who yet have tried almost every career: he had commanded a Mississippi steamboat and "run" a cotton-plantation; had kept a store and served in one under another man; had tried wholesale business and been cheated by his partner; had married and wandered about in Southern and Western boarding-houses, where he learned by experience what to avoid, and had now set up, a good deal on his father-in-law's money, an exceptionally well-kept hotel. The father-in-law himself cut a strange figure in the house where he lived. His daughter scarcely ever addressed him; his opinion on any matter seemed wholly unimportant; in fact, he seemed "under a cloud" rather than a mere cipher. I never knew his relationship to the host till some small negotiation brought us together and it turned out that he had land to sell and was anxious to dispose of it. It had fallen to him through usurious practices which were his "profession"; the smallest loans and the most penniless debtors were all fish to his net, so that he held half the county in his fingers and numerous plots of "real estate" in mortgage. The shabby-genteel, thin, gray-haired man who sat almost apologetically at the family table and was scarcely attended to by the waiters was, in fact,

chief owner of the house. The only other permanent boarder was a young lawyer, handsome, sullen, and silent, with hardly a dollar, and a vague expectation of "dead men's shoes," lazy enough for a "man about town," and clever enough to earn a respectable living if he chose. At regular intervals came a wine-grower from a town of some energy and importance thirty miles away—a small, wiry, nervous man, who ate as fast as if for a wager and jerked out his words like corks from a bottle. An English land-agent; a Presbyterian minister "on trial"; a Catholic priest invited by one of the guests; a Washington official who drank himself so ill in one night's sitting as to require a dose of morphine injected into his arm the next morning; a country couple in outrageously bright colors and with voices as hearty as their appetite; a young local "exquisite" of tremendous ancestry and Belgravian manners; "horsy" Baltimore men on their way South, but staying to look in at the local annual agricultural show; performers of different kinds, among others a mild, deprecatory man of uncertain age, formerly a "minister," but, his health failing, now a showman, alias "Professor," with a superior kind of magic-lantern, the views consisting of capital scenes from the most famous cities and neighborhoods in Europe; and a noisy gang of vulgar "Ethiopians," at whom none laughed more heartily than the genuine negroes—these were a few of our occasional fellow-guests. One day we noticed the absence of the "steward," as the head-waiter liked to be called (the servants were all colored), and were told that he and another of the men had had a difference, and, the former being terribly passionate, there had been knife-drawing and bloodshed. He had been dismissed, and some of the boarders looked alarmed and wondered how the landlord had dared play so dangerous a game with a servant of this formidable kind; but the "major" was cool as ice, and looked as unconcerned as if he had only dismissed a scolding wench. It was not long before the man begged to be employed again; and after some formalities, such as respective threats and promises, he was reinstated as if nothing had happened. Another time the master caught two of the waiters fighting in the "office," and summarily put a stop to it by breaking his cane on their backs, which they did not resent, but seemed to think a very efficient and natural mode of quieting them. These murderously-inclined waiters were merry fellows and capital company, combining the fawning, affectionate familiarity of an Italian servant with the drollery and sprightliness of an Irish one. One of them, the "boots" and general man-of-all-

work, was a "shining light" in the Methodist church, and delighted to sing the queer, plain-spoken hymns of his African co-religionists, the refrain of one of which ran thus:

"Shall we know, shall we know John the Baptist?"

i.e., shall we know him when we meet him on "the beautiful shore"? He was an orator, too, though he did not scruple to borrow eloquence ready made on moral and patriotic subjects for the monthly gathering of his club; and though he would take anything you gave him, and even ask you for whatever took his fancy in the shape of a coat, a cravat, a pair of boots, he could also borrow money of you in the most solemn, business-like, and man-and-brother style.

There were negro customers, too, at the "bar," and some who coined tales of sickness and distress at home to touch the major's heart and obtain some whiskey without paying for it; but though they succeeded in the latter design, they failed in the former, and thus helped the major to get rid of some of his most fiery and nondescript stuff, as well as to win a reputation for contemptuous kindliness. Outside the house, on the bench where "loafers" congregated on fine days, was another "character"—a white man seldom sober, a cripple, who had "written" a book and bore the title of "The Captain." He would tell his story to any new-comer for a drink, and sell his book for five cents. A lawyer in the town had had the making of the latter, and in its manufacture had hoaxed the author (who could neither read nor write, and was a waif from his infancy) almost as much as the public. Marvellous adventures were recorded in it; feats of valor, of trickery, and of cowardice were chronicled in sublime indifference, with equal gusto and unconsciousness. Of course since the war, through which he had gone—as a horse-stealer, if it can be said that he had stuck to any *one* profession—his wooden leg was studiously referred to the effects of a cannon-ball in the thick of a fight. Down the street, before this knot of loungers, rode sometimes an old man over eighty, in clumsy clothes, and his feet hidden in the huge slipper-stirrups common in the South, the counterpart of those we see in pictures of Cavaliers and Roundheads. This veteran had seen the war of 1812, and lived to lose his all in the civil war of 1860–4. An old lady, younger than he, but still old enough to have been a "belle," both as maiden and widow, in the days when the White House at Washington had its shadow of a "court," occasionally came to the hotel to vary her scanty home-cooked meals.

Money and youth were gone, a law-suit hung over her, and straitened means forced her into this dull retreat; but she had paint and coquetry still at her beck and call, and now and then the excitement of a little bottle of something stronger than the jerky wine-grocer's vintage. Sheep-drivers, in big boots and blouses, stayed to dinner now and then, their long whips laid beside their chairs, and their forks seldom lifted from beside their plates. And as the summer came on a polished family of travellers from a Southern city stayed two or three nights, and, such is the contagion of Bohemianism, made at least one of their neighbors excessively uncomfortable by their dainty ways, talk, and costume. Not that the usual company at the family table was rough, for the hostess was agreeable and well informed, thoroughly sensible, and nearly pretty. The beauty of the family, however, had already centred in the two little daughters of the landlord—children with glorious black eyes and genuine waxen complexions, the *beau-idéal* of "creole" loveliness. The precocious younglings, however, had nothing of the West Indian about them but the surface, for more worldly-wise little dames never existed, nor more active and mischievous, disconcerting, and bewitching little monkeys. If this scrimmage of hotel-life, this comparative freedom from petty observation, and this varied and abundant table, equal to anything in the large cities, was not a fair representative of the real boarding-house element of this dull and dignified neighborhood, it yet offered a wider variety of personal types than a short stay would have afforded in one of the ancient, cool, secluded mansions where the meagre income was eked out by taking boarders. These houses were all more or less of the kind I lived in for the first six weeks, though generally better provided in the matter of food; they were pleasant, with wide halls, old furniture, family portraits, and prim old maids mildly discussing domestic problems as they sat, knitting or darning in hand—courteous, stiff, and thoroughly true, sensitive and child-like, curious as to English fashions and doings, very jealous of their privileges as English descendants from old families, and, above all, mortal enemies of "Yankees." The want of variety in these eminently respectable houses, and the general atmosphere of plaintiveness which is almost synonymous with good breeding, and which the frank republicanism and rather blunt manner of a young Englishwoman shocked considerably more than they would have done any circle of English society—for there are cases of out-Heroding Herod—would have seriously counterbalanced the advantage of studying one type

thoroughly, while the hotel afforded opportunities of observing many of the local human peculiarities loftily ignored by the aristocracy of the town.

To be settled for more than eighteen months in one boarding-house, and live familiarly with the small nucleus of cultivated, unaffected, and pleasant people round which gathered a floating population of "boarders" pure and simple, is almost like making a home; but even under these circumstances curious traits and half-sketched romances cropped up now and then. One summer a young couple with a child, nurse, and the wife's grandmother took half the house for a month "of sea-air and change." The old lady was of the quiet New York society which strangers somehow invariably miss seeing in that city of millionaires and *parvenus;* the young wife excellent material for the same type, as years would ripen and mellow her, and the husband a copy of the English "swells" of large means and good position, as good-natured as he was empty-headed, and interested in nothing but racing and shooting. His coat and cravat were English; his shirt, with foxes' heads, English; his splendid mail-phaeton and pair of horses English. A wonderful, masculine, terrifying old maid, who called a spade a spade, and was fastidious to the point of perverseness and outspoken to the point of coarseness—though possessed of at least a dozen well-authenticated ancestors—made another of the "family." She was supposed to be under the spiritual direction of a famous Presbyterian divine, who had set her, among other things, to visiting hospitals and reading the Bible to the sick. Her generosity was equal to her bluntness; there was nothing she hated like pretence—a rough diamond in every sense, but wanting in one of the essentials of her sex: womanliness. A fat, good-tempered nurse (in charge of two sickly children) dined in the kitchen with "Bridget" and held theological discussions with her, which were sometimes audible through the open doors of the "elevator." On one occasion Bridget, being severely lectured upon her non-attendance at church, blurted out, "I don't like to hear a woman talk so much. *I* like to hear a *man*," whereupon nurse retorted, "Well, you're the ignorantest person!" Besides these strangers and the three permanent boarders there was a friend of the mistress of the house, with a couple of small, brown, delightful grandsons, one of whom was sufficiently advanced to pass a not inappropriate judgment on the local Baptist preacher, whose chapel he once went to with his mulatto nurse. His funny, demure little brother said "he spoke too loud," whereupon he, with the wis-

dom of seven years correcting five, answered, "He is a Son of Thunder." His grandmother asked him what he meant. "Why, Boanerges, you know," he said, and showed her his last Sunday-school lesson.

Into this respectable household was soon introduced an alien and exciting element.

One day a pony-carriage, very prettily appointed, drove up to the door, and a lady with a suspiciously exuberant bonnet got out, handing the reins to a fashionably-dressed man who sat beside her. She was voluble and airy in her manner; said she wanted a room for six weeks or so until her wedding, which was to take place at New York at a fashionable church, whose rector she named as her reference, and requested that Mr. R——, her *fiancé*, should have a bed in the house every Saturday night, as he usually spent Sunday with her. There was no room unoccupied, the mistress answered; for herself she could have one in a week. "Oh!" said the stranger, "that is of no consequence; he used to sleep on the parlor sofa where I boarded before, and he would not object to doing so again." The lady of the house, however, *did* object, which seemed to strike the other with astonishment; but, having arranged to take a room, and lodge her ponies and her intended at the inn in the village, she gave another reference at a huge sea-side hotel two miles off, and, embracing the bewildered hostess, departed with a flourish. A week after that she took possession of her room, bringing an unusual quantity of baggage. Her hotel friend had answered the inquiries politely but vaguely, saying the lady in question was the widow of a merchant and in easy circumstances; he had not known her very long. She herself was very communicative, but the details were distractingly hard to fit together. She was the daughter of a Louisiana sugar-planter; she had been brought up in a convent in Canada (she could not speak French, and her English was ungrammatical and colloquial to a shocking degree); her husband had been the son of a great London jeweller, who had since adopted *her* son, a boy of fourteen; she owned saw-mills in the Southwest; she had lived several years in Paris, etc. Her manners were free and easy, and her toilets nearly as rich as Worth's. Her chief friend and admiring confidant in the house was the before-mentioned nurse. Mr. R—— accompanied her on her arrival and stayed to tea. He called himself a broker, but looked more like a smart groom; his language, however, was more correct than the widow's. As he walked up the street he used to swing his light cane like a circus-whip, and his rings

and watch-chain were conspicuous. One night the pair sat up till midnight in the parlor, and next morning at breakfast the lady, looking agitated and *défaite*, asked the company in general what they thought of a man who wanted his wife's money made over to him before the marriage. No one but the clergyman replied, but we saw how reluctant he was to speak out, and how he tried to get over the topic with generalities. She got terribly excited and poured out wonderful theories, with hysterical vehemence, vowing Mr. R—— should not marry her for her money. A day or two after she engaged a land-agent to take her over a house she thought of buying, the owner having recently failed. He was at home and received her like a gentleman, as he was. One of the peculiarities of the house, which was small, was the value and beauty of the woodwork, whether in floors, dados, wainscoting, or bannisters; but on this being pointed out she turned sharp round and bade her host "not try to fool her, for as sure as she found out he had told her one untruth she would break her bargain with him: she was a good judge of timber herself and had plenty of experience, and she did not need his *puffs*." Before she left the house she contrived to tell the owner roundly that he ought to be ashamed of himself for having lost the property, which, she had discovered, was mainly bought and improved with his wife's money; if *she* had been his wife it would have been very different. All this she frankly recounted at the table when she came home, and on some one asking her if she would let her husband starve had she been in Mrs. S——'s place, she answered energetically: "If he had made ducks and drakes of his own money she'd turn him out of any house that was *her* own; she would be involved in no man's ruin." We all pitied the future bridegroom, though, indeed, he looked well able to look after his own interests. Another day some one started the subject of machinery in an idle way, as listless guests do when waiting for the somewhat tardy "second course," and the widow suddenly launched out in an able, technical, and interesting description of an invention for heating street-cars. It was the first time we had heard her talk intelligently and unaffectedly; strange it should be on a topic on which women are commonly so wholly uninformed! She spoke rapidly, and described, with evident relish, every detail of a complicated arrangement which was beyond the comprehension of most of her listeners; you would have fancied her an enthusiastic young engineer pleading the cause of his first invention. At last, after about six weeks, there was a mysterious collapse; her

visits to New York grew frequent and she spoke airily of familiar intercourse with the Postmaster-General and a business call at the fire-proof building where owners of property hire safes, at enormous rents, for the better keeping of their papers, plate, and other treasures. A second visitor used to accompany her *fiancé*, and she volunteered the information that he was her half-brother and the head of an extensive milk business in New York. Then the engagement was broken and renewed within three days, and finally broken again. There were long discussions in her room between the three, and the clergyman was at last called into council, after which she announced her intention to leave, and, in spite of the hostess' wish that she should wait till the morning, she insisted on going at once by a night train. At this time she did not seem so over-burdened with money as she had been during her stay. We never heard anything more of any of the three actors in this little drama, though our curiosity was naturally on the alert. Such an interlude did not often break the routine of life in this nook of modified and half-dressed rurality, with its pretty cottages and trim villas of well-to-do men, its fashionably-dressed Sunday congregation, its antiquities and Revolutionary memorials, and its very name attesting the respectability and antiquity of its settlement two centuries ago. After this all incidents must seem tame, as no doubt was the reflection that crossed the mind of our Texas friend, a lay delegate to the Episcopal Convention, who, tired of the city hotels, came down to us, well recommended, for a week's quiet. As he pathetically informed a married man of the then party: "It was all very well for him, who had a wife in the house; but for a single man, like himself, it was d— slow. Not a soul to speak to. And what could he do but take enormously long walks into the country, and go to the post-office to see if there was any news from his folks?" He was a tall, well-dressed, quiet-mannered man, a lawyer, and the son of a farmer in good circumstances, evidently the very reverse of a rake; but the society in the house acted so powerfully upon him as to drive him out every night to "old man Hanley's" —the acquaintance who had recommended him to our retreat of the Sleeping Beauty—where he could enjoy unlimited "euchre." He played forty games in succession one night, as he told us next day at breakfast in answer to his hostess' civil and anxious inquiries as to his enjoyment. A convenient telegram recalled him home before the week was over. Besides boarders this house, being the bachelor-clergyman's temporary abode, grew to be a kind of clerical headquarters: the neighboring clergy com-

ing to "conference," missionaries from Utah—that is, Episcopalians settled there over schools and chapels to stem the influence of polygamy and Brigham Young—special preachers on certain occasions, etc., staying there a few hours between two trains, or occasionally a night or two. One day we were threatened with an incursion of school-teachers, for whose accommodation a Methodist minister and the local school inspector were canvassing on the contract principle, and the house was even turned topsy-turvy, so as to make dormitories of each of the large bedrooms; but cheaper places under-bid "our house," and the expected guests did not come. Beggars, tramps, and miscellaneous visitors on business formed another category of the clergyman's official belongings—for instance, eager couples bent on marriage (the State laws are loose enough to allow the validity of any marriage before witnesses and either a magistrate or a minister, without any previous inquiry or formality), one of whom came three successive evenings, having walked four miles with the prospect of the same walk home each time: the third visit proved lucky, and the young people, accompanied by the bride's mother, went home man and wife; a poor family trudging on foot with a wheelbarrow from one wretched temporary home to another, under a hot August sun, and the elderly wife fainting as she sat down in the hall; a man in clerical but shabby dress, calling himself a clergyman, and evidently in a far stage of maudlin intoxication; a charming individual bound for a Sunday-school feast at his own former school, and "got up" in a tight coat and a shirt trimmed profusely with white lace on an embroidered frill, his face shining with soap and good-humor—the latter was always there, though generally invisible, as his calling, that of picking "clams" out of the knee-deep banks of Sound mud in a broiling sun, mostly encrusted his whole person in a sort of brown enamel; and tramps of many species, one of whom, on asking the nervous hostess, with jaunty air, whether she could give him anything to eat, and being offered some slight cold remains of yesterday's dinner, declined in a lofty and careless manner, saying: "No, I don't care for cold *vittels;* I thought may be you might be sitting down to dinner soon, and I could have a square meal"; and another, dressed with some pretence to fashion, but bearing marks about him which the black-and-tan of the establishment evidently smelt as suspicious, who inquired with great pertinacity for the clergyman, declined the offer of the mistress to give a message for him, and, after staring about him as far as the half-opened door would allow him, at last departed with some-

thing that sounded a good deal like a round oath. Half-way down the garden-path, as the dog continued to sniff and snarl at his heels, he turned suddenly and pulled out a revolver, pointing it at his tormentor, whose behavior during the whole interview had been aggravating. "You a—b—c—d—dog!" he cried in a fury, evidently the result of several minutes' self-repression; and only the uselessness of the revenge, and the scream of horror of the dog's helpless owner on the doorstep, made him change his mind and once more pocket his weapon.

Boarding-houses at summer resorts are a separate feature of the system. The owners are mostly farmers or have been so; at any rate, they turn their hands to all other kinds of promiscuous tasks besides keeping the house, which in the winter resolves itself practically to two or three habitable rooms used by the family. Some of these houses, as distinguished from the hotels with their city cooks, city clerks, and over-dressed company, are very large and important, some small and cosey; it is curious, too, how, in spite of the ordinary social-equality rules prevailing on all public travelling routes, certain classes gradually branch off and settle round each house. After a little experience in a White Mountain village, famous for its scenery and its central position as a starting-point, I could tell almost at a glance which house each "boarder" frequented. One of these houses, the pleasantest of all, had gained the exaggerated reputation of a cross between a hospital and an old-maids' asylum. A tale was afloat that one male boarder having imprudently taken up his quarters there, he was carried out next morning in his coffin. The veranda, on cool mornings, was as charming a picture as anything exhibited in a gallery of domestic art; three or four old ladies in snowy caps and quiet gray or black dresses, their knitting, tatting, or embroidery in hand, sat on wide rustic rocking-chairs painted deep red, and a few children played croquet on the patch of grass which did duty as a lawn. Sometimes the host himself, a very old countryman of picturesque appearance, and manners perfectly free from either servility or familiarity, sat laying down the law to the dignified spinsters or grandmothers, telling tales of his youth, when this place was unknown to the fashionable world, or explaining country matters which the old ladies, and often the children, were interested to learn by this easy, lazy method. There was another house just like it next door, and one or two more two miles further up the valley, with a view over twenty miles of wide bottom-land alternately meadow, corn-field, and grove, a mountain-stream running over a bed of

granite boulders, and an amphitheatre of mountains from four thousand to seven thousand feet high. More than half the houses of this neighborhood are boarding-houses, and two or three scattered at wider intervals, built like warehouses or railway-stations, are summer-hotels—an institution as peculiarly transatlantic as the American style of steam and ferry boat. From two to five hundred guests is the number they provide for, and less than seventy cannot keep the house in bare expenses ; a band of musicians is regularly engaged, besides their board and lodging—and sometimes their families' as well—for the two months of July and August ; one house, a few miles from Mount Washington, kept a menagerie of bears, deer, squirrels, musk-rats, raccoons, etc., as specimens of the local fauna ; in all there is a barber, a book-stall, and a stall of Indian curiosities. The hall, parlors, and verandas, or "piazzas," as they are called, are like a Conversationshaus at the German baths, if they are like anything in Europe ; the company so mixed that to distinguish between its elements is like the task of sorting the tangled skeins, as in the old fairy-tale of the hapless maiden and her cruel stepmother ; ultra-dress is the order of the day ; and women with their hair cut short over their foreheads, and heavy jewelry swinging around their necks and heads, walk in a listless, dramatic style up and down the wide, polished staircase, trailing skirts of intricate cut, with a superabundance of trimming. Here and there you see a lady, generally in a plain walking-dress of dark color, with plain linen collar and cuffs and a sensible hat. The pianoforte is always in requisition, and some noise or other going on ; and really the man whom a comic paper describes as a Second-Adventist in readiness to obey the Angel Gabriel's trumpet is not to be blamed if he mistakes this noise for the terrible call of doom. Occasionally there are foreigners among the boarders, but Boston and the East supply the larger proportion of White Mountain visitors, whom the natives regard as a separate order of beings, and whose habits they study as a naturalist observes those of a new specimen. Indeed, some are eccentric enough to be exceptions anywhere—as, for instance, the old Englishwoman of eighty who brought her own mutton with her and insisted on paying so much less on her board in consequence. How she got to the village was never clearly known, as she said she was on her way to the Rocky Mountains and hoped to pass by Niagara Falls ! She was alone, and wore an ancient poke-bonnet, a calico gown, and a large calico reticule, and, on her appearing at the rectory to ask advice and information, began by telling the

clergyman that she was not poor and had not come for relief, as he doubtless supposed, and must have been likely to expect from previous experience of unprotected females. No, she was well off, but she seemed to mistrust all mankind, and was specially indignant with some people in Boston who had recommended her to try the White Mountains in search of fossils. She belonged to the Royal Geological Society, and was travelling for the purpose of collecting fossils. The White Mountains were nothing to her, hardly higher than the Grampians; and as to fossils, there were none. The rector advised her to give up the trip to the Rocky Mountains, the magnitude of which expedition she had evidently not realized before, and gave her a sketch of the route she must follow to reach Niagara. The people to whom she had been recommended in Boston were Congregational ministers, something akin to her home associates, who were chiefly Low Church; but she seemed disposed to distrust advice which must have been careless, to say the least, since it had landed her so far out of her way, and determined now to depend on no one but the Episcopal clergyman, who represented, in her eyes, the vague respectability of the "Established" Church. After a cordial invitation to come and see her at her own place in the south of England, which she seemed to think involved no very great exertion or expense, she left the rector, and next day went to Boston to start afresh on her scientific travels. Several summers in succession a would-be Byron—a melancholy cynic with bare throat and hair cut *à la Byron*, a spiritualist, as far as that creed is compatible with professed atheism, and a more than *blasé* flirt—bored the quiet inmates of one of the larger boarding-houses and fascinated giddy school-girls with his high-pressure verses; some clever enough, though the sentiment was hollow. A fair proportion of questionable women and their admirers, and a very disproportionate majority of hard drinkers, increased the gains of many of the hotel-keepers, while at intervals amid this throng came other summer visitors of a well-known stamp—tramps and gipsies. A caravan of the latter passes through the town every year, and, though they beg unblushingly, especially clothing, tea, and sugar, and steal chickens and fodder where they can, they are seldom impertinent or aggressive. Their breakfast "equipage" will stand comparison with that of many a struggling and stationary householder: the table-cloth, spread on the grass by a hedge, in the meadow where they camped, was snowy and whole; egg-shells were scattered plentifully around, and on the bushes by the brook were hung very

creditable clothes to dry. The caravan consisted of three wagons, one with a pair of horses. The tramp of our own race is often a more dangerous individual; yet even he may be painted blacker than he is. Last year I had an early visitor of this kind, who categorically begged for nothing but a cup of tea. He was an American and spoke very correctly. After sipping the tea he praised its strength, and said: "It is good oolong. I never drink anything but tea, and I know the right flavor." He joined quite naturally in the conversation and accepted a second cup with an ease that was not impudent. On being pressed to take some mince-pie and hard-boiled eggs with him for his luncheon, he said, "There are not many would take the trouble to help folks like me"; and as he was leaving he turned on the doorstep and said: "Well, I'm sorry I can't pay you; for I'm sure a man pays many a fifty cents for his meal at a hotel and gets nothing fit to eat for it, and if I had two dollars I would not think it too much for *you*. Good-morning." The farm-houses along the roads, both those that take boarders and those that do not, are turned into temporary refuges twenty times in the season, either by lost or exhausted pedestrians, or inquisitive explorers bewildered by the absence of sign-posts, thirsty and sometimes hungry travellers, who have missed their regular meals, and people taking shelter from the sudden and almost tropical down-pours frequent in the mountains. It is odd to play the host to strangers, and entertain them, sometimes for hours, without knowing their name; and what various human beings they turn out!—now a voluble, capable widow who has just made the ascent of Mount Washington, and is loud of voice and disagreeably prodigal of laughter; now a publisher, a travelled man of the world, interested in books, engravings, music, antiquities; now a party of young people with an elaborate mountain "get-up" and a regiment of alpenstocks; now a quiet clergyman and his wife, just returned from Montreal, where the skull of Montcalm specially interested them, and on their way to Ticonderoga—for the husband's bias is towards the investigation of national landmarks; he wears a coat and waistcoat of almost Catholic clerical cut, and speaks with an odd foreign accent, but turns out to be a Southerner and the "principal" of a well-known girls' school; the wife is silent, handsome, and young enough to be his daughter. All through the summer one hears of tempests in a teacup through the bickerings of the ladies at the various houses. The idleness and frivolity of two months cut adrift from the rest of the wholesomely-filled domestic year are enough to account for it,

but it is odd that "going into the country" should suggest to the majority of the "boarder" population no better employment or amusement than lounging and gossiping on the piazza, or getting up evening entertainments, readings, concerts, theatricals, "sheet-and-pillowcase" dances or masquerades, and other such things to kill time, which, if they succeed in this purpose, certainly do anything but kill jealousies, rivalries, breaches of social peace and sometimes even of social decorum. The long day-expeditions for which a party of ten or twelve club together, and the men's pedestrian tours, are a better feature; but in the former case some of the party are sure to make themselves absurd by blowing horns and swinging paper lanterns on their return in the dusk of the evening, while others of tastes and education still more questionable, but therefore more pardonable, think nothing "better fun" than a moonlight "ride" in a hay-cart, the party sitting in each other's pockets on a carpet of hay or straw, and seldom keeping their lungs unused for five minutes together.

Country people often wonder, with reason, at the rowdiness and unmannerliness of certain among the boarders, and their assumption that politeness is out of place on a holiday. For instance, staring over the garden-fence into your parlor-windows, and helping one's self to boards out of your stable-yard; sitting on your doorstep, or even your rustic seats, without "by your leave or with your leave," and even taking up your newspaper, if you happen to have left it within reach, are but small items in the catalogue of careless impertinence of summer tourists. The place, residents and private dwellings included, is to them the playground they have paid for; and of course "country folk" do not know when some little omission from the social code occurs among the jaunty, well-dressed, full-pursed city-ites. What wonder, then, that such a class should resent the presence among them at table of a quiet mulatto couple, the husband a lawyer and the wife formerly a church-singer? But the spice of the disturbance lay in this—bear in mind that negromania is the watchword and badge, not to say the boast, of the Republican party—that the chairs of these well-bred and unassuming people were first placed at table by the side of a prominent Western "politician" and his wife, the former just appointed by his friend, President Hayes, to an "office" at Washington. The head-waitress, a staid, elderly woman, reminded the politician's wife of this fact in an incidental and apologetic way which, perfectly polite as it was, could not entirely conceal her keen New Eng-

land irony ; but the indignant Westerner ordered her to remove her own chair from the "contaminating" neighborhood, alleging that she could not afford to lose caste like that, and the difficulty was settled by the colored guests dining at the host's little table, where he and his family tried to make amends for the unlady-like behavior of the female politician. The lawyer, however, managed to let it be quietly understood that *he* could not afford to lose caste with his own people by intruding where he was not welcome, whereupon faction Number Two set up his wife as an idol and made her really beautiful voice a pretext for more feeble squabbling with faction Number One—for there are always two camps ready at a moment's notice to take up opposite causes, with no reference whatever to principles. It is really not surprising that men grow misanthropic after a certain age and long to go back to the "Deerslayer" type of civilization. At any rate, boarding-house experience is peculiarly fitted to foster such a frame of mind.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO.

A SONNET.

If the Soul's Life were ended at the grave,
If, in Lethean crypt beneath the dome
Of Gothic-groined cathedral, sage and mome
Were swept to Chaos by the ægre-wave
Of Death, belike—since naught could save
The sleepless Soul from that gaunt gnome
Oblivion—'twere well to foul the home
Where rest the ashes of the pure and brave.

But for thee, whose soul read its future state,
Was it well, O Prince of Gallic Letters!
To toy, at death, with words that made a fête
Of obsequies?—words that th' upsetters
Of Royal Faith misused to desecrate
God's Holy ere thou hadst burst Life's fetters?

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LIFE on shipboard lends itself easily to intimacies. There is little to do but eat, sleep, and read, walk the decks in fair weather, and lounge or play cards below when it is foul. Dr. Norton had, indeed, provided himself with various resources for making the time pass in his usual industrious fashion, but his books remained unopened for the most part, while he gradually abandoned himself to such an engrossing study of the living, healthy subject as he had never made before. There were not many passengers, and Mrs. Lloyd was as willing as himself to keep aloof from the few there were. Their talks were endless, though, after the first day, they never recurred to the subject of the earliest one. It seemed to Norton sometimes, as he reflected on them in his berth at night, that they were fast becoming a sort of monologue in which his own acts, thoughts, and surroundings in the past, and his hopes and ambitions for the future, occupied a space of which he felt rather ashamed when he contrasted it with the very little he knew of his always interested listener. Every line of her supple, graceful figure, every soft curve and vanishing dimple, every flush of varying color in her charming face, grew at once familiar and yet enchantingly new with each new day; but beyond that it seemed to him that he knew nothing.

He had more leisure to reflect upon this fact when the chances of travel separated them during their journey across the desert, and by the time they took ship again at Alexandria he had resolved upon a change of base.

"Talk to me about yourself," he said to her one night when they had lingered on deck long after all other promenaders descended to their staterooms. "Here I go on, day after day, turning myself inside out for your—amusement, I suppose? I certainly cannot hope it is for anything more flattering to me, so long as you make no correspondingly frank response. I blush for my own fatuity when I recall the manner in which I must figure in your eyes. I wonder, if with so much evidence to the contrary, you could ever be induced to believe that I am not

usually—that I never have been before—such an egotistic idiot as I must seem now."

"What can a woman have to tell a man like you? Would you have her own to him how much his youth, his energy, his sex, and, above all, his freedom move her envy? Besides, you must be amusing yourself at my expense now, as you so unjustly accuse me of doing at yours. Did I not give you my history and that of my family within the first half-hour I met you?"

"Who knows a man from reading the dates and names on his tombstone or in his family Bible? He was born here, he married there, he died at such an age. What clue to what he was, to what he thought, enjoyed, and suffered, does all that give? You are like the Sphinx. You tempt to all manner of inquiries, and make one dread that you will answer none."

"I seem to remember that the Sphinx is a stone idol with its head sticking out of the sand somewhere in the desert. My belief about her is that she never answers because she never has anything to say. But what do you want to know about me more than you know already?"

"What do I know, I wonder, except—"

"Except what?"

"Except that you are adorably beautiful, and that while I feel persuaded that I offend you no more than your mirror does by telling you the same story, I don't suppose I give you any greater pleasure."

They were walking aft, and the binnacle-light showed him that she smiled. But what she said was:

"You are quite right. What is the use of beauty to a woman? So far as that goes, your knowledge of me is quite accurate. Can I afford you any further information or corroboration?"

"Yes."

"Go on, then. I am all openness—and emptiness too, I fear, like my wardrobes and presses when I left Hong Kong."

"Tell me, then, why should you envy me either my youth, my sex, or my freedom? Your years must certainly be less than mine."

"I am twenty-seven."

"So much? But I should have remembered how long it is since you came East. But why should you desire freedom, who have power?"

"What power?" she asked, with a little ring of scorn in her

voice. "For women like me there is no such thing as freedom. That is for men, or for women who have no desires, no ambitions, or at least no pride. And if I had neither I can easily imagine myself the slave of my own caprices, as I have been more than once already."

"I was mistaken," Norton said; "you are not the Sphinx: you are an oracle. You answer, but you leave me more in the dark than ever. I wonder"—and he hesitated a little, but then went on boldly—"whether you will tell me why you married?"

"Oh! for various reasons. Because I was a woman; because I was asked; because I was tired of being scolded at home. I married, as you ran away, because my mother was hard to me, and I thought any change must be for the better."

"But not because you loved your husband?"

"No," hesitating also in her turn, "not for that reason. I made the one venture for liberty that a young girl can, and it turned out to be only an exchange of servitudes."

"Then you have never loved?"

"No—yes—I don't know. The oracle is cold and sleepy, and would like to go below."

"But tell me—"

"No; I haven't anything to tell. I don't know what right you have to put such questions, nor why I should answer even if I knew and were able."

"Will you give me the right?" he asked in a voice that shook a little, and laying his hand on hers as she was about withdrawing it from his arm.

"No," she answered, pulling it away and turning to descend the stairs. "I gave that right once. Whoever gets it again will have to conquer it for himself." And she was gone, with a soft laugh that sounded to him like a challenge.

"We talk too much," she said when they met the next day. "I am not used to it and don't think I like it. Suppose you try to improve my mind by a little reading. It has been wofully neglected, I assure you."

"With all my heart. But what can I read you? There is a Bible down in the saloon, I see, but, except a Shakspere, I have nothing with me but medical works."

"Oh! not the Bible. I learned too many chapters of it as a punishment for naughtiness when I was little to have ever thought of it since without a shudder. I suppose we shall have to fall back upon the Shakspere. That will be unbroken ground to me."

"You don't mean it?"

"Why not? Do you know where I have lived? In Montreal and in Hong Kong, and in neither of my homes were books in plenty. I have never even seen a play performed except by amateurs."

"How did you pass your time, then?"

"Do you know that you are very inquisitive? If my baby had lived I think I might have spent some of it in spoiling him; but as he didn't, I fell back on dressing and dining out, scolding my servants, looking at myself in the glass, going to the annual balls, and otherwise performing the duties of an idle woman."

"What sort of man was your husband?"

"He was my husband," she said shortly. "I told you I was tired of talking. Go now and get your book."

She took it out of his hand when he came back, and began turning over its pages, dipping in it here and there, and reading out a line or two as her eyes fell on something that caught her fancy. Finally she handed it back to him open at "Antony and Cleopatra."

"Read me that," she said. "Somebody used once to call me Cleopatra, and I shall be glad to learn the reason why."

"Somebody?"

"What a walking interrogation-point you are! Yes, somebody. You don't know who, and I don't know why."

"Very well, then; but I would hardly have made such a selection, if you had left the choice to me, even though our nearness to Egypt had suggested it."

"Why not?"

"For the same reason that makes me warn you that if you catch an awkward break in the sense now and then, or a line that does not go on all-fours, you are to lay it to my clumsy elocution and not to any defective sense of rhythm or reason in the man who made the play."

"I don't know what you mean; but go on, and afterwards I will borrow the book of you."

He cast a quick glance down the page, and began with Cleopatra's opening speech, reading on without any break through the first scene.

"There!" he said, as he finished it, "you see already why one might call you Cleopatra. You brought these lines to my mind also when I left you after our first talk."

She smiled and leaned over his shoulder to follow them as he drew his finger beneath the passage.

"'Fie, wrangling queen!' I suppose?"

He laughed and went on again, growing more interested as he read, until she stopped him at the close of the second scene of the second act.

"Read that again," she said. "Begin about the barge and go straight on. Why am I not a queen, I wonder, and why does the world grow stupid and goody-goody as it grows older? I don't remember ever reading anything in the *Court Gazette* that made me want to change places with Queen Victoria!"

"Here you are again," he said, stopping as he came to the last words of the scene. "'Age cannot wither you,' either." And he looked up at the glowing face above him.

"How do you know? It has never had a chance as yet."

"It never will. You are youth itself, and vigor, and beauty, which would fail somehow of their end if they went on into decrepitude in the natural course. To be consistent you ought to go down here in mid-seas. Come, let us read no more to-day. The Nile is a muddy stream, and Cæsar and Pompey and Antony, and the Egyptian too, have been rotting for these nineteen centuries. The sun shines here on the Mediterranean this morning, the waters glance and ripple, and you are lovelier than the Serpent of old Nile in the days when she was as young and ignorant as you. I don't want to read you any more of the play. There is nothing else in it that you would find complimentary."

"You are not complimentary yourself in that remark," she answered, rising, though, and taking his arm. "If I am ignorant you should go on reading. I thought you began for the sake of improving my mind."

"Perhaps I think it cannot be improved, or prefer to try a more original if an older method."

From that day onward their relations to each other changed. Whether Norton was consciously acting on the hint she gave him, or whether, as is more probable, the overflow of a first passion took naturally the mould of his imperious temper, his tactics altered, and as his success—a real one in its way—grew increasingly evident to him, it put to sleep the vague, instinctive misgiving that haunted him at first.

"Do you remember," he asked her one day when the voyage was nearly over, "that you either could not or would not answer me when I asked you first whether you had ever loved before?"

"I remember; but you did not ask me whether I had ever loved before, but whether I had ever loved."

"What is the difference?"

"Would you have had me answer that I was just beginning? What right had you to put such a question then?"

Norton was very much in love. He smiled the fatuous, triumphant smile which belongs to men in that condition, and sometimes gives them goose-flesh when they recall it afterwards.

"You started on a search for freedom," he went on; "are you very sure it is your free-will which leads you straightway into another cage?"

"What freedom does a woman care for," she replied, "except that of choosing the place of her captivity with her eyes wide open?"

It was the first week of March when they reached London, and they were married there shortly after, by special license, in one of the city churches. Dr. Norton looked at his wife's name after she had signed it in the register when the rite was over.

"Mary Lawton Lloyd," he read out, and then looked up at her as she stood beside him. Her bouquet lay on the desk, and she was beginning to draw on her gloves again.

"Why do you sign in that way?" he asked. "Is Mary Lawton your baptismal or your maiden name?"

"The latter, of course. For that matter, my mother having been a Baptist, how could you suppose me to have a baptismal name? Why do you ask?"

"Did you ever know a man named Louis Giddings?" he inquired, looking at her intently.

"Louis Giddings?" she repeated in a half-meditative, half-inquiring accent. She bit her lip slightly, and looked down as if to assist her memory, stretching out her hand for her flowers at the same moment. She must have grasped them hard, for a thorn penetrated her soft palm and drew a spurt of blood.

"Oh! look," she cried, "it is dripping all over my dress."

Then, as her husband stanched it with his handkerchief, she went back to his question.

"Was he Bertie Crawford's tutor for one summer?"

"I don't know what he was to Crawford. Was he anything special to you? Did you know him?"

"I knew Bertie Crawford's tutor. In fact," she went on, after a moment's hesitation, "I don't suppose it is fair to tell such things, but he was very much in love with me, poor fellow. It was too late, though, for I was promised already. Why do you inquire?"

"Oh! no matter. Only it must have been he that Crawford had in mind when he spoke of my knowing one of your friends."

No more was said about it at the time, but one day, as the honeymoon was waning, he asked her, apparently *à propos* of nothing:

"Was it Giddings or your husband who called you Cleopatra?"

"Neither; that was some nonsense of my school-girl days, farther back still. What has become of Giddings, by the way? I have never heard anything about him since that summer. Is he a friend of yours?"

"The greatest I have. He was in Italy when I had a letter from him last; but he is a bad correspondent, and that was two years ago. He is probably back in Boston by this time."

"In Boston? That is where we are to live, isn't it? What was he doing in Italy?"

"He went there on his wedding journey."

"He is married, then?" her face dimpling into a smile of satisfaction. "I am glad of that."

"Why?"

"Because I often used to fear that I had hit him very hard, and he had the look, poor fellow! of a person who would not get over such a thing very easily. Some people are like that, they say, but I imagine they are few. I hope he has a charming wife, who has consoled him for it by this time."

"Yes," replied Norton, with a curious lightening of the heart that he was unable to account for, "he is very thoroughly consoled, I assure you. But you must have flirted tremendously with him to have left such a mark that he never even looked at another woman in the way of marriage until long after he heard that you were dead."

"How do you know that?"

"It was I who brought him the news from Crawford. How was it, by the way, that such a passion as he must have had for you did not tempt you to reconsider your engagement? You say you did not love the other?"

"What a strange man you are, Dick!" she said, smiling and offering a caress. "Would you have girls break their word like that? And if I had, where should you and I be now?"

"Why should we go back to America?" she asked him a day or two later. "We are rich enough to enjoy life over here, where everything is so much more interesting. I am an English girl by birth, you know."

"I don't propose to go back just at present. We will see

Europe well together first; but, after that, America is the place for me, and my work more interesting, on the whole, than play. Besides, I have an old father and mother who must be wearing out their hearts for me. I have not been the most filial of sons in the matter of going home often, and of late my conscience begins to give me a warning twinge or two. I am not sure we ought not to take a flying trip over before starting on any more extended travels."

The fall of Sumter, and the call for men which followed it, roused him to a quick determination on that point from which all the soft persuasions of his wife were powerless to move him.

"No," he said in answer to them all, "if we are to have a war with the South I am in for it at once. It won't last long, but it will be hard and heavy while it does, and I want my share of it. I suppose you think this is a case for saying, I have married a wife and cannot come; but console yourself. The part a sawbones plays is not very dangerous at best, but if I manage to make you a widow again you won't, at least, be the widow of a coward. I will take you to my parents, or try to induce them to go at once with you to Boston, where my uncle's house is all ready for us. That will give me the chance to surround them with the comforts their old age stands in need of, and if you find anything lacking to yours you can alter it to suit yourself."

"That is a cheerful prospect for me! Has your mother grown sweeter-tempered in her old age, do you imagine? Besides, I want to go to Montreal and make an effort to recover my own property. If you insist on going to war I will take advantage of your absence to look it up."

Norton frowned. "What is the use of that?" he asked. "As either my wife or my widow you will not need it, and I thought Crawford advised you that it would be useless."

"He was not so positive as that. He said only that it would certainly be difficult, and probably impossible. But it is worth making the effort, as you must know."

"How do you propose to set about it? Do you remember what I told you when you explained your scheme to me?"

"Yes, and I have altered my plans in consequence. I saw at once the force of your objection, and shall adopt the one which you suggested."

"What is your own conviction on the subject?" he asked, sitting down opposite her and taking her two hands in his.

"On what subject?"

"What do you suppose to be the truth as to your mother's

action and her motive for it? Did she believe you dead, or not?"

"How can I judge her motives? As to her belief, I don't see what reason she could have had for it. I told you that at first. She opened and returned my letters, with '*unread*' marked across them, until I stopped writing."

"She must have been a cantankerous old woman—unless you were an extraordinarily obstreperous young one. Which was it?"

"A little of both, perhaps."

Both of them laughed, and then he went on again:

"You wish me to understand, though, that in any action you bring you propose to assume that her belief as to your death was genuine but erroneous?"

"Didn't you tell me that would be the safest theory to work on?"

"Are you aware that you will have to state your whole case to your lawyer—your own belief about the facts, and your reasons for it?"

"Oh! certainly. I shall go to Mr. Rector. Mr. Crawford said he would be the proper person."

"And your means to carry on the case?"

"You will help me, of course."

He threw away her hands with a quick gesture of displeasure or disgust.

"You thought, then, that I would assist my wife to lie in order to recover money? Don't count on me. I have nothing to throw away in a struggle such as that."

"I have some money of my own! And you are very unkind!" breaking into tears. "It is very hard if I am to suffer for another person's lie in that way. I need tell no untruth at all, even to my lawyer. I should only have to show myself in order to convince any unprejudiced person, who did not know my mother as well as I, that she must have been in some explainable error. What business have other people's orphans with money that ought to belong to her own? You are very cruel!"

"Come," he said, relenting and drawing her back to him again, "I admit that your way of looking at it is natural enough. But don't you know that a man's first desire is that his wife's lips should be those of a 'very honest woman,' and one not 'given to lying,' even by implication? And when the man is like me he prefers, also, that his wife should take all she has from him, and not feel herself overburdened or overpaid even then. Why should she, when she has given him all she is?"

"Men are very hard to women," she said, the tears still hanging on her lashes. "We like to give them all we have, as well."

"It is essential to keep up the balance," he answered, laughing; "we must be hard when women are as soft as you. Moreover, for an honest man, or, at all events, for a proud one, no woman has anything but what she is. Put on your bonnet now, and, if you have any final shopping to do, we will drive out and attend to it, and afterwards you may go along with me to take a last look at, and pay for, my instruments before having them sent home. To-morrow must be given to packing up and getting off to Liverpool."

She came and stood beside him next day while he was examining the tools in question, caressing them with eye and hand, feeling their delicate edges, and delighting in them like a child with a new toy.

"How dreadfully bloodthirsty you look!" she said, smiling, and picking up one also; "and what a frightful sum of money to throw away on things of this sort! What is this knife for?"

"That is the surgeon's *vade mecum*, his pocket companion; good for anything, from taking a splinter out of his finger to lancing an abscess."

He took it from her as he spoke, and, drawing from his breast-pocket a similar one cased in a leather sheath, compared the two, trying them alternately on the skin of his fore-finger.

"Don't do that!" she said; "you will draw blood, and I can't bear the sight of it."

He looked up, smiling, and put his left arm about her.

"Do you know how easily I could let out all the hot stream of yours? This is the place, where I feel your heart beating under my fingers. One little thrust, and the thing would be over before you knew it. Shall I?"

"Don't!" she said, drawing back a little from the curved blade which he laid playfully against her corsage. "I hate the thought of death; it makes me shudder. To lie in the ground and rot, and be crawled over by worms! Ugh! Give me the old one, will you? You don't need two."

"Give it to you?" he said, lifting his eyebrows. "What on earth do you want of a lancet?"

"I haven't any."

"Of course you haven't. I'll buy you a penknife, if I can find one warranted not to cut anything less resisting than these rosy nails. Don't you know that the gift of edged tools breaks friendship?"

"Yes; and I know you think children and fools should not be trusted with them," she answered tartly. "It is very tiresome of you to be always saying no when I ask anything in earnest."

"You did not ask that in earnest, surely. An instrument like this is too dangerous a weapon to be put in the hands of an inexperienced person, besides being too useful and too costly to convert into a plaything."

"How careful you are about money!" she said, curling her lip a little. "If you would help me try to get my own I should not be such a costly luxury as you seem to find me."

"Take care!" he answered, his eyes growing sombre under their bent brows. "Don't remind me that there are more ways than one of breaking friendship."

CHAPTER XL.

THE nameless but profound inductive philosopher who formulated the great general law, "women are chancy things," received one convinced adherent in Richard Norton before the brief period of his married life was over. Until it began he had entertained some theories on the sex in general which were, doubtless, sound enough in the main, but had the defect of being necessarily subject to revision under a special rule whose precise equivalent had been thus stated, not long before, by an eminent member of his own profession: "There are no diseases; there are only patients."

His convictions on the subject of marital supremacy and the proper means for attaining it owed a good deal more to the law of heredity, and a good deal less to memory, reflection, and deliberate volition, than he was inclined to suppose; and how they might have worked had the case before him been less complicated, and he had been called to treat questions of temperament and natural predisposition solely, is a matter which need not here be entered into. But in such an event, as he did not lack that essential fulcrum in all moral leverage which is furnished by a strong mutual attachment, the problem would at least have presented some element of uncertainty. As it was, it had none at all. The woman's past, and the future to which it was conducting, formed a net in which both were inextricably entangled, unless issue could be found by cutting its meshes.

She was one of the results of an ill-assorted union in which the woman, then well on toward the close of her third decade,

had married a man several years her junior, against the warnings of her own better judgment and the advice of all her friends. His personal attractions and her own need of loving proved stronger in the end than either. She lived to see her worst forebodings realized where he was concerned, and to suffer more than she had ever dreamed of as possible through the children that she bore him. There were but two, a son and a daughter, separated by a long interval of years, but singularly alike in externals and other inherited characteristics. The father was weak rather than flagrantly vicious. He was a spendthrift who squandered all he was able of his wife's fortune, and a drunkard whose stupid excesses gradually wore out her affection; but he was nothing worse. His children, as they grew up, showed a like proneness to self-indulgence, but intensified by an obstinate strength of will which was their mother's, and which, under the circumstances, was simply an added weakness. The poor woman tried her best to do her duty by her son in the way to which her own childhood had been accustomed, but she could make little headway against the foolish lenience of his father. The boy broke openly through all restraints, and, being hampered by the want of money for his pleasures, took to evil ways, went rapidly from bad to worse, and was sent into penal servitude not long after attaining the age of legal freedom. This blow completed for the father what his own excesses had already begun; and the mother, sick at heart, her pride suffering under a disgrace which none of her blood had known before, gathered together the meagre remnants of what had once been wealth, and left her native land to seek shelter and forgetfulness among strangers.

Her daughter was then a mere child, but old enough to remember the manner of her former life and the petting, caressing ways of both her father and her brother. Already, too, she gave promise of a beauty which, as she grew, attracted a sort of admiration which alarmed the mother. She repeated with her, as one consequence of this alarm, the same course of unintelligent, ill-advised harshness which had alienated her boy's affections; but it was because she knew no better way, and had, besides, some not unfounded reasons for attributing the bad results of it in the first case to her husband's interference. She had suffered greatly, but suffering had neither softened the natural acerbity of her disposition nor taught her the wisdom sometimes gained through sympathy. Her Calvinistic creed, held lightly in her youth, became more real and more binding as the years went by,

perhaps because it seemed to offer some explanation of her failures. She was less perplexed, if not more reconciled, when she reflected that the children who had cost her so many tears and seemingly unavailing prayers were by nature heirs of the devil, born in wrath and subject to iniquity, nay, might even have been preordained from all eternity to promote their Maker's glory as the instruments of her purification and their own damnation. It is an explanation, in its way, and one which many an honest, wrong-headed soul has striven faithfully to live by, but it is one which sealed up for this woman the avenues of gentleness and sympathy, never open thoroughfares at best, through which alone she might have reached her child and moulded her for the better.

Full as she was of evil tendencies, the girl was human, like the rest of us, and had at least the virtues as well as the defects of her qualities. There were not many of either sort, for she was drawn on very simple lines; yet everything is good in its own nature, say common sense and St. Augustine, and becomes evil only by excess, perversion, or privation. Though incapable of lofty or of constant feeling, her passions had the one merit of reality, and swayed her as a reed is swayed by a strong wind. She became a facile liar in the end, but she had no natural cunning. She sinned through one impulse and then covered her traces through another, simply because her pride was, on the whole, most vulnerable on the side of social shame, and her courage yielded to the smart which it inflicted. But she never became an adept in the art of falsifying, not being one of those congenital fabricators who embroider the humblest tissue of fact with arabesques of fiction for the mere artistic pleasure of the thing. She used a lie when she could not attain her end without it, but it was a weapon which hurt her hand, and at which she was a bungler to the end. It was her pride, nevertheless, which revolted from it, and not her conscience. She had never accused herself of sin, though of folly she had repented bitterly and often. To herself she never lied at all—a fact which admits of being judged of differently, according as one regards it from the intellectual or the moral point of view. From the liar's own standpoint it is decidedly disadvantageous, as it is not merely apt to rob him of that air of assured conviction which belongs to the other type, but exposes him to variations in his text, to faults of redundance or poverty of detail, and, in general, puts him at the mercy of his own memory as well as that of his victim.

Her motives in entering upon her present relations were, as

usual, not very complex. She was still young, but she had by this time a thorough, though, for that very reason, a half-scornful, appreciation of the value of her beauty. Judging by its actual results thus far, she had concluded that it could be only one among several means of securing all she wanted. She was more intent than ever on getting what pleasure it contained from life; but events having pretty uniformly shown her that she had been purblind as well as eager in her pursuit of it, a certain worldly wisdom had come to her which did duty as substitute for conscience and the moral sense, and gave a veneer of decorum to a nature which at bottom was unaltered. She was still inwardly at war with the social principle, but she had decided to avoid, as far as she was able, all further struggle with social restrictions, and the purpose of being a good wife according to her lights was one of those she had in mind in accepting Richard Norton. Though she had less reason for surprise, she was not less enraged than she avowed herself at the news she had received from Mr. Crawford at the moment of her departure from Hong Kong, and, as usual, her passion had rendered her short-sighted. Afterwards, as the mists cleared away and the influence she was exerting on the young surgeon became evident, she resolved to profit by it to the utmost and not involve herself in a contest whose possible perils were brought vividly before her by his words. Mrs. Lawton had indeed returned her daughter's only letter endorsed in the manner she had described, but the name of Louis Giddings had also been written across its face. A mislaid or forgotten letter from the deceived but unsuspecting husband, had been found by her among her daughter's papers after her departure, which had opened her eyes with a miserable completeness to the depths of the infamy to which the girl had descended. Torn with pity for both the men, full of disgusted anger at her daughter's conduct, and yet recoiling with invincible loathing from another public disgrace, the mother had ended by obeying neither of her conflicting impulses and remaining entirely passive. The only sign of active displeasure that she showed was the returned letter, which, falling first into the hands of Burton Lloyd, had nourished the suspicions which certain discrepancies in his wife's conduct had already kindled. They poisoned his existence for him, and made hers so intolerable that when he shot himself, after a scene of violent mutual recriminations in which he accused her as the author of all his misfortunes, she felt nothing but relief.

She recalled all these things after having broached the matter

of the will to Dr. Norton, and though she was right in supposing it improbable that her mother could have left any record which would expose her, yet she found she had the burnt child's dread of possible fire. She would dare it if no other escape from poverty presented itself. But meanwhile another seemed opening at her hand. She was not long in doubt, nor long, either, in coming to a conclusion in which, though none but selfish motives entered, they took various shapes. She would marry her new lover and turn over a new leaf. He was young; he was intelligent and rich; he pleased her personally, moreover, even by the half-unconscious airs of mastery, which had for her the charm of masculinity without being in anywise akin to that load of suspicion under which she had groaned with Burton Lloyd. Best of all, they were absolutely new to each other. To begin life afresh with him would be almost a new birth, "a sleep and a forgetting," on her own part, to gain which she felt ready to submit to a good deal of fond restraint of the sort he seemed likely to prescribe. For once she might hope to reckon safely without her host, cut loose from Nemesis, and start untrammelled.

And then came her wedding-day, when a bomb exploded under her feet and tore away all her illusions. The name which had so long been the signal for her tortures to commence reappeared again, as if it had been written once for all in indelible characters upon the walls within which she had enclosed herself. Was she never to escape it? She grew sick of her life in those days, and sometimes felt tempted to throw up the burden of it altogether. She was irritable often, and peevish, and ill-tempered when, out of sheer self-pity, she would have been glad to be gentle and caressing. She was nervous, even—a weakness to which her superb physique had thus far been a stranger. Her instinct told her that this time she faced a real danger. Norton once or twice caught her eyes fastened on him with an expression in which unmistakable personal fascination was blended with fear and entreaty in a way which lent her an additional charm, but set him musing none the less.

"You make me feel like a snake-charmer," he said to her when he observed it for the second time. It meant, perhaps, that she knew he would be merciless, but liked him none the less well for the knowledge.

One expedient after another to avoid or delay exposure suggested itself to her not very fertile mind, but the one which came oftenest, and seemed most likely to succeed if only it could be

put in train, was that of seeing or otherwise opening communication with Louis Giddings before Norton should be able, and appealing to his generosity or his fears. Surely, if, supposing her dead, he had married a woman whom he loved, after guarding their joint secret so jealously as he had evidently done before it, it would be his interest as well as hers to cover up the past, and in that case her future would be assured. But how to manage it? If he, too, proved inexorable and were ready to sacrifice his pride rather than his friend, then there remained flight, with its train of ignominy and open shame. Would not death be better than either? But she hated death with all the vigor of the healthy, unspiritualized human animal, to whom, if it mean nothing more than annihilation and corruption, it means all that is horrible in meaning those.

Things were in this thoroughly uncomfortable condition when the breaking-out of the Civil War, and Norton's invincible determination to go back to America and volunteer, opened for her a new region of conjecture. There were a thousand possibilities in war, both for him and for the other, who might, not improbably, be bitten by the same patriotic fury. They might never meet at all, if only they could be prevented from doing so at the outset. If she could but command for a little while her temper and her fears, and listen only to that one strong prompting which made her like to become in his hands the pliant wax it pleased him best to find her, and to meet which he was himself most yielding, she might yet be able to provide for her own safety. Once or twice, even, when their domestic skies were at their serenest, the daring thought occurred to her of telling him the whole truth at once and accepting its full consequences at his hands. That, indeed, would have been the part of wisdom for her, but she could never quite resolve to take it.

Chance seemed to favor her at first on their arrival in New York, which they reached in the first days of May. Every one who lived through that spring, and was old enough to be aware of its significance, must remember the bustle of warlike preparation going on all over the country, the militia regiments hurrying from the North to the defence of Washington, the forming and drilling of companies in every town and village, and the rage and surprise which were the dominant feelings in the breasts of all Unionists at the mode of forcing conclusions which had been precipitated by the South. But neither the temper nor the resources of either side were yet estimated at their just value, and there were not many at the North to whom the President's first

call for volunteers did not appear amply sufficient for the work on hand. Such, at all events, was Dr. Norton's conviction, and his eagerness to enlist was in almost exact proportion to his belief that there was need for haste if one did not wish to see others carry off all the honors. If it were not entirely so, that was because he was a man whose conscience was more susceptible to the obligations imposed by voluntarily-assumed engagements than to any others. He had a half-acknowledged feeling that his marriage had thus far proved a less satisfactory experiment than he had hoped, but the fact remained that he had a wife, and therefore duties toward her. He could not quite turn his back unceremoniously, as he had done on other claims, and think first and chiefly of his own wishes. He must establish her somewhere, and he admitted to himself that his father's house, where he would have preferred to leave her, might be a more uncomfortable residence than he could in fairness consign her to on the eve of a parting which might be final. Men had fallen on either side already, and he would have to take his chances like the rest. Pending a decision, however, he took her there, leaving New York for the purpose on the evening of the day they entered it. His arrival, and the events which almost immediately followed it, put a new face on things. His own desire had been to attach himself in his professional capacity to one of the newly-forming Massachusetts regiments, the acceptance of his resignation from the navy having reached him while in London. But the painful joy with which his parents greeted him, the exalted, semi-religious fury with which they rejoiced in the war as the scourge which was at once to annihilate slavery and punish those who had winked at its continuance, their willingness to see him depart and bid him God-speed, which asked no sacrifice at his hands but that of spending with them what little time might yet be possible, altered his purpose. His own ardor sprang from no such considerations as these. His zeal was for the Union solely, and yet it pleased him to see the old folks base theirs on still more ideal grounds. He concluded to enlist where he was, and return to Boston only when all was over. But before he could take even the first step toward carrying out this plan his father, enfeebled by age and the stress of conflicting emotions, fell seriously ill, and Richard's experienced eye recognized in the attack some grave but not necessarily fatal complications. The utmost care, the most watchful nursing were imperatively necessary, and the son at once dismissed all other thoughts and devoted himself entirely to the bedside. May was ended and June near

its ides before he could pronounce all danger over. And then, as his parents would not entertain the idea of removal while the future was so unsettled, and his wife was plainly out of her element with them, he yielded to her desire to go back to her old home, where she declared that she still had many friends, until he should call her to rejoin him. He accompanied her to Montreal, settled her in a quiet hotel, and started to go back home and carry out his previously-formed purpose. A copy of the New York *Herald* which he bought in the train diverted him from his purpose. It contained a list of Massachusetts regiments about starting for the seat of war, with the names of officers appended. They were to leave Boston the following night, and Louis Giddings was a captain of volunteers. That yearning for one of the old, familiar talks which men experience who have known real friendship came over him, and he changed his destination.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NUN'S PRAYER.

My God, that I could die and go to Thee!
Years fleet like meteors through the starry dome,
Bringing but peace and joy in this dear home—
Sweet hours of prayer and willing toil to me,
Shedding new beauty o'er Thy world; I see
By turns the Winter's crystal glory; Spring
In youthful freshness; Summer with hot wing
Ripening the stores for Autumn's granary;
Change follows change, all beautiful, for light
Streams from Thy essence pure, as from a sun
With rainbow tints enrobing, gilding all.
And though up from this visible its flight
My soul may take, Thou art not all mine own
Till Death fold o'er these wearied limbs his pall.

And so I fain would die! Not half so sweet
The perfumed breath that floats through monarch's hall—
Not Sabean odors that commingled fall
Adown the waves, and fly with rapture fleet
The distant, sea-worn mariner to greet;

Belovèd—dare I say?—not unto Thee
More sweet the broken wealth outpoured so free
By her whose heart first broke at Thy dear feet,
Than to my soul shall come Thy angel's breath,
Steeping each sense in that celestial air,
As soft he whispers: "Come, the Bridegroom waits!"
Ah! Thou wilt be so near that radiant Death
Shall turn—his sweetness having killed me there—
And THOU wilt bear me through th' eternal gates.

A NEW FRENCH VIEW OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE views of thoughtful foreigners on the developments of the Irish question ought to have a peculiar interest just now. The general election which is to come off next November will probably see a greater change over the face of Anglo-Irish politics than any general election since that which followed the Act of Union, not excepting even the first election after the Reform Act. New constituencies will go to the polls with a new franchise. The Redistribution of Seats Act, introducing into the United Kingdom the single-member-district system in vogue in the United States, is an experiment the result of which all parties look for with exciting uncertainty. The extension of household suffrage to the rural districts of England and Scotland (where it had been extended already to the boroughs) and to the whole of Ireland places the franchise in the hands of an immense class of the population which never cast a vote before; and those political thinkers who are anxious about the dangers of universal suffrage will look with curiosity to the working of this scheme of franchise, which is simply the universal suffrage with but one degree of modification. Independent of these great changes the purely Irish question has been growing in interest and magnitude. Politics in Ireland have in recent years been developing a vigor and at the same time a self-command and sobriety that are without precedent, and that seem to be accounted for by a healthy sense of responsibility becoming daily apparent in Irish public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic. It seems plain that Ireland is on the eve of great political changes of her own quite apart from the social transformation she will share in common with England and Scotland.

So that, from every point of view, the coming electoral struggle in the United Kingdom is pregnant with interest for the historical student.

There is no better way of obtaining light on a vexed political question than by noting its reflection on the mind of a competent foreigner who has made a study of it. He is outside the strife; there are no taints of unsuspected prejudice in his blood; he can take a calmer, less partial, more general, and, commonly speaking, more philosophic survey than one who would write from the theatre of war. And there is no foreign nation whose views upon Ireland have been so intelligent and suggestive as the French. To the Montalemberts, Lacordaires, De Beaumonts, Perrauds, and Thébauds we owe some of the deepest insights, noblest conceptions, and truest criticisms of the Irish genius and character. A current of sympathy and understanding seems ever to have flowed between the two peoples from the time when the Normans became "hibernicis ipsis hiberniores," to the days when the brightest glories of French arms were won by the Irish Brigade, and when, banned by the penal laws of their own country, the levites of the harassed Irish Church found in the colleges of France a welcome and an education. There has ever been a leaven of French ideas, of the ideas of the magnificent intellects of Catholic France, in educated Ireland. Even Irish Protestants are not without a reason for sympathetic regard for this generous nation; for to the Huguenot refugees Dublin owed its far-famed tabinet and poplin manufacture, the north of Ireland its linen trade, and other parts of Ireland many of the industries which were the sources of their pride and wealth in the days of their industrial pre-eminence. It is therefore that a work on modern Ireland by a French writer of repute, announced last month in Paris, has been awaited with something more than curiosity. The book is "The Irish Crisis, from the End of the Eighteenth Century to the Present Time," by Édouard Hervé.*

To persons who have hoped to find M. Hervé's book a profound study like those of Monsignor Perraud or Gustave de Beaumont *La Crise Irlandaise* is a disappointment. M. Hervé shows himself to be possessed of far less sympathy than might have been expected, while in his history he is often considerably astray. But in spite of its drawbacks the book is a noteworthy contribution to the literature of the Irish question, and there can be no doubt but its publication will do good on the Continent,

* *La Crise Irlandaise, depuis la Fin du Dix-Huitième Siècle jusqu'a Nos Jours.* Par Édouard Hervé. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1885.

where public opinion on the Irish crisis is in a very poor way for want of information.

M. Hervé classifies his subject under three heads: the question of legislative autonomy, that of religious liberty, and the land question—"the three great questions which have simultaneously agitated Ireland during the last hundred years." Let us consider M. Hervé's book under these three heads, reversing their order, however, for the sake of the timeliness of the land question:

I. THE LAND QUESTION.

In considering the material condition of Ireland M. Hervé falls into two very serious mistakes. He neglects to take into reckoning the periodical distress as a factor in causing the agrarian crises; and in accounting for the distress he omits mention of the great originating cause of the material ills of Ireland—the destruction of her manufactures—while assigning a cause which has long been rejected by all save a school of theorists that is rapidly losing repute. So inseparable is the distress question from the land question in Ireland that every agrarian crisis was immediately preceded and accompanied by a season of distress. M. Hervé seems to think that the Irishman's proverbial "land-hunger" is the source of all the troubles about the land, and that the distress is caused by over-population. "With many faults," he says, "the Irish peasant is a man of pure morals. In youth he does not give himself up to dissipation—he marries, and, faithful to the precepts of the Holy Scriptures, he does not fear to allow himself a numerous family. Painful fact, that so praiseworthy a trait of the Irish character should be one of the causes of Irish misery!" (Elsewhere he says it is the principal cause.) There is no more erroneous theory held about the Irish peasant than that he is naturally land-hungry. In the United States the Irish emigrant cares less about the land than the emigrant of any other nationality; he remains in the cities, where he finds more attraction for his quick wit and sociable temperament. It is only in Ireland he displays this feverish greed for the land, and that is simply because in Ireland the land is his only resource. M. Hervé truly remarks that in England the land question is of secondary importance, because there the farmers' sons find careers in the manufacturing industries. There are no manufactures in Ireland—that is the whole difference. Why is Ireland without manufactures? If M. Hervé would study the Parliamentary history of the eighteenth century he would find the reason. Ireland at the end of the

seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries was in so flourishing a commercial condition as to have excited the jealousy of the English manufacturers, whose trade was suffering by the competition. These manufacturers petitioned Parliament, and the result was a series of enactments which effectually demolished the manufacturing industries in Ireland, producing a famine in the country and compelling the manufacturers and artisans to emigrate in thousands.* It may be naturally doubted that such remote legislation could be producing such serious effects to-day as to be mainly accountable for the absence of Irish manufactures. But for one who has not studied the question on the spot, and is not, therefore, convinced that such is the case, it is only necessary to read the proceedings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Irish Industries that has been sitting for the past two months. In one of the recent sittings Professor Sullivan, of the Queen's College, Cork, declared, in reply to Mr. Justin MacCarthy, that "up to this date the English legislation of the last century against Irish manufactures operated; an act of Parliament directed against a particular trade might extinguish it for ever." The difficulty most deplored by patriotic Irish reformers has been that the land question has been the foremost and most pressing of Irish questions. It ought not to be, any more than the land is the most pressing question in Belgium or England or Scotland. If Ireland were possessed of the manufacturing industries she might have, she could support on her fertile area as large a population as Belgium does on her poor and restricted one.

Has the Irish land question been settled by Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881? M. Hervé does not think so. Here are some of his remarks:

"The land law of 1881 has not solved the terrible question of the land. It is even to be feared that it has rendered the solution, which is still to seek, more difficult. This law, in fact, is a new step in the false path which Mr. Gladstone took in 1870. It renders more complicated and more inextricable still the respective situation of landlord and of tenant.

"In the first place, it recognizes in the tenant the right to dispose of his interest in the land; as a consequence, the dismemberment of proprietorship is still clearer, still better acknowledged than in the law of 1870. In the second place, it authorizes the farmer to get his rent fixed by a special commission; here it is not only the right of ownership that receives a blow, it is freedom of contract also. In the third place, the rent, once fixed, is unchangeable for fifteen years."

* See Hutchinson's *Commercial Restraints of Ireland;* the writings of Swift, Molyneux, Lucas, Bishop Berkeley; Walpole's *Kingdom of Ireland;* Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century;* Froude's *English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century;* Macaulay's *History of England*, or any good history of Ireland.

This, according to M. Hervé, is but the old programme of the "three F's":

"The peaceable enjoyment of the farm during fifteen years is 'fixity of tenure'; the right to have the rent fixed by a commission is 'fair rent'; the right of the farmer to dispose of his interest in the land is 'free sale.'

"But the system of the three F's is perfectly absurd unless it be an advance towards complete dispossession of the landlords. It is thus, at any rate, that the Irish understand it; it was with this *arrière-pensée* that it was devised, adopted, and defended by the leaders of the agrarian agitation. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, appears to believe that the system of the three F's suffices for itself, that it constitutes a definitive settlement of the question. We are afraid this is but an illusion. This co-proprietorship, this sort of fellowship between landlords and tenants, above all between landlords and tenants who hate each other, cannot be kept up. It must be one thing or the other. The land must belong altogether to the landlord or altogether to the peasant.

"In the second part of his law Mr. Gladstone touches, according to our view, on the true solution when he gives the peasants some facilities to become purchasers and proprietors of the lands they till. Already something analogous had been tried in 1869, after the establishment of the law which deprived the Irish Episcopal Church of its official position. The ecclesiastical property had been put up for sale under the charge of a special commission. Quarter of the purchase-money was required on the spot; the surplus being payable by annuities distributed over a period of thirty-two years. This experiment succeeded perfectly. Out of eight thousand four hundred and thirty-two farms comprised in the ecclesiastical estates, six thousand and fifty-seven were bought by the farmers. This was a most favorable result. The laws of 1870 and 1881 have given somewhat similar facilities to the tenants to buy their farms from the landlords. Why have not they succeeded as well? For a very simple reason. The tenants knew that they could only have the ecclesiastical lands by paying for them; consequently they bought them. They hope, on the contrary, that they will have the lands of the landlords without paying for them; so they take good care not to buy them. The first part of the two laws of 1870 and 1881 falsifies the second part and makes it barren. You give a farmer a sort of co-proprietorship: he hopes you will not stop there, and that you will end by giving him entire proprietorship. That being so, do you think he will buy for money what he counts on obtaining for nothing?"

This criticism is plausible enough up to M. Hervé's theory that all the trouble comes of the Irish tenant's dishonest "*convoitise*" for land. There has never been a desire in Ireland to defraud the landlords of their rights; there is not a country in the world where socialistic theories have less natural hold upon the people; and it is a curious fact that all the violent incitements to such rapacity have reached Ireland from other countries. M. Hervé, who writes like an English doctrinaire, seems to have drawn his ideas about the Irish peasant from M. de Molinari,* who, when the present writer met him in Ireland during the famine of 1879–80, was studying the condition of the

* Author of *L'Irlande, le Canada, Jersey.*

tenantry at the dinner-tables of their landlords. Indeed, M. Hervé's curious notion betrays him into an almost grotesque position; for he devotes a touching page to the trials of landlords' families in England and on the Continent, and of the families of "*petits bourgeois et boutiquiers*" to whom they owe money, consequent on the non-payment of rent, while he has not a word of commiseration for the awful sufferings of the peasantry—not even in describing the famine of 1847—nor of reprobation for the system which left them not merely without money to pay exorbitant rents, but without the price of enough Indian meal to keep soul and body together. How unjust those rents were is being daily proved by Mr. Gladstone's Land Act Commission, which is reducing them at the rate of twenty, thirty, and in some cases even fifty per cent.; and how wise the Irish leaders have been in counselling the farmers not to be in a hurry to buy their holdings is proved by the statement of Mr. McCarthy, head of the Kerry Land Commission, the other day, to the effect that if the value of land continues to decrease at its present rate, the rents now being fixed will be too high four years hence.

M. Hervé declares himself in favor of peasant proprietary for Ireland, and of that scheme of it, moreover, which was expounded at a meeting in Liverpool last year by the present prime minister of England. He says the programme of Lord Salisbury appears to him "more liberal and at the same time less dangerous than the system of Mr. Gladstone. If there be a way by which the agrarian question can be pacifically solved in Ireland, it is that indicated by Lord Salisbury." M. Hervé's views on this question are particularly interesting, and it is not impossible that the Marquis of Salisbury may be cogitating the scheme for the general election in November. We may, therefore, quote the French writer's remarks in full, expressing no opinion on them:

"Three forms of ownership have, by turns or simultaneously, existed on the earth: the collective ownership of the tribe or clan—that is, the system of nomadic or pastoral peoples, of the Arabs of the desert, of the ancient Celtic populations of Ireland * and of Scotland; feudal ownership, a modification of the collective proprietorship, established oftenest through conquest, carried out in the middle ages by the Germanic races wherever they ruled; and, finally, individual ownership, a form superior to both the others, which the Romans, with their juridical genius, defined, systematized, and laid down on the mighty base of a monumental legislation. Celtic by origin, but Roman by education, by language, and by laws, the nations of Western Europe, France especially, have always had the taste, the passion,

* M. Hervé appears to forget that clan-tenure existed in Ireland under the Brehon laws not only after the Irish had passed the nomadic or pastoral stage, but during several centuries in which Ireland was the most highly civilized nation of Western Europe.

for this class of ownership. Thus the feudal system of rural proprietorship, weakened though it was, modified, softened, and reduced to its most simple expression, was rejected by our country in a supreme convulsion. The revolution of 1798 was not merely a political revolution; it was also, it was above all, an agrarian revolution. Revolution accomplished at the cost of such tragic conflicts, of such bloodshed, of such atrocious crimes! Nevertheless, in spite of its foulness and horror, it so responded, in its inner thought and in its mysterious principle, to all the instincts and ideals of our race that less than twenty years after the sale of the confiscated estates there was not a statesman, not a serious politician, Louis XVIII. and Villèle included, who did not consider this revolutionary measure, if not legitimate, at least inevitable. By the ratification of the sale of national estates, by the milliard voted to the *émigrés*—that milliard so bitterly and so unjustly criticised—the former proprietorship was indemnified, the new proprietorship was sanctioned. Memorable service rendered to the public peace, work of conciliation and of concord which, in the midst of our political crises and of our changes of government, has remained the indestructible basis of our social organization!

"According to the most plausible valuation, it would require four or five milliards [of francs] to indemnify the Anglo-Irish proprietors threatened with being dispossessed, if not by an armed revolution, at any rate by a refusal to pay rents. England is rich enough, if not to sacrifice such a sum, at least to advance it, under the form of a loan repayable by annual instalments, to the purchasers of lands. The system has already been tried, but on too small a scale.

"The English Parliament and government proved, in the question of the Church of Ireland, that they were capable of accomplishing peacefully one of those great reforms which commonly are effected only through violence—of making, in a word, a legal revolution. They commenced and they carried out peaceably the liquidation of the property of the Anglican clergy of Ireland. Dare they undertake now the liquidation of the property belonging to the English landlords in Ireland? The task is heavier; it does not appear to us, however, beyond the powers of that great school of politicians which, from Canning to Disraeli and from Robert Peel to Gladstone, is transforming progressively, by a series of reforms sapiently calculated, the political, religious, and social organization of the United Kingdom. The greatness of the end ought to be an encouragement to surmount the difficulties of the work. The object of the present agitation is to constitute in Ireland a class of peasant proprietors. In England the aristocratic system may last for many years to come. The conditions are not the same as in Ireland. The English peasant does not covet the ownership of the soil; he is not the enemy of the landlord. Both are of the same race; they have the same faith and the same prejudices. One is rich and the other is poor, 'tis true. But the poor man is less poor than he is in Ireland, and he has the possibility of bettering his lot otherwise than by seizing on the fields of the landlord. Commerce and industry are there, to utilize idle arms. In a word, the peasant of England does not say to himself every day, as does he of Ireland, that his fathers were hunted, dispossessed, despoiled by the ancestors of the landlord.

"In France, while the social war rages in the towns, it never makes its appearance in the rural districts. Why? Because we have five millions of peasant proprietors. There is no need to apprehend an agrarian agitation so long as the peasant owns his plot of ground and the plot of ground nourishes its owner. These two conditions united are our safety; try to realize them in Ireland. The

Irishman like the Frenchman, the insular Celt like the Celt continental, covets the land; he longs to have his holding all to himself. Aid him to satisfy his passion; it will cost you less than to combat it. The land that you took from the tribe to give to the landlord, buy back from the landlord and resell it to the peasant. Property in Ireland will thus have run the complete cycle of its transformations; it will have passed through its three successive phases—collective ownership, feudal ownership, and individual ownership; in other words, the land to the tribe, the land to the lord, and the land to the peasant."

II. THE QUESTION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

M. Hervé's version of the history of the achievement of Catholic Emancipation is very unfortunate. According to his view, Catholic Emancipation was the dream of Pitt, and the measure as it passed in 1829 was due rather less to the efforts of O'Connell than to the wisdom and generosity of British statesmen. His admiration for Pitt is unqualified. In that statesman's career he sees nothing to alter his opinion of him as a man who, invested in a free country with power equal to that enjoyed by a Ximines or a Richelieu under absolute monarchies, used that power only to further wise and noble ends.

The majority of historians are agreed that there is hardly anything in history less justifiable than the Irish policy of Pitt. Grattan described it as one "than which you would hardly find a worse if you went to hell for your principles and to Bedlam for your discretion." But Pitt has found enthusiastic eulogists, and it is the eulogists M. Hervé has allowed to capture his judgment. M. Hervé justifies the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, as necessitated by that viceroy's mistakes and imprudence in overstepping his instructions;* and he considers that Pitt "wanted foresight in not estimating that the nomination of Lord Fitzwilliam to the viceroyalty of Ireland had given an irresistible impulse to the movement in favor of the emancipation of the Catholics."

The truth is, it was precisely because he calculated Lord Fitzwilliam's nomination would give this impulse that Pitt nominated him; and Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled precisely because his policy in Ireland had given the intended impulse. The paradox is explained by the different circumstances under which Pitt acted when he appointed Lord Fitzwilliam and when he withdrew him.

Pitt never seriously cared for Emancipation and never seriously objected to it. He supported it or opposed it just as it suited his policy. In 1794 disaffection in Ireland had reached an acute stage on account of the opposition of the government

* Pp. 16–18.

to the completion of the Emancipation begun by the Relief Bill of 1793. This disaffection was not among the Catholics merely, but among the Protestants, who were the most ardent advocates for the emancipation of their fellow-countrymen. The Protestants had started the club of United Irishmen, whose object was to attain this end; and, exasperated at the opposition of the government and excited by the ideas of the French Revolution, they talked of rebellion. Things looked threatening. In England a large party, thrown into alarm by the events in France, were for appeasing the Irish. It was this party, seceding from Fox, who brought a new element of power to Pitt. To ingratiate himself with them he resolved to adopt a policy of conciliation towards Ireland, and he began by recalling Lord Westmoreland from the viceroyalty and sending over in his stead Lord Fitzwilliam. Lord Fitzwilliam was not only the most distinguished of Pitt's new Whig allies, but was best known for his warm and unqualified advocacy of Catholic Emancipation. Lord Westmoreland, on the other hand, was the bitterest opponent of Emancipation, and his policy was chiefly responsible for the disaffection. The substitution of the first for the second could have no other meaning in the eyes of the Irish people than a corresponding change of policy on the part of the government. They hailed the new viceroy with delight. Nor did Pitt leave the matter in doubt. He himself sought an interview with the foremost of all the advocates of Emancipation, Henry Grattan, and expressly informed him that the intention of the government was "not to bring forward Emancipation as a government, but, if government were pressed, to yield it."* Grattan shaped his action according to this understanding; so did the Irish Whigs, who came in a body to the side of the government; so did Lord Fitzwilliam—all set themselves to preparing the way for Emancipation. The country was strung to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm: the Catholics by the prospect of equality with their fellow-countrymen, the Protestants, who believed religious liberty to be essential to the developing independence of their nation. The country, that was on the verge of revolution a year before, was now all peace and loyalty. The United Irishmen prepared to dissolve their organization, its great object being on the point of attainment. There never was a moment when Ireland was easier to govern; never was such an opportunity for brilliant statesmanship. Lord Fitzwilliam, in pursuance of his policy, had dismissed, among other officials hostile to the

* *The Life and Times of Henry Grattan.* By his Son.

cause of Emancipation, two very powerful ones—Beresford, a commissioner of revenue, and Cooke, the secretary of war. Beresford went to London and laid the state of affairs before the chancellor, Lord Fitzgibbon, who was the rabidest foe of the Catholics and Pitt's favorite minister. Pitt's jealousy was aroused. Lord Fitzwilliam was succeeding too magnificently; and Lord Fitzwilliam with the Irish Whig party behind him was a rival to be feared. In haste he ordered the viceroy's immediate return.

The effect of this step in Ireland can scarcely be imagined. The hopes of the nation, which were suddenly bid to rise from the depths of angry despair, were as suddenly dashed back again. Wild, unallayable resentment followed. The United Irishmen in a trice was transformed from a club of reformers into a formidable revolutionary conspiracy. Rebellion became inevitable. Thenceforth Pitt resolved upon the project of the Union, and he and Castlereagh set a-going their plot to precipitate the rebellion and corrupt the legislature—a plot as demoniacally cynical as ever was hatched in the brain of man.

This is the true version of the episode that M. Hervé glozes to credit of Pitt.

Writers on the Union do not always lay sufficient stress on the attitude of the Irish people and the Irish Parliament at this period towards the Catholic question. A public opinion which had been slowly forming under the hands of Berkeley, Molyneux, Lucas, and Swift reached a noble healthfulness when the most illustrious patriot of his age, Henry Grattan, began to lead it, when a national volunteer army was formed and the independence of the Parliament was declared. Seldom has the invigorating influence of freedom been more plainly seen at work among a people. The creeds forgot their animosities, and the ascendant Protestants, of their own acord, raised the cry of Catholic Emancipation. Imperfect and sadly in need of reform as the Parliament was, it was becoming steadily more responsive to public opinion, so that in 1793 it passed a Relief Bill giving the Catholics the electoral franchise—a measure from the penal laws to which was a greater stride than from that point to the Emancipation Act of 1829. "It is curious," wrote Lord Sheffield, an opponent of Emancipation, "to observe one-fifth, or perhaps one-sixth, of a nation in possession of the power or property of the country, eager to communicate that power to the remaining four-fifths, which would, in effect, entirely transfer it to themselves." * His-

* *Observations on the Trade of Ireland.*

tory affords no such spectacle of Christian brotherliness between two religions which a few years before had been ranged in bitter hostility against each other, and which a few years later, under the blight of malignant legislation, were to be plunged into internecine strife again. Nor was this liberality the result of religious laxity, for the sceptical ideas of the Continent had found no reception in Ireland, and both Catholics and Protestants were warmly attached to their respective beliefs. It was simply a broad and strenuous sentiment of true Christianity whose spirit was well voiced in the watchword of Grattan, "It is the error of sects to value themselves more upon their differences than upon their religion"; and it should always be an assurance to those Protestants who look with apprehension to an autonomous and Catholic Ireland that bigotry is no part of the free Irishman's nature, and is less a part of him than ever when he is an ardent professor in his faith. This being the state of public feeling before Pitt recalled Lord Fitzwilliam, it is impossible to doubt that the Union, so far from being essential to Catholic Emancipation, as M. Hervé implies on page 58 of his book, and as all apologists of the Union contend, was the means of throwing back Catholic Emancipation thirty-two years. The historian Lecky declares that "few facts in Irish history are more certain than that the Irish Parliament would have carried Emancipation had Lord Fitzwilliam remained in power." *

After the rebellion, which, in Castlereagh's phrase, had been forced to a "premature explosion," had been trampled down amid scenes of frightful massacre and devastation, after Pitt and Castlereagh had debauched the Parliament to the extent of their ability, it was found that yet the Union could not be carried if the Catholics resisted it. To insure the passivity of the Catholic body Lord Cornwallis, the viceroy, and Lord Castlereagh assured the Catholic prelates, not formally, it is true, but still most expressly and with the consent of the minister, that one of the first results of the Union would be Emancipation. How did Pitt keep his pledges to this already shamefully-duped class, which constituted the bulk of the Irish people? M. Hervé thinks he acted the part of an honorable statesman. George III., as Pitt of course knew when he was giving his assurance to the prelates, was violently opposed to Emancipation. The Union being effected, Pitt addressed the king a letter asking his authority to introduce a bill for Emancipation, adding that if the king refused he would be obliged to request his majesty's permission to resign.

* *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.*

The king refused and Pitt resigned. Three weeks afterwards Pitt was assuring his majesty that never again during his reign would he bring forward the Catholic question; and a short time later, on becoming minister again, he pledged himself not only not to bring in Catholic Emancipation during the king's lifetime, but to oppose the measure if any one else introduced it. This was all was ever done for Catholic Emancipation by the minister who, in M. Hervé words, "ambitioned the honor of associating his name with this great reform." M. Hervé says: "To-day, after five-and-forty years have passed away, in presence of the me moirs of all contemporary statesmen, in presence of the correspondence exchanged between George III. and his prime minister, history ought to render Pitt the justice which is his due, and to recognize that the only cause of his resignation was the absurd opposition of the king to the emancipation of the Catholics." The memoirs of contemporaries establish no such fact. Pitt could not avoid resigning without losing prestige; besides, Lord Grenville and other members of his cabinet had an honester sense of their obligations to the Catholics. It is true, also, that resignation was a peculiarly opportune policy for Pitt at that moment, as he thereby counted on avoiding the dreaded humiliation of having to sign a peace with Napoleon. If Pitt resigned because of an "unalterable sense of public duty" in regard to his Catholic fellow-subjects, it is impossible to understand how he could voluntarily throw them overboard three weeks later, or how he could assume office on the express understanding to oppose their claims whenever they would be put forward in Parliament. The simple explanation is that Pitt only handled the Catholic question to forward his own ambition, and when it had ceased to serve his purpose he took no further interest in it.

The most disappointing part of M. Hervé's book is that which deals with O'Connell. One sees there how narrow a horizon is his. This modern Frenchman writes on Irish subjects as an old-fashioned English Whig might write who combats the advance of facts at every step. He views the situation from the interior of English cabinets. Consequently he has no historical perspective. O'Connell, who filled his age as no man of this century has done, whom one historian compares with Martin Luther, another with Napoleon, whom Balzac called "the incarnation of a people," of whom Montalembert, Lacordaire, Ventura wrote in eulogy that touched the stars, M. Hervé writes of as a troublesome agitator who was continually making difficulties for English ministers. In a survey of *Irish* history that

reaches from the last decade of the eighteenth century to the present time, O'Connell fills no bigger place than Pitt, or Peel, or Grey, or Castlereagh. M. Hervé does not point out that O'Connell was the inventor of that tremendous weapon of reform, public opinion organized into agitation; nor does he dwell on the fact that so great was the resistance to the noble efforts of Grattan and Plunkett in the Imperial Parliament that there was no hope of Catholic Emancipation until O'Connell arose; nor does he show that O'Connell, wielding a power which he himself created, had to bring the country to the verge of revolution before the measure could be forced from the ministry of Peel; and, singular to say, he makes no mention of O'Connell's struggle to prevent Emancipation being qualified by the investment in the English crown of the power of vetoing the appointment of ecclesiastics—a struggle in which he had to overcome the influence of the whole body of English Catholics, of the richer Irish Catholics, and of a rescript, actually conceding the veto, signed by Cardinal Quarantotti.

Yet, in spite of this near-sightedness, it is plain that M. Hervé writes without prejudice and honestly according to his lights.

III. LEGISLATIVE AUTONOMY.

Having seen so far of M. Hervé, his position in regard to the Act of Union will hardly be surprising. He says:

"The historian and the politician cannot, assuredly, condemn the suppression of the Dublin Parliament. The system of personal union and legislative separation between two states presents such obvious inconveniences that it is hardly necessary to recount them. The reform undertaken by Pitt was therefore wise. It is only to be regretted that it was accomplished by means of which morality cannot approve. Let us add, however, that rarely has there existed a political assembly less respectable than the Irish Parliament. Corruption and violence held sway at elections. Castlereagh's admission to the House of Commons cost his father, it is said, thirty thousand pounds sterling. Grattan himself, the loyal and honorable Grattan, in order to reappear in Parliament to oppose the Act of Union, had to purchase the borough of Wicklow with a sum of money. The English Parliament had long emerged from the shadow of corruption when half the Irish peers and members were bargaining with Castlereagh for the price of their political consciences.

"The Irish patriots—need it be said?—could not take the same view of this question that we can. For them, in spite of its vices, of its servility to power, of its intolerance in regard to the Catholics, the Parliament of Dublin remained the symbol of a conquered country. Its suppression was looked on as a supreme defeat and a supreme humiliation. Since that epoch every politician, every agitator who has aimed at the re-establishment of the legislative autonomy of Ireland, at repeal of the Act of Union, has found a following more or less numerous, but

ardent and convinced. Although under the Act of Union the material and moral condition of Ireland has been improved, although the Catholics have been emancipated and the farmers lifted up, although Irishmen have sat in the English Parliament and directed the councils of the crown, it makes no difference; the Irish people still cherish the memory of their national legislature, they ever hear the echo of those generous voices that had sometimes glorified that melancholy assembly. It would seem as if their orators were robbed from them by being forced to enter the Parliament of the United Kingdom, as it would seem that they were robbed of the ashes of Grattan when they were laid beneath the stones of Westminster."

It is plain from the above passage where M. Hervé gets his history. The apologists of Pitt, Macaulay at the head of them, defend the Act of Union by a tissue of the most unworthy misstatements, their chief contention being that the Irish Parliament was a thoroughly obnoxious assembly, and that it was an act of wise and even splendid statesmanship to get rid of it. This is not the place to examine the character of the Irish Parliament or the quality of its abolishers' statesmanship. But it may be remarked that it would be a task which would well repay one who would undertake it, and be especially timely now, to make a careful comparison of the work and progress of the Parliament which Grattan founded and which Pitt destroyed with that of the Parliament which immediately preceded it in England and which was not abolished but reformed. Of that Parliament—Walpole's—Macaulay himself has written: "A large proportion of the members had absolutely no motive to support any Administration except their own interest in the lowest sense of the word. Under these circumstances the country could be governed only by corruption. . . . We might as well accuse the poor Lowland farmers who paid blackmail to Rob Roy of corrupting the virtue of the Highlanders as accuse Sir R. Walpole of corrupting the virtue of Parliament."* Yet it is that Parliament which, by the continuous application of reform, has been metamorphosed into the magnificent legislature that manages the affairs of the British Empire to-day, and that, when it provides for the transaction of

* See Burke's *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, *The Letters of Junius*, Walpole's *Memoirs of George III.*, *Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*, *The Grenville Papers*, *The Annual Register*, for some accounts of the corruption of the English Parliament at this period. It cost the Duke of Portland and Sir James Lowther £40,000 apiece to contest Westmoreland and Cumberland in the elections of 1768, and at the same election each of the parties who contested the town of Northampton expended £30,000. The borough of Sudbury openly advertised itself for sale to the highest bidder. "In 1774, out of the 513 members who sat for England and Wales, 234 represented less than 11,500 voters, and as many as 56 about 500 voters. Of these 56 members no one had a constituency of 38 electors, and 6 had constituencies of not more than 3" (Lecky's *England in the Eighteenth Century*).

its Irish business by a branch in Dublin, and submits to some further modifications, will be perhaps the most perfect representative assembly ever evolved from a constitution. It is possible to show that the Irish Parliament might have been steadily reformed into the useful Dublin branch of this legislature, instead of having been violently and feloniously wiped out by a "statesmanship" that neglected to provide for the discharge of the functions it used to fulfil.

For our present purpose, however, we need only note that M. Hervé has fallen into error on a few points. He believes the Irish Parliament was wholly useless as well as corrupt. To disabuse him of that idea we refer him to Macpherson's *Annals of Commerce*, to Lord Sheffield's *Observations on the Trade of Ireland*, and to Grattan's speeches, where he will find some account of the energy, enterprise, and attention with which the Irish Parliament fostered the industrial interests of the country, and of the extraordinary material progress made by Ireland from the date of her legislative independence. Lord Clare, speaking of the period between 1782 and 1798, in a pamphlet published in the latter year, said: "There is not a nation on the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period."

M. Hervé follows Macaulay and other English writers and politicians in justifying the suppression of the Irish Parliament. Let us quote on this head one of the most respectable of modern historians. Mr. Lecky, in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, says: "There are few things more discreditable to English political literature than the tone of palliation, or even of eulogy, that is usually adopted towards the authors of this transaction. Scarcely any element or aggravation of political immorality was wanting, and the term honor, if it be applied to such men as Castlereagh or Pitt, ceases to have any real meaning in politics. Whatever may be thought of the abstract merits of the arrangement, the Union, as it was carried, was a crime of the deepest turpitude—a crime which, by imposing, with every circumstance of infamy, a new form of government on a reluctant and protesting nation, has vitiated the whole course of Irish opinion."

As to the political wisdom of the Union, it need only be remarked that a tree is known by its fruits, and it is a poor proof of the statesmanship of the destroyers of the Irish legislature that responsible English ministers of both parties to-day are declaring

that some kind of substitute for the defunct assembly must soon be provided.*

To M. Hervé's allusion to the "religious intolerance" of the Irish Parliament sufficient answer has been given already in dealing with the question of Catholic Emancipation.

M. Hervé's views on the legislative Union being such as we have seen, his ideas on the Home Rule movement of to day are all the more remarkable and significant. He admits that the great majority of the Irish people are in favor of a reasonable measure of Home Rule. But he sees only two hypotheses in which there is a chance of their dreams being realized. It would never become a question, he rightly says, of absolute separation between England and Ireland; but he sees the possibility of an arrangement analogous to that which exists to-day between Austria and Hungary. "England, in presence of certain European complications, of certain dangers from outside, might find it necessary to appease Ireland at any price, as Austria in a similar situation wished to appease Hungary at any price."

His second hypothesis is more natural:

"The British Empire tends more and more to become a vast confederation of quasi-independent states. The colonies of North America, those of Australia, and others still, have local parliaments and responsible ministers. May not a day come when, to maintain a certain unity in this vast empire, it will be necessary to superimpose on all the separated parliaments a common parliament in which each of them would be represented in due proportion? In a confederation of this class Ireland might be treated like Canada or New South Wales; Ireland might have its separate parliament while being represented in the imperial assembly. We need not despair, then, of seeing ended some day, by a legislative act, this long conflict between two countries which nature intended to live in unity, but which differences of race, of religion, and of custom have kept for centuries in a state of war."

This is a rather costive admission of the inevitableness of Home Rule, but it is nevertheless an admission; and, coming from one who views the prospect with such reluctant eyes, and since the Irish do not ask for more than this dispassionate foreigner outlines as bound to come, it is an admission of importance. The mass of the Irish people have not at any time within the century demanded separation from England or dismemberment of the British Empire. Another foreign student of the Irish question, one who with the eyes of an American has made his studies on the spot, Mr. James Redpath, has declared in The Catholic

* See recent speeches of Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Earl of Rosebery, members of the late Gladstone cabinet, and of Lord Randolph Churchill, Secretary of State for India in the cabinet of the Marquis of Salisbury.

World * that it is his belief that "given Home Rule to Ireland and the self-ownership of the soil, a large majority of the Irish people of to-day would prefer to remain, as Canada remains, a self-governed member of the British Empire." In fact, it is held by many Irish and English thinkers to-day that the thing most necessary to the stability of the empire, the one thing needed to bind the two nations together in a bond of real union, is exactly what the Irish demand, liberty to manage Irish affairs in Ireland, while leaving imperial affairs to the imperial legislature—an arrangement similar to that which works with such smooth and grand effect in the United States between the States' constitutions and the national government, and which England has already carried out in regard to New South Wales, New Zealand, Canada, and nearly a dozen other of her dependencies. Grattan, in that prophetic speech of his, the last delivered by him in the Irish Parliament, warned the empire that its greatest danger would be begun when it had forsworn this policy. "The cry of the connection will not in the end avail against the principles of liberty," he said. "Connection is a wise and profound policy, but connection without an Irish Parliament is connection without its own principle. . . . Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire; but without union of hearts, with a separate government and without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonor, is conquest—not identification." The events of the century have vindicated Grattan's wisdom, and it is his view, with, of course, essential modifications, that is now held by most reasonable Englishmen and Irishmen, and that seems likely to inspire the imperial legislation of the near future. We may, therefore, hope, as M. Hervé does, to see this strife ended at last and soon, and, under Providence, the union of the Celt and Saxon consummated, typifying, as it will, so glorious a synthesis in humanity and in religion; and we may hope to see realized the sublime vision of the most illustrious Englishman, the most illustrious Catholic of his age, John Henry Newman, whose rhythmic eloquence sounds like the utterance of a seer: "I look towards a land both old and young—old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never questioned it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustin and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which

* April, 1885.

has had a long night and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between the two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm."

THE REPUBLIC AND SAINT GENEVIÈVE.

By a recent decree of the President of the French Republic, duly approved by the Chamber of Deputies, "the Pantheon is restored to its original use."

What is the Pantheon and what was its original use? The question involves a point of law and equity which we should not fear to submit to a non-Catholic tribunal. We do not wish, for the present, to consider its religious aspect, but, in order to give a true history of the case, we must search the records, as a lawyer does who wishes to establish a perfect title to some property, and in doing this we travel back to the earliest days of the French monarchy and we find the original title vested in a saint, a woman. Our readers will pardon us the apparent digression of a brief sketch of this saint; it has an important bearing on the question at issue.

When we study the lives of the saints we are struck by the variety as well as the beauty of the examples presented for our imitation. Here are martyrs giving proofs of fortitude and courage which put to the blush the deeds of far-famed heroes; the holy eloquence of this one has converted nations; another has devoted his days to the service of the poor and sick; these have condemned themselves to a life of self-imposed penance, while those others have affronted the world, defied the powerful, and protected the weak. This saint was a ruler of men, seated on a throne, yet so pure of heart as to merit the immortal crown; that other was born in the humblest walks of life, he lived in obscurity and died in glory. While the faithful honor all these blessed protectors, the popular mind, in our Catholic countries, is often attracted to some particular saint, whose name becomes a household word, and whose true history is soon lost in the numerous legends invented by the popular fancy. And yet "invented" is a word that will hardly apply to these legends. There is always

a true foundation, but as the story is repeated by generation after generation it is gradually altered, until, magnified and distorted, it passes for ever into the domain of legends. No saint, perhaps, has obtained a greater hold on the popular mind than St. Geneviève, the patroness of Paris. Innumerable are the legends—some very beautiful, all touching—to which her simple story has given rise. That story might be told in a few words: the power of prayer illustrated by humble faith and a pure heart.

Geneviève was born in 419, at Nanterre, a small village near Paris. Her parents were poor, and when quite a child she tended their small flock of sheep on the shores of the Seine. Every one noticed her for the candid expression of her innocent face and her extraordinary piety. At ten years old she declared her intention of giving herself to the Lord when she would be grown up. It was no whim, but a vocation. St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, was so struck with the precocious intelligence and virtue of the child that he blessed her and consecrated her to God, young as she was.

The child continued to lead a simple, pious life near her parents until their death, which occurred about the time she reached girlhood. She distributed her small inheritance among the poor, and went to live in Paris with a saintly woman, her godmother. Here she gave herself up entirely to devotional practices, leaving her humble abode only to attend church and visit the poor. Ere long the people came to designate her as "The Saint"; the supernatural light which enabled her often to foresee and predict events was, in their eyes, evidently a divine gift.

An important event happened which engraved the name of the humble shepherdess in the history of her country. Attila, the barbarian, whom the terrified populations called "The Scourge of God," had invaded the Gallic country at the head of an army of six hundred thousand men. Wherever he passed death and desolation marked his track. Paris trembled for her fate; the bishop ordered public prayers, and the frightened inhabitants made preparations to leave the threatened city. Geneviève had remained in prayer in her cell. Suddenly she presented herself to the crowd of weeping women assembled at the church door; she told them to be comforted, that God had listened to the supplications of his servant. Attila is going to change his course; Paris will be spared the presence of those barbarian cohorts. The glad tidings spread quickly, and the inhabitants, trusting in the promise, returned to their usual occupations.

But if the words of the saint restored calm and confidence to those troubled minds, the publicity given to them came very near causing her death. Everybody did not share the same veneration in which the virgin of Nanterre was held by her poor neighbors. She was charged with treason; it was assumed that she wished to delude the Parisians with false hopes the more easily to betray them. She was a spy, a witch; she should be tied to the stake and burned. A formidable riot broke out—riot is a Parisian institution as old as their city—and the infuriated populace rushed towards the humble house on the hill where Geneviève had her cell. They reached it, and suddenly the death-cries were hushed, the lifted arms fell powerless. Amid the profound silence a sweet voice was heard singing the praise of the Almighty. Geneviève, ignorant of danger, was singing her evening hymn. The rioters fell on their knees. When the song ended they departed in silence.

The saint's prophecy was soon verified. Attila had suddenly changed his route and moved on Orléans; then he fell back and took his position on the plains of Châlons, where the Roman general, Aëtius, defeated him.

Geneviève's renown continued increasing. Five or six years later the Frank Merovig took Paris from the Romans after a long siege. The country around had been completely devastated, and the Parisians were suffering all the horrors of famine. Geneviève ascended the Seine in a boat, and went from city to city along the river, soliciting aid. She returned with eleven boats laden with wheat. She had again saved Paris by her works, as she had saved it before by her prayers.

It is not to be wondered that the people venerated her and felt her influence in all things. This happy influence extended further. Merovig, the victorious chief, his son Chilperic, and, above all, Clovis, the first Christian king, were moved by it to great and good deeds. Clovis' queen, Clotilda, whom the church honors as one of the saints, was the friend of Geneviève. This pious queen and her glorious husband, guided by the counsels of the village girl of Nanterre, did much good, distributed abundant alms, and erected fine churches.

Geneviève died A.D. 512, aged ninety-three years. She was buried in the church of SS. Peter and Paul, which King Clovis had built at her instance, and where he had been laid in his royal tomb in the preceding year. The many miracles worked by the saint after her death led to the name of this church being changed to that of "Church of St. Geneviève." This was in 631. Her

body was exhumed and enclosed in a rich casket, the handiwork of St. Eloi, the goldsmith-minister of King Dagobert I. St. Geneviève was adopted as the patron saint and guardian of the city of Paris and, by extension, of the kingdom of France. In 1242 her relics were transferred to a still more magnificent shrine, all studded with precious gems, the offerings made at different times by kings and queens who had sought the intercession of the saint.

The veneration in which these relics were held was not confined to royalty. It obtained among all ranks. It still obtains, for it has survived the changes and revolutions of ages. The Gauls have become Franks, the Franks Frenchmen; dynasties have succeeded dynasties; the blessings of peace and the horrors of war have alternated, barbarism and civilization have struggled for the mastery: each and all have left their imprint on ancient Lutetia and helped to make it that wonderful combination of good and evil—modern Paris. The memory of the chieftains and heroes, of the kings and emperors, who were actors in those great dramas of the past has faded away from the minds of the people, but the saintly village girl of Nanterre is not forgotten. The immense throng which assembles at her shrine on her feast-day, January 3—and it was as great this year as at any other—is a consoling proof not only that popular gratitude remembers Geneviève, but that a large portion of the people of Paris cling to the faith of their fathers. "They cling to their superstitions!" the scoffers will say. "It is this very sort of thing we want to do away with. Enlightened by the science of a new civilization, man's reason rejects such mummeries." That may be, but, for our part, we confess that to the "science" which sends the Communists on a mission of arson and murder we should prefer the "superstitious ignorance" which leads the people to St. Geneviève's shrine.

In 1757 the old church of St. Geneviève threatened ruin. As, moreover, it projected beyond the line of the Rue Clovis, Louis XV., instead of having it repaired, decided that a new church of St. Geneviève must be built. The architect Soufflot drew the plan, and the king laid the corner-stone in 1764. Soufflot died in 1784, leaving his work unfinished. It was continued after his plans, and finally completed in 1790, but in the meantime the Revolution of 1789 had broken out; the building was not consecrated. The religious emblems used in decorating the interior were removed, and, by a decree of the Constituent Assembly, dated April 4, 1791, the edifice received the name of

Panthéon Français, and was destined for the burial-place of such citizens as had rendered some great service to the state. An inscription in letters of gold was placed in the triangular frontal which projects from the centre of the portico: *Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante.*

Thus was St. Geneviève despoiled of the monument erected in her honor, and whose conception has placed Soufflot among the first architects of his or any other time. The best judges declare it second to only three sacred edifices in the world: the church of St. Mary in Florence, St. Peter of Rome, and St. Paul's in London. But this spoliation was nothing in comparison with what was to follow. In 1793 the madness of the Revolutionists had reached its paroxysm: they had transformed the ancient church of Notre Dame into the temple of the "goddess Reason"; they now proceeded to break open the tombs of the kings and saints, and to desecrate their ashes. The relics of St. Geneviève, which had been transferred to the church of St. Stephen on the Mount when the old church of SS. Peter and Paul's was torn down, were carried off by the mob. The precious casket, robbed of its gems, was sent to the mint to be melted, and the greater portion of the bones of this daughter of the people who had twice saved Paris, of this gentle virgin who for nearly a whole century had loved, served, and helped the Parisians, was cast into the fire amid the ribald jests of the populace. A few of these precious relics, however, were saved by pious hands and hidden away. In 1803, when persecution had ceased to threaten the servants of God and the doors of the churches were thrown open to the faithful, these relics were brought out from their hiding-place and deposited with solemn ceremonies in the church of St. Stephen on the Mount.

The question now arose: Had the Constituent Assembly of 1791 the right to change the destination of a sacred though unconsecrated edifice? The churches, which had been put to various uses during the stormy period of the Revolution, were restored to divine worship. Should an exception be made in the case of the Pantheon? The council of the Emperor Napoleon thought otherwise, and in 1806 an imperial decree restored the Pantheon to its "original use"—to wit, a place of worship—making it at the same time a sort of French Westminster Abbey by designating it as a fit monument wherein the ashes of France's most illustrious sons should be deposited. The Bourbons returned. Louis XVIII. made the Pantheon exclusively a church under the protection of St. Geneviève. The remains of Rous-

seau, Voltaire, and Mirabeau, which had been placed in the crypt, were transferred to the public burying-ground. Those of Marat had already been thrown into the common sewer. In 1830 the government of Louis Philippe again changed the church into a Pantheon. The inscription was replaced, and the sculptor David (d'Angers) added the admirable basso-relievo which adorns the frontal. The interior decorations were respected; the celebrated "Apotheosis of St. Geneviève," painted in the cupola by Gros, remained, an eloquent protest against the decree. In December, 1852, Napoleon III. annulled the decree of 1830 and gave back the Pantheon to the church. Now God is once more driven out of the ill-fated monument. The Archbishop of Paris protested in vain. The clergy were given twenty-four hours' notice to quit; the huge cross, sawed off at its base, was lowered from the top of the elegant lantern which crowns the dome, and the Pantheon was ready to receive the remains of Victor Hugo. Eventful is the history of the Pantheon-church!

The question of right stands where it was in 1791, and the action of the three governments which recognized the rights of the church can have no weight with the present government, for none of the three were republican. The recent decree, therefore, should cause little surprise. Mirabeau said once: "In order that France should cease to be monarchical she must be first *uncatholicized*." It seems that the leaders of the present republican government have accepted and are endeavoring to carry out Mirabeau's idea. They are encouraged in this belief by the royalists themselves, who have very improperly identified the church with their cause. We say improperly, because while they have not benefited themselves, they have done much harm to the church. "Ancient France," says a French writer, "was the creation of the kings and bishops; she was born and she grew under this double influence. The monarchical idea and the Christian idea have been so well mingled, and, if I dare use this figure, so well kneaded together, that to separate them has become an impossibility." Here is the fatal mistake of both royalists and republicans—linking in one common fate that which is of the world and perishable with that which is of God and immortal. Christian civilization made Christian monarchs of barbarian chiefs, and the church—whatever her adversaries say to the contrary—while upholding the authority of the kings, stood between them and their subjects as a powerful mediator. Hence their cause was deemed inseparable, and when the great Revolu-

tion came the terrorists who had beheaded the king hunted down the priests and sent them to the guillotine.

The axe that struck off Louis XVI.'s head sapped the foundations of the throne. Kingly authority has never recovered its prestige. The growth of liberal ideas has been steady in France, despite her various experiments in monarchical and imperial rule. The era of kings is past, and it might be safe to say that the Republic will endure, if it was not bent on following a suicidal course which must fatally end in anarchy, the precursor of Cæsarism. No people can live without religious faith. Civil and penal laws do not suffice to bind men together; both rest on the moral law which has its inspiration in religion. The men who compose the French parliament are not all infidels; probably the majority of them have no particular animosity towards the church; they are respectable heads of families who are very glad to see their children make their First Communion, and who don't grudge their wives the right to go to confession; certainly, few of them can be called fools, and yet they are blindly aiding the disintegration of society by their votes. They are beset by two fears: one, well founded, is the fear that the anarchists may overthrow the lawful government; the other, groundless, that the clericals will restore the monarchy. Not daring to proceed with vigor against the anarchists, they try to conciliate them, and their anti-church measures are but a sop to Cerberus. They must keep up the majority to hold the clericals in check. What do they hope to accomplish by this dangerous policy? Simply to gain time, to let the republican idea take root in the minds and customs of the people. They lose sight of this inevitable consequence: that by demoralizing the people they make them unfit for liberty. Theirs is a misplaced love of country.

It is surprising that these French republicans, who profess a great admiration for American institutions, have failed to see that religion is a vital element in the prosperity and strength of our country. They might also have learned this other great truth—that the Catholic Church is not identified with any particular form of government. Her mission is to save souls and reform morals, not to direct the political opinions of her sons. Christ, who came among the poor and lowly to free them from the bondage of sin, taught them respect for established authority. It was not the clergy of Paris who changed the form of government half a dozen times in less than a century. The Parisians made their revolutions, and every change found the church unchanged, ready to console, to pray, to bless. Had she acted

otherwise, had she refused to recognize the monarchy of yesterday, the empire of to-day, or the republic of to-morrow, she would not have been true to her mission. Kings and presidents, citizens and subjects, are words without meaning for her; she sees in them only human creatures with souls to save. Until the French republicans learn this they cannot found a stable government. When they proscribe religion they play into the hands of the anarchists; they deliver up to them the vast army of poor, suffering men, robbed of the last hope that helped them bear their trials; with no God to fear and love, no hereafter with its reward or punishment, they will be docile instruments with which to re-enact, with still greater success, the hideous scenes of the Commune.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN INGLORIOUS COLUMBUS; or, Evidence that Hwui Shăn and a Party of Buddhist Monks from Afghanistan discovered America in the fifth century A.D. By Edward P. Vining. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Vining, we think, has not been well advised in the choice he has made of the first title of his work. Reflection, of course, will make it clear that the words "inglorious Columbus" are used in the sense of the inglorious Milton of Gray's *Elegy;* but we are afraid that, the meaning not being obvious, the idea derived by many from the title will be that the work is written mainly with a view to depreciate and detract from the glory of one whom all agree in holding in honor, and even veneration. Should this be the case it would give a very wrong impression of a work which is composed in an entirely different spirit, and which is a scholarly attempt to prove the antecedent discovery in the fifth century by Buddhist monks—a thing which, whether true or not, leaves Columbus in all his glory and renown. Mr. Vining's object cannot be better described than in his own words: "There is among the records of China an account of a Buddhist priest who in the year 499 A.D. reached China and stated that he had returned from a trip to a country lying an immense distance east. . . . It is the object of this work to show that the land reached by Hwui Shăn was Mexico, and that his account, in nearly all its details, as to the route, the direction, the distance, the plants of the country, the people, their manners, customs, etc., is true of Mexico and of no other country of the world. . . . It is true that there are a few difficulties to be surmounted, but the author believes that he has succeeded in removing a number over which some of his predecessors have stumbled, and that the few that remain cannot outweigh the immense volume that is presented as to the general truth of the account." This evidence consists, in the first place, of translations of all that has been written on the subject, so far as Mr. Vining is aware, in French and German, together with a statement of what has

been written by English writers, with the exception of Mr. Leland, to whose works Mr. Vining refers his readers. Then follows the original Chinese account, with all the translations hitherto made and a new one by Mr. Vining. Afterwards the statements made by Hwui Shăn are compared one by one with all that can be learned of Mexico prior to the Spanish conquest. There follows an examination of the evidence for the existence among the Mexicans of traditions of such a visit, and of the claims of Japan to be the country referred to by Hwui Shăn. It would not be showing the respect due to Mr. Vining's long labors and their worthy outcome for us to give in this notice what must, from the necessity of the case, be a hastily-formed judgment on the question whether he has proved his thesis or not. What we can say is that he has adduced in support of it a mass of evidence which it will be the duty of all students of American history carefully to examine; and whatever conclusion they may arrive at on this point, all will agree that Mr. Vining has produced a work which does honor to American research and will foster that love for the history of this continent which all Americans ought to have. There is an excellent index, and exact references are given for all statements made. We are sorry, for one thing, that we cannot enter into Mr. Vining's glorification of the early Buddhists so fully as he would wish: if he had kept to Sir John Mandeville's statement of the case he would have kept nearer at once to Catholic theology and the truth.

The History of St. Monica. By M. l'Abbé Bougaud, Vicar-General of Orleans. Translated from the French by Rev. Anthony Farley, St. Monica's Church, Jamaica, L. I. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

The lives of the saints are the object-lessons by means of which the Holy Spirit teaches us the maxims of the Gospel. The life of St. Monica teaches us to be patient with the sins of those we love, and to pray to God with unflagging confidence through many years of the darkest discouragement. It teaches the mothers of unruly children that by their prayers and good example the very worst child may become a saint. "I would relate her story," says the author, "for the consolation of so many Christian mothers who weep to-day, as they wept of old," over the vice and unbelief of their sons. Confidence in God, perseverance in prayer, magnanimous forgiveness of injury, true love as woman and as mother, are taught nowhere, outside of inspiration, more vividly and pathetically than in the life, sufferings, and triumph of St. Monica.

Abbé Bougaud has done his work in a learned and very devotional and none the less popular way.

Mistakes of Modern Infidels; or, Evidences of Christianity. By Rev. George R. Northgraves, Diocese of London, Ont., Canada. Detroit: Free Press Printing-House.

This book contains a complete refutation of Ingersoll's objections to Christianity, as well as the chief objections of Voltaire, Paine, and others of their stamp.

While showing the inconsistency of Ingersoll, the author brings out the perfect consistency of the truth. To the absurdities of this pretended philosopher he opposes genuine reasoning. The book is well written and

can be easily understood by any reader. Books of controversy of this character have a most important place at the present time. They are useful to believing Christians, and often necessary to reclaim those of weak faith. We are glad to see this book in paper covers. It should be within the reach of all. It deserves to be a popular book.

A MANUAL OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY. Being an Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament. By the Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D.D., Oblate of St. Charles, Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of Westminster. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

Of all the Bible histories which we have seen this is one of the most complete and systematic. The sacred events are given with accuracy and their significance pointed out clearly. What we especially admire is the care which the author has taken to point out the Old-Testament types of our Lord and of his teaching. The proper names are given according to the Douay version, and the dates are those adopted in recent editions of the Douay Bible. The most important genealogies are given and valuable synopses of the chief events of each period. Dr. Richards' work is most useful for schools, academies, and colleges, and is also an excellent book for all who privately read the Sacred Scriptures.

WOMEN OF CATHOLICITY. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1885.

Miss Sadlier has been singularly fortunate in her choice of examples of "women of Catholicity." For a book chiefly intended for American Catholics hardly a happier selection could be made than the half-dozen illustrious women to whom Miss Sadlier devotes her six charming memoirs. The chief nationalities that go to make up the American population are represented in the names of Margaret O'Carroll, an Irish princess of the fifteenth century; Isabella the Catholic, Queen of Spain; Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas More's daughter; Marie de l'Incarnation, Foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec; Marguerite Bourgeoys, Foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal; and Ethan Allen's daughter, the first American nun—all the nationalities, with two notable exceptions. We should have liked to have seen one example from the many noble women who, without attaining the qualities of saintship, have added a glory to German Catholicity, and one from such daughters of Italy, whose name is legion, with Vittoria Colonna at their head. But this is really no complaint; and to gratify this wish, besides, might have made too large a book. Miss Sadlier writes with a good deal of literary skill, and she brings sound erudition to her task. Particularly engaging is her account of Margaret O'Carroll, that high-born Irishwoman to whom D'Arcy McGee devoted one of his ringing ballads:

> "O bards and bardsmen far and near, hers was the name of names,
> The lady fair of Offaly, the flower of Leinster dames."

We pity the young woman who could not read this book with more pleasure than a novel, nor draw inspiration from it that would make her the better daughter, the better wife, or the better mother.

LECTURES DELIVERED AT A SPIRITUAL RETREAT. Edited by a Member of the Order of Mercy, authoress of the *Life of Catherine McAuley*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

An excellent little book to assist religious or others during a season of recollection. Here are treated those eternal topics which never become commonplace; here life's aims are shown plainly and with devout unction. These *Lectures* are fitted for points of meditation or as aids to priests or others who may be engaged in assisting religious communities or pious societies in their annual spiritual exercises.

MARY IN THE GOSPELS; or, Lectures on the History of Our Blessed Lady as recorded by the Evangelists. By Very Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., Provost of Birmingham. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1885.

This is a new edition of one of those good books which are well fitted to place in the hands of those who make their appeal to the "Bible only." For here we have all the Catholic doctrine concerning Our Lady proved by this process. It is well worth the perusal of Catholics also, for it will help one to strengthen himself in his position and in devotion to the Mother of God.

SONGS AND SONNETS, by Maurice Francis Egan; and CARMINA, by Condé Benoist Pallen. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1885.

Mr. Egan's chaste and beautiful Muse is no stranger to us; and we are glad, for the sake of those at the other side, to see her fame has spread across the Atlantic. In the dozen pieces in this little volume sounds the music of the true poet. If we miss in Mr. Egan's verses a certain fire which stirs the blood, we have what is the higher function of poetry—a constant suggestiveness to high and sublimated thought, as well as some wonderful poetic insights. There has seldom been a better criticism passed upon a poet than that noble conceit by which Mr. Egan elucidates the blending of the Christian and the pagan in Maurice de Guérin:

> "He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
> Till earth and heaven met within his heart:
> As if Theocritus in Sicily
> Had come upon the Figure crucified
> And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest."

Mr. Pallen's seventeen *carmina* seem to be the utterances of a metaphysical lover; and—if she be an earthly being—they must be very gratifying to the person to whom they are addressed. They are expressed in pure and often poetical diction and set in faultless metres; and, on the whole, as the work of a young poet, they give promise of considerable literary capacity.

VAPID VAPORINGS. By Justin Thyme. Notre Dame, Ind.: Scholastic Publishing House. 1885.

The author of *Vapid Vaporings* is a humorist, and his humor has a genuine flavor of its own. It is a sunny, winning humor, in which the element of boyish fun might be said to predominate, only that it is kept in check by another quality—wit. In reading this book, which we did right through without being tired, we met suggestions of several qualities of humor—of Leigh Hunt's, of Tom Hood's, of Dr. Holmes', of Bret Harte's, of even

Thackeray's. But they were only suggestions—the author's quality is new and of its own class. Of course, since the book was "mainly written for the students of Notre Dame University" (where the author seems to be a professor), there is much in it of so local an interest as not to be appreciable to the general public. But there are numerous pieces, from the first, "An Undesired Prefix," in which the vain attempt to flee from the title of "Professor" is described, to the last, an "Italian operetta" in celebration of a certain historical episode connected with a little hatchet, which would make the reputation of a comic journal. In a department called "Exemplifications of Style" a poem on "Poetic License" is capital, and nothing could be happier in its way than "The Commentator," an extract from a work of the dim future in which a learned antiquarian devotes two pages of annotations to four lines of a fragmentary poem left by the ancient Americans and entitled "Kathleen Mavourneen." An "exemplification of style" in parody of "Coming thro' the Rye" begins

> "Cumming was a temp'rance man
> When other folks were by,
> But p'rhaps you'd better not inquire
> Where Cumming threw 'the Rye.'"

In "Chansons Physiologiques," "The Strawberry Festival" and "The Lady Anatomist" are better, to our view, than similar handlings of the sesquipedalian language of the physiologist by Bret Harte.

Goose-Quill Papers. By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1885.

This is a collection of quaint and desultory essays in which the author shows herself to be endowed in quite a remarkable degree with the gift of style. It is a firstling, we understand—at least in prose, for the author has already published a volume of poetry—and it is much overweighted with an air of bookishness, an affectation, however, which is not unnatural in a young lady writer hailing from Boston. By and by when Miss Guiney shakes off these old clothes, and, escaping from the air Bostonian, gives her own *esprit* free play, she may write something which will be very charming indeed. As it is, there are items in this collection—"Vagabondiana," "Old Haunts," "Hospitality," for example—which contain many pretty fancies, while "A Child in Camp," in which there is least affectation, is an almost perfect and most touching little sketch. So that there is reason to look to Miss Guiney's future with expectation, and we shall do so with especial interest, since she is a Catholic and daughter of the colonel of the old Ninth Massachusetts, the late General Patrick Guiney. Let her prove herself worthy of her double heritage of religion and of race; and let her learn to wear her learning, not as the "Modern Athenians" wear it, but as all writers who know how to please have learned to wear it—not like a burden, but like a flower.

God's Way: Man's Way. A Story of Bristol. By Henrietta M. K. Brownell. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

A very entertaining novel indeed. The authoress has succeeded in inculcating a moral lesson well worthy the literary art which she has brought to the task. The book is cleverly written and shows no inconsiderable dramatic skill in both plot and characters.

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A MEDIÆVAL STUDY OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

IN Saratoga County, New York, where health-giving water is so abundant, a clergyman, a lawyer, and a physician combined to form a temperance society in the year 1808. These representatives of the learned professions agreed on a plan of public action to oppose the vice of intemperance and its attendant evils. In recognition of his services as a pioneer in the reform which they wished to extend, they elected Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, an honorary member of their society. From the year 1785 a treatise had been in circulation entitled *An Inquiry into the Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human System.* Dr. Rush was the author of this treatise, and, not content with giving his testimony as a physician, he likewise appealed to the ministers of every denomination to aid him with their influence in disseminating correct opinions concerning the abuse of intoxicating drinks. He recognized clearly the truth sometimes considered of little importance by certain physicians, viz., that man is composed of soul and body. Due attention, therefore, should be given to the condition of the soul in prescribing for the welfare of the body, especially in cases where an inordinate craving for stimulants is likely to become chronic by strict compliance with the directions of the medical adviser.

Total abstinence as a specific remedy against the dangers of alcohol in all its forms was first endorsed by a convention of temperance delegates at Saratoga Springs, New York, in the

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year 1835. Previous to that date those who engaged in the temperance reform had adopted partial abstinence and various forms of restriction in the use of strong drinks. Some prominent advocates of the movement allowed themselves the use of wine while fiercely denouncing the social usages which almost compelled men to take frequent draughts of New England rum. During fifty years the treatise issued by Dr. Rush in 1785 was probably regarded as a sort of guide-book in the study of the temperance question. From a medical standpoint he had pointed out the same evils that others had discovered by personal experience and the teaching of common sense. The societies formed before the new departure in favor of total abstinence had as their chief object to secure a reasonable moderation in the use of liquor. Some of the members of these organizations were very enlightened men; not a few were lawyers who lived to see the results of their deliberations embodied in the excise laws of various States. Slowly but surely the evidence was accumulated which convinced them that the state has a duty to perform not only by branding intemperance as a crime punishable by law, but also by exercising a salutary control over the agents that operate against sobriety. Whatever may be said concerning the defects of their plans, they were assuredly correct in maintaining, first, that the strong arm of the civil law should be wielded in defence of sobriety; second, that it is possible to use stimulants with proper limitations, and at the same time to hate intemperance as a degrading vice which should be rigorously suppressed by all the forces of civilized society.

The founders of the temperance movement in the United States probably never thought of looking into the records of the thirteenth century for light on the problem which occupied their attention. Being under the influence of Protestantism with its falsified history, they could scarcely be expected to search for information on any topic in an author highly esteemed by the Jesuits. Even now, however, after the temperance question has been discussed for a century in nearly all the dialects of the English language, it will be interesting and profitable to ascertain what data had been gathered on the subject in the thirteenth century by the renowned scholar, St. Thomas Aquinas. This great man became famous as the ablest defender of the Christian religion during a momentous epoch; and towards the close of his life he was urged to prepare a compendium which would serve as a summary of the lectures delivered by him in the Latin language. Such was the motive that led him to write his colossal

book entitled the *Summa*. His vast range of thought covered six hundred questions, divided into about three thousand "articles," among which we find temperance, together with its specific form, sobriety, and its contrary vice, drunkenness.*

"I. Temperance is treated in the 141st question of the *secunda secundæ* of the *Summa*. The 'question' is divided into eight 'articles.' 1. In the first, after three objections against its being a virtue at all, since it puts a restraint upon the natural desires of a man, St. Thomas shows that it is a virtue, since in a reasonable man it establishes such moderation as is reasonable. It puts such restraint, that is, upon the animal part of a man as his right reason sees fitting; it does not restrain him from reasonable enjoyment, but only from such brutal enjoyment as is unworthy of his position as a rational being. 2. In the second 'article' the Angelic Doctor shows, in answer to those who say that temperance is not a special virtue, but only a quality to be found in every virtue, that temperance is also a special and distinct virtue, as much so as fortitude, for instance. For while fortitude is the virtue giving a man courage to do the good that he dislikes doing, temperance holds a man back from doing the evil he would like to do. And temperance is, as it were, the *beauty* of all virtue; since beauty consists in a thing being well proportioned, and temperance keeps everything in its due proportion and right measure. So temperance is itself a beautiful virtue, and makes all the other virtues beautiful as well. 3. In the third article St. Thomas shows that temperance as a virtue restrains the pleasures taken in things of the senses, reducing that pleasure to obedience to reason, and helping the rational man to quell the unruly desires of the animal man. 4. In the fourth article he shows that it is in the sense of touch that the animal man principally seeks satisfaction; that this sense is very strong in the taste for food and drink, since these are instincts of the natural man, necessary for his preservation, and so strong (and since man's fall so unruly) that they require constant restraint, lest they pass the bounds of reason. 5. In the fifth article St. Thomas shows that it is the pleasure of taste that temperance has principally to deal with—a pleasure that belongs to eating and drinking, both of which may, by excess, injure that nature they were ordained to nourish. 6. Again, in the next article, we are shown that it is for our right conduct in this present life that temperance is first required; that even were there no heaven or hell we should still be temperate, if we would live as reasonable and healthy men—men capable of minding their own concerns and of fulfilling their duties towards the community in which they live. 7. Seventhly, temperance is a cardinal virtue, since in it that moderation which is required in the practice of every virtue is principally found. On the restraint of those pleasures most natural to us, and therefore most powerful, hinges the whole spiritual life; and, as a cardinal virtue means a *hinge* virtue, or one on which other virtues hang or depend for support, so temperance, on which all virtues depend for their moderation and beauty, is rightly called a cardinal virtue. 8. In the eighth and last article of this 141st question St. Thomas shows that the reason why temperance is such

* This exposition of the teaching of St. Thomas recently appeared in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* from the pen of the Rev. Arthur Ryan, of St. Patrick's College, Thurles.

a splendid and excellent moral virtue is because it keeps a man from sins so brutal and debasing, and because its practice is so difficult, and therefore so pleasing to God.

"So ends this question. In the following question, of four articles, are treated the vices opposed to temperance.

"II. Sobriety is the subject of the 149th question of the *secunda secundæ*. St. Thomas discusses the question in four articles. 1. In the first he applies the word 'sobriety' to moderation in drink—our ordinary use of the word—and he quotes to this purpose the text from Ecclesiasticus: 'Wine taken with sobriety is equal life to men; if thou drink it moderately, thou shalt be sober.' He says the word 'sobrius,' or 'sober,' is derived from a word, 'bria,'* which means a wine-measure. Ebriety is, then, the same as *not* in a wine-measure—that is, an unmeasured use of wine; and 'sober' is the same as not 'ebrius,' or drunk—that is, *not* drinking without measure or restraint. The word sobriety means, then, according to St. Thomas, drinking wine or intoxicating liquors *in due measure*, and he shows that this strict meaning of the word is the proper meaning, because it is intoxicating drink that most easily clouds the intellect and impairs the reason and even the bodily movements; and, therefore, it is to the use of such drink that a *measure* should be most strictly applied—the measure of sobriety. 2. In the second article the Angelic Doctor shows that sobriety is a special and distinct virtue, being opposed to the special sin of drunkenness. Where there is a special sin, there must be over against it a special virtue. In the excessive use of intoxicants over and above that of other drinks, or of food, there is the special sin of depriving one's self of the use of reason; to remove such a sin a special virtue is necessary—and that virtue is sobriety. 3. In article three St. Thomas handles what is now known as the teetotal, or total abstinence, question. As usual, the article opens with objections—quotations and arguments seeking to prove that the use of all intoxicating drink is forbidden. But St. Thomas places against these the advice given by St. Paul to Timothy, to drink a little wine for his stomach's sake; and the saying of Ecclesiasticus that 'wine drunk with moderation is the joy of the soul and the heart.' Then the saint, as he always does, gives the pith of the true doctrine in a few words, which in this case are of such weight that I will give them literally:

"Although the use of wine is not, of itself, unlawful, nevertheless it may, under certain circumstances, become unlawful (*per accidens illicitum reddi potest*) either from its being hurtful to the drinker, or from excess in quantity, or because it is taken in spite of a vow to the contrary, or because it is a cause of scandal."

"These reasons why intoxicating drinks may be unlawful for individuals, and by accident, as theologians say, St. Thomas repeats: 1st. Some are easily injured by wine,† and cannot stand its use at all. 2d. Some have a vow—and we may in these later times add that many have what is of less

* Modern philologists do not sustain St. Thomas in this derivation.

† This statement is in accordance with recent medical testimony. In a pamphlet published in 1884 the dean of the New York Homœopathic Medical College, J. W. Dowling, M.D., gives the results of careful investigations concerning the effects of the abuse of alcohol on the circulatory and respiratory organs. He declares that, "with few exceptions, the damaging ingredient of all the so-called stimulating drinks is alcohol. It matters not whether they be in the form of

obligation than a vow, still of some binding power, namely, a pledge—against intoxicating drink, and so are more or less, as it is by vow or pledge, forbidden its use. 3d. Some cannot drink intoxicants without drinking to excess, and so are bound not to drink such at all; and, 4th, It may happen that even moderate drinking may be to others a cause of scandal, and in this way unlawful. A little further on the holy doctor adds another reason in these words: 'Christ withdraws us from some things as altogether unlawful, but from others as being impediments to perfection; and in this way he withdraws some persons from wine on account of the desire of perfection, as he does from riches and other such things.' 4. In the fourth and last article the saint discusses the necessity of sobriety for persons of position—such as bishops, priests, high officers of the state, and such men of weight and influence as are likely to set an example to others. In proof of such a necessity he quotes the words of St. Paul to Timothy regarding the duty of old men and of bishops, and the words of the Wise Man, 'Give not wine to kings.' To these proofs the holy doctor adds the passages exhorting women and youths to sobriety, and shows that while exalted persons in church and state are specially bound to sobriety because of the clearness of head their duties demand and the force their example has with the multitude, women and youths are also specially bound to be sober because of the weakness of the former in resisting temptation, and because of the latter being specially prone to sin on account of the fire and lustiness of their years. The saint adds the striking fact recorded by Valerius Maximus, that among the ancient Romans women never drank wine. Thus ends the 149th question, regarding sobriety.

"III. In the 150th question, divided into four articles, St. Thomas treats of the sin of drunkenness. 1. In the first article he gives, as he always does, the objections. The first in this case is a curious one, worth recording, if only because of the saint's answer to it. It is objected that drunkenness is not a sin, because every sin has some other sin directly opposed to it—as cowardice to rashness, faint-heartedness to presumption. But no sin can be found as the opposite, in this way, to drunkenness. Towards the close of the article the holy doctor answers that perhaps such wilful (obstinate?) abstinence from wine as a man knows will seriously injure his health is not free from fault. A second objection answered by St. Thomas in this article is, that no one (or scarcely any one) wishes to be drunk, that is, to be deprived of the use of reason; therefore, drunkenness is not wilful, and therefore it cannot be a sin. But St. Thomas most clearly shows how far this objection can stand. Drinking to excess is the sin; and he who wilfully drinks to such excess that he knows that loss of reason must follow is guilty of the sin of drunkenness. For the pleasure of the drink he is prepared to undergo the shameful consequences; and in this way he is responsible for both the sin and its consequences. This loss

spirituous liquors, cordials, still wines of high and low grades, the most delicate champagnes, ales or beers."

"It is undoubtedly true that some constitutions are far more susceptible to the action of alcohol than others. It is also true that in some the effects are more marked on the nervous system, in others on the digestive organs, in others on the kidneys, and in others on the circulatory and respiratory organs. How often have we as physicians been called to treat diseases resulting from the habitual use of alcoholic beverages in patients who considered themselves temperate!"

of reason is, as the holy doctor points out, the *punishment* that follows on the sinful excess, but is not the sin itself.*

"The question of 'treating,' as it is called, St. Thomas disposes of in answering the objection that, if drunkenness is a sin, they sin who invite others to drink to excess—*quod videtur esse valde durum!* The saint replies that as a man is not guilty of sin who, through ignorance of the strength of the liquor, becomes intoxicated, so he who treats another to drink, not knowing that he is likely to get drunk, is excused, by his ignorance, from sin. But if he is not in such ignorance—that is, if he knows that the friend whom he 'treats' will probably sin by excess—he shares in his friend's sin. May we not, with theological exactness, add that the sin of the 'treater' is generally greater than that of the 'treated,' since the latter is generally, owing to the pressure brought to bear with such cruel kindness on him, scarcely a free agent, drinking very often, not because he likes it, but because he fears to give offence? In such a case the cardinal virtue of Fortitude would save its fellow-cardinal, Temperance.

"At the end of this article St. Thomas quotes the words of St. Augustine. Even if they did not come to us with the authority of two saints and doctors of the church, they would be worthy of being written on the first page of every temperance journal and in the heart of every temperance apostle. Translation would destroy their perfect finish:

"'Non aspere, quantum existimo, non dure, non imperiose ista tolluntur; sed magis docendo quam jubendo, magis monendo quam minando; sic enim agendum est cum multitudine peccantium; severitas autem exercenda est in peccata paucorum.'

"For the cardinal Prudence, as well as the cardinal Fortitude, must stand by its brother Temperance.

"2. In the next article, the second of this question, St. Thomas proves the gravity of the sin of drunkenness against those who would make little of it excepting when habitual. He cites the Apostolic Canon which says: '*Episcopus, aut presbyter, aut diaconus, aleæ aut ebrietati deserviens, aut desinat, aut deponatur.*' But such punishment could follow only mortal sins. Of course the saint shows that the state of intoxication is a sinful state only when it has been foreseen, the simple indulgence to excess in drink, without knowledge or advertence to the intoxication likely to follow, being of itself only a venial sin, as want of moderation in eating, or in drinking non-intoxicating beverages, would be. The man sins mortally who '*volens et sciens privat se usu rationis.*' The saint adds this reason for the sinfulness of such a wilful deprivation of reason—namely, that it is by the use of reason that man acts virtuously and restrains himself from sin; and so the drunkard sins mortally by placing himself in the danger of sin. The words of St. Ambrose are here quoted: 'We say that drunkenness should be shunned, for on account of it we are unable to guard against sins. For those things which we are on our guard against when sober, we commit, through ignorance, when drunk.'

"The article closes with St. Thomas' reply to those who seem to call

* "May we not infer from the shame and degradation of that punishment, from the scourge it is to the body and mind of individuals and to the peace and prosperity of communities, what the guilt is, in the eyes of God, of a sin which he visits with such awful rigor, even in this life?"

for a hard-and-fast line defining the quantity of drink that may be taken without sin. Temperance, he says, moderates the use of food and drink according to their effect on the health. An amount of drink that would be wholesome, perhaps, for an invalid would be excessive for a healthy man, and *vice versa*. An excessive dose of warm water might be taken medicinally as an emetic, and without sin, though it has in this case one of the effects of the excessive use of stronger drinks which, taken, even medicinally, in order to produce intoxication, are not allowed.

"3. In the next discussion, as to the relative gravity of the sin of drunkenness, St. Thomas, avoiding the exaggeration that has so often weakened modern temperance advocacy, states his opinion that drunkenness is not, of its own nature, the gravest of sins, since a direct outrage against God is graver than what is directly an outrage only against human nature. In the course of this short article the words of St. Ambrose are quoted: '*Non esset in homine servitus si non fuisset ebrietas*'—'There would be no slavery among men if there had been no drunkenness.' What a host of thoughts, not all, perhaps, either logical or theological, fills the mind on reading those memorable words, '*Non esset servitus si non fuisset ebrietas*'!

"4. In the fourth and last article the Angelic Doctor shows that while intoxication, in proportion as it is involuntary, excuses from sin arising from it, when it is voluntary increases the gravity of such sin as may be, or ought to be, foreseen as its likely consequence. The last words of the holy doctor are words of mercy: '*Levius est ex infirmitate quam ex malitia peccare.*' May we not trust, without relaxing a single effort to check this sin of drunkenness, that it is, at least with our poor people, oftener a sin of weakness than a sin of malice?"

When St. Thomas wrote the above passages in his *Summa* drunkenness was not exhibited to the world in its present hideous proportions. No doubt it would have been considered marvellous if any one in the thirteenth century had ventured the prediction that six centuries later, amidst the environment of modern life in the large cities controlled by non-Catholic influences, intemperance could become a source of so much moral and physical evil for individuals, a ruthless invader, producing pauperism and crime in so many homes, and a most destructive force acting as an incentive in arousing and sustaining the worst passions of human nature, thereby fostering a spirit of lawlessness and a hatred of reasonable restraint dangerous alike to church and state.

No special directions can be found in the *Summa* for the management of the liquor business. But, according to the standard of human excellence inculcated in its pages, we would be obliged to declare that the man who scoffs at the moral virtues which are acquired by practice is not a man of good moral character. The Angelic Doctor would decidedly object to having such a one nominated as a wise counsellor of the working-man,

especially with reference to the expenditure of his hard-earned wages. A tour of inspection among the low saloons in one of our modern cities would convince the most benevolent philosopher that the men who stand behind the counters, using every cunning device to adulterate their liquors and to encourage excessive drinking, may justly be called drunkard-makers. The following statement shows the convictions of a writer distinguished for "fidelity of observation" and an "anxious endeavor to report the truth and nothing but the truth," and who entertained very broad views in regard to personal liberty: "I prefer a country where I don't make bad blood by having to see one public-house to every six dwellings—which is literally the case in many spots around us. My gall rises at the rich brewers, in Parliament and out of it, who plant these poison-shops for the sake of their million-making trade." *

The coming centennial of temperance reform in the United States, which will be held in honor of Dr. Rush at Philadelphia during September, 1885, will furnish a suitable opportunity to gather together the testimony of the best physicians regarding the legitimate use of stimulants. It would be a great advantage if they could at least be induced to endorse unanimously a statement to the effect that total abstinence has a special sanitary value for young people during the period of growth. Some Board of Health might be found not wholly absorbed in detecting the sources of poisonous air, whose members would be willing to make an estimate of the damage done to the physical manhood of our citizens by drinking vile adulterations of beer and whiskey.

Many have hitherto held aloof from active participation in the temperance movement on account of the wild statements put forth by some of its defenders, not to speak of the side-issues associated with heretical opinions that have been inculcated by men sadly deficient in the cardinal virtue of prudence. Yet, judged on its merits and according to the arguments of its most competent exponents, the movement against intemperance is a justifiable assault on a most odious and wide-spread vice. It is a modern crusade in which every one may take part who loves his fellow-men as becomes a Christian animated by the desire to see human nature in himself and others elevated to the highest attainable perfection.

* *Letters of George Eliot*, edited by J. W. Cross, vol. iii. p. 45. Franklin Square edition.

DELECTABLE SEVILLE.

THERE are but three spots, in the world of which I had formed mental pictures from my reading, which rose to the level of anticipation when I came to visit them. Venice was one of these, Naples another, and Seville, delectable Seville, the third. There is a Spanish proverb which declares, "Who hath not seen Seville hath not seen a marvel," and I am prepared to own that who doth not believe that proverb is an unenviable unbeliever. At first sight it is a disappointment. Glance at it from a railway-car and you will have no wish to stop. But alight and remain there a few days, and you will find it hard to drag yourself away. The place grows upon you. Each hour reveals new charms; there is a fascination in the very atmosphere; and in the end you will catch yourself exclaiming that the pearl of Andalusia is the fairest gem in the Spanish crown—would be a priceless ornament to any crown.

The setting of the jewel is not worthy of it—a great plain covered with grayish grass, clumps of tall, brown-blossomed agave; a sky metallic in its lustre, blazing and intense; a dim streak of azure on the horizon indicating the far sierra, and, creeping lazily through the flat, a dull, yellow river. But the city itself! Verily, it is a marvel.

Don Juan—I mean the Don Juan of the Tenoris family, linked to fame by Tirso de Molina, Glück, and Mozart, not the hero of Byron's poem—was born here, lived here, and lies under an ivy-clad sarcophagus in the gardens attached to the Duke de Montpensier's palace. No sweeter nook of earth could he have chosen for life's dreary pilgrimage, which he made as little dreary as he well could, if one-half that is said and sung of him be true. He was a sad scapegrace and no pattern to the rising generation, but he died penitent.

Threading the puzzling maze of Seville streets, one would fancy that all the ladies were in mourning for him. The dress of womankind of the better classes is invariably black; their tiny feet, coffined in dainty shoes, peep from under a pall of black skirts; black mantillas float over billows of inky hair, while black eyes flash with the melancholy fire of funeral torches over the tremulous tips of black fans. Why they patronize black (which is a conductor of heat) in this hot climate is a puzzle. Most cer-

tainly it is not because of sympathies, solemn or lugubrious; for the character of these elegant damsels of Seville is the reverse of gloomy. They are grave only exteriorly, and all that is coquettish, winning, and womanly within. If they hang out the undertaker's emblems it can only be through love of the rule of contraries; for they are arch in every step and glance, and bring sunshine with them into shady places. They are fond of seeing and being seen; they cannot be looked upon as mutes, for they carry a fan, which in Spain is equivalent to a semaphore; why, then, will they persist in wearing this sepulchral raiment? Peradventure the reason is no more recondite than this: it is very becoming, and modest withal, as the garb of the gentler sex should be.

The women of the lower classes do not confine themselves to the same severity of taste. They are as amorous of the gaudy as the negress. Cross the iron bridge over the Guadalquivir—here a slow current of chocolate and milk—and enter the Triana suburb, where Tatterdemalion holds sway. There you will meet gowns of printed cotton of the liveliest hue, gowns that flaunt violent pink and gamboge, but never a violet or a pearl gray, much less a black. These daughters of the people generally adorn their braided dark hair—which is thick enough to vex a Parisian belle with pangs of envy—with a few bright natural flowers, and sport cheap trinkets and ear-rings, and fling gay kerchiefs over their shoulders. The men are as true to the native costume as the women. That abomination, the stove-pipe hat, seldom shocks the æsthetic soul. The head-gear is the wide round hat with low crown and inward-turned brim. The large blue or brown cloak with parti-colored lining is almost universally worn as in Madrid, but with this difference: in Madrid the tail of it is held before the mouth, as if there were an epidemic of toothache; in Seville it drapes full and free. The Andalusian jacket—broidered with tags, and short so as to show the scarlet waist-sash—and tight trousers, and shoes of untanned leather are likewise common. A tidy, active working-dress this Andalusian dress is, but it must no more be argued that the men who wear it are tidy and active and addicted to hard work than that the women who wear black are going to a burial-service. No; Seville is the most deliciously idle place in creation, and the Sevillanos are the most deliciously idle people.

The *vis inertiæ* is cultivated there as a science; the Castle of Indolence is somewhere in the neighborhood; the central offices of the Lazy Society are situated in the Calle de las Sierpes.

The natives take to lotus-eating naturally—pure effect of climate. The Seven Sleepers were born in Seville, and their descendants still have their lethargic being in the city. It was never meant for the bustle of trade or the whirr of machinery. It is the corner of all others to read Anacreon 'mid bowers dipping their leaves into plashing fountains, to consume fruit and ices, listen to distant music, and blow languid wreaths of perfumed smoke. It is the veritable opium-eater's Paradise.

Of deliberate design I abstain from enlarging on the public buildings and monumental curiosities of the city. All that can be had at first hand, better than I can give it, from Richard Ford and Henry O'Shea. To my thinking nothing can be more insufferable than the statistics of architecture, the bald jargon of styles platenesque and ornaments charrigaresque, the raptures over chancels and transepts and ogee-windows, the precise accounts of such a bell which would turn the scale at so many notes, and such a spire which is three yards and a quarter taller than that of Trinity Church, with the everlasting scraps of poetry from the treasury of ready-made quotations interlarded between. It is worse even than the cant of criticism which Laurence Sterne castigated with honest pen. Hugo was a genius, and even Hugo was almost unequal to saving *Notre Dame de Paris* from the dead weight of architectural detail which cumbered its spirit.

Let us look at Seville of to-day without guide-book or guide, meander through its labyrinth of narrow, paved streets with minds open to receive and mark the features of the East side by side with those of the West. Those flat-roofed buildings with greeneries on top, those jealous balconies and windows with their iron trellis-work, those cool inner spaces with their tessellated floors and surroundings of marble pillars, of which we catch glimpses through the metal fret-work of the private doors —how Moorish they are! Then the sights and sounds, the ragged and bronzed beggar-urchins, the hawkers of lemons and fresh water, the strings of donkeys and mules in fringed blinkers pattering along under huge net or straw panniers crammed with fruit, or charcoal, or tiles, or corkwood—how characteristic, how utterly un-Frankish! That lolling clown, with legs dangling over the tawny sheared sides of a diminutive donkey, is a study in himself. Then the melodious street-cries, the lively braying and whinnying, and the perpetual tinkling of the collar-bells worn by all four-footed beasts that pass, except nobody's dog and the rich man's horse—what a pleasant concert they

make! If you wish to change the scene roam through the plazas with their marble water-basins and orange-trees; go to the Duke de Montpensier's garden with its wealth of myrtle and fern-palms; wander to the river-side and look at the ships lading or unlading; or ascend the Giralda, the old mosque steeple from which the muezzin called "the faithful" in turbans to prayer, and take in the comely mass of color beneath in one broad sweep. Then the changing sky that canopies this "fragment of heaven let fall upon earth"! The riot of clouds when the elements war, and, after the mid-day heats, the genial rain pours down as if the blue expanse overhead were a lake—how fervent and cordial! At night, when the city streets are crowded with groups in conversation; when the fragrant, flower-garlanded *patios* are visible by mystic lights pendent from gilt chandeliers, like votive lamps before a shrine; when *caballeros* pay court to their lady-loves through gratings as *caballeros* are licensed only to pay court in Spain; when plaintive songs, with a reminiscence of the desert about them, are chanted in monotonous cadence to the accompaniment of a guitar—how grateful it all is to him who is not lost to the sense of poetry! Insensibly one yields himself to the associations of the by-gone, and imagination takes wing. As the night ages and silence enwraps the scene—a silence only broken by the deep boom from a clock-tower or the voice of the *sereno*, the Spanish watchman, hobbling along with his lantern swinging from his pike and his bunch of keys from his girdle, singing out the hours—the effect is stronger; and I confess, while roaming in such a frame once, I so lost myself to the present that I would not have been surprised if I had met the Knight of La Mancha and the three gallants of the *Canard à Trois Becs* in mocking whispers at his heels, or Figaro himself on a serenading excursion; but with the last puff of my cigar died out the ideal and returned the real. I hastened back to my hotel, which might once have been a Moorish palace, and there, to make the assurance doubly sure that this was the nineteenth century, sat in an American rocking-chair a gentleman in tweed suit, reading *Galignani's Messenger* and drinking pale ale.

That gentleman was not a poet; he was an English tourist. It was the period before the Holy Week, with its world-renowned solemnities, celebrated with a pomp second only to that of Rome in her heyday, and which draw strangers in swarms from every point of the compass. If I expected to enjoy an intellectual chat with that gentleman I was mistaken.

"Only fancy!" he began: "the landlord has been here, and

the beggar says we'll have to pay double for board and lodging if we don't clear out before the 5th of April."

To my explanation that a time of deep interest was at hand, and that accommodation would be at a premium, Manchester (I felt instinctively he must be a "drummer" and in the dry-goods line) continued: "Yes, I know: bull-fights, Italian opera at the San Fernando, races, fat women, talking-seals, peep-shows, whirligigs—all the fun of the fair. By Jove! I've half a mind to hang on."

He had not heard of the grand open-air religious processions from Palm Sunday to Good Friday, nor of the uniquely pathetic service of the *Tenebræ*, nor of the gorgeous jubilance of Easter Sunday. For him the sacred biblico-traditional drama of "The Seven Dolors of the Virgin Mary" had no attraction. He preferred fireworks and the learned pig.

"No," he added, as if musing; "on second thought, I sha'n't. Bull-fights I can see at Madrid; and the only race-meeting worth attending, I'm told, is that at the place where the sherry is manufactured."

"Surely," I ventured, with artless good-nature, "you will wait to patronize Mr. Spiller, who is advertised as skater-in-ordinary to the Duke of Edinburgh, and your countryman, Mr. Price, the circus-proprietor, who pitches his tent in the Alameda of Hercules."

"Tom Price—bah! You should go to Astley's, in the Westminster Bridge Road, my boy. That fairly takes the cake. I'm off!"

He went, and I was not sorry; but the spell was broken. I was guest of an inn. My delicious train of reverie had been smashed up; the genius of dry-goods had evicted poetry under circumstances of aggravated harshness; before the stamp of the elastic-sided boot of Manchester, Pedro the Cruel and Alonso the Wise, Murillo and Luca Giordano, Maria de Padilla and Leonora de Guzman, *el Rey Chiquito* Boabdil and the heir of Columbus—all had melted into thinnest of air.

Inexorable duty called me to Gibraltar before the Holy Week solemnities, so that I have no opportunity of describing them *de proprio visu*, and I do not care to rehearse twice-told tales. But whilst I was in Seville I wandered to and fro and made good use of my leisure, hearing and seeing as much as most visitors. Of those things which remain imprinted on my memory I may repeat some without incurring—at least so I trust—the imputation of boring the reader. There was a basin

in the gardens of the Alcazar where I was wont to sit beneath the shade of the foliage among the fervid heats of noon. There is an anecdote connected with it which impressed me mightily. King Ferdinand was sitting here one day and was sore perplexed by an affair of state. He required a just and astute judge to decide some vexed question of the first importance. Walking up and down, he unconsciously picked an orange, cut it in twain, and flung one half into the water, the cut side downwards. Suddenly an idea struck him. The monarch sent for a judge and asked what was that floating before him. "An orange," was the answer. Irritated, he dismissed him, summoned another, put the same question, and received the same reply. This went on until at length one authority, before answering, drew the fruit towards him with a branch of a tree, lifted it out of the water, and said, "Half an orange."

There are five-and-twenty parish churches in Seville and two thousand priests; but, as too often happens on the European Continent, I discovered that the women were vastly more attentive than the men to observances of devotion. I made the acquaintance of a wealthy burgess, a dealer in curiosities, who asked me round to his store to inspect some of the charming peasant costumes of Murcia, now fast falling into disuse—and a grievous pity it is. It was Friday when I visited him, and the old sinner was gobbling pork-chops.

"What! you a Christian,* you a son of the church!" I exclaimed.

"Ah! señor," he apologized, "forgive me! I am very frail, but my wife is *so* good a Christian—I reverence that woman. She has gone to Mass without breaking her fast, and when she returns she will eat only one small cup of chocolate."

But all the burgesses of Seville are not like to him who practised mortification by proxy. The gentlefolk are pious and the commonalty are not irreligious. Cheerfulness and sobriety are the rule; gambling and an idleness excused by the enervating influences of the too generous sun are the predominating vices, as elsewhere in southern Spain. I saw few ebullitions of temper, much hospitality amongst the poor, no downright thievishness, but an irresistible tendency to pass bad money, which is accounted a venial failing in the Peninsula.

The cathedral is a superb pile and occupies the site of an ancient mosque. The stained-glass windows are so many captive rainbows. Pretermitting talk about dimensions and the like, I

* In Spain Christian means Catholic.

may note some few of the remarkable features which are most apt to be recalled by the stranger. Foremost among these are the stone pulpit from which St. Vincent de Ferrer preached; the slab over the remains of Ferdinand, son of Christopher Columbus, whereon are inscribed the words (referring to his illustrious father), "*A Castilla y á Leon Mundo Nuevo Dió Colon*," and a Crucifixion by a Mexican negro, who was never known to paint any other subject. It is a peculiarity of artists of the Spanish school, in representations of the Sacrifice on Calvary, to use three nails and place the wound on the right side; Italians use four and place it on the left. In the Capilla Real is the figure of the "Vergin de los Reyes," the patron of Seville, a gift from St. Louis of France, surmounted by the identical crown with which the brow of the canonized monarch was pressed, and enclasped as to the throat by a diamond necklace valued at ninety thousand *duros*, presented by Doña Berenguela, the mother of St. Ferdinand. Among the treasures in the *relicario* of the sacristy is a massive gold group made of ore brought by Columbus from America, consisting of two figures sustaining a globe, the globe alone weighing fifteen pounds. Passing under a horseshoe arch, in a dusty corridor beside which is preserved the shrivelled mummy of an ungainly alligator sent by the Sultan of Egypt to Alonso the Wise when seeking his daughter's hand, the Chapter Library is reached. The prizes of this collection are the manuscripts of the discoverer of the New World and the book, *Tractatus Imagine Mundi*, he took with him on the caravel when he first crossed the Atlantic. There are marginal notes to it in his own minute and legible handwriting, in one of which he lays down this apothegm of sad wisdom: "No one is secure from adversity." There are no especially beautiful pictures by Murillo —especially, I say, for all of his are beautiful—in the cathedral, but the church of La Caridad contains two masterpieces: the "Miracle of our Lord feeding the Multitude" and that of "Moses bringing the Living Water from the Rock of Horeb." The latter is full of diversity of expression underlain by a thrill of mad eagerness brought out with a terrible truth. Another famous picture is the "Descent from the Cross" of Campana. This was painted in 1548, and was so natural that Murillo was never weary of resting in rapt contemplation before it, and on his death-bed asked to be buried at its feet in the church of Santa Cruz. He had his wish. But the dogs of war came panting that way. Soult entered Seville, pulled down the church, desecrated

the master's grave, and stole all of his canvases he could lay sacrilegious hands on to grace the Louvre. The Spaniards do not love the French, nor is it wonder.

There is a cannon-foundry and a copper-foundry, but more in keeping with the associations of the district is the porcelain factory, where an Englishman, Mr. Charles Pickman, produces some capital imitations of the glazed tiles which were brought to such perfection by the Moors. Seldom has a hive of industry been reared in nobler building or on more lovely site—it was a convent up to 1836—nestling in gardens, enamelled with flowers, wealthy in fruit-trees, and on the banks of a river. Some may consider it profanity that potters' wheels spin and buzz in an edifice once consecrated to religion; but labor is prayer and sanctifies of itself. A number of healthy, handsome girls are busily engaged coloring and burnishing the ceramic ware which is fashioned in the old cloisters, and are ready with joyous carols over their work—old airs sometimes plaintive as well as gay, of which you may hear many a memory in Bizet's *Carmen*. Here Andalusian lasses have to thank the foreigner for giving them the privilege of earning their bread and olives honestly, and have the happy look of independence. Their full-blooded complexions would shame the pale operatives of Lancashire or Massachusetts. They can hardly realize how lucky they are to ply such a neat trade in an atmosphere of freshness and sweet odor under a dome of sapphire. Another institution to inspect is the great government tobacco-factory, close by the cathedral, where no fewer than five thousand females are employed. The sight is the workwomen. The process of cigar-making is as uninteresting as that of diamond-polishing, and yet one goes to witness both with more anxious feeling than to see what is far more remarkable—the making of a pin. The building in which the manufactory is carried on is a world in itself—an imposing, oblong block, with a railed enclosure in front. As it is guarded by soldiers, the traveller is likely to take it for an enormous barrack. But admission has only to be sought to be obtained. The interior consists of long, whitewashed halls, divided into colonnades by rows of pillars, from which spring vaulted ceilings. The workers are seated at low tables about two feet from the ground, in parties of half-dozens. They were there of every age, from the tawny hussy of sixteen to the matron with her infant crowing and tumbling in a cradle beside her, and the wrinkled hag with her iron-gray locks bound with a bright bandanna. Poor, but

merry and impudent withal, they were, and some of the sprightly hoydens displayed rosebuds and sprays of lilac in their magnificent ebon hair. There is a tradition that they smoke, not dainty cigarettes, but full-flavored cigars; in any case they are carefully searched before leaving, to prevent them from smuggling out trabucos for personal consumption or as offerings to favored swains. They were clad invariably in cotton-prints with short shawls of red, or crimson, or saffron, or other hue outvying the tulip in garishness. To be brutally frank, not one of these Carmens was conspicuously pretty; they had all brilliant eyes and teeth, but all had an ill-fed, dried-up appearance, even those who were inclined to flesh. The Spanish woman, after a certain age, has a proclivity to get too stout; connoisseurs pretend that this is the combined effect of rancid oil and sweet stuff. Very assiduously these "lazy Andalusiennes" bent to their tasks, picked and sorted the leaves, rolled the cigars into shape, clipped them, gummed the ends, and packed them into bundles tied with smart ribbons of silk—for they are paid by the piece, and the bull-fighting season is near, and they must save the price of a seat at the *corrida* on Easter Sunday, come what will. The cigars are assorted in boxes according to their size and strength, brand and shape. Leaving the cigar-hall, I was shown into the cigarette-hall, where a number of quieter girls, with shallow boxes of tobacco-dust almost as fine as snuff before them, were rolling the paper cylinders exactly as it is done by smokers, but with fingers surer and nimbler. In another hall the *cartuchos*, or packages to hold cigarettes and tobacco, were made. They were ready printed and cut, waiting to be put on a wooden frame, turned over, and pasted. One child of ten was pointed out to me as the quickest in the lot. Her small hands flew over her work with a rapidity that dazzled. She had need to be expeditious, poor wean! for she received just one farthing British, or half a cent, for every hundred packages she made.

There are others besides the tantalizing tile-makers and the saucy cigarreras who are rebellious to the drowsy influences of clime and profanely work—the gipsies and the beggars. There are some gipsies in Seville, though not so many as in the pages of Murray. The excessively dirty and extremely picturesque race with parchment skins and high cheek-bones is dying out. A few stray members of the tribe remain in the remotest and raggedest part of the transpontine suburb and shear mules, cope horses, and do tinkering jobs generally, filling in their spare time

with petty larceny. Their women shuffle cards and tell fortunes. A splendid people they are, those gipsies—in Borrow's book and on canvas. In private life their society is not to be courted. If you do not want to see them they are sure to turn up; if you do, as I did, you must look for them, and not always with success. I came across but one during my stay in Spain—a yellow girl who was eager to exhibit her palmistry at my expense in the immense coffee-house under the Fonda de Paris at Madrid, and she left a strong impression on my mind of having been own sister to a persuasive prophetess who once cozened me of half a crown on the towing-path at Putney at the 'Varsity boat-race on the Thames. Your hopes of assisting at a gipsy dance at Seville will be disappointed. If you give a courier ten dollars he may be able to improvise you one; a pack of filthy, bony men and women will execute epileptic saltatory movements before you—not the Esmeralda dance, but coarse swaying of the body from the hips and vehement contortions—and finally one creature will throw her handkerchief at your feet. A well-bred *caballero* will fill the handkerchief with shining silver and hand it back to her with a bow. This dance is work, downright hard work; but it is a dance for money. Mammon, not Terpsichore, is the genius to whom worship is paid. The mendicants work as hard at their trade as those dancing gipsies. I counted fifty-seven in a short morning walk—some robust and some well dressed, with the well-acted meekness of genteel poverty. The cripples, the deformed, the adults with their baby arms, and the jumping Billy-the-Bowls could not be paralleled out of South Italy. From the assortment could be furnished Burns' "Holy Fair" and the Pattern in *Peep o' Day* twice over, with something to leave. They are all past-masters and mistresses in the art of petitioning; they are professors of physiognomy like Lavater, and can tell at a glance a face which ought to belong to a charitable mortal; and then what a command they have of the gamut of lungs, from the whine, the wheedle, and the snuffle to the unctuous, droning prayer or the fierce malediction!

Still, beggars, gipsies, heat, and laziness to the contrary notwithstanding, Seville is delectable and a marvel in its gardens and groves, its flowers and fruit, its fountains and fish-pools, its soft climate and soft people, its languorous repose and silvery tinkles to prayer. Seville is romance. Shall it ever be mine again to lie beneath the shade of its secular orange-trees, and blink at clustering shafts of marble tipped with silver sun-rays,

and dream dreams? As I write, methinks to my ear rises the cry of the guardian of the night, the last I heard as I left, half-warning, half-supplication: "*Ave Maria Purissima, las diez han dado.*"

A DAY-DREAM.

One eve in summer-time, when silent stole
Through windows blazoned rich the slanting beams
Of yon declining sun, I knelt me down
'Mong holy places of the past to pray.
An old cathedral vaulted wide and large,
Where saints shed from the windows glorious light—
As if in that blue firmament to heaven
A vista opened, to disclose the thrones
Of cherubim and angels, and the bowers
Of Beulah's amaranthine land, and shining streams.
I knelt to pray, but closed the gates of prayer,
Or thronged with olden memories grave and glad
Of faces that on earth see light no more,
Of voices that 'mong men are nowhere heard,
Of hands that clasp not friendly hands again,
Of feet that know no more the paths of care—
But lo! a wonder, comes a white-stoled band;
The priest and deacons fill the olden throne,
The chanters take their place on carven seats;
The mighty organ peals its thund'rous chimes,
And many breathèd anthems loud and full
Fill with grand harmonies that ancient dome;
The altar shines and glows with lights and flowers,
And billowy incense makes the joy complete.
Now hushed the sounds, and fade the lights as stars
'Fore Titan's morning blaze; the white-stoled band
Pass two by two slow through the vestry porch;
Through three vast doors the townsfolk lingering home;
And I alone, with none but memories near,
Then now and ever, for 'twas but a dream—
A dream, but anchored deep in Being's sea;
Which, while the world's vain fashions change and pass,
Abideth still a constant, changeless joy.

THE WELSH CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

I.

OF those that appreciate most the good qualities of Irishmen, who can be blind to the fact that they often distribute praise and blame unfairly? They have a knack of denouncing the wrong man, or at any rate charging the less culprit with the cardinal sin. Influenced, perhaps, by a remnant of that loyalty of the clan which has lingered longest among them and their near cousins of Wales and the Scottish Highlands, they have preferred to curse the "brutal Saxon," when the rack-renting absentee landlord of their own kith and kin is a far greater sinner. Popular feeling is directed in a lump; it moves in large masses; it cannot ever be made to draw fine distinctions. Always, in a landlord class, there are men of profound sympathy, of charitable longings, and of immediate and most lovable action toward the class ground down by that strange mixture of greed and mental confusion as to what is fair and unfair which characterizes the rule of the upper classes of the British Empire. Therefore the landlord class cannot be denounced *en bloc;* there are too many exceptions. The foreign "Saxon," however, represented by a few thick-headed, over-bearing, recent settlers from Great Britain, is, as a mass, too distant and too little understood by the average Irishman that his more respectable traits should be appreciated. Hence the success of appeals to the prejudice of Irishmen against Englishmen, reinforced as they are by the facts of legislation in London—facts that show an indifference to the real welfare of one of the most important thirds of the Empire which is almost incredible. Only since the Irish leaders in Parliament have begun to meet cynicism with cynicism, brutal indifference with the coolest disdain, and interested appeals for fair play with the deaf ears they deserve, has Ireland begun to exercise her rightful weight in the councils of the empire. Foreigners, and Americans also—who are never really foreign in their inmost hearts to Great Britain, so many and intimate are the ties of history, literature, and language between them—cannot but regard this with satisfaction. If the results are painful to Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen, the

latter are themselves to blame for neglecting so long to do their duty by their cousinry.

But more to blame, however the Irish may be gentle with their faults, are the upper classes of Ireland, who have for the most part kept up a tacit alliance with the ruling classes of the rest of the empire more shameful to them than to any one else. Birth, wealth, the regard of their poorer fellow-countrymen, and a superior education should have made them the champions and protectors of Ireland. They should not have been seduced by the social pleasures of London or dazzled by the hopes of preferment; and because they have misused their opportunities it has come about that Ireland, the country of clannish men, worshippers of rank and believers in blood and breeding, has at length developed some of the worst levellers, violently opposed to the old system of rank and caste, and among them men who are as cruel and unjust, as ready to destroy the innocent for the sake of gaining their point, as any that were bred of the anarchy of the French Revolution.

An instance of the slowness the Irish have shown to place blame where it properly belongs is the way in which the agency of the Welsh in gradually overrunning and holding down Ireland has been ignored. It is true that onslaughts have been made by patriotic Irishmen on the books of Welshmen who have written on Ireland. But the position of the Welsh toward the Irish seems to have remained always hazy in the minds of the Irish and English writers on the history of Ireland. Yet on examination we find that the conquest of Ireland variously called Saxon or Norman may be far more correctly termed Welsh. Diarmaid, son of Murcadha, "a man by whom all Ireland was made a trembling sod," was the Irishman who caused it. The organizing element, to be sure, was Norman, and in part Flemish; and at a later date, before Cromwell's injection of Englishmen into Ireland, the Pale seems to have been largely colonized by men of purely Saxon stock who coalesced with the remains of the Scandinavians not absorbed by the Kelts. But the conquest itself was begun by a mixed army of Welshmen, led by an Irish refugee, and supported presently by a Welsh prince of Norman blood on the father's side, who took his Saxon name of Strongbow from his father, Gilbert, and whose force contained Normans, Welshmen, and Irish refugees. Richard, Earl of Pembroke and Strygill—called Rickert, Earl of Terstig, in the Welsh annals—appears to have had a Welsh mother; he married an Irishwoman, the daughter of Diarmaid mac Murcadha,

a petty king deserted by his subjects for his crimes, and a fugitive before the prince who just then could best support his claim to be Ard-Ree, or Head King, of all Ireland. It was the way of that epoch. Macmurcadha, having interviewed the Norman-English king in France and made arrangements in Wales with several Norman-Welsh adventurers, set sail in advance of them, accompanied by a Welsh force, as would appear from his beginning almost at once to make head against his native foes. According to the Four Masters, seventy heavy-armed Flemish knights were in his pay. A year after (A.D. 1169) came the first little army persistently called Anglo-Normans, when Norman-Welsh would be the better term. It was not till 1170 that the main body arrived under the son of Strongbow, but there is little to show that Englishmen composed it in any appreciable quantity. Moreover, Rhys ap Gryffith, Prince of South Wales, sent his nephew Robert, son of Stephen the Constable, in this expedition to aid Diarmaid. Most probably this was, in the opinion of that day, the important part of the army, while "Strongbow's" was a contingent. It was much later that Saxon settlers made themselves obnoxious. One gathers from Caradoc's history of Wales that the invasion of 1170 must have appeared only one in a long line of expeditions in both directions across the Irish Sea, according as it was a Welsh or an Irish prince who found on the opposite side friends, money, a band of cut-throats, and a wife, to aid in repossessing himself of his little "realm." So, taking Caradoc's dates without further question, since it is not a matter of exact years but mass of testimony, we find:

A.D. 917. The men of Dublin devastate the island of Anglesey.

958. The Irish land again and burn Holyhead under princes of Danish stock. And once more in 966.

1041. Gryffith flies from Wales to Dublin, marries a daughter of the local king, and returns to Wales with an Irish army. The chances are in favor of the ascendency, at this period, of the Irish language among the Scandinavian colonists. Welshmen and Irishmen could make themselves understood.

1042. Slaughter of Irish troops at Aberteivi.

1043. Conon of Wales raises in Ireland an army for the purpose of regaining his dukedom.

1073. Gryffyth ap Cynan gets an army from "Encumallon, King of Ulster," and the kings Ranallt and Mathawn, and returns to Wales.

1080. He gets another Irish army and makes himself Prince of North Wales.

1087. Rhys ap Tewdor flies to Ireland and returns to overwhelm his Welsh enemies (who probably have Norman help).

1098. Howel ap Ithel flies to Ireland. Irish pirates devastate Mona, instead of protecting it as they were summoned to do (*Annales Cambriæ*).

1100. The Norman-Welsh nobles make an alliance with "Murkart, King of Ireland."

1105. Flemings, drowned out by the sea in the Netherlands, come in numbers to England. The Norman-English king gives them lands in Wales—if they can take and hold them!

1106. The Welsh prince Owen flies to Murkart in Ireland.

1118. King Henry defeated by the Welsh.

1142. Cadwalader buys, in Dublin, Irish and Scottish mercenaries (that is to say, Irishmen of Scandinavian and Keltic stock who speak the same tongue), and returns to Wales, where the hirelings are destroyed.

1168. The nephew of the Welsh prince Rhys takes an army to Ireland to help Dermot, son of Murkart of Ulster. The next year comes Richard, son of Gilbert "Strongbow," Earl of Strygul, who was the ruler of Cardiganshire. This is the so-called conquest of Ireland!

1171. Richard "Strongbow" marries Dermot's daughter.

1172. King Henry goes to Ireland. Famine in his army.

1209. King John goes to Ireland.

1245. King Henry invites the Irish to plunder Anglesey.

1258. Llewellyn of Wales routs at sea an expedition coming from Ireland to aid the besieged Earl of Chester.

According to the Abbé MacGeoghegan, who wrote about a century later than Keating, dying in 1750, we find a good proportion of the nobles and adventurers who got lands in Ireland about the period of Strongbow either Welsh or with Old British blood in their veins. Names like Caddel and Finglas betray their origin; the Stacks were considered of British ancestry, not English; the Walshes appear to have been so-called because not Irish but Cambrian, while at least two noblemen named Welsh (Philip and David) were entirely British. Robert Fitzstephen was the son of Nest, the Cambrian princess who had so many sons by different husbands. Meyler, one of Strongbow's best helpers, was her grandson, and so was Robert Fitz-Henry. Maurice and William Fitzgerald were her sons by Gerald Fitz-Walter, and Raymond le Gros, a famous wrester of lands from the older owners, was of the same stock. Prendergast and Milo de Cogan appear to have been Welshmen. The Aylmer family

boasted descent from an Earl of Cornwall of the tenth century; and Gerald de Barry, the famous Giraldus Cambrensis, whose fantastic writings on Ireland have given Irishmen so much pain, was also of the line of Princess Nest. All these names represent famous families founded in Ireland about this period, and called afterwards Anglo-Irish, though the Anglo part was as great as possible a misnomer, in view of the fact that a homogeneous nation called English was far from having existence at the time. Their language was doubtless Norman, with very little Old English or Saxon to boast of, but a very considerable stock of Welsh, the language of their mothers and nurses, of the common folk and domestics, if not always of their fathers. Being near the Irish speech, the Welsh vernacular made it easy for them to conciliate the Irish. The fashion was Norman, of course; most men Normanized their names, if they could. Notwithstanding which the strong Welsh complexion of the King of Ulster's aids can be seen. The name of Archibald the Fleming must in the same way stand for by no means the only Belgian adventurer who carved a home for himself with his sword in the hurly-burly between native chieftains. It should also be remembered that in succeeding periods the Welsh names would be apt to be taken for Irish, owing to their general similarity, and that the families of those Welshmen who did not take the precaution to hand down Norman or English names to their offspring must have lost their identity as aliens in a few generations. Other notable Welsh names will occur, such as Davis, Mitchell, Morgan, Taafe, Capel, Peppard, and Barrett; perhaps Cusack, Carew, Tobin, and Tyrrel. A greater grievance the Irish might have had against the Welsh than their settling in Ireland, which was only tit for tat, consisted in the reports of the country, the people and their manners and customs, given to the world by Gerald de Barry, a Welsh ecclesiastic of the old princely line of Wales, only partially Normanized, who was more than suspected by the Norman kings of England of aiming at a Welsh throne, or at any rate of preparing the ground for a rebellion in Wales. Wherefore he could never obtain the bishopric due to his parts and the love his countrymen bore him. A very learned man for his time, he was fond of show, delighted in elaborate ceremonials, and held his own talents in enormous esteem. Though a Welshman, he either could not or would not preach in the Old British; yet as a prelate and politician he inclined to the Welsh. Gerald "Cambrensis" told many marvels and lies about Ireland after the manner of the travellers of his day.

He never went far from Dublin, and was more intent on attracting the notice and good-will of King Henry than doing justice to the people he pretended to describe. Undoubtedly he was the means of a good deal of the contempt for the Irish which obtained among other nations, but that he was intentionally malignant does not appear. Edmund Spenser, the Elizabethan poet, was juster: at least he took pains to inform himself; he lived in Ireland long enough to write a large part of the *Faerie Queen*, and had much more reason than Cambrensis to hate the Irish, for, if the report is true, his home, with wife and child, was burned by the nationalists (if so they can be called) of his day.

The conquest of Ireland, then, if that term can be used (certainly it was not a conquest in the sense of that made by William the Norman over England a century before), was made at Irish instigation by Welsh princes, who had at their disposal trained warriors from Norman-England, Normandy, Flanders, and Brittany. The Welsh had the largest share in it; and if, in looking back at the first settlers, Norman names seem to preponderate, it must be remembered that prestige induced Welshmen to take the Norman rather than the Welsh name of their parents whenever there was an excuse so to do. Later on we find their descendants taking Keltic names and becoming the fiercest nationalists of all. At the time the spirit that directed them, the statesmanship and tenacity that fortified them, in their conquests were undoubtedly Norman; it is the same noble mixed race at work here as in Great Britain and Scotland, in Languedoc, Italy and Calabria, in Sicily and the Ægean. But the hands that effected it were principally Irish and Welsh, and, if it is to be called a conquest at all, it should be called the Welsh conquest of Ireland. Note that the landlord class, the peers and gentry of Ireland, have continued to the present day to betray their own country after the modern fashion, even as the petty kings of Ireland did not scruple to invite over the Welsh and Norman adventurers in order to gain lands at the expense of their fellows or compel the people under their yoke.

II.

Certainly such inroads on Irish soil were nothing new; they seem to have been in order from the earliest times. Go back to the ages that are close on the borders of the mythical, and find the hero Cuchulin taking the son of a king of Alba (Scotland) for an intruder and committing a great slaughter on his men

before he recognizes him. The passage in *The Feast of Bricrend* offers one of the few examples of an allusion to the secret writing called Ogham after an old Keltic god of knowledge, which is now supposed to have been a notched character, based on the old Greek alphabet, like the Runes, but more of a secret cipher than the Rune.

Dobert Cuchulaind a sleigin do agus doforne ogum n-ind, agus adbert feis: "Erich co ro bi im suidhi-se ind Emain Macha corris!" —Cuchulin gave him his little spear and cut an Ogham thereon, and said to him: "Up now, until it is to my seat in Emain Macha that you come!" This shows the prevalence of expeditions across the Irish Sea and testifies to the antiquity of letters in Ireland; the genuineness of the story is attested by internal evidence, for nothing could be more Keltic of the heroic age than the gift of a spear to a stranger as a passport on which the native hero has notched his mark—in all probability it was his initial in a Runic character rather than the system of numbered notches which is commonly called the Ogham. There seems to have been anciently a Keltic sun-god, in some of his phases a patron of art and literature, like the Aztec sun-god Quetzalcoatl. He was called Ogma Grian-Eiges—Ogma Learned-in-the-Sun—and the mystery of letters was under his special care. It need not be said that the common Druidical devices of concealment were practised in regard to writing; it is plain that the Druids must have practised the art, probably in a rude ancient Greek or Phœnician alphabet, while professing to rely entirely on their wonderful memories. It is curious and suggestive, in this connection, that recruits for the body of men known as the Fiann, or Fenians, who seem to have been at first a governing caste, then a police force, and finally a species of irregular Janissaries, were examined for literary qualifications as well as such bodily ones as leaping, running through thick woods, steadiness of weapons, ability to ward off javelin-strokes. Before he could be admitted the Fiann was examined as to his learning; he was rejected if he could not repeat twelve books of poetry. The Fenius of the native histories, after whom the Fenians were named, is perhaps a pure creation of the annalists in imitation of the Greek story of Cadmus. Phœnix was called the brother of Cadmus. We may conjecture that when the Irish took the Greek letters they began to write their own history, and while so doing sought a native parallel to the story of the beginnings of Greek history. Cadmus was fabled to have brought to Europe the sixteen letters of the Phœnician alphabet, which we still use, as did the Greeks and

Romans. Suppose some learned Druid to start a similar fable for Ireland, or possibly at first for Gaul, using Phœnix instead of Cadmus to fit the tradition to the name of some great leader, or of some conquering tribe, called Finn. Yet it is always possible to argue an origin for such a myth quite as native and independent as that of Cadmus. Why should not the Phœnician settlements on the Mediterranean transmit to Gaul and Ireland the myth of a Phœnix as the inventor of letters, at the same epoch that similar settlements in Greece were carrying the myth now associated with the name of Cadmus? Phœnix is supposed to mean "date-palm." Cadmus is translated "Eastman." The ancient history of Ireland reaches so far back into the fogs of the past that it is often a question whether a given story, custom, or word first appeared among the semi-civilized Kelts of Western Europe or among the nations on the Mediterranean whose glory dazzles the imagination and causes one to refer everything to them. Indeed, the surprising thing about Irish antiquities is the small amount of coloring from classical sources which can be detected. Fenius may possibly be Phœnix, chosen because he was the brother of Cadmus, or its root may be purely Keltic and have had originally no relation to Phœnicia whatever. Edmund Spenser saw clearly enough the difficulties in the way of deriving everything Irish from Greece or Rome. In *A View of the Present State of Ireland* the great English poet makes Eudoxus ask Irenæus regarding the letters of the Old Irish: "Whence, then, I pray you, could they have those letters?"

"*Iren.* It is hard to say; for whether they at theyr first coming into the land, or afterwardes by trading with other nations which had letters, learned them of them, or devised amongest themselves, it is very doubtfull; but that they had letters aunciently it is nothing doubtfull, for the Saxons of England are sayd to have theyr letters and learning and learned men from the Irish, and that also appeareth by the likeness of the characters, for the Saxon's character is the same with the Irish. Now the Scithyans never, as I can reade, of old had letters amongest them; therefore it seemeth that they [*i.e.*, the Irish, whom Spenser derives from a mixture of Scythians and Spanish Kelts] had them from that nation which came out of Spayne; for in Spayne there was (as Strabo writeth) letters aunciently used, whether brought unto them by the Phœnesians or Persians, which (as it appeareth by him) had some footing there, or from Marseilles, which is sayd to have been inhabited first by the Greekes, and from them to have the Greeke character; of which Marsilians it is sayd that the Gaules learned them first, and used them only for the furtheraunce of their trades and private business; for the Gaules (as is strongly proved by many auncient and authentical writers) did first inhabite all the sea-coast of Spayne, even unto Cales and the mouth of the Streits, and peopled also a great parte of

Italye, which appeareth by sundrye cittyes and havens in Spayne called of them, as Portingallia, Gallicia, Galdunum; and also by sundrye nations therein dwelling which yet have receaved theyr owne names of the Gaules, as the Rhegni, Presamarci, Tamariti, Nerii, and divers others. All which Pompeius [*sic*] Mela, being himself a Spanyard, yet sayeth to have discended from the Celties of Fraunce, wherby it is to be gathered that that nation which came out of Spayne into Ireland were aunciently Gaules, and that they brought with them those letters which they had learned in Spayne, first into Ireland, the which some also say doe much resemble the old Phœnician character, being likewise distinguished by pricke and accent, as theyrs aunciently."

Spenser, whom it is the habit of nationalist writers to assail unduly, considering the many handsome things he has said of the Irish of his time and before, had a very wonderful insight into the Irish past and an excellent idea of its value, whatever we may think of his remedies for the evils of the Elizabethan age in Ireland. He makes Irenæus say: "Indeede, Eudoxus, you say very true; for alle the customes of the Irish, which I have often noted and compared with that I have read, would minister occasion of most ample discourse of the first original of them, and the antiquitye of that people, which, in truth, I doe thinke to be more auncient than most that I knowe in this end of the world; soe as yf it were in the handling of some man of sound judgment and plentifull reading it would be most pleasant and proffitable."

And speaking of his own epoch, he alludes to "a certayne kind of people called Bards," as men who "sett foorth the prayses and disprayses of men in theyr poems and rimes; the which are had in soe high request and estimation amongest them that none dare to displease them for feare of running into reproche through theyr offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For theyr verses are taken up with a generall applause, and usually songe at all feasts and meetinges by certayne other persons, whose proper function that is, which also receave for the same greate rewardes and reputation besides." It is not to be resisted quoting a specimen of one of these performances, for the benefit of those readers who have forgot or never read this able work of the English poet:

"Of a most notorious theif and wicked outlawe, which had lived all his lifetime of spoyles and robberies, one of these Bardes in his prayse said: That he was none those idell milksops that was brought up by the fire-side, but that most of his dayes he spent in armes and valyaunt enterprises; that he did never eate his meate before he had wonne it with his swoorde; that he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantell, but used comonly to keepe others waking to defend theyr lives, and did light his candell at the flames of theyr howses to leade him in the darkenesse; that

the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to lye long wooing of wenches to yeeld unto him, but where he came he tooke by force the spoyle of other men's love, and left but lamentations to theyr lovers; that his musicke was not the harpe, nor layes of love, but the cryes of people and the clashing of armour; and that finally he died not bewayled of many, but made many wayle when he died that dearely bought his death. Doe not you thinke, Eudoxus, that many of theese prayses might be applyed to men of best desarte? Yet are they all yeelded to a most notable traytoure and amongest some of the Irish not smally accounted of. For the songe, when it was first made and songe unto a person of high degree, they were bought (as their manner is) for forty crownes.

"*Eudox.* And well worthye sure! But tell me (I pray you), have they any arte in theyr compositions? or be they any thing wittye or well savoured as Poems should be?

"*Iren.* Yea truly; I have caused diverse of them to be translated unto me, that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweete witt and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornamentes of Poetrye; yet were they sprinckled with some prety flowers of theyr owne naturall devise, which gave good grace and comliness unto them, the which it is a greate pitye to see soe abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which would with good usage serve to beautifye and adorne vertue."

The long quotation must excuse itself, owing to the light it throws on Irish poetry in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the view it gives of Spenser's attitude toward poetry—a singularly Philistine attitude, if we may still use Mr. Matthew Arnold's useful naturalization of German student slang.

III.

The fear of satire among the Irish, which we now find in their thinskinnedness under the ceaseless raillery of strangers, has been often noted and instances given; here, in a threat from the Senchus Mor, is an odd separation of satirical literature into specific kinds: "I will *grom* satirize in satire called *glas gabhail;* I will *glam* satirize in the extempore lampoon, and I will *aer* satirize in the full satire." Learning was so fully recognized as a profession that laws were established defining the duties, one to the other, of the pupil and his "literary foster-father," or master, as the liabilities of master and apprentice in regular trades. And in the same treasure of ancient habits and customs we read how a master must act toward his pupil, what his perquisites are, and what he can expect from him:

"The social connection that is considered between the foster-pupil and the literary foster-father is, that the latter is to instruct him without

reserve, and to prepare him for his degree, and to chastise him without severity, and to feed and clothe him while he is learning his legitimate profession, unless he obtains it from another person; and from the school of Fenius Forsaidh onwards this custom prevails; and the foster-pupil is to assist his tutor in poverty and to support him in his old age, and the honor-price of the degree for which he prepares him, and all the gains of his art while he is learning it, and the first earning of his art after leaving the house of his tutor, are to be given to the tutor; and the literary forefather has power of pronouncing judgment and proof and witness upon the foster-pupil, as has the father upon his son, and the church upon her tenant of ecclesiastical lands."

In Wales minstrelsy appears to have been coeval with the nation, but that it needed reforming is seen in Caradoc's history when it treats of Gryffith ap Conan, of North Wales, who was one of the greatest princes of the time just preceding that when Wales overflowed into Ireland. Gryffith was Irish on his mother's side. He "reformed the great disorders of the Welsh minstrels, which were then grown to great abuse. Of these there were three sorts in Wales. The first were called Beirdd, who composed several songs and odes of various measures, wherein the poet's skill was not only required, but also a natural endowment or a vein which the Latins term *furor poeticus*. These likewise kept the records of all gentlemen's arms and pedigrees, and were principally esteemed among all the degrees of Welsh poets. The next were such as played upon musical instruments, chiefly the harp and the crowd; which music Gryffith ap Conan first brought over into Wales, who, being born in Ireland and descended by his mother's side of Irish parents, brought with him from thence several skilful musicians, who invented almost all the instruments that were afterwards played upon in Wales. The last sort were called Atcaneid, whose business it was to sing to the instruments played upon by another." Here is an admission in regard to music and musical tools, the pride of the Welsh, made, not by one, but by several successive Welsh editors of Caradoc's history! Two of these three classes of literary men in Wales were mentioned by Edmund Spenser in the quotation given above. Gryffith ap Conan died in 1136; four centuries later Spenser finds much the same system extant in Ireland, whence the Welsh took it again at the revival of the minstrel's art by Gryffith ap Conan. The color-sense appears among the Irish, and presumably the Welsh also, in various ways, and early. A commentary on an old text of the Senchus Mor names the different colors of the winds. Thus from the east blows the purple wind, from the south the white, from the

north the black, and from the west the pale. From the northeast blows the dark, speckled wind, from the northwest the gray and dark brown, while a green and pale-gray storm comes out of the southwest, and a red and yellow wind approaches from Spain. This fantastic treatment of the colors of the winds is worthy of the imagination of Victor Hugo; strange to say, it is not without analogies in Oriental literature and Mexican antiquity as well. In Queen Elizabeth's day the wearing of saffron coats and smocks was prohibited by law, for the very good and humane reason that it was distinctive of the Irish, and therefore must be abolished, like the wearing of moustaches and the not-wearing of beards. "You —— foreigners," remarked in substance the Englishmen of the great epoch of English literature, "if you don't wear beards as we do, and shave your upper lips, and will not cut off those 'glibbes' [great bangs of hair over the forehead], and discard your yellow coats, you shall be made to do so with the argument of horse and foot. Your big mantles, too, we do not like. They carry stolen things, and conceal sword, pistol, and dirk; off with them! No matter if you must have them in order to keep alive in the cold and wet in a country where inns are not, and houses and cabins few. We don't like them."

At some period elaborate rules were laid down in Ireland concerning the color of garments. Under a certain king, so the tradition recorded by Keating holds, people began to wear red and blue coats, and add to the cloak all sorts of ornaments due to the deft fingers of workmen. Whereupon he ordained that slaves and the lowest order of the people should wear clothes of but one color (yellow?), soldiers of two (red and yellow?), noble youths of three (red, yellow, and blue?), rich farmers of four (red, yellow, blue, and green?), lords and magistrates of five, and, finally, the chief of the literati, or *filedha*, and the king and queen, garments of six colors. May we not find here—perhaps in the five colors of the lord's dress—the key to the bright variegated patterns of the plaids which the Scottish Highlanders wear to this day in honor of their several clans?

Spenser held that the shaving of their beards indicated a southern origin of the Irish, and attributed the custom to the Spanish side of the nation, instancing the Mohammedans of Spain and Africa as doing the like. Cleanliness and coolness in a hot clime are the reasons proposed. The saffron color of their clothes gives another note of Oriental descent, and shows a curious idea that the dye-stuff was hygienic. So to this day the dye of red

flannel is supposed to give it superior hygienic qualities. "Saffron shirtes and smockes," he writes, "which was devised by them in those hote countryes, where saffron is very common and rife, for avoyding that evill which commeth by much sweating and longe wearing of linnen." Whilst the heavy shock of hair over the forehead, called a "glibbe," is referred to the Scottish or, as he calls it, Scythian side of their ancestry. I have elsewhere had occasion to question whether green was anciently the national color of Ireland, pointing out that the Irish word for the sun, pronounced "green," has probably been confused with the English word for the color, as it is to-day in our word greenhouse, where the "green" is more likely to hark back to the Keltic word for the sun (sun-house) than to refer to the place where plants are kept green. The passage from Spenser adds to the suspicion that green was not originally the national color. There seems to be more of a case for a brilliant hue like yellow, both from the small likelihood that a bold, rude people would choose green as their livery in a rich, green land like Ireland, and from the fact that yellow would be just the color for sun-worshippers, as we know the ancient Irish were, and so remained to some extent long after the introduction of Christianity. A desert race like the Arabs would naturally choose green for the distinctive color of a turban, but not the inhabitants of a cloudy, moist, pale and dark green island. Yellow and red are the colors they would take. Doubtless the tradition of yellow as a national Irish color disappeared when the hated Protestant settlers began to wear orange in honor of the house of Hanover. But it should be noted that yellow and green, or gold and green, remain the two colors of the Irish flag, whether the charge thereon be a sunburst or a harp. The Welsh have a tradition that the chief bard wore a robe of sky-blue, signifying Peace.

The fame of Ireland as a place rich in castles and settled communities, in fine cattle and high-bred hunting-dogs, and especially noted for its breed of horses, has confirmation in the "Kudrun," a sea-ballad of great length, which vies with the Nibelungen-lied as the beginning of German literature. Its epoch is supposed to be not later than the eleventh century, not earlier than the ninth; but in this, like many of the old poems of Ireland, it contains hints of the heathen past, some of the actors, indeed, being heathen gods reduced to the level of heroic men. Thus the princes of the Netherlands and Flanders receive as gifts horses brought from "Irlandé." When the bold abductors of the Irish princess go to her father's court Waté wins the prince's regard by his clever-

ness at games, and the ballad expressly mentions the love of the Irish for enjoying themselves:

> " 354. Nâch site in Irlande vil often man began
> Maneger hande freude. Dâ von Wate gewan
> Den Kunic ze einem vriude "

—" After the custom in Ireland, often were all sorts of sports undertaken. For that reason Waté won the king as a friend." He is so agreeable that the king calls in his master of fence to teach his new friend how to use his sword, whereupon the crafty Waté makes the master of fence spring " alsam ein Lêbart wilde " —even like a wild leopard—to escape his blows. And when the king himself enters the ring to teach him four strokes, the secret of which he reserves for special friends, Waté belabors him until " er als ein begozzen Brand riechen began "—he began to reek like a watered fire-brand. This shows, at least, that a poet of the Rhine valley felt himself justified in placing as high a civilization as the epoch knew on the coasts of Ireland in the ninth or tenth century. When the princess is abducted the runaways appear to have landed in " Waleis," by which we may understand Wales, though there is some difficulty later on in identifying the spot as the Welsh or any other definite strand. The elopers supposing themselves safe here, the sails of the Irish king are suddenly seen, being known by " ein Kriuze in einem Segele ; Bilde lagen drinne " —a cross on a sail wherein were pictures. This gives the poet a chance to say that Old Waté " of such pilgrims had no love," alluding to the practice of pilgrims of putting big crosses on their sails. What interests us is the essentially Irish nature of the emblem on King Hagen's sails, Ireland having been converted at a very early date; also the proof that the abductors of an Irish princess thought themselves safe from pursuit on the land of the kindred but hostile Welsh. Hagen, it need hardly be said, does not mince matters, but falls to and makes things extremely lively for the robbers—a trait not without parallels in his country's history! Perhaps the placing of the main action of " Kudrun " in Ireland and Wales points to an Irish prototype from which it may have been imitated with so much change of persons, names, and scenes as would make it suitable to a Netherlandish audience.

IV.

But to return to Edmund Spenser and the Ireland of Queen Elizabeth. Four centuries had, indeed, made over a great number of Norman-Welsh and Flemish-Welsh families into ardent

Irishmen, but it was not these with whom the poet, representing the feared and detested new swarm of land-grabbers, came in contact. His sources of information must have been such families of Norman-Welsh descent as held themselves superior not only to the "meere Irishe," but to later-coming "Saxons," whom they considered to have no right of conquest to the soil. By their Welsh and Irish blood they were hereditary enemies of Englishmen; through their Norman admixture they felt all the pride of the conquerors at Hastings. The Welsh element would account for Spenser's derivations of words from the Old British. He seems to have looked at everything through Welsh eyes, though his advice as to the pacification of Ireland would have won the approval of William the Conqueror. Doubtless his sketch of the way to garrison Ireland only repeated the policy of the Nor-'mans when dealing with England, which proved in the long run so very successful. He pointed out that Irish juries made "noe more scruple to pass agaynst an Englishman and the Queene, though it be to strayne theyr othes, then to drinke milke unstrayned"—a simile very appropriate to Ireland, famed more for cattle than any other product—and advocated a thorough colonization of Ireland with settlers from Great Britain. Spenser also hinted a parallel between Ireland in his day and England under the Saxon Heptarchy, and considered that the common people of Ireland should be divorced from their leaders by dividing them into shires, hundreds, wapentakes, and tithes, which would encourage the individual to feel himself independent of his chief except in war-time. Although he did not express himself in our terms, Spenser was well aware of the clan system and its disadvantages; he wanted the Saxon folk-basis applied to Ireland. He touched on this when Irenæus says to Eudoxus:

> "All the Irish allmost boast themselves to be gentellmen, noe less then the Welsh; for yf he can derive himselfe from the heade of a septe, as most of them can (and they are expert by their Bardes), then he holdeth himselfe a gentellman, and thereupon scorneth eftsoones woorke, or use any handye labour, which he sayeth is the life of a peasaunte or churle; but hencefoorth becometh either an horse-boy, or a stokaghe to some Kearne, enuring himself to his weapon and to his gentell trade of stealing."

Here we find one root of the aristocratic disease among the Irish, which seems to be dying slowly out under the pressure of the democratic necessities in the political situation of to-day.

And again Spenser is more explicit in showing the bad side of what the Anglo-Irish of his day called the law of Kin-Cogish, which was, "that every head of every sept, and every cheif of

every kinred or familye, should be answerable and bound to bring foorth every one of that kinred and sept under hym at all times to be justified, when he should be required or charged with any treason, felonye, or other haynous crime."

The truth, of course, was that Ireland had never been conquered, and that on Irish soil two principal systems of internal government (not to speak of others, more recondite, which cannot be examined here) were in continual warfare. The population might be roughly divided into Irish and English, yet the Irish was by no means pure Keltic, and the English was very far from the folk of that name in England. The conquest of Ireland, such as it was, may be held to have a strong geographical likeness to the conquest of Great Britain by the Normans. In each case it was the people nearest the fated island, aided by professional adventurers, freebooters, and younger sons of nobles seeking to found new families, who made the attempt. Under the Normans of William are included great numbers of Armoricans (Bretons), of Flemings, and of Hollanders. Under the "English" of Strongbow it is difficult to find any but Welsh, Normans, and Flemings. This has been written to little purpose if the reader has not come to the conclusion that popular ideas are often fallacious, and that it will no longer do to take things in a lump and follow the blind prejudices which often rest upon foundations entirely misunderstood. The noble of to-day is often a parvenu with hardly three generations of gentlemen behind him. On the contrary, a poor Irish-speaking family from the hills of Connaught, little better than paupers, is as likely as any other to derive its blood from families of the gentry class, with Keltic names, who had at one time relapsed into the clan system. Ascending still further, one might reach the old Norman-Welsh nobility that fought and married into temporary fame in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Back of them the track may hold to British princes and the Norman Conqueror himself. According to the stiffest English ideas, no better pedigree could be found. Yet the ignorant self-sufficiency of most men who speak English is such, that without examination they would hold themselves as of a superior blood, a finer clay, a loftier ancestry than the man with the Irish name. To the onlooker who has no sympathy with these confused ideas of upper and lower, better blood and worse, the people who indulge in them seriously seem little short of lunatics. Some of the failings of the Scotch in their attitude toward the Irish have been noted (The Catholic World for June: "Irish Bards and Scotch

Reviewers"), and it may seem invidious to point to something similar among the Welsh. Yet it is certain that the Welsh exhibit coldness toward the Irish which verges on jealousy, a coldness shown by an affectation of ignoring Ireland among the Welsh scholars not of the very latest group. The positive and negative injustice of Kelts of the larger island to those of the smaller would not, in itself, be worth notice; it merely arises incidentally while trying to fix Ireland's place as regards England. It is only fair to the English to show that if they have been selfish and cruel, and at best indifferent to the Irish, they are not entirely alone, since much nearer portions of the Union have been, to say the least, unsympathetic. Though it does not excuse the unpardonable spirit of English legislation up to the latest years, this is a factor which must not be overlooked. At the end of the last century the worst outrages were committed by Welsh troopers, and quite recently a Welsh regiment quartered in Ireland indulged in a fatal riot with the people. The English have followed the old Norman methods pursued at the "conquest of Ireland"—used the Welsh to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. The relations borne to each other by the Welsh and Irish in the past remind one, considering their near kinship, their quarrels, and the gallant men and beautiful women they produce when they intermarry, of the Breton proverb,

> "Bugale ar c' hefnianted
> Gwasa kerend a zo er bed,
> Ha gwella ma vent dimezed."

—"Children of distant cousins—the worst relatives in the world; but if they are wedded to each other, the best."

PRE-AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY.

It touches a thoughtful Christian mind with most sensible pathos to study the philosophy of the ancients. In want of inspired authoritative teaching, the human intellect, never greater nor more earnest, looked alternately outward and inward, and sought eagerly to find the origin and the ultimate end of man and what were the things most suited to the purposes of his being. We may compassionate but never contemn the speculations of the physiologists, Thales upon *Water*, Anaximenes upon *Air*, nor of the mathematicians with Pythagoras at their head, whom tradition made to tame with a word the Daunian bear, to be heard lecturing at Metapontum and Tauromenium on the same day and hour, to be saluted by the river-god while crossing his waters, and to hear the harmonies of the spheres. There was modesty and there was melancholy in the spirits of these most gifted men. Those preceding the last-named had been called *Wise Men.* But he, greater than all his predecessors, would have an humbler title. There is much modesty in the following words:

"This life may be compared to the Olympic games. For as in this assembly some seek glory and the crowns, some by the purchase or by the sale of merchandise seek gain, and others, more noble than either, go there neither for gain nor for applause, but solely to enjoy this wonderful spectacle and to see and know all that passes; we, in the same manner, quit our country, which is heaven, and come into the world, which is an assembly where many work for profit, many for gain, and where there are but few who, despising avarice and vanity, study nature. It is these last whom I call *Philosophers;* for as there is nothing more noble than to be a spectator without any personal interest, so in this life the contemplation and knowledge of nature are infinitely more honorable than any other application."

Herein we behold a spirit searching for wisdom, not for its practical uses, but for its own sake. Therefore he called himself a *Lover of Wisdom*, to whom the noblest exercise of the understanding was contemplation.

It is interesting to follow the development of philosophy through the Eleatics. Sadder yet these verses of Xenophanes:

"Certainly no mortal yet knew, and ne'er shall there be one
Knowing both well, the Gods and the All, whose nature we treat of;
For when by chance he at times may utter the true and the perfect,
He wists not unconscious; for error is spread over all things."

Then come the independent speculators, from Heraclitus to Democritus, of whom

> " One pitied, one condemned the woful times ;
> One laughed at follies, and one wept o'er crimes "

—illustrating how " life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." To the laughing philosopher succeed the Sophists, who, tired of the problem of human life, acknowledged to be incapable of solution, turned away from it and devoted themselves, as if grimly to compensate or revenge for the continued elusion of truth, to the development of the art of disputation.

And then Socrates, who seems to us to have been sent into the world to convince it that the most consummate genius, unaided by revelation, is incompetent by searching to find out God. What a career was led by this, the wisest, humblest, bravest, best of mankind! How did he yearn for Truth! How did he pursue her ever-eluding form, through heat and cold, in hunger and rags, loving her none the less, believing in her none the less, because he could never find out the exact place of her shrine. His predecessors, because they could not embrace her, had declared her to be a phantom. Not so Socrates. He knew that, though he could not behold her, she was around and near him, that her laws were immutable and eternal, and that to obtain her blessing mankind must pray without ceasing. Mankind could not do what this Silenus (as they named him) told them they must do or be ruined, and so they slew him. Never was a death —a death of a mortal—more inevitable. Hear what his lover says, the brilliant Alcibiades :

> " I stop my ears, as from the Sirens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him and grow old in listening to his talk ; for this man has reduced me to feel the sentiment of shame, which I imagine no one would readily believe was in me ; he alone inspires me with remorse and awe, for I feel in his presence my incapacity of refuting what he says, or of refusing to do that which he directs ; but when I depart from him the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape, therefore, and hide myself from him, and when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him ought to be done ; and often and often have I wished that he was no longer to be seen among men. But if that were to happen I well know that I should suffer far greater pain ; so that where I can turn, or what I can do with this man, I know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr."

The career of Socrates showed the highest height to which

the human understanding could reach. Sublime indeed was that height. It showed also the highest height of human virtue, and that, too, was sublime. For a man to proclaim the supremacy of virtue over all other rules of human life, to teach that brave, unswerving adherence to justice was not only the most precious but the only happiness, to declare that only those are unhappy who are not just—these of themselves prove the divine origin of mankind. What the Sophists declared to be a phantom he worshipped as an Existence, not less real because invisible to human eyes; and sometimes in solemn argumentation, sometimes in irony that burned like fire, he pursued and put to silence those who refused to pay the worship that was ever pouring from his heart. In this wonderful man the human conscience also performed its most perfect work. Had he been a Sophist he must have gone mad from despair. In moral certitude—that is, in the certitude that virtue was eternally existent—he found the repose for his soul, that had hungered and thirsted to attain it. Always poor, he never doubted the acceptance of his poor sacrifices, being persuaded that humility, purity, and piety were more pleasing to the gods than when, without these, their altars were overspread with costliest gifts. His prayers were not for the things which himself might have chosen, but for whatever the gods knew it was good for him to receive. Nothing in all times can excel those words in his last speech to his judges:

> "The difficulty, O Athenians! is not to escape from death, but from guilt; for guilt is swifter than death and runs faster. And now I, being old and slow of foot, have been overtaken by Death, the slower of the two; but my accusers, who are brisk and vehement by wickedness, the swifter. . . . It is now time that we depart, I to die, you to live; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all except the God."

And so they slew him. A people made blind by interest and passion cannot see and cannot endure the excellent greatness of such a man. Had not even Alcibiades expressed the wish that he might no longer be seen amongst men? "Everywhere," says Heine, "that a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is Golgotha." And so they slew him. He had prayed to the gods all during his life, and his last words were a prayer to the gods.

The pupil of Socrates, second only to him in the greatness of renown, Plato had not the cheerfulness of his master, though he was equally devoted to Truth and Immortality. How sad,

how intensely melancholy he who has been styled "the inheritor of the wisdom of his age"! How beautiful his theory of the perfect winged chariots of the gods, contrasted with those, variously imperfect, of mankind! How melancholy the repeated failure of men in placing themselves in the train of the gods and ever journeying along with them! Like Socrates, believing that man came from heaven and has it in his power to be restored thither, his pure, solemn soul was ever unhappy at man's persistent obliviousness or disregard of the Real Existences before seen and known in his native country. In Beauty, for instance (τὸ καλὸν), some of his thoughts and words are much like those of the Prophets and Evangelists. What unites the human soul to God is Love, and Love is the longing of the human soul for Beauty.

"But it is not easy for us to call to mind what they saw there" [whilst in heaven, before their human birth]—"those especially which saw that region for a short time only, and those which, having fallen to the earth, were so unfortunate as to be turned to injustice, and consequent oblivion of the sacred things which were seen by them in their former state. Few, therefore, remain who are adequate to the recollection of those things."

After some observations about temperance, justice, etc., he says:

"But Beauty was not only most splendid when it was seen by us forming part of the heavenly possession or choir, but here also the likeness of it comes to us through the most acute and clear of our senses, that of sight, and with a splendor which no other of the terrestrial images of super-celestial existences possess. They, then, who are not fresh from heaven, or who have been corrupted, are not vehemently impelled towards that Beauty which is aloft when they see that upon earth which is called by its name; they do not, therefore, venerate and worship it, but give themselves up to physical pleasure after the manner of a quadruped."

Sublime yet touching his doctrine that the Good (τὸ ἀγαθὸν) is GOD, who is invisible, while Beauty, Truth, and others are his attributes. These we may see, but the Good never, but can know it only by its attributes. The great desire of Plato's heart was to see mankind live in a manner like the gods, and his soul grew ever more and more sad because of its continued disappointment.

Aristotle, the most learned of mankind, with little thought of ethics, bestowed himself mainly to physics and metaphysics, and paved the way to the Sceptics and the Epicureans, the former doubting the existence of truth because of its undiscoverable criterion, and the latter endeavoring to solace disappointment with magnifying the good of pleasure and pursuing it. Not that

the Epicurean philosophers practised or inculcated either debauchery or intemperance. That was a sincere inscription at the entrance of their garden: "The hospitable keeper of this mansion, where you will find pleasure the highest good, will present you liberally with barley-cakes and water fresh from the spring. The gardens will not provoke your appetite by artificial dainties, but satisfy it with natural supplies. Will you not be well entertained?"

It is very interesting to study the histories of the Epicureans and their rivals and enemies, the Stoics, by whom they suffered from misrepresentations that by the majority of mankind are believed to this day. The times were favorable to two just such rival sects. The glories of Athens were departing. Greece was fast getting to be

"Living Greece, no more."

Epicurus and Zeno, both good men, revering the name of Socrates, looked upon the decay of civilization with different eyes. The former would console himself with the search and attainment of whatever pleasures were attainable, but always with the purpose of temperate use. To him there was no good, not even pleasure, either in evil indulgences or in the intemperate use of those that were good. See how often Horace, a disciple, commends economy, temperance, and other virtues. How in that most touching of his odes,

"Eheu fugaces Posthume, Posthume,"

he commends to his opulent friend thoughts of the tomb, over which, alone of all the trees in his garden, the cypress, neglected in life, will stand. Pleasure, but pleasure not too eagerly pursued, and especially not intemperately indulged, was the rule of Epicurus. Yet when the pursuit of pleasure is the rule of life, effeminacy and intemperance must ensue among the most. It was, therefore, a noble purpose when Zeno, the father of the Stoics, with sorrow for the general decay of Grecian manhood, and indignant with the men of culture who merely counselled every possible avoidance of pain, undertook to restore that manhood which he saw departing from his countrymen and taking its abode with the barbarians who had built their city upon the banks of the Tiber. Zeno was as earnest and solemn a preacher as Socrates or Plato. Yet, though he derided the softness of the Epicureans, he could not endure the railings, the rags, the indecencies of the Cynics. So he formulated his own doctrine,

"Live harmoniously with Nature." Contemning effeminacy, inactivity, and mere silent, moody speculation, he urged to untiring activity, in whose career if perils and pains appeared, as they must, to meet them with courage and ignore them by endurance. He taught that the intellect, which was divine, should despise whatever interfered with its legitimate work, whether that was pleasing or painful; that the corporeal senses should be and could be held under control by the intellect, and thus it could and would march onward along the highway of freedom and virtue.

But manhood was passing away from the Greeks. The disciples of Zeno among his own people were to be few: the many rose among the Romans. A great man and a good was Zeno; but what a mournful commentary on the doctrines he taught, to read that, when at ninety-eight years of age he was writhing under the pain of a fractured limb, disgusted, he strangled himself with a rope!—a mournful example, destined to be imitated many times in both nations, especially in the one which, though foreign to the great teacher, were most studious and fond of his teachings. For the Greeks were gentle as they were brave, and their greatest heroes had wept as freely as they had fought with the courage of the gods. Tenderness found little place with the rude people across the Adriatic, and so the *Stoa* was removed from Athens and had its most numerous discipleship in Rome. An anecdote is told of the behavior of the elder Cato when Carneades, the leader of the New Academy, came to Rome. On his first appearance before the Stoic censor the latter's convictions were shaken; on the next day, when the Greek, in ridicule of the Stoic's great doctrine of *common sense*, refuted his own arguments of the previous interview, the auditor persuaded the senate to send back Carneades to his native country. Not that great teachers were to arise in Rome; for Rome, having conquered Greece in arms, was taken captive by Greece in arts, among which the Stoic creed was best suited to the energetic activities of the victor. But men who were actors, not thinkers merely, who were statesmen, not philosophers, learning from Athens, learned mostly the Stoic creed and practised its precepts, from Cato to Marcus Antoninus.

It is pleasing to contemplate the lingering that philosophy made around the fallen capital of Greece. It must in time depart. Its first new resting-place was at Alexandria, where Philo the Jew—reason alone having been found insufficient for man's intellectual and spiritual wants—brought in the alliance of Ori-

ental mysticism, and, more important yet, that of faith. He was the first to announce that science, in its most important being, was the gift of God. The name he imparted to it was Faith, and the faithful performance of its behests was called Piety. Then came on the controversy between the Jew and the teachers of the Neo-Platonic school, which also was domiciled at Alexandria. These men sought to revive whatever was possible of the ideas of the founder of the Academy. He had, indeed, seemed almost to approximate the faith announced by Philo, if not as to reason, at least as to virtue, which he maintained was not a thing for the intellect of man to discover, but a gift of the Creator. The Jew applied this definition to science as well, and so in his hands philosophy became theology. Henceforth the combat is between Reason and Faith. In the fulness of time Christianity was born.

And now the victory, humanly speaking, was the more speedily certain when we contrast the benignity and the universality of the Christian faith with the exclusiveness and the frequent inhumanity of philosophy, as well as its incertitude and its contradictions. What had been left of philosophy that was not sceptical professed to hold in contempt the body of man with its capacities for pleasure and for pain. Some of the later philosophers had gone to the length of expressing their disgust that they had bodies that were necessary to be fed, clothed, and housed. Christianity appeared, and from the mouths of unlettered fishermen doctrine claimed to be infallible came forth—that God himself had become incarnate in the womb of an Immaculate Virgin, and had made himself known, and had been tempted to evil even as mankind, though without yielding; that he had suffered like mankind in the human body that he had assumed, and groaned in anguish from this suffering; that he had wept tears of blood, and in his human being had died, but that afterwards he, his body as well as his spirit, had risen from the tomb, and both had gone to his native heaven. Then these same fishermen announced that not only is the spirit of man immortal, but the body also; that the latter is destined to resurrection similar to that of the Incarnate God, and both, under conditions, live for ever with him in such felicity as the mind of man has never conceived.

Behold now what dignity was attached to the human body, which so many of the philosophers had despised. It was even styled a temple wherein was wont to dwell the Most High. Not that its evil wants were less to be condemned, but more; yet that they must be restrained, power to accomplish which endeavor

could be obtained by fervent requests to the risen God to impart it; further, that yielding to them in periods of incapacity to resist might be condoned by penance; that while compunction for wrong-doing was ever becoming and salutary, remorse such as led to despair was regarded by Heaven as one of the greatest injuries that man could inflict. Henceforth the body was to have recognized all of its importance in the being of man—all; no more, no less. We were not taught that pain was no evil. Pain was an evil, at least a misfortune, inherited by man from ancestors who had violated well-recognized laws. Yet pain could be lessened by submitting with all possible endurance to its infliction, in the confidence that deliverance was to come, even as it had come to the Incarnate when he had risen from the tomb; that such endurance would cause the evil to be remembered with pleasure in good time, even during this mortal existence.

That such doctrines must be received by the multitudes reasoning minds, even unaided by religious faith, must perceive. Philosophy, in its department of ethics, must go down. It made a feeble struggle. Its last great one was when Julian, persecuted by his kinsmen while they sat upon the throne—Christians in name but heretical in opinions—was driven to seek consolation for the wrongs he had suffered to the melancholy Plato. Among the careers of princes none seems more to be compassionated than that of this, the last and greatest of the Flavian line. What he might have done and what he might have become but for his early death are known only to God. Other things besides admission of defeat may have been meant in those last mournful words: "O Galilean, thou hast triumphed!"

We said that there was a pathos in that philosophy of the ancients—its various discoursings after the certitude which was to bring tranquillity to the upright, thoughtful mind; its ever-repeating disappointments; its alternatings between the pursuit of pleasure and the contempt of pain, between the dogmatic assertions of the existence of gods and the doubts thereupon that overwhelmed with sadness and sometimes drove to despair. What sadness in the words of Cicero to Brutus in explanation of what the world wondered at—his resort to philosophy: "Another inducement to it was a melancholy disposition of mind, and the great and heavy oppression of fortune that was upon me; from which, if I could have found any surer remedy, I would not have sought relief in this pursuit." Scarcely less sad the concluding words of that treatise on *The Nature of the Gods*, when, after the dispute between Cotta, a disciple of the Academy, and

Balbus, of the Stoics, Velleius, whom the Epicureans loved to style the most gifted of the Romans, could thus decide: "Velleius judged that the arguments of Cotta were truest, but those of Balbus seemed to have the greater probability." The great orator, like the last of the Greeks, tired of strife and turmoil, of the weight of years, of the sight of the decay of liberty and patriotism, turned again to the scene of the studies of his youth,

> "The olive-grove of Academe—
> Plato's retirement—where the Attic-bird
> Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long,"

and dreamed, but only dreamed, of things than the present

> "Far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

The thoughtful Christian mind sees in all these struggles what both to compassionate and what to admire—the earnestness of purpose searching for the truth with anguishing anxiety, believing in immortality yet dreading annihilation, yet, during all these struggles, loyal to friendship, and love, and honor, and justice, and patriotism. Ah! how good is God to have bestowed upon the heathen world such exemplars both to the heathen and to the Christian who was to come after with the Word in his hands and an infallible interpreter of all its intentions! No wonder that even Christians styled Plato in particular *The Divine.* Says the Abbé Bougaud in *Histoire de Sainte Monique:* "Il a laissée les Pères de l'Église incertains du nom qu'il fallait lui donner; ceux-ci voyant en lui le génie humain élevé à sa plus haute puissance; ceux-la l'appellant un Moïse païen, un prophète inspiré de Dieu, un préparateur évangélique envoyé aux nations assises à l'ombre de la mort; tous d'accord à saluer ce doux et merveilleux étranger du nom de Divin." These words were becoming to use while referring to the mother of the great Augustine, whose mind lingered so fondly with the sage of the Academy, and whose teachings received from that exalted source carried him at length to the highest.

What if such a man had lived to meet the Baptist clothed in camel's hair in the wilderness of Judea, proclaiming that the kingdom of heaven was at hand? Were there not Philo and the rabbis? Were there not the Neo-Platonists? Alas! the former were deaf to the voice, because they had mistaken the nature of the royalty in which their King was to come in triumph, while

the latter could not endure to listen to the "foolishness of preaching" in the unlettered poor. From the former, because, being his own, they received him not, he turned away to the Gentiles, and the very wisdom of the latter, now polluted by the decays of many kinds, "knew not God."

Such is a brief, partial view of ancient philosophy. Its ethics were overthrown by those of Christianity. Its last teachers went out of Christendom to linger out their lives in the kingdoms of the East, while Christians like Thomas of Aquin engrafted its methods upon the new faith, reconciling, never to be disunited, the subtlest reason with the humblest belief. Truth, called at one time a phantom, at another a phantasm, was found to exist only in the church of Christ. Happiness, for which the wise of all ages had sought, was found in the grace of God extended in equal abundance to the innocent and the sincerely penitent. The best lovers and the best-loved of Christ were the virgin John and Magdalen the repentant sinner. Since that time the very greatest among the greatest intellects, the higher have they been exalted in genius, culture, and earnestness, have been let down into the lowest depths of humility and humble thankfulness.

It is less interesting to pursue philosophy in the feeble attempts it has since made to recover what Christianity wrested from its hands. Yet there is interest in contemplating the career of that greatest of modern philosophers, Bacon, who wisely separated from Christianity the field which was peculiarly the latter's own, and enlarged that wherein it might work for the attainment of its lawful ends. The greatest of the philosophers of modern times, he was, or he meant to be, a Christian. As in the careers of the men of Greece, so in him, after his fall, there is profound pathos, mingled with gratification that he turned for relief to the only source whence it could come to the guilty and the fallen. We can never read without emotion the following portions of one of his prayers:

"Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father from my youth up! my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter! thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee . . . O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence. As thy favors have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord, and ever as my

worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honor, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee that I am debtor to thee for the greatest talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways."

When philosophy can thus humble itself before God, confess its errors, and pray for pardon and guidance in the pursuit of things beyond its ken, we may bid it God-speed in inquiries within the range of its possibilities. Philosophy may provide for the material wants of mankind, but religion alone can be counted on to satisfy the spiritual. Its simplicity and its exactions keep away many, especially of the prosperous and the proud; but what healing have not the stricken and the humble found in its sweet influences! Did some of the philosophers call pain an evil, and others not? What would both sets of disputants have said if they could have foreseen St. Francis Xavier first in his labors and then in his repose? "*Amplius, O Domine! amplius!*" he said when his sufferings in the East were foretold him. Afterwards, when resting in the gardens of St. Goa, and his spirit could not support the flood of happiness that poured within it, he could only cry out in the anguish of ecstasy, "*Satis, O Domine! satis est!*" The men we have mentioned would have rejoiced for the coming of such a day, although knowing that they must die without the sight.

A JAPANESE TOWN.

In the fifteen years of its existence Kobè has not had time to develop into a town of much size; consequently its principal interest to the stranger lies in a broad Japanese street that runs for perhaps two miles through the native town of Hiogo, of which Kobè is but a small fraction. It is called the Kiyo Machi, is lighted by foreign lamps, and lined with Japanese shops of all kinds, many of which are of so interesting a nature that they will bear visiting again and again. Were you to pass along this street you would find china-shops in which European styles of porcelain are almost as abundant as the native ware; you would pass shops where Fairbanks' scales are sold, and in other places would see foreign toilet-soaps, and quite probably both the scales and the soaps would be forgeries. Before other doorways you would find European straw hats—for the Japanese manufacture these in myriad numbers. It is a business that has sprung up among them within the last decade, and appears to be remunerative; for the Japanese, almost to a man, are wonderfully taken with the straw hat. An African chieftain is satisfied with an umbrella, but the Japanese must have a hat and an umbrella also, both of European make. But there are also on this street many shops distinctively Japanese; among these several curio-shops, where, among much that is good and desirable to purchase, did not the dealer ask such unconscionable prices for them, you find a lot of old swords and cross-bows, and murderous arrows with double-edged daggers for heads, and suits of old armor, and saddles and stirrups that he has put together from old remnants for your personal edification.

By far the larger part of the curio-dealer's business lies among the Europeans; and, possibly to propitiate them and have their good-will, he hangs a card out at his door stating that his rooms are closed on Sunday. This at the front entrance in good and well-lettered English; there is a back door with no such sign, through which one can always enter of a Sunday, should he so desire, and the proprietor will be found working as hard as he ever worked in his life before.

Many of the signs at the shop-doors are in English. Over the way there is a photographer's. His rooms are in the European style, and the photographs taken are quite good, although the

operator is not always happy in disposing the light. Directly before us is a druggist's. Were we to enter this man's shop we should find him sitting upon his heels before a hibachi—a box more or less ornamental, filled with sand on which burn a few small pieces of charcoal, and to one side accommodating a box of mild tobacco, a bamboo tube serving as a cuspidor, and a long, slender pipe with a diminutive bowl. Before this arrangement he sits on his heels, surrounded by his drugs and bottles. He is smoking the pipe as we enter, and, save that he noisily takes a deep and prolonged inspiration, at the same time bowing down to the floor, he is quite stolid. The posture he assumes in bowing gives us a fine opportunity to note the shaven furrow, some two inches wide, ploughed through his hair from forehead to crown, and the hair at the back gathered into a small queue and brought forward into the cleared space in what is called the gun-hammer style of top-knot. No chairs or seats of any kind are in his shop. If you must sit, then must you sit on the floor; for you cannot possibly sit on your heels, as he sits on his—no foreigner can keep such a position five minutes, though the Japanese can retain the posture with ease throughout the day. He has a counter and a glass show-case; but these he has borrowed from the European. He looks at you quite pleasantly, and you look at him as blandly as possible, and, supposing this the first shop you have entered, you naturally begin to talk straight English at him. He doesn't know a word you are saying, and if he did it is probable that he would not answer you in the same tongue. He dislikes English, and possibly with sufficient reason. He talks Japanese at you, and, finding you do not understand, he hands you a little book in which his wares are set forth in both English and Japanese. Then all else is done in profound silence. You run your finger down the columns until you come to the thing wanted. You point it out to him; he reads the Japanese, and immediately rises and hands you what is required. He sells excellent drugs—better than can be gotten from your own people in Japan, for as yet he understands little about adulterations. And when he has handed you your purchase neatly wrapped, and you have your hand on the knob of the door, about to depart, he startles you so by saying, "Sayonara!" that you fairly jump, it is so unexpected. You turn quickly and sharply say, "What?" "Sayonara!" he smilingly repeats. You have paid him—it cannot be money that he wants; so you slowly turn your eyes over his shop, as though a casual inventory of his stock might assist you in discovering what is meant by this sudden sayonara; and

when you find his floorful of bottles gives no clue, you look helplessly at him and say in pigeon, "No sabe," and go out. But you soon learn that "sayonara" means "good-by," and after this first experience use it on all possible occasions.

You have been impressed by this man, unconsciously, it may be, but in a little while you find yourself admiring that shaven furrow and that little percussion gun-hammer top-knot; they had such a trim, clean, cool look, and harmonized so completely with the general contour of the face. And you like his loose, blue-gray dress: it suited the man and his surroundings. Had he not that quaint coiffure and that subdued dress that hid the shape of his limbs, could he thus have sat upon his heels before a hibachi, surrounded by his bottles, that stood in phalanxes upon the floor, without appearing grotesque? Certainly not. Presently, as you are walking along thinking of this, you may possibly see the governor of Kobè, in a barouche drawn by a pair of fine American horses, drive by. Your glance has not been quick enough to take in the governor's dress in detail, but you note that he is clothed in gorgeous regimentals and that the driver wears a coat with fur collar and a high silk hat with a cockade. You begin to think, what nearly all foreigners resident in Japan already believe, that perhaps the government has made a mistake in denationalizing the dress of the people; and when you have been to Osaka and seen the army—the backbone of Japan—in navy-blue regimentals with lemon-colored stripes down the breeches' legs, you are sure of it. Why, the uniform makes the army look like an army of boys with sorrowfully emaciated legs and with extraordinarily big heads; and if hair standing on end denotes fear, they are one and all badly frightened. And then they can't walk—that is, not with the solid, martial tread of a European regiment. No; the Japanese army is an army of stragglers. To sit all one's life upon one's heels, or to sit tailor-fashion on a floor, is not conducive to easy, graceful walking; on the contrary, it produces bowleggedness, and the Japanese are all more or less bowlegged. Of course if they continue in this borrowed fashion of dress, sit upon chairs, and recline upon bedsteads, this bowleggedness and uncertain, and certainly ungraceful, manner of walking may disappear in time, the present attenuation of limb develop into a rounded plumpness, and the coarse, unruly black hair become graceful locks. It was in 1868, the year of the Meiji, that the dress was changed by edict—seventeen years, and as yet the order has been obeyed only by those filling offices under government, and by those

who have been educated abroad or have otherwise been brought into close contact with the European. For the rest, the vast majority, they continue to wear their loose, flowing robes, to shave their heads; and the women, the coy young girls about to become wives, still shave their eyebrows from their faces, still blacken their teeth with lacquer. Would you have them sell their birthright for a mess of pottage?

In walking through the Kiyo Machi one who is at all familiar with China will note many differences between it and a Chinese street. First, and above all, it is infinitely more cleanly, as the Japanese themselves are more cleanly as a people than the Chinese. There is a conspicuous absence of the red and gilt signs and oiled-paper lanterns that so obtrude themselves on the notice in a Chinese thoroughfare. As the Japanese do not burn joss-sticks nor firecrackers, there is not that heavy, Fourth-of-July odor hanging in the air that is at first such an unpleasant feature of a Chinese town, but which one is inclined to like and appreciate at its full value after a little constant smelling, since it must keep down and destroy far worse smells. Nor are sun-dried fish and boneless smoked ducks and geese met with at every turn. Roast pig is not paraded through the streets with flying colors to the music of gongs, tom-toms, and hautboys. Roast pork is not a Japanese dish, and melody fills not the Japanese soul; for on the street I never heard music of any kind, save the dulcet strains of the "manipulator's" tin flute and the foreign martial airs played on foreign instruments in the hands of Japanese military, nor saw a procession, either hymeneal or funereal, save that of the Japanese army. The houses in the street are frame, and, excepting a few of a certain character, are of no architectural pretensions whatever, totally unfitted for the climate, unsubstantial and trifling in appearance, put together without the use of nail, left unpainted, and presenting a remarkable air of newness, as though they had just been built. It is always safe to assume that the court knows a little law, yet there is room for grave doubt whether the Japanese knew what was required when he planned his house, for the climate is often rigorous and the dwelling is but a toy. In the midst of the chilling winds and snows of January and March, when all Christian men delight to gather about their firesides, he draws near to his hibachi, whose few pitiful coals disseminate the ghost of a cheerful heat through a space of six inches. Evidently it satisfies him, else he would purchase a little American stove; but what a fraud it must be on his poor, tailless cat! A Japanese

house is a comfortless home for a cat, but the streets of a Japanese town are a paradise for crows. Here they hop at one's feet, light upon fences and the eaves of the low houses, swoop down from flag-poles from which floats that curious ensign of Japan—a white flag with a red ball in the centre, suggesting the possibility of a skating-rink within the building beneath it. The crows are considered scavengers, and a law prohibits the killing or interfering with them in any way.

But the stranger in a Japanese city finds most interest in the temples, for on them is lavished all the native idea of architecture and art. In style and beauty they far excel buildings of a similar nature in China, and, though not always placed the most conveniently for access, the most picturesque and beautiful spots in all the town's surroundings are chosen for their sites. On the mountain's steep sides in Kiyoto, nestling among the tall trees, is the temple of Kiyomidzu, built upon a huge framework of heavy timbers, so that three sides of its broad veranda are lifted a hundred feet in air. A hand-rail surrounds this veranda; but as the altitude is so great and the Japanese inclination to jump over so strong, an outer chevaux-de-frise of sharpened stakes has been placed upon the extreme eaves. A hundred yards or so away the upper stories of the charming square pagoda, with its many balconied floors and massive eaves dropping melody from a hundred ever-tinkling bells, lift up above the tree-tops. Within the temple the gods have orderly arrangement; the walls are hung with Japanese pictures and several foreign paintings of scenes in Japanese history. In the centre of the room hangs a portrait of a woman evidently painted by a European; and what strikes wonder to the European mind is to see this painting covered with what school-boys inelegantly call "spit-balls." The explanation is simple. The woman has become a goddess, and believers in her anxious to learn whether such and such good luck will come to them chew a piece of paper into a pellet and throw it at the portrait. If it sticks good luck is assured to them. One would think that the paper would be masticated very fine to insure this happy ending. Such portraits are frequent in the temples, but are usually covered with a wire screen to render the placing of the pellet more difficult; but this painting is free of the screen, and the goddess must be a Lady Bountiful. These temples are not always strictly devoted to religious services, for one of the most prominent hotels in Kiyoto is in a temple's courtyard. Its tables are often surrounded by white-robed, shaven priests, sitting in stiff-back chairs, eating European viands with knives and

forks, and drinking European wines from cut glasses with all the gusto in life.

There is a curious little temple in Kobè, situated some short distance beyond the Kiyo Machi, having the customary stone archway at its entrance—two upright posts of granite on which rests a cross-piece slightly curved upward at the extremities. This slight, graceful upward curvature is the distinctive curve of Japanese architecture. Were it more decided its identity would be lost: it would become Chinese. It is used in all buildings of the least importance, and not only on horizontal surfaces, as in the arch, but it is seen in the long sweeps of the roofs of temples and the almost vertical walls of castles, imparting to them a charming grace and lightness. Should the Japanese continue in the liking they at present show for foreign styles in their buildings, this exquisite curve may eventually be lost, for all the structures the government now erects are of brick and of the most commonplace European architecture.

The word "temple" is apt to suggest an idea of grandeur, but the small building before which this arch is sprung has nothing grand about it, unless it be the old oaks and pines whose dark green foliage seems to clasp it in a protecting embrace. It is, in fact, more in the nature of a shrine. It had some architectural beauty in days gone by, and much gilding and red lacquer, but time has dealt hardly with it. Yet the gilded god within its weather-stained and bronze-bound doors still sits in dreamy, dignified repose and works the weal or woe of the way-worn worshippers at his feet. Before the doors a bell hangs suspended—a huge globular sleigh-bell as large as a tea-kettle—from which falls a stout crimson cord by which it is jangled to awaken the god and let him know he is about to be worshipped. In a stall a little to one side of the shrine is a watch-eyed, milk-white pony, a thousand years old, that a tonsured priest rides on certain state occasions. A plaster model of this watch-eyed pony is back of a grating in a stall next the live horse, and, between the two, the plaster model seems much the fierier animal. A thousand-year-old pony is not such a wonder in a land of wonders. Over near Kiyoto there is a remarkable tree that spouts water whenever there is a fire in its vicinity. It is a statement safely made, for there has never yet been a fire in its neighborhood, and it is probable there never will be, since there is absolutely nothing to burn within a radius of ten miles of it.

Neither in Kobè nor Hiogo are there any buildings of such architectural pretensions as are found in the great towns of

Osaka and Kiyoto. Two thousand feet above the placid blue sea, on the slopes of the evergreen hills, and beyond where a broad ribbon of water falls and bounds from rock to rock, is situated perhaps the largest temple in Kobè—the Moon Temple, before whose gateway reposes a colossal granite statue of Buddha with "the light of the world" ever flashing from his cold gray forehead. With eyes almost closed, in stony serenity he sits upon an opening flower of the sacred lotos, and, though the sun shine hot or the snow fall on his broad shoulders, his divine head is still protected by the covering shells the snails have left there. A symbolical statue, yet to a strange and foreign eye quite grotesque.

A mile or so out the Kiyo Machi there is still another temple; but were it not for the stately buildings with quaint, curving roofs, the stone lanterns and images about the enclosure, one, on entering at its gateway, well might think he was entering a fair, so full are the grounds of booths and tea-houses and gaily-dressed Japanese. This air of revelry is not true of all the temples, for about many is gathered that mysterious, quiet, religious air that impresses one strongly. The broad flights of steps leading to their entrances are as clean and white as though they had just been scrubbed with soap and sand. There need be no fear that one will soil his stockings should he add his shoes to the row of sandals and clogs of the Japanese, the patent-leather gaiters and top-boots of the European; for the interiors of the buildings are even more cleanly, if that were possible. The only thing that will give concern and put one to the blush is to discover a hole in his stocking through which his toe protrudes. Carpeted with the finest of mattings, and partitioned with screens of subdued tints sparingly enlivened with sprays of ferns and flowers, the halls would present quite a Quakerish appearance were it not for the highly-ornamented ceilings and the row of gilded gods behind the "chancel-rail," before whom hundreds of coins lie scattered on the floor. And then there is such an air of reverence among the worshippers! These are not of the intellectual part of the community, nor of the wealthy, but rather of the lowest of Japanese society. No particular day of the week is set for them to gather and worship, but the temple is open at all times and the worshippers are constantly coming and going.

All day long, and all night, apparently, for every day and for every night in the year, this temple's grounds in the Kiyo Machi are thronged with all sorts of Japanese life. The pathways are

lined with booths having everything imaginable that is Japanese to sell. There are candies at the stands, and toys indescribable and without number; there are all kinds of cheap jewelry, tobacco-pipes, umbrellas (many of European make), fans, India-inks, and a thousand-and-one things besides. There are shooting-galleries within the enclosure, where the instruments are bows and arrows; there are large lenses set in a blank wall, through which for a few cents one may look on brilliantly-lighted views; there are theatres, such as they are, and lecture platforms or rostrums where one may hear a cleanly-shaved, white-robed individual, whose little gun-hammer top-knot stands up rakishly from the centre of the smooth furrow ploughed along his head, read classical literature in a deep bass voice that suddenly flies to a high falsetto, then as quickly back to bass again, at the same time pointing his sentences and emphasizing his words with incomprehensible manipulations of a fan. What a wonderful instrument the fan is in his hands! With what scorn he points it at his audience, and, at the moment one expects to hear a torrent of irony well from his lips, he flirts it open, utters a series of shrill squeaks most incompatible with his facial expression, and his little, rakish top-knot goes bobbing up and down in a manner ridiculous. Here in the grounds are a pack of trained dogs and laughable, tailless monkeys with shaven heads and topknots, dressed as samurai, with two swords thrust within the folds of their costumes; here are magnets and electrical machines—such awful wonders to the simple Japanese. There are tea-houses within this temple's grounds; not such as the people have been accustomed to, or as are still found in the rural districts, but tea-houses where tea, the least important potable, can be had, of course, but where it is largely displaced by champagne, bottled beer, and Scotch whiskey—tea-houses that have become, in fact, Western barrooms in all respects, save that one can also get ice-cream and sponge-cake. This cake is to be had in every tea-house, and possibly in every house, in Japan. It is the only European cake the Japanese know how to make, but, like the old sea-captain's only song in the play of "Charles the Second,' "it's a main good one." Many years ago the Spaniards gave them the recipe. For this reason it is known as castira—the nearest approach the Japanese can make to Castile.

A troupe of jugglers of a high order are also in this temple's courtyard. They occupy a barn-like structure, whose exterior wall is covered with illustrations of the feats performed within. The admission fee is two cents, and the entertainment lasts half

an hour. These acrobats and jugglers really perform throughout the day, but every thirty minutes the building is emptied, a new audience assembles, and the same feats are gone through with again. The floor of the room inclines toward the stage, before which hangs a bamboo curtain. In the absence of chairs one is constrained to seize a mat and sit like a Turk (or a Japanese) on the floor. To be thus one of an audience that sits cross-legged on the floor of a building where the entertainment is to be novel and more or less startling, inspires one with quite an Oriental feeling; and when, to beguile the tedium of waiting for the somewhat battered curtain to rise, he smokes mild tobacco in a diminutive pipe and drinks tea from fragile cups, the feeling is heightened. Presently a tom-tom is heard, then a flute, then the twanging of a hybrid instrument—something between a guitar and a banjo—known as a samisen, and the curtain rises. The performers are all girls. This discovery gives one a shock: the expectation was to see men. But then these *are* men. It is their diminutive stature, their slender physique, and the manner they dress their heads that give them the appearance of women. A stranger might fancy that the sex could be told by the dress, but in the Japanese costume there is no great difference between the man's and the woman's, except that the latter wears an obi. There are no girls or women on the Japanese stage. This is a law among the people, written or unwritten, so there can be no doubt about the sex of these acrobats, even though they do look so remarkably like women; and presently they will show such steadiness of nerve, such strength of muscle, that the little shock will subside and leave one intensely interested in their performances.

In the winter months a river flows by Hiogo; but through the summer its water disappears, so that there is nothing but its glistening bed of sand, its high green banks, and the stone bridges to show where it is wont to flow. Its banks are well wooded on the far side from the town, and reaching up among the tall trees to some thirty or forty feet are camellia-japonicas which in April and May are in full flower, giving touches of sprightly color to the dark green of the grove. These woods are so delightful, their shade so refreshing, the scenery round about so charming that the people—Japanese and Europeans alike—have with one consent made it into a sort of natural park. The Japanese, always alive to business, have erected a tea-house here, scattered tables and chairs at desirable spots, so that the weary European seeking shade and solitude may sit in comfort and drink—tea

that a pretty little Japanese waitress, glorious in sleek black hair, painted cheeks and lips, and gaudy obi, politely brings him. The view round about is varied and pleasing. Between the trunks of the trees and through the openings in the foliage glimpses can be caught of the farms the husbandmen are so industriously tilling. Beyond the river-bed the eye glances over the thousand low, black-tiled roofs of Hiogo to the sea, whose calm surface, flashing in the sunlight, is cut by many little, noisy steamboats that the Japanese ply to and from Osaka. Towards the east the mountains loom frowningly, with midway of their height a curious, foreign-looking, red brick building having a tall chimney. This structure is a crematory, where the process of consuming the dead by slow fires of brushwood, and with a barbarous absence of ceremony, is too revolting for description.

One would naturally suppose that only barbarous nations tattoo themselves, trim their hair into grotesque shapes, paint their faces in unnatural colors, and interfere with the regularity and beauty of their teeth. The Japanese does all these, and yet he exhibits other traits that would place him in a high scale of civilization. He reveres art, and his country is a country of art —such art as it is. We do not fully appreciate it or understand it. He shows a peculiar reverence for intellectual training and knowledge, and his attitude towards his own classical literature is one of humility. He has a poetical mind, and the very names he gives to his children are for the most part poetical. I once asked a Japanese of good social standing the meaning of his name. After some protesting that he could not express himself in his broken English, he told me it meant the still wistaria. His broken English served him very well. His sister's name signified the plum-blossom. The Japanese instinct is also more or less literary. He does not show that inordinate love for his hieroglyphics that the Chinaman shows for his. He does not put them in gilt upon crimson signs; a little unpainted board with black characters serves him. He often writes them on his porcelain—bits of poetical sentiment, quatrains of verse, and proverbs from the classics. He prints many newspapers throughout the country, and in writing divides his characters into a masculine and feminine hand, and also a running hand where several characters are joined together in a long string, thus permitting rapidity in expressing thought. He has so often need to put these characters to use that his ink-plate, ink, brush, and paper are always at his hand. I have by me a root of walnut curiously twisted into the similitude of a sword. It is much worm-eaten,

and one or two artificial worms of satin-wood are ingeniously let into it. In a hollow, deep for the thickness of the root and almost closed at its opening, are a pair of rampant horses, also of satin-wood. The portions of the walnut not worm-eaten are elaborately carved. An ink-well and brush are artfully concealed within this sham weapon. This sword an ancient poet carried. He, being a man of peace, needed no arms, and as he walked by the green shores of Lake Biwa or in the forests of oak and bamboo near Kiyoto, a happy thought suddenly striking him, his sword was quickly out and the inspiration booked.

He has pride, too—a pride in himself as a man, and an almost overpowering pride centred in his country. He looks back upon a long line of ancestors, whose images of wood he sets in shrines and temples. His veneration for these men and his belief in the mikado's divinity constitutes the Shintoism of Japan; and if from it no other good arises, it certainly fills him with an unbounded patriotism.

He is hospitable and disdains not to invite his European friend to his house and feast him royally, not upon Japanese food, for which the foreigner must acquire a taste, but upon viands cooked and served in the European fashion. His hospitality is boundless and peculiar. Of all the courses forming the meal, certain quantities are provided in single dishes for each guest. As the courses are removed the guest's name is placed upon the dishes he has had before him, and when he returns home all that he has left of his meal is borne after him by a coolie. This is Japanese courtesy, and to refuse the remnants is to offend grossly.

And he dines with his European friend sometimes, and, if he still wears his native costume, he leaves his sandals on the veranda, entering the house in his stocking-feet. He does not enter his own house with his sandals on, and he would not think of doing otherwise at his friend's. At table he makes a great noise. It is not constant, but every little while he takes a noisy sip of tea, or it may be wine, or places a piece of cake in his mouth with a deep and noisy inspiration, as though some crumbs had loosened and were about to fall. It is somewhat surprising on the first hearing, but it is an act of politeness on his part: it shows his appreciation of that which is set before him; and then, too, this forcibly drawing the breath over the tea as it is sipped is said to materially enhance its flavor.

Since the Japanese does not himself enter his house with his sandals on, he requires the foreigner to remove his shoes before

entering; and this not only as to his house, but also as to his shop. Consequently if the European wishes to do much sight-seeing in a Japanese town it would be quite a lamentable oversight did he fail to take his bootjack with him.

In all Japan there is nothing large—statues and bells excepted. Unless it be the rolling hills, the trees and hoary Fujiyama, there is nothing even the conventional size; men, horses, houses are all small. And the native habit of sitting on the floor requires but a meagre supply of most diminutive furniture in an apartment, and throws a trivial atmosphere about the affairs of Japanese life. The young lady's bureau is an apparatus not more than fourteen inches high, the table she dines at five inches only; her meals are brought her in tiny dishes set on the irregularly-arranged shelves of a little cabinet; she eats with ivory chopsticks and takes tea from cups that hold but a thimbleful. How like a child's nursery her boudoir seems! Were she happy in the ownership of a pony she would offer it drink in a tin cup. Even the horse is forced to look upon life as a joke. Although this young lady is as great a victim to the diminutive pipe as the man, and as constantly and untiringly sits upon her heels before her hibachi, she is not without some personal beauty. She has rich, glossy black hair, arranged into that coiffure which so astonishes the European lady on first observing. Its glossy blackness is largely due, however, to the aromatic gum she uses to hold it in place. It is dressed with much taste and neatness; and when at night she lies down to peaceful dreams upon the floor, she rests not her head upon a pillow, but places a wooden stand beneath her neck, that her hair may not be dishevelled. It is never in disorder. See her at any hour of the day, at any work, and it has the appearance of having just been done up. She is also neat and pleasing in her dress. She has not that love for color that her Chinese sister shows, nor has she the China-woman's love for jewels. I cannot now recall ever having seen a Japanese woman with jewels of any kind as personal adornments. This lack of appreciation for the trinkets and baubles so dear to other women's hearts is something remarkable, and stamps her a peculiar exception to womankind the world over. In dress she prefers a subdued tint, a blue gray or a brown, made in simple style, and encircled at the waist by a broad obi, or sash, of the same material, though lined with brilliant crimson, which is gathered at the back into a colossal bow, looking not much unlike the "Grecian bend," and imparting to her a decidedly awkward appearance as she moves. She is awkward, in fact; for not-

withstanding the ungraceful motion her clogs give her, she walks very much pigeon-toed. Tastes differ. To a Japanese eye this is the acme of grace. The coolie women, and the lower-class women generally, walk with their toes pointing straight before them; they have not the time to practise this little feature of fashion. She has fine eyes—somewhat almond-shaped, it is true, but then to have oblique eyes is to be only the more beautiful; she has a good if sallow complexion, and, although she may artificially enhance their bloom, her cheeks are often naturally rosy; she has well-formed lips, which she is wont to paint a livelier color, a small mouth, regular, pearly teeth, and an intelligent expression. Yet at the moment her charms have matured she destroys the sightliness of her teeth by a coat of black lacquer and brings an inane look to her face by shaving her eyebrows.

Understanding little or nothing of their language, unfamiliar with their literature and modes of thought, unacquainted with all save their middle and lower-class life, we have here endeavored to give an idea of the Japanese as we saw them in the Kiyo Machi.

A FRENCH LOVER OF NATURE.

The close and loving observation of nature, not only in her grander aspects and more striking scenes, but especially in her common features and minute details, is a thing of comparatively recent date. One can scarcely realize the fact that—not so very long ago, either—the stilted and elaborate descriptions of Thomson and Cowper were dutifully accepted as pictures of her entrancing and ever-varying loveliness, which never palls or wearies, but is fresh and new every morning, as each season comes round in its turn, filling her faithful lovers with a delight and reverent wonder that no lapse of time can make less keen and vivid. A truer note was struck by Wordsworth and the other "Lake poets," and ever since the number of writers, both in prose and verse, in whom we find this watchful study, this delicate appreciation of God's wonderful works, has gone on increasing. It is this which, to our mind, gives its crowning charm to Tennyson's poetry. In his highest flights he has often been equalled and surpassed, but where shall we find a poet to match him in his marvellous power of sketching a picture in a few lines, of choosing the words in which he brings a delicate detail before

us with a felicity so perfect that the result is something like a revelation?

What a scene that is which he sketches for us in those four lines of the "Morte d'Arthur" beginning, "A broken chancel with a broken cross"; and the garden "not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it"; and "the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn" before the traveller pacing along "the dusky highway"; or the closing lines of that exquisite poem, "Love and Duty," which are like nothing but an echo of "Lycidas." It is needless, and would be impertinent, to multiply instances; every one can recall a score of such pictures for himself; but only those who are thoroughly intimate and at home with nature can enter into the accurate perfection of some of Tennyson's touches, or understand the delight it is to find such an interpreter of nature in every mood and season. How we feel the keen sharpness of the autumn air, and how the tender beauty of the autumn landscape rises before us as he tells of "the dews that drench the furze," of the "silvery gossamers that twinkle into green and gold"; and how our sense of the autumn stillness is deepened when we are reminded that it is only broken by "the chestnut pattering to the ground"! He does not discourse in a general way of the richness of autumnal tints, but brings the season before us, "laying here and there a fiery finger on the leaves," and marks how the "beeches gather brown" while the maple "burns itself away." And when the year is further advanced, with what a masterly touch he paints a stormy November morning—"the last red leaf whirled away," "the rooks blown about the skies"; and how, "wildly dashed on tower and tree, the sunbeam strikes along the world"! Can anything be more true or picturesque than this picture of the sudden bursts of sunlight on a wild morning in late autumn through the torn rifts of the racing clouds, unless it is the description of the early hours of a dusky summer night, when "the white kine glimmered, and the trees laid their dark arms about the field"? March is the month "when rosy plumelets tuft the larch," and April brings "deep tulips dashed with fiery dew; laburnums, dropping-wells of fire." He loves trees as those most gracious things in nature deserve to be loved, and draws their distinctive features with an artist's hand because he notes them with a lover's eye: the "milky cones" of the horse-chestnut, the cedar's "dark-green layers of shade," "the lime, a summer home of murmurous wings," "the poplars with their noise of falling showers," "the dry-tongued laurel's pattering talk."

Minor poets have followed in the same strain, showing, in varying degrees, a deeper love and a closer study of nature than can be found in any writer between the age of Shakspere and the *renaissance* of which we are speaking. Before passing on to the particular subject of this paper we must pause to quote from Mr. Alfred Austin a picture of a late spring which appears to us absolutely perfect; the first stanza is not only most true and beautiful, but entirely original:

"Rude Winter, violating neutral plain
Of March, through April's territory sallied,
Scoured with his snowy plumes May's smooth domain,
Then, down encamping, made his daring valid;
Nor till June, mastering all her gallant train
Of glittering spears, Spring's flying legions rallied,
Did the usurper from the realms of sleet
Fold his white tents and shriek a wild retreat.

"Then, all at once, the land laughed into bloom,
Feeling its alien fetters were undone;
Rushed into frolic ecstasies—the plume
The courtly lilac tosses in the sun,
Laburnum-tassels dropping faint perfume,
White-thorn pink blossoms showed, not one by one,
But all in rival pomp and joint array,
Blent with green leaves as long delayed as they.

"A subtle glory crept from mead to mead,
Till they were burnished saffron to behold,
And, from their wintry byres and dark sheds freed,
The musing kine lay couched on cloth of gold."

The portraits of the "courtly lilac" and the "musing kine" might have been drawn by Tennyson himself.

In a more recent volume of verses Mr. Austin has some lines on primroses deeply marked by this quality of observant tenderness, which comes out in many exquisite touches: the "confident young faces" hidden at first among the dead leaves, then coming "first by ones and ones, lastly in battalions," shaking the snow from their eyelids to "meet the sun's smile with their own," always fearless and undaunted by the most ungenial weather, ever "gracious to ungraciousness." How pretty is the description of the blossoming black-thorn, "snowy-hooded anchorite," and of the primroses when just departing—"waning morning-star of spring"! This charming poem is full of such subtle graces. But we must hasten on.

France was very far behind England and America in the

study of nature, as she was far more deeply tainted with the plague of artificiality than England in her dreariest days. All of us—at least all real country-lovers among us—have shuddered over the so-called descriptions of nature presented to us by French "classical authors." To do them justice, they did not venture very far in this direction, only treating natural beauties as a background for their Watteau-groups of ladies and courtiers, or as a suitable scene for their nymphs and shepherds to make love in. Even now, though a day of better things has come, we shall look in vain for such abundant tokens of the fact as meet us at every turn in the English literature of the time, and therefore we welcome the more gladly so real and deep a lover of the country as André Theuriet. He is chiefly known by his novels, which, though very far from meriting a sweeping condemnation, are not free from grave faults, the more to be regretted as these tales are full of delicious sketches of rural life and scenery; he is a poet, too, and some of his verses are of idyllic beauty, breathing the freshness and perfume of the heathery *lande*, the lonely shore, or the solemn woods. Woodland scenery, indeed, has the greatest charm of all for him—a charm which is most keenly felt in one or two books of his devoted to country subjects. He, too, has a calendar of his own, and the end of February is "the time when the hazel catkins are turning yellow." Not a wayside flower is there that he does not know, and he lingers over their beauties, describing them with a truth and feeling peculiarly his own. What, for instance, can be more exact than his comparison of the scent of honeysuckle to vanilla and of meadow-sweet to bitter almonds? He has given us a regular portrait-gallery of birds, and some of his descriptions of their different flights recall, in their accuracy, that perfect line of Lowell's, "the thin-winged swallow *skating on the air*." We must find space for a few extracts:

"Why," Theuriet wonders, "are nearly all the water-side birds so melancholy—herons, curlews, sand-pipers, kingfishers? Even the pretty little water-wagtail, with all its briskness, makes one think of an unquiet spirit as it runs restlessly up and down among the stones. Is it their surroundings? Do the ponds, with their mournful willows, their sighing winds, their morning and evening mists, and the sobbing voice of the woodland brook, make the birds pensive as well as ourselves?"

Here is a pretty sketch of the wren:

"This tiny bird is a lover of tall trees, the pines in which the wind makes such grand music, especially the great fir-trees of the Vosges, from whose boughs the long beards of lichen hang so thickly; there he loves to

sway and rock, with the waving sea of forest below; there he builds his little marvel of a nest, a hollow ball of daintily woven moss and spiders' webs, lined with the warmest and softest down—the very perfection of down, culled from poplar catkins, the ripe heads of thistles, and the cottony seeds of the willow herb. The only entrance to this cosey nest is by a tiny hole in one side; and here the female lays her eggs, from seven to eleven at a time, no bigger than peas. Only kings" (in allusion to the word *roitelet*) "and poor people have these large families! The wren has both royal and plebeian blood in his small body: his size, his industrious ways, and his cheery temper stamp him as one of the people, but for all that he wears a crown and reigns, after a fashion of his own, in the woods. It is a mysterious, intangible sort of sovereignty, something like Queen Mab's and Oberon's, but not the less real. You may see how it is in winter, when all the singing birds are gone: there is the wren darting backwards and forwards, glancing like a will-o'-the-wisp through the masses of the sleeping trees, the only thing of life and motion there. Above the underwood white with snow he every now and then lifts his pretty, yellow-crested head; lightly and deftly he passes through the thickest brushwood, and the bird-catcher's net has no terrors for him as he slips through its closest meshes. The slenderest twig bears him without bending, a bramble leaf is large enough to hide him altogether, and he runs like a lizard through the faggots that the village housewives collect in the evening. The cold of the winter seems only to quicken his warm blood, and he stands ten degrees of it bravely. When the streams are frozen into silence, when the withered grass is stiff and motionless, and not even a field-mouse is astir, the wood-cutter, as he blows on his fingers to get a firmer grip of the axe, hears a merry cry and sees a dainty creature with red-gold crest flash past: it is the familiar spirit of the woods, the wren, flouting snow and wind. The brave little bird's shrill note makes the old wood-cutter less lonely, and after they have exchanged greetings he sets to work again with fresh courage."

This is a life-like winter vignette, not the less truthful for the graceful touch of fancy which brightens it; and André Theuriet has drawn many such, for he is as much at home with birds as with trees and flowers: every note tells him a different tale. This is what he thinks of the sedge-warbler's:

"The tune may be a little common, perhaps, but it has all the *entrain* and reckless merriment of a song of the people. Its modulations may be rather poor and monotonous, but it has a character of its own, and, once heard, you cannot forget it. It is associated with fair summer mornings in blossoming meadows, just as the noisy song of the belated peasant is associated with the tender and poetic memory of some balmy night in May."

We do not remember having met before with the graceful legend he quotes as the origin of the universal reverence for the swallow:

"The Jews were once seeking Jesus to take him before Caiphas, and

our Lord, who was sleeping in the open air, was on the point of being surprised, when a vast flock of swallows awoke him by their cries, and, surrounding him in their circling flight, completely hid him from the eyes of his pursuers. Jesus blessed them with his hand, and ever since the swallow has been a sacred bird, and it is well with those whom it loves and dwells with."

In conclusion we give the following sketch of

"THE SABOT-MAKERS.

"In a deep *combe* (or wooded valley), close to the borders of the forest, and beside a clear stream with a voice like a flute, the sabot-makers have camped down. There is the whole clan—the master, with his son and son-in-law who work under him, his apprentices, the old goodwife, and the little ones paddling among the cresses in the brook. There, under the alders, is the wooden shed which is their sleeping-quarters; at a little distance a couple of mules which have carried the camp-baggage are tethered to stakes, and pull at the halter to crop the grass in the ditch. Last autumn the encampment was on the high ground of the forest; where it will be next year no one knows, not even the master. It is all a matter of chance and the promise of the felling; for the sabot-maker, like the lark, does not build twice in the same furrow. He explores every part of the forest in turn, stopping when he finds a place where felling is going to begin, and where a good stroke of business may be done. He has a house with some crazy old furniture in a village hard by, but he hardly goes there except in the dead season, and never takes to it altogether till the time comes for the last sleep of all.

"This year the situation is first-rate; nothing can be better than this green, quiet *combe*, only a few paces from the spot chosen for the felling, where the trees, bought as they stand, are marked by the highest bidder. They are grand beeches, whose silver-gray branches stand out well against the blue April sky; their shafts are fifty feet high, and measure a full metre round where the tree forks. Six dozen sabots to be got out of each of them! There are aspens, alders, and birch-trees, too, in the lot, but the sabot-maker makes small account of them; to be sure, the sabots made from them are less apt to split, but the wood is of a spongy nature and lets the damp soak through. Now, beech-wood sabots are quite another thing—light and good-looking, and keep the feet dry and warm in spite of mud and snow.

"Every one is busy in the *combe*. Round the door of the shed

the women are chatting away as they mend the clothes; the men are felling the trees close to the ground; then the trunks are sawn into *tronces*, and if the clumps are too large they are split into quarters. One workman cuts out the sabots roughly with the axe, taking care to give a different curve for the right and left foot; then he passes them on to another, who works at them with the gimlet and scoops out the inside with a tool called a 'spoon.' All the while the men are chatting and singing. For the sabot-maker's trade is not a melancholy one, like that of his neighbor, the charcoal-burner; the constant play of the muscles, the work by daylight after a good night's rest, give him a fine appetite and high spirits, and he sings like a bird as the glossy shavings, like dainty white ribbons, fall off from the fresh wood, and the work goes on to the tune of laughter and rustic ditties.

"The first sabots—the largest size—come out of the biggest *tronces*, close to the ground. They are for the stout laborer who is off to his work at early dawn through wind and rain; they will clatter on the pavement of the empty streets as the sweepers collect and the country folk are on their way to the market, and we lazy ones shall hear them as we turn half-awake on our comfortable beds, and, wrapping the clothes around us, give a passing thought of sympathy to those whose lives are so hard and so full of struggle.

"Then come the *tronces* from which the women's sabots are cut: the solid one of the housewife, with plenty of wear in it, and the lighter ones for the girls; we all know the merry clatter of those—quick and brisk as youth itself—on the stones of the washing-place by the fountain in the day-time, and at nightfall on the path which leads to the *veilloir*.

"As they get nearer to the top of the beech-shaft the clumps become shorter; these are for the sabots of the little herd-boy, who follows the cows over the wide commons, and watches the straight column of blue smoke rise into the still air from some brushwood fire; and for the school-boy's sabots—but their career is short and stormy, and what a variety in the pace and sound! Slowly and heavily they drag along the pavement on the way to school, but what a merry din they make when they come out again!

"The last clumps of all are kept for the *cotillons*, or the little children's sabots. Ah! they have the best of it. They will be fêted and made much over, especially when, at St. Nicholas and Christmas, they come out in the morning, after a night in the

chimney-corner, stuffed with toys and good things. And then these tiny sabots have not time for much wear; the little feet soon outgrow them, and they are carefully put away in a corner of the cupboard with baby's first tooth and christening-robe. Long years after, when 'baby' is a man grown, or when his place in the home is empty, the mother will take out the little sabot and show it, sometimes with a loving smile, but ah! how often with tear-dimmed eyes.

"So our sabot-makers sing away as they work at the wood, and the clumps take shape rapidly under their hands. Once hollowed out and chipped into shape with the *rouette*, it is the turn of another workman, who smooths off the edges and then hands on the sabot to a third, whose business it is to give the last touches with the *paroir*, a kind of sharp knife fixed by a ring to a pine plank. He is the artist of the gang, who turns out the sabot in its perfect finish, marking it with a rose or a primrose, according to fancy, if it is for a woman's foot; sometimes carrying elegance so far as to cut an open-work pattern along the instep, which will show the white or blue stocking of the village belle who is to wear this *sabot de luxe*.

"When finished the sabots are put in the shed under a thick layer of shavings; this prevents their cracking, and once or twice a week they are laid before a fire of green chips to harden, while the wood-smoke gives them a rich golden-brown color.

"So the work goes on till all the trees in the lot are used; then the camp breaks up. Good-by then to the green *combe* and the babbling brook where the blackbirds come to drink. The mules are laden, and every one is off to a fresh felling-place. And so, all the year round, whether the woods are green or yellow, enamelled with flowers or strewn with dead leaves, there is a nook as busy as a hive of bees with the hum of the sabot-maker's workshop as he turns out dozen after dozen of the homely, comfortable *chaussure* as simple, healthy, and useful as country life itself."

SOLITARY ISLAND.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER XI.

REJECTED!

FORTUNE smiled on Florian during that year as it had never smiled on him before. The Democratic convention nominated him for governor amid universal acclamation; and if the means employed to obtain this result were questionable, such as the free use of money and the glossing-over of his religious tenets, they were not crimes and did not disturb the sweet serenity of his slowly toughening conscience. In all his life he had never experienced such a thrill of delight as swept through him on seeing his name at the head of the State ticket. It dazed him for an instant. He felt already under his hand the mighty throbbing of the great State whose destinies he was to guide for twenty-four months, and the mad current of his ambition tossed him like a cork on its waves. He would give a world, eternity even, for one continuous draught of such a delight.

Men looked at him respectfully as he passed through the streets, and pointed him out to strangers as the coming man. His wealth was known to be boundless, and adulation was all the more servile. Of these things he thought little. Flattery of a nobler, more pleasing kind met him at home in his own circle. Politicians crowded around him with their protestations of fidelity, men of influence bowed at his throne, and ladies of high degree whispered their congratulations in his ears. The prince-governor they called him, and he was intoxicated with the subtle flattery. Frances alone was silent and reserved. She made no such demonstration as her mother did, and was ever looking at him with a vague alarm in her face. She received her share of public attention also, but it did not please her so much as the newspapers troubled her.

"Why do they not mention your Catholicity?" said she. "They speak of you as if you were no more than an infidel."

"Do not trouble yourself, dear," he replied in a dry way which of late he had adopted with her. "Wait till the Whigs get at me, and you will hear enough about my religion."

He was sufficiently tender-hearted to feel ashamed in the presence of the pure young girl, and to wish to keep out of her way as much as possible. What was he to do with her, now that she was become a burden to him? It was a question he did not like to face, for when looked at squarely it showed him so much in the light of a villain that the reflection was unpleasant. He had no conscience in the matter, but he had a spark of something which is called honor.

"I know it is not necessary for you to shout, 'I am a Catholic; vote for me if you dare!'" she said; "but some of the papers speak so queerly of you that it seems unjust to let them continue."

"And if I were to try to set them right I would be in a worse condition than before."

She said nothing to this argument, but looked her uneasiness.

"I much dread the result for you, Florian. These Protestants will never vote for you. They have not so much liberality. It is very well to point out Protestants filling the highest places in Catholic countries. It will not influence them one jot. You are flying too high."

"What! a Russian prince?" he said good-humoredly. "Flying too low, you mean. If we fail we can fall back on our royal birth."

"Your self-respect will be deeply wounded, though," she replied, and changed the subject for one more agreeable to him.

Enraged with her correct notions and loving anxiety, he usually fled to Mrs. Merrion, who met him with proud and elated face, and had no fears or scruples with which to torment him.

"My dear prince, the victory is assured. I hail you as prince-governor."

"Thank you. But it is not at all assured, and I dread too premature congratulations. They are premonitions of defeat. You had a visitor to-day?"

"Oh! the count." And she laughed. "He takes his dismissal keenly and cannot account for his ill-luck. I pity him."

"Let him remain in ignorance until he has paid me my money. It would not be unlike him to take a big percentage off the round sum for the chagrin I have caused him."

"Not to speak of the danger of setting his tongue in motion," said Barbara, and she began an animated discussion which, for Florian's sake, had better be left unmentioned.

During the course of the month he met the count by appointment and received the first instalment of his quarter-million.

"After this it will come rapidly," said Vladimir; "and my employer desires me to give his sincerest thanks to the young relative who concludes to accept the inevitable for so handsome a price. You are always welcome, so he says, at the ancestral hall."

"Much obliged, indeed. I shall be careful not to call, though, until the price is paid. If I died intestate the money would revert to the prince. I can fancy he would like nothing better than an opportunity to get it back. What do you say, count?"

"Oh! he is not a niggard by any means, and in many ways is a very fine old fellow; but life for him is not winding up very brightly."

"No more than for yourself," said Florian, studying the count's worn face. "You have eaten and drank and been merry, and now your morrow is coming. You can't bear the strain of the metropolis much longer."

"No," answered the count, with a laugh and a yawn; "I confess that I am wearied. I need building up. I shall take to the sea-coast or the mountains."

"Your philosophy will carry you through, if the grave does not swallow you suddenly."

"Tell me," said Vladimir, as they were parting, "have you yet any notion of where your father might be?"

"What put that in your head?" with a quick, sharp look into the count's yellow face. "I hope your bloodhound is not looking for him."

"We have nothing more to do with him," he said proudly. "It was mere curiosity that prompted the question."

Nevertheless the count's curiosity wakened dormant considerations in Florian's mind, and he walked away ill at ease. His thoughts were turned forcibly into a channel which hitherto they had avoided. His father, if alive, was probably determined to die with his history a secret, yet his existence was in some sort a menace to that relative who had purchased from Florian rights which were not actually his to sell. What if that relative had instituted a search for his father. And what if he should be found by that Nicholas whose murderous profession declared itself in his face? Florian shuddered and put the thought from him as too awful for probability; but it seemed so fitting a climax for the defections of which he had been guilty that again and again through that day and night he trembled with apprehension. His faithlessness to Frances, his bad dispositions and political heresies, loomed up before him like gigantic clouds from whose bosom

threatened to leap the thunderbolt of parricide. He was urged thereby to renew more actively his search for his father, and to have Nicholas shadowed. Under these precautions his mind found temporary rest, but occasionally the first thought presented itself like a spectre and wrung his soul most cruelly.

Barbara, on his next visit, was absent in Buffalo, but she had left a note for him enclosing a telegram. Its information was stupefying but welcome. Mr. Merrion had died suddenly in a Buffalo hotel, and his widow had gone to bring the body home. Fate clearly was helping him in his onward course. There remained between him and happiness but one obstacle—the fall elections. He had a sublime American faith in the power of gold, and was determined to spend his last cent in convincing the people of the harmlessness of his faith in American politics. As he had expected, the Whigs assaulted him for his religious belief. The old war-cries of Protestantism appeared as the captions of campaign news, and it was seriously questioned whether the pope would not be domiciled in New York within the year, ready to step into the White House from the shoulders of his faithful slave, Hon. Florian Wallace. To which the honorable gentleman replied with an open letter to the citizens of the State, giving his views on Italian politics, the temporal power, and infallibility with a freedom and liberalism which astonished his friends much more than his enemies. It caused a sensation. In the solitary hut where Scott spent his quiet life it had the place of honor with Izaak Walton, and was as much thumbed and studied in the hermit's desultory way. The squire procured a copy and read it to Billy and Ruth with a triumphal snarl at every sentence, and was surprised to see the old gentleman tear his hair in silent grief, while the tears ran from Ruth's eyes.

"He's following Sara," said Billy; "he's not my son, thank Heaven! He was a good boy when he left me, the divil!"

And Ruth, mortified beyond measure at this bold departure of Florian, hung the letter prominently in her room as an example of the evil consequences of ambition.

Over it Frances wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed. Her idol was showing his feet of clay. She did not think it wise to do more than allude to it with sad reproachfulness, and come in to him holding it between her finger and thumb daintily, as if it were a filthy thing. She was not afraid of him, but his manner was very strange of late.

"What a reception you would receive from Pope Pius," said she, "after he had read your opinion of him!"

"It is an honest opinion," said Florian, apprehending a lecture, and thinking it better to show the master's front, "and if he received such oftener would be in happier condition than he is at present."

She put her hand over his mouth, and he kissed it.

"You are doomed," said she soberly. "When a Catholic is forced to throw up the traditions of his faith to secure his advancement, that moment he is lost. You may be governor, but you will have lost the faith."

"It must be a poor religion which does not fit the position," he said sullenly, and was sorry the next moment for the foolish speech; but she showed no annoyance.

"Do not lose your logic with your temper, Florian. I am not going to argue a question of expediency with a statesman. You are another Napoleon. What chance would poor Josephine have with you if a Maria Louisa were to appear?"

She did not see the faint pallor which crept about his lips, nor did she understand the motive of his polite but abrupt departure a moment later. Her heart was very heavy. What fate was in store for the wife and children of a man so completely at the mercy of his own desires?

"I shall pray for him," she murmured; "it would never do to desert him while a spark of the faith remains in him. He is so confident that he is still a Catholic! It is something to begin with."

The most effective attacks which were made on Florian during the campaign came from an anonymous writer in the shape of a series of letters descriptive of his personal character. They could have been written by no other than a person well acquainted with him. The letters verged on brilliancy. They were spicy and contradictory, and gave a fair account of Florian's rise and gradual change of opinions, with the views which orthodox Catholics held concerning him. Florian read them with feelings of indignation. There was a traitor in the camp, and he thought seriously of libel suits, until the failure of the letters to appear quieted him. He received his first hint as to their possible author from Barbara. She was certain Peter Carter wrote them. She could see his natural manner in every line; and, sure enough, after critical examination many evidences of the man appeared in them. When Florian had made complaint to madame and she had accused Peter of abusing her hospitality, he admitted the charge cheerfully.

"I've been waitin' this many a year to put him down to the

public for what he is," said Peter, with the usual flourish, "an' I'm doin' it. Those letters aren't half of it, either. I've given him only the first an' mildest dose. Two weeks before election day I'll publish a selection of his sayings for the past six years. If he doesn't go sailin' up Salt River after the 4th of November, don't blame me."

Madame glared at him in a dangerous way.

"You may look, mother-in-law," said he jauntily, "but the days of looks are over. Ye are goin' to marry Frances, in spite of all my remonstrances, to a man that's fit for nothing better than the Brooklyn free-lance. I told ye I'd never permit it. I tell ye so again. I'll be the ruin o' the heartless politician. I'll give him some blows that'll frighten him, but the complete way in which I'll leave him minus Frances will surprise ye. It'll please him, too. Ye needn't look, madame. The days of looks are over."

Frances was present at this tirade, and felt, without knowing its cause, a deadly sickness of heart. She looked at her mother inquiringly, and it drove madame into a passion.

"You need not repeat your threats to me," she said, "but go and execute them."

"That I will shortly, an' ye can get ready for it. Ye're a queer mother to allow such a man to be connected with yer daughter—a man that would give the whole of her for Barbara Merrion's little finger, an' will be apt to do it before long, now she's a widow. Annyhow, I'll do it for him—"

"How dare you," cried Frances, starting to her feet, pale with rage—"how dare you talk so of a gentleman? O mamma! why do you permit it?"

"How dare I?" snapped Peter pitilessly. "What daren't I do? An' he's a gentleman, is he? Oh! he's a gentleman of the new school, I suppose. But I'll teach him; an' if you don't give him up of your own accord, you will of mine."

Frances burst into sobs and ran out of the room, which sobered Peter.

"From this moment," said madame frigidly, although she was terribly excited, "our relations cease. You must leave this house for ever, and one penny of your allowance you will never again receive."

"What a joke! But the days of jokes are over, too. I'll not leave the house, an', by hook or crook, I'll have my allowance to the last."

"Go, go!" cried madame, trembling. "Do not urge me to have you forcibly removed."

"You would never do that. I would blazon your name through the whole city. I would make it the talk of the commonest newsboy and street-hag! Ah! with all yer fine feathers—"

Peter said no more. The look which he had once thought murderous suddenly flashed into madame's eyes. Awed and frightened, he went from her presence without a word. His future was becoming cloudy. It would never do to lose his allowance for fifty Florians and their marriages, although he felt bitter enough to sacrifice more. He had a secret conviction that Barbara, if she had not entangled Florian already, was laying snares for him, and that in due time he would desert Frances without his interference. Why not go to Mrs. Merrion and urge her to bring the affair to a crisis? It was a brilliant idea. He had a temporary footing at the Merrion house since the day Barbara had engaged him to search for Paul.

"An' if I approach the subject diplomatically," thought Peter, "an' draw her into an admission of some kind, I think she'd do it."

The result of his reasonings was that he hurried over to Brooklyn, and by ten o'clock that evening was bowing friskily to Barbara in her quiet parlor. Peter always found it necessary, when on a diplomatic mission, to adopt a youthful airiness of manner which he thought lent an effective grace to his assertions.

"The lateness of the hour—" began Barbara, appalled at his boldness.

"Just so," said Peter. "I knew I'd find ye alone, an' that's what brought me over at so late an hour. Ye see, night is the witchin' hour for reporters an' matchmakers, an' I had that to say which would be mightily ashamed of the daylight."

"It is unnecessary to say it, then," said Barbara haughtily.

"Whisht, darlin'! Don't say a word, for we're both on the same tack, if not in the same boat. You're anxious to get Florian from Frances, an' he an' I are anxious ye should. Now, don't be troubled from me plainness. You're a smart woman, an' I admire ye for it. You're goin' to haul in the lad sooner or later, an' I want to show ye a little trick that'll help ye; an' ye must listen, for I won't go away till ye do."

Barbara was flattered, and, being in the humor for fun, lay back among her cushions and signed for him to continue.

"First diplomatic triumph," thought Peter. "Mrs. Merrion, there's no doubt that you an' Florian are suited for each other.

You're like him, bold an' ambitious an' not scrupulous; an' ye haven't much more religion, for ye're only a convert, poor thing! Yez'll match well together. An' as for Frances, sure the child is not the wan to hold the reins for such a steed. I don't want her to marry him; I know he's anxious to be rid of her, an' the way I propose to keep him away from her, wid your help, is this."

He bent closer to Mrs. Merrion and began to speak in an important whisper. The lady sat indifferently listening at first, but as the story went on a sudden interest lighted her face.

"Now, what d'ye think of that an' the plan?" said he, with a beaming face.

"It is astonishing," Barbara answered cautiously; "and the plan is very good, if it can be tried. But how do I know you are all you pretend to be?"

"'Honor among thieves,'" quoted Peter knowingly. "Try me an' see. It's worth the tryin', for you'll have him all the quicker."

"You must not come here again for some time," said Barbara. "You can discover by the end of the week if I decide to follow your methods. You are such an odd man, Mr. Carter, and so flattering when you do begin to pay a woman attentions."

"An't I, now?" said Peter, with the smile of a Gorgon, and lost in ecstasy until roused by the striking of the clock. "Eleven o'clock, an' I must be off. Au revoir, you witch! You've entranced me, as you do every man. Whisht! there's some one coming in, an' by the voice I should say it was Florian. He mustn't see me here, ma'am."

"By no means." And she pushed him into another room. "From here you can find your way to the hall. Good-night."

Peter was tortured with remorse, during the next few days, for the apparent crime which he contemplated against Frances. She seemed so happy in her love and so proud of her lover! And in what odium she would hold him when the work was done! But a contemplation of the evils of a marriage with Florian nerved him again, and the scornful glances which Florian showered on him daily stung him into the bitterest resolves against the politician. Did he know what a kindness the journalist was about to do him? It was part of the plot that he would, but his manner gave no evidence of such knowledge.

Florian was sitting one evening in madame's private parlor. Frances was engaged with her needlework, and her mother was nodding over the pages of a magazine, when Peter unceremoniously entered. One glance at his face would show that he had

come on a desperate errand. It was purple from suppressed feeling, and his eyes were averted. He made a great fuss over shutting the door. Madame sat pale and apprehensive, yet with the calmness of a courageous despair. Frances, seeing her mother's expression, grew nervous, and Florian shaded his pallid face with his trembling hand. Peter, coughing and strutting, stood before him.

"I have a story to tell you," said he in tones too unsteady for coughing to render firm, "and I'd like you to listen."

Florian bowed a cold assent. One of Peter's peculiarities of speech was that in moments of excitement he lost much of his brogue.

"Ye are engaged to marry this girl here," continued Peter. "Well, I forbid the banns—ahem!—that is, the thing can't go on without my approval, which I won't give. *I am her father!*"

Naturally, after this astounding revelation, there was an awesome silence, broken only by a sob from Frances, upon whom the truth of his last declaration fell crushingly.

"There!" snapped Peter, turning angrily on madame, "there's your training. She's ashamed of her father."

"She must thank her father for the feeling," said madame, greatly relieved at the bursting of the storm, and apprehensive only of losing Florian for a son-in-law.

"Just so," said Peter thoughtfully. "You see and understand, Mr. Wallace, why I've so often threatened you about this marriage. You see I know as well as you do that the coming governor of this State, and perhaps the next president, can have nothing to do with the daughter of the scribbler, the dead-beat, the broken-down gentleman. I'm sorry I didn't tell ye of it before, an' so prevent any unpleasantness. But my daughter is sensible, if her mother *has* misled her a little. She'll give you back your freedom, an' for her sake you'll pardon the mother who deceived you into an alliance not at all creditable to one of your blood and position, even if you made it willingly."

Proud of his speech and his diplomacy, Peter strutted over across the room. He had effectually silenced madame. Frances was struggling with her agony, and there was another silence until Florian, shamefaced and awkward, spoke:

"This is a—very peculiar—a—incident. I regret extremely that I had not known it sooner. If you will permit me I shall retire to consider—"

"Of course," said Peter briskly, "but not till Frances has shown the proper spirit of the Desmonds. She's not ashamed of

her father, sir, the direct descendant of a noble Irish house, and will release you willingly. Stan' up, girl, and throw him back his pledges—that is, Frank, he couldn't marry you, you know, and your father such a villain."

"You are free, Mr. Wallace," said she.

"Bravo!" shouted Peter to supplement her weakness, for Frances was panting with the effort. "Spoken like Desmond's own daughter."

"My dear child," said madame, "you wrong Florian—"

"Not another word!" cried Peter; "you've wronged him enough already, and can't you see by his face he's crazy to be rid of us? Don't dare to play mother-in-law any more."

"You are entirely free, Mr. Wallace," said Frances again and more calmly. "Under no circumstances could I now think of a marriage with you. Please do not add to the painfulness of this scene by speaking, but go at once."

His pride would not let him depart so meanly, and, coming over to her side, he tried vainly to take her hand.

"Believe me," said he feebly, "no one more sincerely regrets these circumstances than I do. You will always have my highest esteem, and unless you bid me go I shall never leave your side."

Madame would have strengthened this offer with her own influence but for Peter's silent threat to demolish her if she said a word.

"Oh! go, sir, go!" cried Frances, hardly able to repress the anguish of her heart, which this hollow speech increased tenfold. He went out of the room rejoicing and flew to Barbara.

"There goes the greatest villain this side of the Atlantic," said Peter, half-triumphant, half-disgusted. "A Russian prince, forsooth! A gentleman, an American gentleman, bedad! D'ye mind, Frances, how ready he was to give ye up? He is gone straight to Widow Merrion now, to tell her the whole story and get her ready for marrying him. I'm sorry I let him off so easy. He ought to be made pay for it, and, if it was only to spite him, I'd like to see you married to him. I'll make him pay for it yet."

"You had better," said madame, "for your work to-night shall cost you dearly. If you are not gone from this house to-morrow the police shall remove you. You shall have no further opportunity to show your vile ingratitude."

"No, no, mamma," said Frances; "we have suffered too much to add to our sufferings. Father has done well, and he

shall stay with us in his rightful position. I am glad to know you, father," she added, throwing her arms about him and kissing him; "only—"

She broke down and wept, and Peter mingled his tears with hers.

"You are a fool, Frances," said madame severely.

"Never mind, dear," whispered Peter; "you'll get over it some time. And you won't be ashamed of your father hereafter. He was born and bred a gentleman, and his Desmond blood was as pure as whis—milk when the Russian stream was no better than a barbarian's. I've saved you, and I don't care for twenty allowances."

"But I might have saved him," sobbed Frances, "and now he is hopelessly lost."

CHAPTER XII.

"LET HIM DIE."

COUNT VLADIMIR was at this moment the most disappointed man in the city. Barbara had made a deeper impression on him than he had deemed possible, and he took her curt dismissal keenly. His vanity had received a more serious wound than his affections. How was it possible that an elegant and titled aristocrat could fail in a quarter so open to the influence of such qualities as he possessed? Was the blade dulling through long service? He vainly tried to account for Barbara's action towards him, and was inclined to suspect Florian of undue interference; but his good sense convinced him that the betrothed of Frances could have very little to do with Barbara at present.

"Unless," he thought bitterly, "my instructions and example have made him a more consummate rascal than I imagine."

This supposition was somewhat wild, however, and he continued to visit Barbara and speculate drearily on the matter until chance revealed to him what reasoning and observation had failed to discover. He paid Florian his last instalment of money two days before the election, and at the same time referred innocently but effectively to the oft-mentioned existence of his father.

"The prince, my employer," said he, "trusts that should your father turn up you will see that he submits to the present arrangement."

"He need have no fear," Florian replied agreeably. "I am sure of my ability to manage him better than the prince himself."

"I doubt it," said Vladimir, with a smile that pierced Florian's heart. "If you failed to deal with him by your roundabout American methods, Russian simplicity would surely make an end of him. I warn you of that now and finally."

"I am glad the whole matter is completed," Florian replied indifferently. "It has been very troublesome and dangerous"—with a placid but meaning look at the count, who was pleased to let the insinuation pass. "You are not improving in health, Vladimir. You look like one suffering from mental trouble as well as dissipation."

"I am always gay," said the count briskly, "but that witch Barbara is beyond me. I try to explain her behavior and I cannot. Yet I do not and will not give up hope."

"If report be true she is about to console herself for Merrion's abrupt departure *by walking in my footsteps*. In other words, she is soon to be married, but rumor does not point out the man."

"Ah!" cried Vladimir, with a gasp, "this is wonderful."

"These American women," said Florian, "are deeper than Russian intrigues and cleverer than Russian cleverness. Where be now your gibes, my Yorick? Silent, eh? Then be for ever dumb and boast no conquests on your return to St. Petersburg."

"I am vanquished partially in this one instance, but I have scores of respectable trophies hanging at my girdle. Alas! not one to compare with Merrion! But there is always hope. This information of yours is based on rumor, which is almost as great a liar as man."

"Well, go ahead," said Florian petulantly, "and fling yourself to ruin. You would never be warned by me in your dealings with Barbara. You would never admit her superiority to the general run of your acquaintances. If it is not enough to have been flatly rejected, keep on until the coming man shoots you."

"That would be a pleasure indeed," said the count, his dull eyes brightening. "A duel! I have not enjoyed one in years."

"Life is not a superfluous article here, my dear count."

"Nor anything else, although your citizens rate each other's lives less than their miserable dollars. But, really, are you not joking when you say that Barbara is to be married?"

"I give you the story as rumor gave it to me."

"I must make sure of it, then," said the count. "Well, our business relations, dear prince, are ended, and your last hold upon your native country is cut off. I wish you all the honor

and glory America can give you. Let me advise you once more to keep a bright lookout for your father."

He went away smiling, as if he knew how those last words rankled in Florian's heart. Why did he so persistently refer to the subject? Had he some news of the lost prince, and was the spy still on the trail, seeking to put out of the way this last obstacle to his master's security? Florian shook like a leaf at the suggestion, and, half-maddened at its possibility, sought counsel and sympathy from Barbara. Her face was very sympathetic as she listened to him, but she was laughing at him secretly.

"The count has seen," said she, "that you are annoyed by this idea of your father rising spectre-like to demand his own, and delights in punishing you. I do not think your father can be living. You have shown the most admirable diligence in looking for him. It would not do to be too open or too sharp in the search, for you might meet an impostor who would give you much trouble and expense."

"That is very true," said Florian, much relieved. "I am too scrupulous."

"It is highly probable that the prince is dead, or so hidden, in fear of his relatives, that it is too great a task to find him. I do regret one thing in the late transactions with the count—that in renouncing your rights to your father's estate you did not insert the clause, 'until all heirs of the present family fail.' I have an idea I would look well in a Russian court, and I am so fond of a title."

"When you reign in the executive mansion, *ma chère*, you will hold a more assured and brilliant position."

"But suppose you do not get elected?"

"A senatorship then awaits me. But you must not begin to croak so soon. If money and influence mean anything the position will be mine."

"But your religion," said Barbara, "is a great stumbling-block."

"I have glossed it over pretty well," he answered lightly, "and my plain utterances on many mooted questions have shut the mouths of my enemies tight. Away with these dismal speculations! You relieved me of my fears for my father, let me now banish your doubts of my election. This is love's hour. Politics and business too rudely intrude on it."

"Don't be foolish. That is the count's talk, and I hate it."

"Poor fellow! his famous to-morrow is almost here. He has hopes of you still, even when I told him to-day that you were to

be married to a man who was a world's mystery. He was going to see you very soon and settle matters finally."

"He had an idea," she said indignantly, "that I might fall in love with him after the European fashion. I saw it from the first and resented it. Otherwise he would have made an impression on me, for he was a most charming man."

"That past tense is a hard criticism on him, my dear."

"There, there, more of the Russian foolishness."

"I beg pardon," said a voice at the door. "I did not think—"

Florian's haughty self-confidence never showed better than at this trying moment. He released Barbara's hand, rose politely and coolly to greet Count Vladimir.

"You will excuse me," said the count in a vain effort for composure.

"Not at all," said Florian. "Come in. We were just speaking of you, and you fit into the conversation most excellently."

"I am honored," said the count. "Do you converse as tenderly and as often about me with Miss Lynch, your affianced?"

"Not my affianced, count. That little romance is dead."

"I begin to comprehend," said Vladimir, struggling desperately with anger and humiliation. "And am I to suppose that the lovely Mrs. Merrion is soon to console herself for her recent great sorrow by becoming—"

"Precisely," said Barbara, who had regained her usual coolness.

"I congratulate you both," said the count, whitening to the lips, "and at a more convenient time I shall be happy as a friend to learn more of this extraordinary romance. Good-afternoon."

It was with blinded eyes and staggering gait that he found his way out of the mansion. A horrible bitterness and wild rage against himself and Florian filled his heart, and but for the shame of publicity he would have raved and cursed where he was like any madman.

"My teachings have turned on myself," he muttered. "I taught and influenced him to descend, and, by all the gods, he has gone lower than I by degrees. But wait. Have patience, Vladimir."

He rushed into his own rooms and gave way to the passion which consumed him. Never had he been so bitterly humiliated, and never had he so poor an opportunity of revenging himself on his enemy. What was the poor consolation of a duel when he wished to tear his rival limb from limb—what benefit to him when death had placed his enemy beyond his reach? Oh! if he

could but inflict upon him some maddening, life-long torture. When his rage had cooled somewhat he noticed a letter addressed to him lying on the table, and its well-known writing made him seize it hurriedly. It contained but one line: "*I have found him. What am I to do?*" A sardonic smile spread over his worn face. He held a match to the letter and stood smiling while it burned to ashes.

"No answer," he muttered, "is a death-warrant. This is the first drop in the bucket."

A little flame leaped up from the paper and scorched his finger. He started angrily from the reverie into which he had fallen, stamped it under foot, and fell to thinking again. He was not so satisfied with his action when it was done. What had Florian's father done to him that he should wish to murder him? A word from him at this critical moment would save a human life, and he hesitated to give it because he had been humiliated. Humiliated! The word brought on his passion of anger again with twofold intensity. He pictured anew the scene he had just witnessed in Barbara's drawing-room, and, foaming at the mouth, stamping and blaspheming, he shouted, "Let him die! Let him die, and his accursed son with him!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

DUBLIN OF TO-DAY.

In many respects Dublin is at present, and has been for some time past, one of the most interesting cities in Europe. Though of comparatively small magnitude, its history is full of incident, and during recent years it has added to its previous importance by becoming the centre of one of the most extraordinary social revolutions of modern times. In the Irish Land League it has seen revived the story of the Roman Gracchi, with the difference, that while the Gracchi failed and speedily terminated their career in death, the leaders of the Irish land movement not only live, but have been so far successful in their efforts. In this, as in some other respects, the analogy between the history of Rome and that of Dublin or Ireland is so remarkable as to lead one almost to believe that while Dublin might seem to have imitated Rome in her programme of reform, she also took a lesson from her in the department of crime. The fact may be accidental, but it is no less interesting for the philosophic student

of history to know, that while Rome had her pacific and high-minded Gracchi in the field of agrarian reform, Dublin has also her agitators in a field almost similar; and that if the former had Catiline and his assassins, Dublin has had also her Carey and his Invincibles.

Dublin is a very ancient city in name, but in actual construction there is no part of it, with the exception of a small portion of the Castle, more than two hundred years old. Of its street architecture in its grander phases it is not necessary, in this age of tourists, and photographers, and voluminously eloquent guide-books and no less eloquent newspaper correspondents, to say much. Every one knows all about Sackville Street, and the Bank of Ireland, where the Parliament used to sit, and Trinity College, and Merrion Square, and the lost glories of Donnybrook, and the living disgrace of Tommy Moore's statue, with all the other architectural and æsthetic marvels which have placed Dublin, if not first, at least in the first line of European cities. All that the wonder-worshipper has read of and the ballad-singer sung of is there still. The Four Courts, boasting, alas! no longer such lights as used to shine in those "other days" when it was illuminated by the genius of a Curran, a Whiteside, or a Butt, yet still there, with its bagfuls of wigs and its army of rising young barristers who have not yet risen; still there is the Custom-House, looking down from its Venetian-like front with magnificent rebuke upon the gentle Anna Liffey that brings it so little merchandise, and hiding behind the cool shade of its splendid façade a host of officials whose principal labor seems to consist in drawing their monthly salaries and exercising their faculty of analysis upon each other's private character; there, too, is the Rotunda, its great hall still eloquent with the clank of the Volunteer sabres of 1782, and with the music of many a tongue which henceforth only the angels shall hear; and there is the City Hall with its sixty civic legislators sitting like Roman senators of the days of Brennus, in their scarlet robes, under their new flag of green; and still there (*gaudeamus!*), notwithstanding the revolutionary spirit of the time, is the statue of him who was once from July to September the ruling toast in Castle hall and tap-room—King William, the "great and good," of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory."

Up till a comparatively few years ago the statue of William and two or three highly fantastic and flattering figures of the royal Georges were almost the only public monuments of which Dublin could boast. Of statues to Irishmen, as such, it had only

two—that to O'Connell by Hogan, and that to Dr. Lucas, the founder of the *Freeman's Journal*, in the City Hall. There was little in Dublin to indicate that Dublin was in Ireland, much less that it was its capital city. Worthless viceroys and their favorites were commemorated everywhere in the names of its streets and squares, but there was nothing, unless perhaps the name of some obscure court or alley, to show that Dublin was an Irish city and the metropolis of a country which had been the theatre of great achievements and the mother of many illustrious men. It was not fashionable to celebrate the memory of anything Irish; more than that, it was hardly safe. All this has been changed. Flunkyism has had its day, and now the city is adorned with some admirable memorials of men whom Ireland really delights to honor. Grattan stands in College Green within a few yards of the House where he achieved his greatest triumphs; Burke and Goldsmith guard the entrance to Trinity College, and the colossal figure of O'Connell stands at the opening of the bridge once known by the name of "Carlisle," but now altered to that of O'Connell bridge in his honor. A movement even is on foot for the renaming of the streets and calling them after men who have in some way or other been identified with the National cause in Ireland. All this indicates a remarkable change in public feeling, and contrasts strangely with the sentiments of the time when to have mooted such a thing would probably have exposed the author to a charge of constructive treason, or at least would have caused him to be ostracized by all "respectable" society.

Dublin is a beautiful city, but to the American eye, accustomed to the never-ceasing flow of life in American towns, it might seem at first little more than a beautiful wilderness. Its beauty is at best of a somewhat sad type. There is an air of vacancy almost pathetic about its magnificent squares, an absence of activity in its finest streets which their generally great breadth makes all the more conspicuous, a want of that noise and bustle which one is accustomed to associate with city life, a sort of not-at-home look about its greatest houses, as if their inmates had gone hastily away and left them, in sheer desperation, to take care of themselves. In the dull quiet of some of the streets, with their odd side-passenger here and there, and the meditative "jarvey" nodding on his car as he moves slowly along, dreaming of the fare that so seldom seems to come, one could almost fancy himself in an English cathedral town. There is nothing, however, of the sleek and sleepy look of satisfaction and repose

which marks the ecclesiastical settlement about any part of Dublin. On the contrary, it is very wide-awake—painfully so, one would almost say—not with the wakefulness of activity, but the unnatural sleeplessness and unrest which come to him who has waited long for something, and waited while his soul hungered within him, in vain. Like Mariana in the moated grange, Dublin seems, morning and evening, weary of the fate which has robbed her of all that made life desirable, and living only to feel the feverish sickness of a hope that promises little yet refuses to be altogether extinguished.

In the silence and solitariness, yet thronging associations, of some parts of the city, one seems to walk among shadows. The past has gone and left a vacancy which the present has failed to fill. Nothing has come to take the place of those ornaments and accessories of social and mental life which once made Dublin the gayest and most intellectual capital in Europe. We take up the skull of Yorick and muse with melancholy tenderness over the soul that once flashed with life and merriment within. We look into its hollow sockets and we see nothing except what is furnished by our own fancy. So with some parts of Dublin. Here, where legislators and lawyers, a hundred years ago, had their home, is a street to which their genius and eccentricities gave a reputation at once classical and comic, silent and almost deserted now, yet carrying a history in almost every stone. As we stand and look with half-closed eyes through the shadow and sunlight which fall on its deserted pathways, we can almost fancy we see the angular form of Grattan descend from some of the doorsteps and move down the street, with his singularly solemn and uneven footstep, to take his place in the House, or catch a gleam from the light of Curran's luminous eye as he passes from grave to gay in his conversation with the friend who walks by his side.

Solitude and silence have not, however, in every instance followed in the wake of departed greatness in Dublin. The sentiment involved in the lines,

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

may find an illustration in many parts of the city. Previous to the Union most of the nobility and gentry of any note had their town-houses in Dublin, and these houses were no less remarkable for the splendor of their architecture than for the hospitality of their masters. No city in Europe, perhaps, can boast of finer

mansions than they were in the heyday of their glory. The Irish nobleman of the past had Oriental ideas on the subject of expense; and if we examine the interior of some of these buildings, still showing, after the lapse of nearly a century of neglect, marvels of carving and color, we may accuse him of extravagance, but we cannot accuse him of want of taste. One is reminded, as he looks at them, of the elegant fancies that figure upon the walls and ceilings of some of the palaces of Venice or Milan. We should hardly wonder at this when we learn that the artist in almost every instance was an Italian and the same individual. The story is that he had been brought from Italy to Dublin by Lord Charlemont, who was a traveller and a man of taste, to decorate his house in Rutland Square, and that he received many similar engagements from other members of the aristocracy. When the Union was passed Irish wealth and nobility went to London, and the old palaces, becoming deserted, were never afterwards occupied as residences. Uses were found for them one by one, but not such uses as they had been intended for. Charlemont House itself, upon which so many resources of art had been lavished, became, after years of vacancy, an office for the Valuation Commissioners; Alborough House, the residence of Lord Alborough—a magnificent structure, which can be seen miles out at sea by ships entering the harbor—became itself a barracks, and the grounds surrounding it a repository for all the worn-out hats and superannuated tinware of the neighborhood. Others of them got hemmed in and closed up by pushing plebeian new-comers, and so, crushed into obscure corners, sank into tenement-houses or fell into total decay. More happy than most, some of them were hired for trading purposes, or turned into hospitals or bath-houses, or, if specially fortunate, into convents or schools. The last was the fate of Belvidere House, the residence of Lord Belvidere, which stands at the head of Great George's Street and continues to look down that fine but almost forsaken thoroughfare with a dignity not unbecoming the grandeur of its early days. The usual *decensus*, however, for all large buildings in Dublin, when they have fallen away from their natural use, is to become barracks—an obvious course for them to take in a country where the government thinks it desirable to maintain a permanent garrison of about fifty thousand men. If they do not become barracks they may be turned, in government hands, into something very much worse. Strange, indeed, the fate of houses as of men! One of the largest and most respectable houses in the suburbs, which, having ceased to be a family

residence, became in turns an academy, a bath-house, and a boarding-house, has at last found its destiny as a depot for the training and protection of professional informers. This house, be it known to all travellers, is pleasantly situated by the sea-shore, in the vicinity of Clontarf, about half a mile from the city, and is perhaps the most perfect, if not the only, institution of its kind in Europe.

Though shorn of the glories which distinguished it in the old days of the Irish Parliament, Dublin is not by any means going back in the world. Indeed, during the last few years, more especially since the National party acquired the ascendancy in the corporation, it has been making considerable progress. Streets have been built over ground where, but a short time ago, one might have seen conspicuously displayed the legend, "Rubbish may be shot here"; and streets have been removed where houses were found to be in an unsafe or incurably unsanitary condition. One of the curses of the city was the system of crowding in tenements which largely prevailed among the working-classes. To a great extent this evil has been remedied in the erection by the corporation of buildings under the name of "artisans' dwellings," where working-men and their families can have separate residences, and be free at the same time from the tyranny and unappeasable greed of the tenement-house monger. The extension of this idea will go far towards forming a new Dublin, as well as a higher and more self-respecting class of working-men. One of the most interesting sights—more interesting, in its way, than all the dazzling glories of Sackville or Grafton Streets—is that presented by the neat little artisan colony of Gray Square, situated in the very centre of the filthiest and most decrepit, though formerly one of the prosperous, parts of the city. The prosperity, however, is of old date. It belongs to those times of which Irishmen love to talk—talk merely, and perhaps too much—when Ireland had a manufacture, and when the silk of the Dublin Liberties was as well known as the woollens of Leeds or the cottons of Manchester. Nothing remains now in the tumble-down walls, the straining chimneys, the heaps of rubbish which seem to have made up their mind to a permanent occupation, or in the aspect of the corner-store, where commercial enterprise seldom ventures beyond the sale of a pennyworth of turf or half an ounce of tobacco, to indicate that there was once a manufacture in this locality whose products made fair ladies look more fair, and the brightest ball-room more bright. All that is gone now, and there is nothing bright or promising about the place except

Gray Square. It is a veritable oasis, an island of light in a sea of darkness. We well remember the first time we saw it. There is much to interest the man to musing prone in this part of Dublin, dirty though it be; and if the Cologne-like essences which assail him on all sides do not interfere with the efforts of his imagination, he may picture to himself the time when the streets were musical with the sound of the loom, and when the fair daughters of the citizens might perhaps have been seen going off o' nights in their sedans to fashionable ball or rout, looking more bright than the lustrous silks they wore. We had been trying to find comfort and a little mild excitement in contemplating the few tottering relics of Elizabethan architecture which continue to mark the spot, and wringing some pleasant thoughts from the past by putting the fancy to work generally. The failure, however, notwithstanding the suggestive observations of our gifted and genial cicerone from the City Hall, was complete. Fancy refused to fly in such an atmosphere and amid such surroundings. Suddenly we came upon Gray Square. Fancy was appealed to no longer, for here was a fact worth ten thousand fancies, a plain, palpable, and most attractive fact, for which its chief author, Mr. E. D. Gray, M.P., lord-mayor of the city at the time of its erection, deserves the thanks of all lovers of neatness, comfort, and cleanliness. The corporation of Dublin is often accused of a disposition to over-indulgence in political discussions, but when we learn that, in addition to such improvements as the above, they have recently opened free baths and news-rooms, we can hardly say that they have been altogether neglecting their proper business.

Among other localities in Dublin over which the spirit of change has passed is one formerly known as Mud Island. Mud Island was, in the old days of three or four generations ago, the Alsatia of Dublin, and served, on a small scale, all the purposes that the London city of refuge did to the distressed in the days of Sir Walter Scott's hero in the *Fortunes of Nigel.* Here the king's writ ran with exceeding difficulty, and the bailiff who came with legal process in his pocket walked with a stealthy step and slow that contrasted wonderfully with the rapidity of his movements in retreat. The Mud Island boy went in for Home Rule; and being, moreover, of monarchical proclivities, Mud Island had a king of its own. Dynasties small as well as great, however, die out, and the kings of Mud Island, like the Cæsars of old, are now no more. The last of the line was called "Jerry"—tradition sayeth not what was his surname, or whether

he had one at all—and is said to have terminated his career rather abruptly in the convivialities which, *more majorum*, followed close upon his elevation to the royal dignity. With him passed away the last faint flickering of Mud Island glory. Even its very name is now almost a tradition, for with the death of its last sovereign it was officially rebaptized, and became in reality an appendage of the city proper, which it has ever since peaceably continued.

Dublin is a city of a small population (not quite three hundred thousand), but it makes up for its meagreness in this respect by the number of its social distinctions. Over and above the artisan classes it would hardly be too much to say that there are almost as many classes as there are occupations in the community. Traders associate with traders, professional men with professional men, and so on. Some traders are even disposed to draw a line of sub-division among themselves, and to narrow their social world to the members of the trade in which they themselves are engaged. This is especially the case with the members of what is called the "liquor interest" in Dublin. The liquor interest is very strong and very wealthy, and of late years has, while other trades have been falling off, been growing both in wealth and importance. The late lord-mayor was a member of it, so is the present lord-mayor, and so also are the majority of the members of the corporation. It might, perhaps, puzzle an outsider to discover the special qualifications possessed by these gentlemen for occupying the position of civic rulers; but when you are told that each of them has two or three, or perhaps half a dozen, public-houses at his back, and that he has been a subscriber to the National League since the National League became a settled institution of the country, you are looked upon with a suspicion that you are either ignorant or something worse if you do not appear satisfied. For the Dublin liquor-dealer is not simply a liquor-dealer, he is a patron of Irish manufactures. The distillation of whiskey is the principal manufacture which the iniquitous legislation of past times allowed to exist in Ireland, and he therefore considers that he is justified in regarding himself as one of the main props of Irish industrial life. The mere grocer does nothing but simply transfer such foreign commodities as tea and sugar from hand to hand, the draper is not much better, and the other members of the trading community are severally too insignificant to be taken into account. The liquor interest stands, therefore, in a measure, alone. Viewing himself from this standpoint, and remembering that he rules

in the corporation and possesses a large share of the wealth of the city, and has often such a country-house as a prince might envy, we can hardly marvel at his sense of self-importance, or feel surprised that he should sometimes take up the tone of the dethroned landlord and speak of the liquor interest in somewhat the same way as that in which the latter used to speak of the "landed interest" in the days of his power. For mark what the liquor interest is doing and has done. It occupies some of the best houses in the city, it beats out all other interests hollow in the way it effects that consummation so devoutly wished for by shop-keeping economists—the putting money into circulation—it gives the largest subscriptions to religious and charitable purposes; and, to show the impartial manner in which it bestows its favors, it has restored, if not quite rebuilt, the two (now) Protestant cathedrals of Christ's Church and St. Patrick's, while it erected some years ago a perfectly new house for the use of the Presbyterian community. When the time comes for building the new Catholic cathedral in Dublin there is no doubt but that it will maintain its reputation as a generous and cheerful giver.

To what is called society proper he of the liquor interest, however, no matter what his importance, is never admitted. That is a sacred enclosure, inside the circle of which no person actually in trade is, as a rule, allowed to pass. Some consideration is shown to those who have retired from business, provided they have retired upon a good understanding with their banker, and they are graciously permitted to take a back seat or play the part of listener or appreciative spectator in the gatherings where Dublin fashion loves to exhibit itself. Though Dublin has no aristocracy, properly speaking, it has a substitute for one. The substitute consists of professional men as a permanent basis, strengthened by government officials of the better sort, with a few military men, of whom the numerous barracks in Dublin can always furnish a supply, as an ornamental fringe. This is Dublin society in the highest sense, and is the best that is to be had in the city, if we accept its own opinion of itself, and the opinion very deferentially entertained of it by those who occupy more humble or more prosaic positions in life. Perhaps it is right, but in conceding that we are not conceding much. Between military snobs and government officials, the natural grace and freedom of Dublin society have been destroyed or distorted. It has everywhere upon it the stamp of artificiality and sham—it seems, in fact, altogether a government affair. The mark of

the broad arrow is as clearly to be seen upon it as if it had been supervised and passed by some custom-house officer. The great attraction of the women of Dublin consists not so much in beauty of face or form as in their grace of manner and in the silvery music of an accent which makes one, when they speak, think almost involuntarily of the Greek in which Sappho spoke and sang. They are as far as possible removed from being blue-stockings; they do not pretend even to be intellectual in their tastes. They lack the piquancy, the individuality and power of repartee, of their southern sisters, and so too quietly, perhaps, let men whose vanity needs a bridle very often have their own way. By their passivity of character they have lost much of their native charm. It has exposed them to become the victims of surrounding influences, and has straitlaced the beauties of the natural Nora under the corset of the formal and fashionable Lesbia. Like the rest of the fashionable world of Dublin, they have bowed and bowed with unthinking heads to Dublin Castle until they have hardly a thought above it. Its thoughts are their thoughts, its ways are their ways; and in the dream of joining the crowds that go to its balls and levées they live and move and have their notion of a respectable being.

We might linger long enough by the suburbs of Dublin, dreaming away the time as we sauntered by the sea at Clontarf, where more than eight hundred years ago, on the Good Friday of 1014, King Brian defeated the Danes, terminating on that day with his own life a war that had been going on more or less continuously for over two hundred years, and in all probability saving by his victory the British Islands from a permanent Danish supremacy. Or we might walk to old Glasnevin, and, sitting by the pleasant Tolka, endeavor, as we listened to the childlike prattle of the little river, to conjure up visions of the days when Prior and Parnell and Addison used to meet there together, and when the *sæva indignatio* of Swift was often soothed by the genial society of his friend Bishop Delaney, whose episcopal residence still stands on the green rising ground that overlooks its banks.

"Where'er we tread is haunted, holy ground."

Or, going further, we might look in at the little graveyard, in an obscure corner of which, under a mound marked by a stone on which no epitaph is inscribed, sleeps all that is mortal of one who will always live in the affection and reverence of his countrymen. For here, it is said, Robert Emmet is buried. There

is a doubt about the matter, but we can easily believe that love might have selected a spot like this in which to lay the dust of one so dearly cherished.

Far away is the great Hill of Howth, rich with legends and stories of heroic days, sleeping beneath its purple crown of heath in the light of the soft Irish summer, and at its foot the castle of the St. Lawrences, Lords of Howth, the doors of which are opened every day as the dinner-bell rings, according to a promise exacted from the owner of the time when the castle was visited by the celebrated Grace O'Malley, or Graun Uaile, the Queen of Connaught, on her return to Ireland from the court of Queen Elizabeth. Hither might we go and riot in beauty to our hearts' content, while we listened to the waves as they broke in musical murmurs, like old and pleasant memories on the soul, against the rocks a thousand feet below, or gazed lazily across the bay at Dalkey Island, where the Monks of the Screw used to hold annual revel in the wild and witty days of Curran and his contemporaries.

But let us return to the city. It is a beautiful city, as you may see, but it is not a city which an American or a man of American tastes would care for living in. It is a place for one to go to to take the air in, to breathe freely for a time and wipe off the dust of previous contests, in order to prepare for future struggles; but it is not a place in which to stay. To the man of active mind it would prove a very Capua without any of the pleasures of the Italian siren. But there is a fascination about its people, a charm and kindliness of manner, which make one linger when he should not; a home-like feeling in the tone of their voice which puts the stranger at once at his ease and makes him, before he knows it, "one of themselves," which may yield much pleasure and that few can resist. It is a beautiful city, but, thinking of what it was as compared with what it is, looking over its lonely streets and listening to the sighs which seem to breathe through solitudes once peopled with the thoughts and presence of great men, its beauty seems no more a living beauty, but the beauty of a body that has lost its soul.

A PROTESTANT HERO.

Gaspard de Coligny is the central figure in the dramatic struggle between the church and French feudalism in the sixteenth century. He is almost the only figure of the Reformation that has escaped the honest iconoclasm of painstaking German historians and their English followers. Other leaders in the revolt have suffered eclipse. Henry VIII., Elizabeth, even Knox and Calvin, are now admitted to possess characters that somehow fall short of perfection. But Coligny stands out in relief from a background of imposing horrors, the one stainless actor in those sinister scenes. "There is no one," says his latest biographer, Mr. Walter Besant, "in the long list of French worthies like unto the great admiral, worthy to stand beside him." This sentiment strikes the keynote of Mr. Besant's estimate of the character of the great Huguenot leader. If Mr. Besant, charming story-teller that he sometimes is, had constructed his heroes on the same principle that he applies to Coligny, he would hardly have met with the measure of success that has rewarded his literary labors. Perfection is likely to be insipid in fiction. In real life there never has been a statesman or warrior of whom it could be predicated. Even the best of them have some imperfections that bring them near the level of our common humanity. Above all, there never was a period less likely to produce heroes of the Sunday-school order than the sixteenth century. It was a period of the clashing of creeds and systems; a chaos from whose foulness and confusion sprang new births, some lovely, some hideous, but all bearing marks of the deadly struggles and violent passions that produced them. To envelop Coligny in a halo dimmed by no shadow is neither just to the man nor to the age in which he lived. But, indeed, as a history the work of Mr. Besant, like the works of most writers written from the same standpoint, is beneath contempt. It is interesting as a gauge of the intellectual training a large majority of our fellow-countrymen receive. Probably not a tithe of the most thoroughly cultured of them ever think of verifying their estimates of controverted events and the men who wrought in them by comparing the views of their favorite author or preacher with those of writers holding a brief "on the other side." A Catholic who is ordinarily well

informed is much better equipped for the discharge of judicial functions in disputed historical questions than a Protestant who accepts the conclusions of his Froude or Macaulay or Motley as final, without troubling himself to examine the other side of the shield. An English-speaking Catholic, whether he will or not, must see both sides of a question. If he wishes to comprehend the currents of thought that sway his fellow-countrymen he must be familiar with their literature, and for the most part that literature is intensely anti-Catholic. When he has made himself equally well acquainted with the opinions of Catholic writers he is certainly in a much better position for correctly appreciating the tangled incidents of the Reformation and the complex characters of the actors in it than if he confined his studies within the narrow circle of biassed and partisan writers, and that, too, notwithstanding the obscuring influences of inherited prejudice. But what Protestant reader, when he is told by Besant that "there was no one like him [Coligny], not one, even among our Elizabethan heroes, so true and loyal, so religious and so steadfast, as the great admiral," will take the trouble to find out what these Elizabethan heroes were whose truth and loyalty and religion came within measurable distance of the same virtues in Coligny? An examination of original sources would easily convince him that the heroes mentioned in the author's sweeping generalization were about the most thorough-going scoundrels of an evil generation, and, if imbued with a sentiment of admiration for the great Huguenot leader, he would feel naturally indignant that the object of his veneration should be supposed to resemble Leicester, the murderer of his wife, or Essex, the plaything of a royal wanton, or Raleigh, the assassin and pirate, or Bacon, the mean and corrupt judge, or a hundred others not one of whom, with the single exception of Sidney, possessed a shred of loyalty or truth or religion.

If we were simply reviewing Mr. Besant's monograph it would be amusing to point out the glaring discrepancies and inconsistencies that bristle on every page, and for which, perhaps, a writer who would write in a tone of unmixed eulogy of the Reformation can hardly be blamed. To cite one instance, in accounting for the failure of the movement in France he says: "One great cause was the fact that the scholars and divines of France did not take part in the movement. On the contrary, they held themselves aloof or condemned it. While in England the great scholars and eminent divines all came over to the new faith, in France *we see them either openly hostile or else indifferent.*"

And a few pages further on we are told: "Wherever in France a man was induced to think and read for himself, he came over from the opposite camp. It seemed, at the outset, as if *ignorance and stupidity alone would remain in the old faith.*" In a rather interesting and picturesque description of Châtillon, the birthplace of Coligny, as it is at present, from which it would appear that the inhabitants lead a very contented if rather humdrum and drowsy existence, undisturbed by the march of progress, Mr. Besant says: "In that time, too, yon gray old building by the bridge, the Hôtel Dieu, founded and maintained by the seigneur, was a college of free thought and noble learning. Thought and learning have been banished." It would be interesting to know what kind of free thought the sour-faced Genevan ministers, who must have witnessed with pious satisfaction the dying agonies of Servetus, doled out to the young Huguenots of Châtillon. We fear if Mr. Besant, who is not theologically sound according to Calvinistic canons, had lived at the time and fallen into their clutches, his admiration for their free-thought teachings would have been considerably modified. To any one acquainted with the unloveliness, nay, utter brutality, of English rural life the simple virtues and rustic happiness of the people of Châtillon will seem an adequate compensation even for the absence of a "college of free thought."

In this little town of Châtillon—Châtillon-sur-Loing—Gaspard de Coligny was born in the year 1517. His birth happened at a period of great prosperity for France. It was a zone of calms between two tempestuous eras. France, consolidated by the patience and vigorous though rough methods of Louis XI., had made marvellous progress under the benevolent sway of Louis XII., and its progress continued unchecked during the first years of his successor. The roads were free from brigands. The organized bands of ruffians that had desolated farmyard and cottage were things of the past, and the horrors of the "Reformation" had not yet come. According to one of the many unconscious admissions of Coligny's biographer, "The sentinel stood on the walls, but he slept. The ploughman had returned to clear the fields; there was once more tolerable security for his crops; there was no necessity, save that of habit, for locking up the town-gates at nightfall. *The religious wars had not begun.* France was internally prosperous and peaceful."

Though the house of Châtillon had never been on a level with the great feudal families that exercised more authority than their nominal sovereign in their vast domains, it had for genera-

tions held a position of great dignity and power in the southeast of France, and its importance was further increased in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by alliances with the sovereign houses that dotted Vienne, Dauphiny, and the borders of Savoy and Germany. The Colignys had been to the front in the chivalrous enterprises of the middle ages. Some of them are found among the followers of the Emperor Conrad in the Holy Land, others are chronicled as first in the breach at the taking of Constantinople; and there were few of the struggles of this turbulent period in which the vigor of the race did not assert itself in domestic broils or foreign wars. And not only did it supply doughty captains in the English and Spanish wars. It was equally prolific of bishops, abbots, and abbesses. No generation passed without numerous Châtillons figuring at the head of priories and convents in the old duchy of Burgundy.

The father of Gaspard had added much to the greatness of his house by his influence with Francis I., and above all by his marriage with Louise de Montmorency, the sister of the great Constable. Of this marriage there were four children born. Pierre, the eldest, died young while serving as page of honor to Francis I. Odet became famous as the Cardinal Châtillon. Gaspard was made the head of the family either through the instrumentality of the Constable or because his tutor, Nicolas Bérault, thought he discerned in the second son greater capacity for action, a richer share of the qualities necessary to maintain and increase the power of a great feudal house, than in his eldest brother. Little did the tutor foresee that these qualities, exaggerated and misused, were to level that proud house in the dust. Francis, the youngest, is better known by the name of his fief, D'Andelot.

The Catholic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have severely inveighed against the Châtillons for their apostasy, and not a few French writers of the present day have discussed their abandonment of Catholicism in the same spirit. Nothing could be unfairer than such reproaches. The young Châtillons were no more responsible for their religious errors than a young American would be, nurtured in a vague horror of popery in some remote New England village. Their tutor, Bérault, might have been one of those lukewarm souls, the product of the Renaissance, that Dante saw before entering the First Circle, who were neither for God nor for his enemies. He himself never left the church, but, like many bright spirits of the time, he put religion aside, as far as it could be considered a

moral agent claiming to influence his actions. The friend of Budé and Erasmus, he possessed little of the spirit of the Renaissance, except the ostentatious pedantry which was one of the minor evils produced by the mighty awakening of paganism on those of its followers whose learning was showy rather than deep. Nor could Bérault remain unaffected by the moral decadence that enfeebled the mental fibre of his fellow-scholars. The classical world, after sleeping for a thousand years, suddenly awoke to life, fascinating and bewitching the human race. Its influence pervaded all classes. The very corruptions, the ineffable vileness draped in the seductive garb of Greek and Roman writers had an attraction for certain minds. The beauty of form dazzled their vision, and they accepted with indiscriminating delight the good and the bad. Whatever had the classical stamp brought its own justification along with it. It would be vain to deny the obligations under which the modern world lies to the Renaissance, but undoubtedly its temporary effects were to enervate the moral sentiment of the sixteenth century, to spread the allurements of artistic sensualism, and to rend Christendom asunder.

Coligny's tutor marched in the ranks of this moral and intellectual revolution. His mother, without abandoning the church, utterly disregarded its laws and teachings when they ran counter to her whims or her interests. "Religion, in the mind of Louise de Montmorency, was a matter of authority for the common herd, of private opinion for the well-born; according to Nicolas Bérault, the dogmas of the church were to be weighed and considered by scholars and accepted by the ignorant." *

The religious instruction of the boys appears to have been confined to sneers at priests and ridicule of the dogmas of the church. They could not help themselves. In the hands of an egotistic and self-indulgent teacher, careless of his duties to his pupils and to society, and a mother steeped in the indifferentism of the Renaissance, like Catherine de Médicis, Marguerite of Valois, and so many grand dames of the age, it was not surprising that the Châtillons should have felt rebellious and antagonistic to any influences likely to run counter to their passions.

It was in keeping with the cynical and unscrupulous methods that moulded the education of the boys that one of them should be destined for the church he was taught to hate. Odet was the one selected, and, according to the bad custom of a bad time, he was made a cardinal at sixteen. Such a cardinal as Odet has

* Besant.

never been seen since, except once when the church of France was punished for her slavish subservience to the state by the awful spectacle of a Dubois clothed in the Roman purple. Scarcely was he installed in his bishopric of Beauvais when he introduced his mistress, Elizabeth d'Hauteville, into the very sanctuary where he presided at the celebration of a Calvinistic Lord's Supper. Until his open lapse into Calvinism his relations with this lady had been kept secret. But as soon as Paul IV. had deprived him of the purple he gloried in the shameful connection, and the good people of Beauvais were horrified at seeing a heretical service solemnized in their cathedral, in presence of a cardinal in his robes, with a lady by his side about whose position there could be no misconception, gorgeously attired—a veritable Scarlet Lady indeed! After a wayward and wretched career he took refuge at the court of Elizabeth, who treated him with the neglect which agents meet usually at the hands of sovereigns when their days of usefulness are past. His ending was a melancholy sermon on the Nemesis that generally finds the priest who deserts his standard in face of the enemy. He died a year before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, miserable and neglected, poisoned, it was said, by his valet.

For a young noble like Gaspard, the acknowledged head of his house and the lord of many vassals, only one career was possible—that of the sword. Accordingly we find him brought to the court of Francis I. at the age of twenty-one by his mother, who had been appointed *gouvernante* of Jeanne d'Albret; and here he met Francis of Guise, and between the two young nobles sprang that quick affection which was fated to have such a tragic ending.

The Prince de Joinville, as Francis was then called, belonged to a family that then and for a generation afterwards overshadowed all the great houses of France. Its heroic grandeur was very little indebted to accident of birth: it was founded on brilliant services to the nation and the king. It continued to produce successive generations of mighty statesmen and warriors until the daggers of assassins quenched the illustrious line in blood. René of Lorraine fought with the Swiss at Morat, and his brilliant valor was a principal factor in the achievement of the freedom of the cantons. His grandson, Claude, sought his fortunes in France with little but his good sword to rely on. With this and his illustrious birth, backed by personal grace and beauty, he won the hand of Antoinette of Bourbon. Nothing further was required to give him a footing in the court and army, which he strengthened by his irresistible valor and chival-

rous urbanity. Sent with troops to the succor of Leo X., he charmed the pontiff, as he charmed everybody. When the pope expressed his sense of the services he had received at Bologna, Claude replied: "Your Holiness shall see whether I am of Lorraine, if I ever have the happiness to draw sword in the church's quarrel."

Well did he fulfil the pledge in many an ardent fray. But his impetuous zeal never degenerated into the savagery common in religious wars. When ten thousand German fanatics, after sweeping over Franconia, burst into Lorraine and Burgundy, burning churches, slaying priests, and committing all those outrages that marked the progress of the Reformation, Claude collected a small force, hurried to meet them, and drove them pell-mell into the village of Lupstein. Here they made a stand and galled his soldiers by a cross-fire from the houses and from barricades hastily erected. His soldiers were falling in numbers, and he gave orders to set fire to the houses. But the shrieks of the victims touched the hero's heart. He leaped from his horse and by his exertions saved more than four thousand at great risk to himself. He afterwards broke the strength of the fanatics at Chenouille, and for a time preserved France from the scenes of misery and murder that were to be so common in the days of his sons.

Claude transmitted his great qualities to his sons. In many qualities the sons outshone the father. The Maréchale de Retz says that near the Lorraine princes other princes appeared common. If in some respects, if in simplicity and directness of purpose, there was a falling-off; if ambition, "that last infirmity of noble minds," warped their inclinations and weakened the moral element in their natures, we must pardon something to the dizziness of their elevation. They stood so high that it became a necessity to lay hold of every prop that could support them. The Cardinal of Lorraine won all hearts by his noble bearing, his eloquence and learning. His diplomatic skill was the admiration of Europe. His enlightened protection of the arts attracted towards him the enthusiasm of scholars, while his generosity and charity had no bounds, and his name was mentioned with blessings in the homes of the poor and afflicted.

But the flower of this robust stock was Francis. By the unanimous consensus of all enemies as well as friends, he was the greatest man of his time. "His consummate skill in war," admits De Thou, "joined to his singular good-fortune, his rare prudence in the handling of affairs, would have made him regarded

as born for the ornament and happiness of France, if he had lived in times less stormy and in circumstances in which good government was possible." No one was proof against the seductive sweetness of his nature. His majestic personality, his gentleness and generosity, struck the imagination of every home in the kingdom. His presence in a village made a gala-day. Women rushed forward to kiss his hand or touch his mantle. The people of Paris made the welkin ring with shouts of "Hosanna to the son of David!" on his arrival—words whose apparent irreverence were neutralized by the sentiment of love that dictated them. He was so frank, so sincere, that he seemed to incarnate the best spirit of the nation. He was as much of the people as if he had been born amongst them, and, as a consequence, he was strong because they endued him with their strength. Even the Huguenots forgot their hostility in his presence; and, therefore, there is no marvel that Gaspard de Coligny should have felt the universal attraction.

The friendship that sprang up between these two young nobles was one of the most remarkable in history. In its purity and unselfishness it resembled that of David and Jonathan, or a page out of one of the chivalrous romances. They were both in the flower and fire of their youth, and worldly calculations and ambitious promptings had not yet come to dim the fervor of their affection. They were never happy out of each other's company. They studied military tactics together in times of peace and fought side by side in times of war. Whatever hunting-party or festival witnessed the presence of one friend was sure the other was not far behind. They wore the same colors and dressed after the same fashion. In the campaigns which they made together against the emperor the chroniclers of the time give many interesting instances of the perilous exploits of the two friends, and of the difficulty the old Duke of Guise and the Constable de Montmorency—the father of the one and the uncle of the other—had in keeping their heroic impetuosity within bounds. Francis saved the life of Coligny at the siege of Montmédy in 1541. In a spirit of bravado that forms a curious contrast to the caution of his military operations afterwards, Coligny rode almost up to the very ranks of the enemy and was met by a hail of balls, one of which wounded him in the temple. The Prince de Joinville spurred furiously to his side, and, after performing miracles of valor, bore away his friend to a place of safety, stanched the wound, tore his scarf into bandages, and applied them to the head of Coligny. Even the rough soldiers were moved by the terror

and anxiety of one who never knew what fear was on his own account as long as his friend was in danger. There is a cruel superstition in some countries of Europe that whoever rescues a drowning man may expect to meet with some fatal calamity at the hands of him whom he has preserved. But the generous soul of Francis of Guise had no premonition that the friend he saved and wept over was to arm the assassin who cut short his bright career.

How their mutual affection manifested itself in other daring feats, and how it gradually weakened until it changed to implacable hatred, cannot be told within the limits of an article. The dispositions of the two men were so antagonistic that perhaps the wonder is it should have lasted so long. They exhibited such sharp contrasts that one would suppose their antipathies would be constantly coming in collision. Coligny was close and secretive in his nature. Francis of Guise was as open as the day. The one was enviously jealous of the advancement of others, the other was generous even to his enemies. Coligny never made a friend even among his party. The love of the people for Francis of Guise amounted to adoration. When the two friends campaigned together, although Coligny performed many brilliant exploits, their lustre was lost in the overpowering splendor of those of his companion. Where Saul had slain his thousands, David had slain his tens of thousands. When, in 1552, Francis of Guise compelled the emperor, Charles V., to raise the siege of Metz with a loss of thirty thousand men, exciting the astonishment and admiration of Europe by his brilliant defence, the hatred of Coligny could no longer be repressed. It broke forth with cool malignity on the eve of the battle of Rentz in 1553. By the skilful manœuvres of the Duke of Guise the enemy were drawn into a position favorable to a charge of cavalry. Considering that success was certain, he allowed the young Duc de Nemours to take his place and venture his chance of winning his spurs. The charge failed, and the Constable, who was in command, declared that but for his nephew, Coligny, the battle was lost. The generosity of Francis of Guise in giving a brave young officer a chance of distinguishing himself was tortured by Coligny into something like cowardice. He declared that in the battle the duke had not been where he should be, and, by hint and innuendo, led the camp to understand that Guise's conduct was due to regard for his personal safety. When these rumors reached the ears of the hero of so many fields his indignation was unbounded. He met Coligny in the tent of the king

and demanded satisfaction. Coligny persisted in his accusation.

"Ah! mort-Dieu!" shouted the duke. "Do not try to rob me of my honor."

"I am not trying to do so," coldly replied Coligny.

"You could not if you tried," cried Guise, fairly beside himself with rage.

The admiral and duke, forgetful of the presence in which they stood, grasped the hilts of their swords and were drawing them when the courtiers threw themselves between them. The commands of the king forced them to embrace and forget, but their reluctant reconciliation did not disguise the enmity that was in their hearts. So ended the chivalrous friendship that promised such loyal results, leaving in the mind of Francis de Guise an animosity that found honest satisfaction on well-fought fields from which he returned victor, in Gaspard de Coligny a malevolent rancor that was afterwards to receive bloody gratification from the arquebuse of Poltrot.

But Guise and Coligny were soon to be separated by causes more pregnant with disunion than camp rivalries or private enmities. The awful shadow of the Reformation was beginning to loom over France. This is not the place to speak of the causes of the great revolution. But we may say that assuredly self-interest played a principal part amongst them. It was the misfortune of the church to possess immense domains in Germany which were a glittering prize in the eyes of covetous secular princes. Fortunately no such social system prevailed in France. The kings of France had nothing to gain by adopting the systems of Luther and Calvin, and so Protestantism, which has never succeeded in any country unless when backed by the political authority of that country, failed in France. Another cause of its failure in France, as in Spain and Italy, was the extent to which education and enlightenment had spread among the people. Some authors are in the habit of writing as if the Spain and Scotland of to-day were the Spain and Scotland of the sixteenth century. The fact is that Spain and Italy then marched at the head of European civilization, closely followed by France and afterwards by England. They were as superior to half-barbarous Germany and Scotland as Germany and Scotland now fancy themselves to be to them; and as to Scandinavia and Denmark, they were very little removed from savagery. The Reformation had marvellous success among semi-civilized peoples, who were the slaves of a brutal lord, where the motto, "*Ubi regio,*

ibi religio," prevailed in all its cynical shamelessness. In every country where the people had a certain modicum of freedom, where they had capacity to think and reason, the Reformation was checked at its outset.

But still Protestantism started in France with great advantages. The interests of the crown were enlisted against it, but the interests of the great nobles were enlisted in its favor. Protestantism in France was simply a political weapon in the hands of the great houses of Châtillon, Rohan, and La Trémouille for recovering the independence lost in the struggle with the crown. The same miserable ambition that turned France into a charnel-house in the reign of Charles VI. was equally insolent and aggressive in the times of the Valois. A military aristocracy, who believed that, with a suzerain in London rather than in Paris, they could misgovern their domains with more impunity, a disaffected and profligate prince of the blood royal, a worthless and vacillating succession of kings, a court openly and shamelessly vicious, a timid and treacherous woman at the helm of state, Calvin spinning a web of intrigue over all France from his den of Geneva, where he had erected an inquisition more cruel than that of Spain, and was burning and breaking on the wheel such of the Reformers as went a step farther than himself in the path of reform—all the conditions essential to the success of the Huguenots were present except one. The heart of the nation was sound, and all the learning and virtue of the country was stanch to the old faith.

When Coligny returned from Spain, where he had been a prisoner for more than a year after the disastrous battle of St. Quentin, France was in a ferment. Which side the admiral would take was not long a matter of doubt. Neither he nor his brothers had received any religious training to speak of. His pride and ambition, tinctured with a slight leaven of hypocrisy, dictated his course. The Guises were omnipotent. The military chieftainship of a great feudal aristocracy was the only thing left that could gratify his inordinate lust of power. Themistocles could not sleep for thinking of the trophies of Miltiades. The splendid reputation of Francis of Guise galled him.

Meanwhile the Reformation was making its progress in France by atrocities fully as fearful as those ushered in later by the Reign of Terror. Massacres were formally inaugurated in Béarn by Jeanne d'Albret. They culminated in the poisoning of the Catholic lords of Béarn by Montgomery and his German

reiters at the instigation of this horrible woman.* Imprisoned at Pau, after surrendering on a formal guarantee that their lives would be spared, they were invited to a collation, and by a foul crime an obstacle was removed from the path of the Calvinists. The laconic despatches written on the occasion may still be read, and are instructive. They show that Montgomery at first revolted at the barbarous treachery, that the queen herself shrank from giving formal orders for its execution, and that her resolution was finally determined by the advice of the reformed ministers about her, couched in the Biblical style familiar to the tribe. Over every quarter of France the work of massacre and pillage went on. New modes of cruelty unknown to the Roman emperors were invented in the interest of the Reform. Des Adrets made his prisoners jump from the height of lofty towers or leap into rivers, while his soldiers set fire to the dress of the women. One Huguenot captain's favorite diversion was to cut off the ears of priests and wear them as a necklace, unrebuked in presence of his commander. Others amused themselves by disembowelling priests, replacing the intestines with corn and making the unhappy victims serve as cribs to their horses while still alive. Some were burned at slow fires, others tied to oxen and torn asunder. When Coligny surprised the town of Sully-sur-Loire, thirty-six priests were massacred with the usual attendant circumstances of savagery and torture. The Michelade of Nîmes was not outstripped in horror by the Noyades of Nantes, and in many of its features bears a striking resemblance to the massacres of September, especially in its hideous and quasi-judicial regularity. The Catholics of the city were first imprisoned in the Hôtel de Ville. Then they were made descend one after the other into the cellars of the church at midnight, where assassins armed with daggers awaited their approach. The butchery continued from eleven in the evening to six in the morning. The darkness of the awful tragedy was lit by the gleam of torches. The victims were flung into a well forty-two feet deep. No circumstance of horror was absent from the scene. The blood overflowed the margin of the well, and for hours after the moans of some poor creatures could be heard from the depths who were flung in half-alive. Such scenes as these were common over all France. They do not palliate the melancholy reprisals afterwards exercised by the French people, but they certainly explain them. As long as men are men cruelty will beget cruelty. In the eyes of a certain school of historians the op-

* D'Aubigné, *Histoire Universelle*, t. 1er, i. v. ch. xix.

pressions of the French aristocracy excused the crimes of the French Revolution. Yet surely, bad as many of the French nobles then were, they did not bring a tithe of the calamities on the nation that covered it with ruin and massacre in the time of Coligny, Condé, and the other feudal chiefs of the Reformation.

After Coligny had formally passed over to Calvinism he retired to his castle of Châtillon, and devoted himself to the organization of the conspiracy that was to play such havoc with his country for more than a generation. Everything was favorable to his hopes. He had soon his emissaries in every part of France. Agents from Geneva swarmed over the country, sending him tidings of the wonderful success of "the Religion." They transmitted to him lists of great lords who were ready to take up arms in its defence. But both they and Coligny forgot one thing. The great lords did not hold the people in the hollow of their hands in France, as they did in Scotland or Germany. Much as the privileges of the people had been abridged by successive generations of kings, they were still sufficiently numerous to form a bulwark behind which the nation could organize a resistance to the oppression of prince and noble. The cities elected their magistrates, they had a civic guard whose officers were chosen by themselves, they could refuse to receive a royal garrison. They formed an invincible barrier against the advance of Protestantism, though deserted by their nobles and hampered by the lukewarmness of their kings. In the words of a Protestant writer, it was the people of France, not the court, that proscribed Protestantism. Coligny bided his time. Nothing was to be gained for his cause during the lifetime of Henry II., who towards the end of his reign treated the Huguenots with a rigor that amounted to cruelty. If he did so we must remember that Calvin was threatening to let loose his Genevan rabble on the south, and on the east hordes of German fanatics were constantly crossing or threatening the frontier. Henry was an indifferent king and a bad Christian, and such a man will be little scrupulous about the means he will employ to meet an impending danger. His death by a spear-thrust at the hands of the Huguenot Montgomery—whether by accident or design will never be known—saved the Calvinists from grave danger, if not utter ruin.

Then came the accession of Francis II., and Coligny's opportunity seemed to be at hand. But the death of Henry had not weakened the power of the Guises. The young king was but a name. Even the influence of Catherine paled before the au-

thority of the Guises. They had become the centre of a great party. Coligny did not stir out of his castle except to attend a meeting of Huguenot gentlemen at La Ferté, where he promised his followers the support of Elizabeth, and where, according to De Thou, a proposal was entertained to assassinate the royal family and the Guises, but was rejected by the majority on the ground that its execution would bring odium on their cause.

But the meeting at La Ferté was a prelude to the Conspiracy of Amboise. The chief mover in the plot was a gentleman named La Renaudie. Banished from France for forgery, he had found an asylum at Geneva, then the common resort of all the criminals of Europe, where a frank acceptance of the doctrines of Calvin was considered amply sufficient to condone the crimes of the forger and the assassin. His zeal made him the intimate friend of Calvin and Beza, with whom he concerted the details of the conspiracy. Being allowed to enter France through the favor of Francis of Guise, whose ruin he was meditating, he travelled over the kingdom, everywhere combining the scattered Huguenots and preparing them for the rising. In an interview with Condé at Blois he received the sanction of the prince, and everything pointed to the successful capture or slaughter of the Guises and the royal family, when, in an unlucky hour for the conspiracy, he made a Huguenot lawyer named Avanelles, whose house in Paris was the headquarters of the party, a sharer in the secret. At first Avanelles was delighted with the part assigned him in the plot, but the day after the dangers of the enterprise filled him with such terror that he rushed to Blois and disclosed the affair to the Cardinal of Lorraine. At first the Guises could hardly believe that a mere felon like La Renaudie could foment such a conspiracy, but further disclosures convinced them that he was only an instrument in more powerful hands. These revelations compromised Condé and Coligny, and—singular to say—even the queen-mother herself. The Guises were equal to the emergency. They removed the king to the strong castle of Amboise, and published a royal edict granting a general amnesty to the conspirators. When the Huguenots marched on Amboise, expecting to surprise the king, they found the Duke of Guise prepared to meet them. La Renaudie was slain, and the plot stifled in the blood of its contrivers. Such of the conspirators as survived the conflict were executed with great barbarity, and the visit of Catherine and her ladies to the scaffolds to feast on the agonies of the victims adds a new element of horror to the scene. The weakness and treason of Condé and Coligny are almost as

repellent as the vindictive cruelty of the court. After exciting the Huguenots to revolt they meanly abandoned them to Catherine, thus securing their own safety.

The edict of pacification did not satisfy the Huguenots. It certainly granted more privileges than a new church, suddenly springing into existence in the midst of a Catholic society whose destruction it made no secret of hoping to accomplish, might aspire to. At this very time the penalty for saying Mass in Geneva was death. The Huguenots had the logic of their convictions. The Mass is idolatry; break the altars! The priest is an idolater; kill him! France was now becoming habituated to scenes of the most ferocious cruelty. Letters come from the baillis all over the south and west, filled with details of the demolition of churches, the murder of priests, and the outrages on women. The bailli of Blois writes that thirteen of the youngest nuns in one convent have been stripped naked and distributed among the ministers. "And truly there are so many of such things that if they remain unpunished worse will come of it." Francis II. died in 1560 and was succeeded by Charles IX. at the age of eleven, and if ever the proverb, "Woe to the land whose king is a child!" was to receive its fulfilment it was during this most unhappy reign. Up to this the Calvinists had confined their excesses to sporadic outrages, often met by brutal retaliation on the part of the Catholics. Petty seigneurs from their picturesque castles on the Rhone issued forth to sack a convent or pillage a farm-house—acts for which Coligny and his party might disclaim responsibility when their interests demanded it. But now the time was ripe for an organized revolt against the crown and nation. The spark that lit the conflagration is known in history as the "Massacre of Vassy."

The Duke of Guise on his way to Paris turned aside to visit the Dowager-Duchess of Bourbon at Vassy. The Calvinists of the neighborhood were holding service in the grange next to the church. This they had a perfect right to do according to the terms of the edict, though their prudence in intoning their psalms next door to the Catholic church while Mass was being celebrated, in a town burning with religious animosity against them, may be doubted. The pages and lackeys of the duke flocked to see the strange ceremonies. A mob of townsfolk gathered around the door. All the conditions necessary for a riot were present. A few shouts of "papists," "idolaters" from the Huguenots, a few stones thrown, and it was in full fury. The duke rushed from table to learn the cause of the fray. He re-

ceived a blow of a stone on the head when he reached the door of the grange. Maddened by the attack on their chief, his followers pursued the Huguenots with fury. They were joined by the mob. More than sixty of the Calvinists perished. The Duke of Guise asserts that he did everything possible to man to stop the carnage. The humanity that marked every incident in his career refutes the imputations which some Protestant historians charge on him of having incited a massacre at Vassy. On his death-bed —a death-bed so beautiful as to have moved Guizot to one of his finest bursts of sympathetic eloquence—he declared that the massacre of Vassy took place in spite of him. "I defended myself," he declared, "I did not attack; and when my people took arms on seeing me wounded, I did all I could to restrain their anger." If the character of Francis of Guise were not sufficient to refute the calumny it would be disproved by the words of the historians who were most hostile to his house. De Thou, Lacratelle, and Anquetil declare that in the affair of Vassy he was blameless.

But the massacre of Vassy, in the words of Milton,

> "Let loose the sword of intestine war,
> Soaking the land in her own gore."

The Huguenot chiefs had made all their preparations. They committed the most infamous treason against their country by agreeing to surrender the strongest military positions in the north of France to England in return for succors in money, men, and ships. Vidame, the agent of Coligny, went to the court of Elizabeth and obtained from that perfidious princess a large supply of troops in return for the actual surrender of Havre and the promised restoration of Calais on the triumph of the cause.* Coligny's official position as admiral gave him control of the coast of Normandy. He used it to admit the English into Havre and Dieppe. No blacker act of treason is recorded in history.

Even a brief reference to the events of the war that ensued is impossible. Condé was elected general of the rebels in virtue

* The *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* have been favorite weapons of certain historians for the last three hundred years. Although Mr. Besant is not a stranger to these useful aids to misrepresentation, he sometimes has recourse to something stronger—shall we call it disingenuousness? Thus he states that "Elizabeth of England offered to send an army if Calais was restored. When she saw that no *Frenchman would give up that place again*, she still sent men and money."

The following is the fourth article of the treaty between Elizabeth and Condé: "Aussitôt que le roi sera en liberté et que la paix aura été rétablie en France, le prince remboursera à la reine la somme de 140,000 écus, *et lui remettra la ville de Calais et le territoire qui en depend*" (Forbes, *View of Public Transactions in the Reign of Elizabeth*, 1740, 2 vols. in folio). The treaty is also referred to in several of the letters of Coligny to Elizabeth.

Such perversions of truth are very common in Froude, Motley, and Macaulay.

of his royal blood, but the real commander was Coligny, and on him rests the responsibility of the failure and success of the operations. In almost every battle in which Guise commanded victory perched on the Catholic banner. Coligny, though at the head of the most warlike aristocracy in Europe, never won a battle. This is one of the wonders of these campaigns. The admiral was constantly beaten, and yet he was as strong after defeat as if he had gained a victory. The solution of this mystery is found in causes that almost extenuate the crime of St. Bartholomew. After every defeat he had only to retreat to the Rhine or the Channel, and his army was filled with savage reiters from Germany, of the calibre of those who sacked Rome under Bourbon, or disciplined English troops supplied by Elizabeth. This was what rendered the French people frantic. They saw their faith and nationality being torn from them by less than a seventeenth of their number, aided by Lutheran fanatics and their hereditary enemies.*

Beaten in every battle in which Coligny commanded, the remnants of the rebel army, Huguenots, English, and Germans, were driven in disorder into the city of Orleans. Guise had trapped the traitors at last, and the capture of the final refuge of the Calvinists was to restore peace to the distracted land. On the eve of the assault he addressed his soldiers, sternly forbidding them to pillage the city or offer violence to the inhabitants, and then proceeded to meet his wife, who, according to her womanly and sacred custom, was coming to prefer a request for gentle dealing with the conquered enemy—a request to which her generous husband had never been inattentive. Instead of the stately and majestic lord the Duchess of Guise was longing to embrace, a pallid and blood-stained figure met her view. Many plots had been formed for his murder and failed, but the assassin's bullet had reached its aim at last. "Ah! my God!" was the wife's despairing cry, "I have slain him."

Thus was the noblest life in Christendom cut short by the bullet of a vile assassin. We wish we could reproduce the picture of that saintly and glorious death. Hostility was dumb in its presence. Huguenot and Catholic for a moment forgot their enmity in admiration of the great leader whose heroism was never stained by harshness to a fallen foe.

But there was one acrid and malignant heart that did not forget. "I think," wrote Coligny, "his death the greatest good

* A document published at Lyons, 1561, *De la Quotte et Feux des Protestants*, puts the number at a seventeenth of the population.

that could happen to this kingdom and to the church of God, and particularly to myself and to my house." The unmanly exultation of the admiral over the destruction of one who had been his bosom-friend and who had saved his life at Montmédy is more hateful than even his complicity in the crime. Of this complicity very few historians of any standing have ever doubted. As to his moral complicity, it is acknowledged even by his most energetic defenders. The assassin Poltrot, the true type of a fanatic, "stern to inflict and stubborn to endure," claiming with his dying breath that he had been divinely inspired to do the deed, never varied in his assertion that he had been solicited by the admiral to commit the crime, and that Theodore de Beza exhorted him "to execute the enterprise which M. l'Admiral proposed to him; because he would take away a tyrant from the world, by which act he would gain paradise." Even Sismondi concedes the participation of Coligny, and justifies him by appealing to the "spirit of the age." "In our actual ideas," he says, "we cannot conceive how a great man, *one of the most virtuous and religious men that France ever possessed*, should have descended to so base and criminal an action." There are historians by whom the spirit of the age is always invoked to palliate the crimes of the leaders of the Reformation. When the wickedness of Catholic historical characters is brought to the bar we very seldom hear of the "spirit of the age." A tithe of the evidence that convicts Coligny has been deemed sufficient to brand the memory of Mary of Scotland for ever.

But the Huguenots were not long in reaping the fruits of the crime of Poltrot. A succession of battles, massacres, and treasons led to the peace of St. Germain in 1570. The Huguenots had been routed everywhere: at St. Denys, where the death of the Constable is cynically noted by Catherine: "His majesty owes much gratitude to the Constable for ridding him of his majesty's enemies, and to his majesty's enemies for ridding him of the Constable"; at Jarnac, where Coligny was nearly captured and the brave but dissolute Condé was slain; at Monconcour, where the admiral was wounded and lost eight thousand men. But the war appeared interminable. The bases of supply of the Huguenots were behind the Rhine and in England. The ranks of Coligny, decimated on one day, were filled as if by magic the next. Neither skill, nor valor, nor victory could save the unhappy peasants of France from being harried by the brigands with whom Coligny inundated the country. Let us remember this when gazing on the closing scene of his life.

The treaty of St. Germain made the Huguenots for a time all-powerful at the court. "We had beaten our enemies," exclaims Monluc in natural irritation, "again and again; but, notwithstanding, they had such good credit with the king's council that the edicts were always to their advantage. We won by arms, but they won by those devilish writings." But no amount of toleration that left the national church standing would have satisfied the arrogance of the Calvinists. Coligny visited the court and was received as a conqueror. Caressed by Catherine, himself and his followers loaded with honors and money by the king, everything seemed within reach of his credulous vanity. His aim was to withdraw Charles from the influence of his mother and direct the national policy in whatever channels he wished himself. He threatened to renew the civil war if his plans were rejected. For a long time Catherine was ignorant of the plotting that was going on between the king and the admiral. When she learned it her rage was boundless. This weak old man, who had been as wax in her hands, had nearly succeeded in hurling her from the power which was as the breath of her nostrils! But the event showed that Coligny was no match in intrigue for Catherine de Médicis. His confiding ambition served but to expose his party to extermination and his house to ruin.

The triumph of the Huguenots was to be emphasized by the marriage of Henry of Navarre with the daughter of Catherine on the 18th of August, 1572. Crowds of Huguenots kept pouring into Paris. They demeaned themselves with as much haughty insolence as if they had entered a conquered city, and stirred the rooted hatred of the populace to fury. Were not these the men who had so often threatened to pillage the capital, and was not the wealth they bore on their persons the spoils of plundered churches and abbeys? There is no need to trace the day of St. Bartholomew to the plots of statesmen and politicians. On that day the mob of Paris glutted the vengeance it had been nursing for twenty years.

But the death of Coligny was due to an odious woman who trembled for her power, and a son who saw in him the murderer of his father. If young Henry of Guise had remembered that father's words on his death-bed, forgiving his assassins and imploring that none of them should suffer for his death, it would have been better for his fame. When Catherine forced from her son his consent to the death of the admiral, the Duke of Guise proceeded with a band of followers to put it into execution. They forced the Hôtel Bethésy, where he lodged. The events

that followed were sufficiently dramatic to require no aid from the theatrical ornaments which rhetoricians are so fond of lavishing on such tragedies. His words on meeting his enemies were simply, "What do you want, gentlemen?"—words quite too tame to suit the requirements of the historical muse. The occasion demanded, when Besme prepared to strike, that he should utter some such eloquent remark as, "Young man, respect my age," according to one chronicler; or, "You should respect my white hairs. But do as you will; you can only abridge my existence for a little," according to another; or, "Young man, stain not thy hands with the blood of so great a captain," according to a third. Besme and his followers fell on him and covered him with wounds. "Is he dead?" cried the Duke of Guise, who had remained in the court. For answer the body of Coligny was flung out of the window. "And so," says Tavannes, "it gratified the eyes of the son whose father he had slain." But not all the great services which Henry of Guise afterwards rendered France can efface the dishonor which that gratification has left on his memory.

The rabble stripped the corpse, loaded it with blows, and flung it ignominiously into a stable. "Thus," says the courtly Brantôme, who never could see a fault in prince or noble, no matter what party he belonged to—"thus did the Greeks, who were less valiant, formerly bluster around the body of Hector dead; thus do we see the most timid animals exult in the desert around the body of the dead lion. Those also who feared this great admiral, and who with bent head bowed before him, blustered and triumphed very arrogantly around this poor trunk."

There were some present who were perhaps actuated by different memories. Some may have been struck by the prophecy long current in Paris, uttered by a monk at the stake when the admiral utilized his classical reminiscences at Angoulême, in 1569, by tying Catholics to fagots smeared with sulphur and fashioning living flambeaux after the manner of Nero: "Remember Jezabel, the persecutor of the prophet. You, too, shall be thrown through a window and dragged to the gibbet; and you shall suffer, living or dead, all the outrages and cruelties you now exercise on the servants of God."

Meanwhile the tocsin ushered in the baleful work of St. Bartholomew, and deeds were being done only paralleled by the storming of Rome by the Lutherans under Bourbon, or the massacres with which the Calvinists had already purpled every corner of France.

KATHARINE.

CHAPTER XLI.

IT was late in the afternoon when Dr. Norton reached Boston, and, being tired, hot, and dusty from the train, he went into a hotel near the station to refresh himself with a bath and dinner. A party of men in blue came in and established themselves near him when his meal was nearly over. He was dividing his attention between a dish of strawberries and an evening paper, and paid no heed to the new-comers until one of them approached, and, touching him on the shoulder, saluted him by name.

"You here, Norton, and in this rig, when all the rest of us are putting on regimentals? I thought you were in the navy, or the antipodes, or both?"

The speaker was a tall, fair-haired young fellow of seven or eight and twenty, who had recently abandoned his desk in the paternal banking-house for a place in the volunteer ranks.

"So I was until last January," said the doctor, rising to shake hands. He glanced as he did so at a mirror close by, in which were reflected at full length his own London-made suit of gray tweed and Mason's well-fitting uniform. "It does look suspiciously unpatriotic under the circumstances, but I am on my way home to exchange it for something of this sort," laying his hand on the other's sleeve. "The regimental tailors seem to have done their full duty by you."

"Bother the regimental tailors!" said Mason, looking at himself in the glass with an amusing and amused complacence. "I went to my own man and ordered my toggery myself. Nice, isn't it? I haven't felt so well dressed since I was a shaver and wore a coat made out of my mother's red flannel petticoat on Fourth of July and general training-day. Why do you go home? Why not come along with us?"

"So I would if my parents did not regard me so much in the light of an Isaac whom they are about to lay on the altar. I wanted to start from here, but it seemed a little rough, after having been away so long already, not to give the last days to my father and mother. I have been at home for the last six weeks, though, and begin to find my resolution getting shaky again."

"Better come along with us. Withrow is our regimental surgeon, but he thinks there is going to be some tall fighting this summer, and would be glad of more assistants. Come over to the other table, where the rest of the fellows are. You know most of them, I fancy. At all events, you must remember my old crony, Isaac Cohen, who went off to Leipzig half a dozen years ago to study music. He came back last fall and has been all the fashion, but he dropped his fiddle and the symphony he was writing, and is a high private in the —th like myself."

"The —th is Louis Giddings' regiment, isn't it?"

"Yes; he is captain of our company."

"I want to see him to-night, if possible. I am just through my dinner, and I thought now would be as likely an hour as any to find him at home."

"No," said Mason, looking at his watch; "he is living on the other side of town, and would be leaving for the armory by the time you could get there. Go up along with us and you will be sure of him. We get off at this hour to-morrow, and to-night is the last general rendezvous before starting. We have had some West-Pointers to drill us, and they say we do them credit."

As he finished speaking they turned toward the other table, where Norton recognized several acquaintances. They were nearly all young, unmarried men, one a mere boy of eighteen or twenty, and, though an occasional speech reflected what might be taken as the anxiety of mothers or sweethearts, none of them appeared to entertain any serious forebodings. Soldiering was simply a new experience, war a sport which would vary agreeably the usual monotony of business or professional life. Possibly some of this lightness of heart was assumed to cover deeper feelings, but most of it came from sheer want of reflection and love of novelty. When the thinning-out of the gay ranks set it, men's moods took on a soberer hue. Little Isaac Cohen, beside whom Norton walked to the armory after dinner, and who was gushing, as usual, in the way which made intimates of his own sex regard him very much as they would have done a nice girl, came back from Big Bethel before the summer was over with a wound which dashed for ever his ambition as a virtuoso of the violin; and Mason, who was on his other hand, never returned at all. But no shadow of coming events colored their thoughts at present.

Louis Giddings, with whom his friend was not even able to exchange salutations before the business of the evening began, was apparently in a graver frame of mind. His face, the doctor

thought, as he had now and then a chance to observe it closely, looked at once serene and serious. He fancied he would have divined his motive for enlisting, even unaided by a chance word or two which Mason dropped concerning him.

"He did not like the notion of being our captain," the young fellow said in speaking of the way in which his company had been formed, "but he found there was no way to resist manifest destiny. We all wanted him and no one else, and he had to give in. There seemed to be a general feeling that when so many of us are going in just for a lark, a man who would keep out of it altogether if he could—I mean, if he did not look at it so seriously, as a sort of duty a fellow owes his country and so on—is the best one to take the lead. I don't think he has tried to enlist a soul, but he was on hand himself from the word go."

"He is a tremendously good fellow," chimed in Cohen. "I never knew him until lately, but he makes me think of the middle ages and all that sort of thing. You know what I mean—when people took themselves and everything else in dead earnest and weren't ashamed of it."

"There was always something of that about him," said Norton, "but I don't recall it as the first thing to strike one. It may have been the secret, though, of the curious attraction he had for so many of us."

"Yes," said Mason, "you could always get down to bed-rock with him, if you had an inclination that way; but, if he liked you at all, his angles did not protrude too abruptly. I think both peculiarities are a little more accentuated than they used to be."

"Is he on the *Chronicle* still?"

"No; he dropped journalism after he returned from abroad, and began to practise at the bar. He has done famously, too. He earned a reputation that would do credit to an old lawyer by a speech he made in a case he conducted last winter. It seems half a pity to run the risk of wasting him in a scuffle like this. He stands as good a chance of being picked off by an unlucky bullet as any of us, and there can't be many men of his age who would not be less of a public loss than he."

A couple of the party, who had been walking somewhat in advance, happened to be stopped on a curbstone by a heavily-laden cart which took some time in passing, and Mason's last remark caught the ear of one of them.

"You are speaking of Giddings?" he asked, half over his shoulder, and addressing Dr. Norton. "That is a piece of Mason's hyperbole which needs to be discounted heavily. Gid-

dings is simply a case of personal magnetism, as little to be accounted for on any rational basis as the question of why one woman attracts you rather than another, or why a particular strain of music takes your ear. As to ascribing him all sorts of supereminent qualities, it is unmixed nonsense. What man of sound judgment, beginning his career here, of all places in the world, would have handicapped himself, as he has done, by entering the Catholic Church?"

"There is something in that," said Mason, "but I doubt if it amounts to much, after all. I look on that particular whim as one phase of a many-sided nature, which will pass in due season; and meantime, when a man of his calibre tells me he has looked thoroughly into a matter which I have not paid the least attention to, my native modesty, which must have struck Wilson often as excessive, hints to me that I am not called upon to judge and condemn him out of hand."

"Wilson is an infernal idiot!" he went on when the others were well in advance again. "It did me good to give him that little dig. He pleaded on the other side in the case I was speaking of just now, and made a stupid blunder which threw it bodily into Giddings' hands. He went as far as he dared, afterward, toward insinuating personal prepossession in Judge Winthrop, before whom it was argued, and farther than he will care to go again in a hurry toward getting into hot water for it."

They had reached the armory by this time, and further conversation was suspended.

The tone in which Captain Wilson had spoken was specially offensive to Dr. Norton, whose old affection for his friend time and absence had done nothing to diminish; but his judgment on the fact with which it acquainted him was not unlike that of the speaker. He had himself been making steady progress toward a conviction diametrically opposed to that which Giddings had embraced. He was not a vulgar atheist, flaunting his opinions in an obtrusive manner, having, indeed, some strong views as to what good taste required in that regard. But he had reasoned his way to them in a manner and with a deliberation which satisfied him that they were sound, and to learn that the man whom he respected and liked above all others had gone over to what he esteemed the party of retrogression and superstition gave him a sufficiently unpleasant revulsion of feeling. That passed, however, the instant he saw his friend again, and in the interval that elapsed before they could address each other he had accounted for the fact in a way he found satisfactory.

"It is Kitty's work, of course," he said to himself, smiling at some of his recollections of the pair. "She must have taken the plunge she has been threatening for years, and he lends himself to it to give her pleasure. They will both come back to dry land again the wiser for their wetting. A man will go a long way for the woman he loves, but that would be a hair's-breadth too far for me."

His thoughts thereupon reverted to his own wife, whom he had left that morning in a grief as unaffected, and as temporary, as her other passions. Distance renewed that glamour of enchantment which he sometimes fancied her continual presence had a tendency to lessen. It had been her fortune always to conjure up phantom possibilities which never took on reality, to suggest to the imagination more than she was able to render to the heart. Norton's experience with her was by no means unique, but that was a fact which he could not be aware of. He knew only that although he had won her so recently he had not suffered overmuch in leaving her, and regretted it now for both their sakes, accusing himself of insensibility and not her, as he had sometimes inwardly done when near her—of failing in some essential quality which he could not define, but whose lack he felt.

He had not sought Louis Giddings with any special intention of speaking of her, but now that he was near him he found himself speculating more than he had done of late on the nature of their early relations to each other. As he knew her better he had ceased to believe that she could have been the cause of the lasting trouble which had marred so many years of his friend's life. He had never had more tangible grounds for supposing that she had been so than his recollection of the effect he produced when he delivered Crawford's message some five years before, and the sickening apprehension which had blended with and tarnished the expected joy of his own marriage day. No suspicion of the actual truth had ever crossed his mind, and his wife's ready explanations banished those that threatened to take root there. Now, as the haunting recollection persisted in recurring, there came with it the memory of the scene which had half-unmanned him when he left her, and it seemed to him that both of them had been defrauded in that it had not done so altogether.

"Poor girl!" he thought, "the fire that is in her would melt anything but a stone. And yet I took myself for something softer than that, too. She may have hit him hard, as she says. I suspect she would have done the same by me if—"

He stopped short there, and promised himself to write her a letter before he slept.

He found, however, when at last the men who left the armory with them dropped off and their talk became more personal, that he had an odd reluctance to introduce the subject of his marriage, even when it would have been naturally led up to by his friend's reference to Katharine and the baby-boy from whom he was about to part. He was going to pass the night at their house, and the thought crossed him that there would be plenty of time to tell his news, if he did not decide in the end to withhold it altogether for the present. They had reached home, in fact, and Mrs. Giddings had come down and spent half an hour or so in chatting with them, and then Louis and she had gone up into the nursery to pay the customary visit, which they excused themselves for not omitting on the ground that it would be the last for a time indefinite, before the full absurdity of his delay dawned upon him and made him resolve to end it.

They had been sitting in the library around a table on which there stood a drop-light covered with a pale, tinted porcelain shade. Books and papers were scattered about, and a desk which stood open reminded him to ask for writing materials before he was left alone. But he did not begin his projected letter at once. The atmosphere of contented, peaceful domesticity which surrounded him recalled some of his own early dreams of what home-life should be, and again he found himself growing sentimental and self-reproachful. He drew from his breast-pocket a case containing a miniature of his wife which he had had painted while in London. He had seldom looked at it since, partly because this was their first separation, and partly because the picture, though an admirable likeness, had never pleased him. The painter was a man celebrated among his brethren of the craft for the skill with which he caught the more subtle characteristics of his sitters; and though Norton, not knowing this, had selected him almost at hazard, he had been struck by the way in which the miniature had renewed his own earliest impression of the face it reproduced. As he reopened it now the same experience was repeated, and he laid it down beside the desk with an impatient shrug, and shut his eyes a moment to recall more vividly the more agreeable mental image of her as he saw her last.

He had dated his letter and written a line or two when Louis Giddings re-entered.

"Don't let me disturb you," the latter said, throwing himself

down on a lounge at the opposite side of the table. "Finish your writing and then tell me how the world has been going with you since we parted."

Dr. Norton pushed away his paper.

"My letter can wait," he said; "at best it can't be sent before to-morrow, and I don't feel quite up to writing it just now."

"You don't distinguish yourself as a correspondent," remarked Giddings. "The last letter I had from you was posted at Yokohama upwards of two years ago. It reached me in Rome, and I answered it from there. What have you been doing since?"

"Studying the yellow races in the treaty ports for the most part. There must be something beastly bad about our postal service! Do you mean to say that a letter I sent you from Shanghai last December never came to hand?"

"I never saw it. Were you stationed long at Shanghai?"

"Off and on about six months in all. I forwarded my resignation from there."

"You went ashore often, of course," said Giddings, rising on his elbow. "I wonder if you ever ran across an old friend of mine who says he must have gone there for his sins."

"Crawford? I owe him the least tedious hours I spent in the city; and if I had listened to him and half a dozen other Englishmen, I should have settled down to make my fortune, as they are doing. I concluded that I would rather do without one than get it by wasting my best years in China."

"He is well and prosperous, I suppose?"

"Yes, but heartily tired and bound to leave as soon as he thinks he can afford it. We talked about you tolerably often."

"He sent me no message?"

"The usual ones, of course."

Both men dropped into a silence which Dr. Norton was the first to break.

"I met another friend of yours on shipboard as I was on my way home from Hong Kong. Crawford, who came on as far as that from Shanghai, partly on business and partly to see me off, introduced us just as the boat was leaving."

"Who was that?"

"Mrs. Burton Lloyd."

Giddings looked blank and unresponsive. Evidently the name had no associations for him.

"I don't remember Mrs. Burton Lloyd."

Dr. Norton laid his hand on the miniature-case with a ges-

ture unobserved by Giddings, who was nearly flat on his back, with his hands clasped under his head. Apparently Norton had been about to pass it silently across the table, but thought better of it.

"She is hardly the sort of woman whom one forgets, either," he said, retaining the picture beneath his palm.

"Possibly you misunderstood Crawford. She may be a friend of his, but I am quite sure that I never heard of her before."

"I did not learn the fact from Crawford, but from herself. I have a likeness of her here which I don't think much of, but which will probably recall her to your memory."

Then, as the other half-rose again and put out his hand to take it, he added, "I thought you might have known her by that name. She was a Miss Lawton before her marriage."

Louis Giddings fell back on the lounge, the hand he had extended striking the edge of the table heavily as he did so, as if the life had suddenly gone out of it.

Emotion of some sort Norton had felt certain of producing, and had ascribed his own curious reluctance to bring the subject forward to that expectation. But up to this moment he had persisted in assuring himself that he anticipated nothing greater or other than such a natural surprise as he had observed in Crawford at the moment of his meeting Mrs. Lloyd—the sort of feeling with which any one might learn of the continued existence of a person long accounted dead. Under different circumstances there might possibly have been something more than this expected where Giddings was concerned, but it could not be supposed that a man who had been and still evidently was so much in love with his wife would be seriously affected by any tidings which recalled an outlived attachment. But it was not surprise which was most visible in Giddings' face, though that also had flashed across it. He looked, Dr. Norton thought with a quick professional instinct, as though he might be on the point of death from heart disease. His professional instinct went no farther—he felt unable either to offer him assistance or to speak. For the horror, the spiritual recoil and loathing, which made themselves felt as the chief element of the silent agony he witnessed, struck to his own heart a conviction of his wife's worthlessness which refused to admit itself as sudden. He seemed to have known from the first instant of their acquaintance what as yet he could not strictly be said to know at all. He ground his teeth and cursed his own folly inwardly before it occurred to him to ask a

question. He felt, as he said long afterwards, as if the bottom had dropped out of the universe, and he were hanging from nothing above a void.

It was Louis Giddings who recovered himself first. He rose to a sitting posture after a long silence, during which neither had many thoughts to spare for the other. His face had lost its grayish pallor and looked composed, though still somewhat rigid. He took up the picture, which Norton had dropped in the middle of the table, and gave it a hasty glance. Norton looked up, and their eyes met.

"I know her," Giddings said in a low voice. "Why do you carry her picture?"

"She is my wife."

The words, and the look on his face as he uttered them, reminded Giddings of a child who expects a heavy blow and instinctively puts up his arm to ward it off. Norton was literally cowering under the dread of what might be coming. The other paused almost imperceptibly. His eyebrows rose a little, and then the ghost of a smile flickered about his mouth.

"Hardly, Dick! I am sorry to rob you of that treasure, but I must. She is my wife."

"Good God! And Kitty?"

"Don't!" said Giddings, wincing like one who has been touched upon an open wound.

After a while the broken thread of talk was taken up again, and again it was Louis Giddings who resumed it.

"I don't see my way through this at all," he began. "Of course, before offering myself to Katharine, I took every means in my power to verify the message you may remember bringing me from Crawford some years ago. He wrote me that he got the information from her mother—and, short of a burial certificate, which was unattainable, I thought no evidence could be more satisfactory than that. He did not tell you who she was?"

"No; I noticed that he was overwhelmed with surprise at seeing her."

"And when did you learn her identity and her knowledge of me?"

"Five minutes after our marriage, when she signed her name in the register. I was idiot enough to make no inquiries which would have led up to it beforehand, but what I heard of her before we started, and the fact of Crawford's consigning her to my care in the quality of a friend of his, seemed enough at the time—at least in addition to such information as she was good

enough to volunteer. Possibly I should have been sufficiently idiotic to go on even had I done so. I knew nothing of her, you may remember, except that I thought you seemed rather moved when I notified you of her death. I must have mentally identified her as the cause of some serious trouble to you, but I was not likely to hit on this one."

"It was a hideous thing to own to, but I have not waited until now to be sorry that I kept it secret. She must have spread the report of her death, I suppose. I always thought that would be a part of her scheme."

"It was a bad move on her part if she made it, since it appears to have cost her a fortune. That is her tale, at least, and her regret was so genuine that I never had any misgivings on that score. God knows," he went on, with a sort of suppressed rage, "that I had plenty of another sort from the moment I laid eyes on her accursed face, but I might have had the same if I had watched her from her cradle. What motive could she have had to abuse her mother's mind to that extent?"

"Two at least. She might naturally suppose that it would come to me in course of time through that channel, and dam up one very obvious source of danger. She would also be likely to desire that all home communications should be broken off out of a pious regard for the peace of mind of the other man whom she swindled into marriage."

"He did not know of your existence, then?"

"Probably not—certainly not in the capacity of a legally-married husband. Oh!" he went on, answering the question in Norton's eyes, "she is an artist in her way, and immensely careful about her stage properties. A scandal, or an elopement, or even the absence of a decent bandage over the eyes of the special dupe she has on hand, would gall her pride, which is more difficult than her virtue. For that reason I have sometimes doubted whether I might not honestly have dispensed myself from believing any of her statements for which I had not independent evidence. But your experience of her must be very unlike mine if you have not sometimes run against a hard edge of truth in her and recognized it, if only by the ugly wound it made. I certainly married her, and have never seen good reason to doubt that I had the honor of precedence in that line. She left me under that impression when her desire for safety as well as her personal pride would naturally have counselled an explicit statement to the contrary."

"I don't understand."

Giddings went into a succinct account of the circumstances attendant on his marriage and the confession volunteered him afterward.

"She blundered stupidly," he ended, "in writing me at all. It would have been so much easier and safer to have decamped without a word that I found myself obliged to accept her self-accusation as genuine."

The two men looked at each other silently a moment, and then Norton put out his hand.

"I had been envying you, rather," he said, with a sickly effort at a smile, "but I see the sting she gave me was not quite unique. You have felt that venom, too."

"God curse her!" he broke out a minute later. "What difference can it make to you at all? If she turned the iron in you, that is over and done with long ago. You have known since what it is to love a pure woman and be sure of her. I can drop her into the place where she belongs, but I can't drop the hideous recollection with her."

"It will pass," said Giddings. There was a light in his eyes and a smile about his lips which made the other groan. "I don't presume to offer you any consolation. I know what you suffer, having been through it. I think myself that I am in a rather better plight than you, even though the sole redeeming feature in your case is the deadly one in mine. Some goods no fate can rob us of."

He rose as he spoke, and stood with his back against the chimney-piece, looking down upon his friend. In another instant Norton also rose.

"Don't let us be fools," he said. "There is something more practical to be done than talk. You are obliged to start to-morrow night, of course. My own departure I must put off until later. I take it for granted you will not tell Kitty for the present—I don't see any reason why she should ever be told at all. I will go with you to-morrow to put things in train to relieve you of the load I have saddled on you."

"To take the preliminary steps for a divorce, you mean?"

"Assuredly. The chances of war may carry you off, and there are some things which must not be left to chance. You have Kitty's future and that of your child to safeguard."

"That is easily arranged. I shall make some verbal alterations in my will to-night. Beyond that there is not much that I can do."

"You mean that you will defer it until after your return? For how long have you enlisted?"

"For the war."

"Don't put it off, then; the risks for Kitty are too great. Our joint testimony to the facts will be data enough to begin on, and additional affidavits must be easily procurable from Hong Kong. Montreal will be the proper field of operations, I suppose. She is there at present, and is a British subject."

"Do you want to take criminal proceedings against her? I am at your service in that case, either as witness or as prosecutor."

"Certainly not; what have I to do with her except to cut her off as a poisonous excrescence? I should have thought my meaning must be obvious enough. I don't understand why you did not seek a divorce years ago. She was not so utterly out of reach that you could not have proceeded against her by making the necessary inquiries at the time."

"Years ago I thought it a filthy mess, and had the same disgust at owning to have been in it which you experience now. At present it is impossible for another reason. Neither Katharine nor I can entertain the idea of profiting by a divorce. We knew already that our parting to-morrow might be final—we shall know now that it must be."

"You will have the cruelty to tell her?"

"How can I avoid it? Suppose me to be shot in the first battle—can I leave her with the possibility that she may learn the fact and my present knowledge of it when I am not at hand to soften the blow as far as may be?"

Dr. Norton reflected for a moment.

"Yes," he said, "I see the necessity. What I don't understand is your reluctance to take at once the obvious steps to free yourself. It must come to that in the end, and if begun at once, and carried on in Canada with all possible precautions against unnecessary publicity, it might perhaps be accomplished before your return, and no awkward questions ever arise as to the cause of your absence."

"It cannot be accomplished at all. Has no one told you that we are both Catholics?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. Divorce, with freedom to remarry, is forbidden by the divine law, which we accept as binding on our consciences."

"Divine law? Is that a euphemism for ecclesiastical tyranny?"

Giddings colored painfully and for a moment made no an-

swer. When he did speak it was in a voice somewhat constrained.

"If you see fit to put it that way. It does not occur to me to do so. The fact, in so far as she and I are affected by it, remains the same under whatever name is given it."

"You mean to say that you will let this harlot come between you and the woman you love, that you will let her rob your child of a name, and for a whim, an outworn, obsolete folly such as that? God! I did not believe any sane man could sink his intelligence to quite that level—least of all you!"

"See here, Dick," said Giddings, putting his hands on his friend's shoulders, "I understand your feeling and am at no sort of loss to comprehend your thoughts. We know each other well enough to speak plain truths and listen to them. Take this one for granted. Men play at belief sometimes, but when it comes to the test no man tears the very heart out of his body for a whim. If I sacrifice myself and her I do it with my eyes open, counting the whole cost, and feeling to its last pang the full bitterness of it to us both. But I know her through and through, God bless her! and I will not belie either of us by pretending to find room for hesitation concerning our mutual duty. To part now is possible, but only because neither she nor I could endure the thought of parting for eternity."

Again they looked silently into each other's eyes for some brief space.

"I have seen the same phenomenon before," Dr. Norton said at last, "but never under the same conditions or in the same degree. Finding it in you I must needs respect it, but I neither sympathize with nor share it. The most obvious thing to say about it is that it is going to make my own course a little more difficult than I hoped it would be."

They parted for the night a few minutes later, each feeling in his own way the need of solitude, and the heavy strain of what had passed.

CHAPTER XLII.

RICHARD NORTON, coming down rather late the next morning, found that his hosts had just preceded him into the breakfast-room. He had passed a wretched night, during whose first hours sleep had been impossible in spite of physical fatigue. It was only as dawn began to announce itself on the edge of the horizon that drowsiness at last overtook him and offered a brief re-

spite from his miserable thoughts. As he dressed himself the traces they had left behind in haggard eyes and newly-furrowed lines were plainly visible. It seemed even to him, always less observant of himself than of his neighbors, that he had aged perceptibly within twelve hours.

Louis Giddings, too, was very pale, but seemed otherwise unaltered. His glance followed Katharine, and lingered on her when her own was turned away, but Norton was perplexed by its expression. He felt unable to determine from it whether his resolution of the night before had been reconsidered, fulfilled, or was simply waiting for its time to come.

His study of Katharine was more satisfactory, for it convinced him that she was still in blissful ignorance. She looked very young and very innocent, he thought—not much older than she had done on the day, which came back involuntarily to his memory, on which he had first mentioned to her the name of the man who sat opposite her now, and of whose child she was the mother. He was not certain that she did not look younger still, since the eyes which smiled serenely at him had lost that wistful, searching, and yet baffled look which used sometimes to give her the appearance of premature and melancholy age. She could hardly be more than twenty-two now, he reflected—her life was all before her yet. It would be a too atrocious cruelty to plunge her also into the gulf, the only innocent victim except her child—innocent even of the folly which was, after all, the heaviest accusation that either he or Giddings could justly lay to their own charge. Serene and peaceful as she seemed, it was still evident that the grief of the approaching separation was constantly present to her mind. She had plainly done nothing more than acquiesce passively in her husband's verdict as to his duty to his country, and would have been overjoyed had his conscience permitted him to take another view. Such, at least, was Dr. Norton's conviction as to her mental attitude, though he admitted that nothing in her actual speech lent it any special weight.

Presently she rose to leave the table, making as she did so some playful reference to her baby, which had not yet been put on exhibition, and promising to bring him down when his morning toilet should be made.

"You have not told her?" Norton asked when she had gone up-stairs.

"I have had no opportunity. We were out together before breakfast, but the street is hardly the place one chooses for a communication of that sort. It cannot be delayed much lon-

ger, but I dread it." He sighed heavily as he stopped speaking.

"Be advised, and delay it altogether."

Giddings shook his head, but said nothing.

"Delay it, at least, until I can make some further effort to untangle what seems to me a very lame and crooked story. I have been lying awake all night over it."

"I have been through that mill before you. What can have occurred to you, do you suppose, with which I have not tried to cheat myself a thousand times already? You think there is no certainty that I did not occupy relatively to Lloyd the position I suppose you to occupy toward me."

"Why not?"

"Because the absence of all vestige of a motive forbids the supposition. What woman would blacken herself in such an unnecessary and hopeless fashion unless the tale were true? It seems to me that the fact of her having done so is the very best thing I know about her. To tell the truth," he said, flushing a little, "I always felt sure she had for me the feeling that passes with her for love, and wanted to make things as easy as she could for me by showing me how little I had lost."

Norton ground his teeth and muttered an execration.

"It never occurred to you, then, that she might have read you well enough to foresee that the more horrible the filth she plunged you into the less likely you would be to call attention to it? Yet that is precisely what happened."

Giddings paused, apparently to turn over the suggestion in his mind. It was evidently a new one to him.

"How long have you known her?" he said at last.

"About five months, during which I have been with her almost daily."

"You have had a better chance than I to judge her. Our whole acquaintance did not cover much more than half that period. Has she struck you as sufficiently subtle to hit upon such a scheme?"

Norton made no immediate answer, and presently Giddings went on again:

"It is plain she has not. She is bad enough as it is, but that would argue a malignity, a cold-blooded calculation and ingenuity, which I don't believe in as a part of her temperament. It is useless for you to try to assume my burden, old fellow. It is very good of you, but it can't be done."

"I did not offer that as anything more than a suggestion,

though I believe it a plausible one. As to subtlety, a chance inspiration sometimes does duty for it with the dullest people I have ever met. I noticed last night that you said she left you under the impression that she was your wife. Did she not positively say so?"

"If she had taken that pains I fancy I should have felt less confident about the fact than I do. She did what was tantamount to it in assuring me that I was free to act as though she were dead. What precise evidential value would you feel inclined to attach to any statement she might make where her interests or her safety are concerned?"

"That is neither here nor there. What I want to get at is this: You seem to think that she was—fond of you and afraid of Lloyd. If your first supposition is correct, why should she have left you? Unless Lloyd were her husband, what special grounds for fear could she have had where he was concerned? To me she always declared that she tolerated him at first and detested him afterward."

Giddings smiled. "What else did she tell you? Lloyd is an unknown quantity to both of us. I think it likely that her fear of him was a much more insignificant factor in her motive than her desire for the money and position he could give her. She said so plainly, and I think she told the truth. I was nothing but a boy, not out of college yet, and with my career to make unaided. If she had not been in absolute need of a husband at the time I fell in her way, I am persuaded I should never have been in just the box I am. I was infatuated with her, I don't deny, and thought I wanted to marry her; but, left to my own devices, I would have waited until I was in better shape to do it. Lloyd's claims, whatever they were, she would probably have found means to dispose of had she seen sufficient reason for so doing. And as to your first difficulty—" He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. "Cæsar or Antony, what great difference do you think it makes to creatures of that sort which one of us it is? What they seek is their own pleasure, and all they dread is open shame. They are ready to throw themselves at the head of Octavius into the bargain, if only he will excuse them from his triumph."

He pulled out his watch and regarded it with a sigh.

"Do you see the hour?" he asked. "And besides the one thing I have to do, there are a dozen others which must be seen to before starting."

"Make me your deputy wherever you find it possible. I

Our situation is favorable, being within ten minutes' walk of the homes of twenty thousand blacks. The church of John Jasper, the famous modern Ptolemy, in whose firmament "the sun do move," is about a stone's throw from us. He has repeatedly preached against us, having informed his people that "St. Joseph's Church is the turnspit to hell!" J. R. S.

RICHMOND, VA.

THE STATE AND RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The state, being the providential community of men instituted for their mutual temporal convenience, should be guided by an enlightened conscience in all its affairs, and that conscience can only be truly enlightened by the principles of religion. But what if there be a diversity of religious belief among the people of a state—I mean a diversity not produced by disagreement presently arising, but one of many years' standing, handed down from previous generations? I answer that the state should act on such principles of religion as its citizens may agree upon as fundamentally necessary. This is the normal, perhaps ideal, obligation of the American commonwealth. In a word, the state, like the man, should profess its religion just so far as its members and rulers honestly agree together; the time when to do so and the method of doing so depending on circumstances and being matters of prudence.

The state, though instituted by Providence for a temporal end, is composed of beings with an immortal destiny, created by God and subject to the divine law. The American state, although very plainly incompetent, by the diversity of religions among our people, from being united to any one denomination, should favor all of them in so far as equal justice to all may permit. Incompetent to teach any religious doctrine (for its own immediate end and purpose is temporal welfare), it should yet foster the general religious sentiment among the people, and in every just way encourage the religious training of the young by all whose vocation is education. So much seems but the self-evident relation of the state to religion and education.

The present movement in favor of religious education, now spreading widely among all classes of Christians, is meant to check the progress of infidelity and the increase of crime. Unbelief and vice have increased faster than the population. What are the causes? Have not the mass of the men and women of America always been believers in some form of Christianity, and led, as a body, decent lives? Why are their children drifting away from Christianity? Why are they so much less virtuous than their parents? There are, no doubt, several reasons, but the chief reason is because they have not received a Christian training. The people are becoming unreligious, and the vicious classes are multiplying on account of unreligious schooling. To be religious requires teaching, and much and efficient teaching. The school is the place where, as a rule, teaching must nowadays be imparted; and our schools do not teach religion. The school has so absorbed the whole work of training that it must now be said that the *school forms the man.* Unreligious schools have formed unbelieving men. It is not difficult to prove that the American unreligious school is responsible both for unbelief and bad citizenship among large classes of our citizens.

Religion is a habit of life as well as a doctrinal system. The convictions of the mind must become habits of thought and establish a way of life. Every habit, whether of mind or body, is best acquired in youth. Constant application of the mind during youth to religious subjects, and constant use of spiritual helps, make

religion habitual. A way of life is best learned as life begins. "So that," as Cardinal Newman says, religion, "strengthening into principle, at the same time develops into habit. As fresh and fresh duties arise, and fresh and fresh faculties are brought into action, they are at once absorbed into the existing inward system and take their appropriate place in it." The time of strengthening and developing and absorbing is that of youth; if religion is going to become a principle of action in years of maturity, it must have much to do with that which mainly makes the youth—the school.

Surrounding circumstances in youth are the moulds of human character, and these are most numerous and most compelling during school-life. As character has much to do with both faith and practice in religion of every form, so does the school mould the man, the citizen, and may and ought to mould the Christian.

Now, the religious man is not only one under certain convictions of mind, but is influenced by certain habits of heart; and one depends upon the other. What, by actual test, is the best safeguard against doubts? Not arguments but facts; not persuasion but experience. It must be so. Arguments may be overthrown by arguments. But a state of mind and a habit of life can scarcely be overthrown at all, never by mere argument; and a religious experience in school-life is productive of the most satisfactory state of mind and habit of life possible afterwards. Faith is not simply the conviction of the truth; it is a theological virtue, a trait of character. Religion is not a mere set of convictions lying upon the surface of the mind; it is a quality of the whole personality, developed or weakened by constant application to human wants.

The knowledge of truths is only a part of training, religious or secular; so it is only part of what school can give. One is formed at school as well as instructed. Not only is a certain amount of information given, but there is a certain spirit about a school which has much to do with the formation of the character of the children. There are things at school that train a child by association—the imagination, recollections, standards of right and wrong, prejudices, and the like; all going to form a conscience at least as much as positive instruction. The absence of religion in these influences forms an unreligious mind. Why, if one spent five or six hours nearly every day during eight years of childhood and youth in a mere desert, or in the company of deaf-mutes, or in the stunning roar of a factory, even these surroundings would have much to do with forming his character. Youthful solitude forms the man; society forms him; study forms him, and idleness forms him; work forms him, and rest forms him. Now, that all these and many more such things may rightly form a man, they are grouped together in youth into one system called education, one place called school, under one master called schoolmaster. It is plain that if these influences exclude religion the man will be formed without religion; or if he does get it elsewhere, even at home, it will be as something added, and not of a piece with his actually developed character. The tone, tendency, spirit, drift, and surroundings of school-life make up its moral atmosphere. Men may die from breathing poison as well as from drinking it. And the air we breathe may be poisonous as well from lack of something healthful as from containing something hurtful.

Now, our views on the common-school question should conform to the ideal. The divine right of educating a child is in the parent, and the ideal school is the family circle. God places the child in the parent's care for the purpose of education in its highest sense; and that is the highest duty of the parent. The most extreme claims of even the church have never gone beyond acting as a help

to the parent in training the child. The custody and teaching of his children is one of the highest rights man possesses.

How, then, does the state stand related to this parental right? In one way as a means to assist it. If schooling is necessary to the child's training—and surely it is nowadays—children are generally better schooled and always infinitely more cheaply schooled when collected conveniently together. The state helps its citizens to secure this convenience; it is that organism by which Divine Providence enables men to secure those temporal and human ends common to the multitude, and one of these is forming societies and corporations. In training children it can as well facilitate a system of schooling by a society in a certain neighborhood as it can a system of drainage. But in facilitating a public undertaking it does not necessarily exercise complete control. It incorporates a society, it lends public authority for the collection of means when such have been promised, stands among members and officers of societies to see that trusts and duties are fulfilled, and the like. Can the state go on any further? Yes, if it be necessary to do so for the public welfare. Now, the public welfare requires that our men and women should have schooling in the primary branches. Parents derelict of duty may therefore be stimulated to do their duty, and that even by penalties; truant children may be constrained to attend school, and *the children of the poor must have free schools provided for them.* A public-school system securing these ends is not unjust.

But there is one thing which should be paramount in any American public-school system—it should foster all that is good in the relation of parent to child. It should encourage parents to test the efficiency of the teaching; interest them in the workings of the system; make the schools distinctively parental as far as possible; encourage the opening of strictly private schools for all classes, and contribute to their support according to their deserving; make school affairs family affairs; make each school rather a neighborhood affair than a mere subdivision of one dreary state monopoly; and, in fine, do everything to make the system a channel of parental influence bearing on the character of the children, as far as that influence is wholesome. Something like this is almost necessarily the case in the country districts. The result is more individuality of character there, attachment to home and parents, respect for legitimate authority, simplicity of manners. But against every one of the above tendencies our present system wars. It is a bureaucracy of the most hateful form. A large proportion of the teachers in the city schools of America are trained from very childhood, not simply to teach, but to teach in a certain cut-and-dried method. There is not in the Old World of Europe this day a caste of nobles or officials more clean-cut and more wholly segregated to a particular public career than the school-teaching profession of this new and free country. Instead of seeking to cultivate individuality and personal independence, the whole raging zeal of the system is to pour all personal force and freedom into uniformity, the most desperate efforts being constantly made to even nationalize the deadly dreariness of this human machinery.

A SMALL BOOK WITH A BIG TITLE.*

The Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton offers to instruct us on the subject of church music in the pages of an amusing little book entitled *The History and Growth of Church Music.* The amusement we ourselves have derived from looking over it

* *The History and Growth of Church Music.* By the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

is, however, not precisely due to its supposed humor, which we failed to find, but for which the writer gives himself credit, apologizing for permitting his "pen to wanton in a merry mood while treating the subject in a superficial manner, that he might thereby interest the general reader"!

He is honest enough to subjoin a list of authors from whose pages he has taken a lot of ready-written matter to make up his book. Further than the historical facts he has copied from them, his contribution to the literature of church music is ridiculously small.

What *is* funny to us is his pretended knowledge of and admiration for the church chant—which he cordially detests and betimes reviles, and of which he evidently knows next to nothing—coupled with the naïve acknowledgment in his summing up that, despite all the "growth" of what he calls church music, the productions of his "men of renown" are, after all, of very little practical use, "of the perpetual repetition" of whose works "one gets tired"; that his "choir"—men-singers and women-singers—"have a natural antipathy against rehearsals of them"; and that the same old tiresome stock of "Masses are performed in such a slipshod and discreditable fashion—the same old music with the same old mistakes"—he regrets to be obliged to say that "it gives the *enemy* [evidently the defenders of the only legitimate church melody—the chant] cause to blaspheme"! And, having gone through his lauds of church musicians from Palestrina down to Gounod, we are unexpectedly presented with a note of recommendation in favor of Messrs. Cary and Tozer, who, it seems, can write "easy music for small choirs."

If Palestrina be the king of church musicians, we may be allowed to wonder why our choir-directors do not give us a few more concerts at High Mass from that supreme master. Let us hear what Father Taunton has to say about it:

"The people do not understand Palestrina's works. A case in point: Some years ago, when I was directing the music at a West-End church, I arranged for the patronal festival a performance [*sic*] of Palestrina's *Missa Papæ Marcelli*. Unusual pains and care were taken so as to insure a good performance, and with what result? The musicians who were present—and they were numerous, for the service [concert?] had been announced in the daily press—were delighted both with the work and, they were kind enough to say, with the manner in which it was rendered. And the people? They cared nothing at all about it. They neither understood nor appreciated it. *In fact, I had many requests not to give them any more of it!*" This is intensely funny from the mouth of our *laudator musicorum*. He should have sent back to those people who wanted no more of the king's music a copy of the inscription on his own title-page, "*Ne impedias musicam*" (regis Palestrinæ)—Ecclus. xxxii. 5.

We suggest that what he calls "the blighting effects of a constant use of nothing but Plain Chant" on the part of the church in all her liturgical service-books, and in which not a note of modern music can be found, may have had something to do with the lack of appreciation of the king's music on the part of the people, as he says is the case in France.

This funny writer can also be sarcastic with his "wanton pen"—at his own expense. "'My worthy, good friend,' we say to the Plain-Chantist, 'it gives us a peculiar thrill of pleasure to know that your devotion and religious sentiments are stirred up by Plain Chant. We respect you, nay, we look upon you with a certain amount of awe, as being a peculiar being, different from the rest of mankind. But permit us to say, with all due deference to your many excellent qualities, that

we are not constituted upon the same noble model as you are. Plain Chant, far from filling us with devotion, depresses us. *The truth is, we do not understand it; it is a language which does not convey to our souls anything intelligible.*" The italics are ours.

For him Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are the founders of modern music, and, "indeed, typical church writers." Yet just before penning this he had written: "One point in both Mozart and Haydn's Masses demands a word—it is the frequent omission of words of the sacred text. This is unpardonable, and we cannot assign any reason for such carelessness." If he cannot, then he is himself no musician. But he knows perfectly well why they omitted them. They were like Händel, who, when told that some of his music did not suit the English words, exclaimed: "My music is all right; it is your —— language that is good for nothing." However, "the omissions," Father Taunton assures us, "can be supplied by any choirmaster of average ability." Only think of it! *Any* choirmaster of *average* ability making good the omissions of Mozart and Haydn, these founders of modern music!

Elsewhere he gravely informs us that "modern music, up to Beethoven's Mass in C, is a legitimate growth and logical development back through Palestrina to Chant"; that "Father Haberl is the most eminent authority on the subject of Plain Chant the age can boast"; that "Palestrina purified and restored the Chant, and Guidetti used the papers left by Palestrina to complete the work as far as the Graduale and the Rituale"!

Further on he "admires greatly and takes delight in joining to the best of his poor abilities" (hear! hear!) "in the Plain Chant" (evidently he loves suffering and is like some other Englishmen, who are only happy when they are miserable), "yet he is convinced it does not do for our people." The ignorance, presumption, and self-sufficiency displayed in this production do indeed make it to us a very funny book on the lofty subject of the "History and Growth of Church Music." A. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF LEO XIII. Edited by John Oldcastle. With chapters contributed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G., the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, S.J., and Alice Meynell. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This elegant publication is meant to meet the demand of intelligent Catholics to know more about Pope Leo XIII.—a laudable curiosity stimulated by the occurrence of the Pope's fiftieth anniversary as priest next December. It is compiled by Mr. Oldcastle, a practised and pleasing writer, and is a small volume and of moderate price; it is beautifully printed and bound, and the illustrations are excellent. The first part, written by Mr. Oldcastle, is a very readable summary of the Holy Father's career. Then follows a compilation of short but able articles by Cardinal Manning, Mr. T. W. Allies, and others of note in the literary world and in the church.

As a statesman Pope Leo has played a part in Christendom little inferior to that of the mediæval pontiffs who were the arbiters of nations. He was in a condition to do so, for, as Cardinal Manning says in this book,

"Leo XIII. inherited a world-wide unity of pastors and of people cast off by the world and thrown, with all their love and fidelity, on the Holy See. In the days of St. Gregory VII. and of Clement VII. the world was in its pride and the church was sick. Now the church is whole and the world is wrecking itself." His voice, therefore, has gone out to men with a spiritual dignity unalloyed by any temporal entanglement. He has found in the needs of men and nations his providential opportunities, while his gentle methods have won the good-will of his veriest enemies. He is, to be sure, a good statesman, of wide experience in public affairs, penetrating insight, and firm grasp of his own purposes; all this has helped his management of the church's diplomacy. But it is the grace of his office that can alone account for his marvellous success. The spectacle of Leo and Bismarck at Canossa and no bones broken, is abundant compensation for the weak sensibilities wounded when we saw Leo putting the insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost upon the man of blood and iron.

Then, too, he has shown himself capable of departing from traditional lines in dealing with grave questions of religion and of its human environments. There is no disguising the fact that his spirit is different from that of some of his predecessors, as are also what may be termed his tactics; yet it is not easy to say in what particular matters his line of policy has changed, so perfectly identical are the aims and motives of the present pontiff and of those who have gone before him, and so prudently has he known how to act. Pope Leo is plainly a man above all traditions that are purely human, and it is evident that in this lofty freedom he will deal with the question of the church's temporalities and the relation of the Papacy to Italy. He has proved his capability of initiation before and will doubtless do so again.

He once declared that he desired to secure the suffrages of enlightened public opinion—an utterance at once distinguishing him from the living and dead exponents of the past. Born and reared in a feudal castle, an aristocrat by birth and training, grown old in courts and in high ecclesiastical stations, he has settled disputes between capital and labor like a tribune of the people, has arbitrated between landlord and peasant in a spirit utterly the reverse of the feudal, and at the same time held in check the frantic democracy of the French Republic by a firmness and aggressiveness which would neither boast nor scold, but held its own with a dignity worthy the head of the church.

But Leo's greatest work is, of course, not with states but with Christians—with the faithful themselves. And he has been an immense power for piety and for intelligence among us. He has set us all, priests and people, to praying in such wise as has never, we think, been known before. And his influence in favor of study has been immense. One might say that he has caused every priest and prelate in the wide church to make a periodical particular examen on the use of his intellectual faculties. There is not a seminary in the world but has benefited greatly by Pope Leo. He has elevated the standard of education. He has in his repeated allocutions and encyclicals drawn us all within nearer influence of the Holy Spirit, which has breathed out amongst us during his pontificate that spirit of wisdom and understanding and knowledge and counsel worthy the adherents of a religion so characteristically intellectual as the Catholic.

So we all say heartily, *Ad multos annos!* And we all say, further, in the language of Scripture: "He that touches you touches the apple of my eye" (Zach. ii. 8). The man who insults Leo affronts the greatest peacemaker the world has known for many a day, and wounds the sensibilities of the best and most intelligent and most liberty-loving Catholics in the world.

THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON, collected and arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. XX. Containing Explanatory and Miscellaneous Writings and Index. Detroit: H. F. Brownson. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street, New York.)

"It is many years ago," said an intelligent Catholic to the writer recently, "that Dr. Brownson's *Convert* was placed in my hands by a priest to whom I came for advice. I had read the ordinary books of controversy, but they were fitted for Protestant difficulties, and I had long since ceased to be a Protestant, or even a Christian, and had lost belief in the possibility of getting to God at all. It was as I apprehended Brownson's doctrine of Communion in the *Convert* that I renewed my grasp of that idea. The book was a great help to me. It set me on the right road. When I returned the books of historical and Biblical controversy, and said that they had failed, the priest questioned me a bit, and then told me that I was on Brownson's mental track. The *Convert* dropped a seed into my soul. It took time, but it germinated and finally sprang up and bore fruit in my conversion." Probably no one whose difficulties are the initial ones of perplexed reason can fail to obtain great help from his writings. Nor is that all. In the volumes of the series herein brought to a close there is much calculated to solve every kind of difficulty. We challenge the whole domain of controversy to produce an argument superior to Brownson's "Church or no Church." It is a masterpiece.

One thing particularly pleases us in him, and may be expressed in a graphic colloquialism of the day: Dr. Brownson is a Catholic *from 'way back*. He resented the domination of any mere school of philosophy or theology; he respected them all, and read them fairly. But he would have the Divine authority of the *Ecclesia docens* or else be free. His native qualities of head and heart made him fond of going far back into the heroic and giant days of Catholicity and among the saints for whatever extra-authoritative traditions and human influences might affect his views.

This volume contains a number of articles, mostly short, all of much interest, and some throwing considerable light on the author's character. A valuable index, covering 194 pages and embracing both the titles of articles and the particular and various topics touched on, is added.

Mr. Brownson has finished a great undertaking in this volume. We congratulate him upon his successful labor, and sincerely trust that Catholics, and the public generally, will show their appreciation in a practical manner. Certainly, whatever institution of learning pretends to have a library will find a complete set of Brownson's works indispensable; and every Catholic of intelligence who wishes a high order of religious and philosophical literature at hand will purchase these volumes.

WHATEVER IS, WAS. In Nature there are no such things as Cause, Effect, Generation, Growth, nor Death; no time, no past, no future. Logical conclusions deduced from the theory of the Self-Existence of the Universe.

Also, a critical examination into the foundation on which rest the philosophy of Herbert Spencer and the theories of Charles Darwin. Together with a new theory for the origin of the world, for all forms, organic and inorganic. Also, the natural cause of the continuing existence of all living things and species of things, and the finding of the supposed Missing Link. By George A. Young. San Francisco: A. J. Leary. 1887.

In many respects this is the most ingenious and thorough refutation of the theories of Spencer and Darwin that has as yet appeared, and, while abounding in sallies of wit, humor, and satire not always to our taste, it is profoundly philosophical and displays great research and erudition. Altogether it is a unique and original work, which cannot fail of attracting the notice of scholars and of interesting the general reader by its lucid and popular exposition of the much-talked-of but not well-understood doctrines of evolution and natural selection.

The author is a master of logic and irony, and wields his powerful weapons with a force and rapidity of thought that betokens a most uncommon intellectual strength and keenness of insight. The lengthy, singular, and ironical title of the book is not a happy one. It should be, we suggest, "A Critical Analysis of certain modern Scientific Theories, showing their absurdities and contradictions from their own postulates." That is what the book is, and that is what it does, and does most thoroughly. Spencer and the other lights of modern so-called philosophy shrink and shrivel under the heat of the writer's cogent logic and incisive analysis, as a piece of parchment shrivels when brought into contact with fire.

He has proved to a demonstration that the immutability of the laws of nature and the Spencerian theory of evolution are contradictory. This is very important, and of great value against modern infidels and sceptics. They assert the immutability of the laws of nature to prove the impossibility of miracles, and they forget or do not see that at the same time they destroy their favorite theory of evolution. To maintain evolution they must claim the mutability of the laws of nature, and in admitting this they must admit the possibility of miracles and thus sacrifice their main argument against miracles. The irony of the argument is sometimes so finely drawn out as to be liable to be misunderstood as expressing the real sense of the author. This is the case, we think, in the lecture of Prof. "Yag" (one of several characters who do duty as exponents for or against the doctrines under discussion), which is an ingenious caricature of Spencer's philosophy under the guise of a defence of it, showing in bold relief its inconsistencies.

While not trespassing upon the domain of theology, and avoiding the discussion of particular religious dogmas, Mr. Young has clearly and forcibly brought out the Christian philosophy of creation, and presented, we think, a series of irrefutable arguments in its favor which cannot fail to rank his work among the very best of its kind.

The critical and serious-minded reader will, no doubt, agree with us that much of the matter is, if not wholly irrelevant, yet decidedly out of place in a work which professes to deal with subjects of such deep and vital import, during the consideration of which comical allusions to the municipal affairs and local politics of San Francisco are felt to be an unwarrantable and disagreeable intrusion. Typographically it does small credit to our

Occidental brethren of the press. Evidently the proof-reader during its issue was "abroad."

The finding of the supposed "Missing Link," with which the book concludes, is highly instructive and entertaining.

We commend the work to our readers as one well worth their careful perusal, and our professors of philosophy will find it most desirable reading to place in the hands of their pupils.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS, a Joanne P. Gury, S.J., primo exaratum, et deinde ab Antonio Ballerini, ejusdem societatis, adnotationibus auctum, nunc vero ad breviorem formam redactam atque ad usum seminariorum hujus regionis accommodatum ab Aloysio Sabetti, S.J., in Collegio Woodstockiensi, S.J., Theologiæ Moralis Professore. Editio Altera, ad normam Cong. Plen. Balt. III. atque recentiorum Cong. Rom. decretorum. New York and Cincinnati: Pustet & Co.

Gury's Compendium of St. Alphonsus, greatly improved by Ballerini's notes, was most extensively used, owing chiefly, we think, to the judicious arrangement of the various subjects treated. But we hardly see why so learned a man as Father Sabetti should make Gury's Compendium yet more compendious.

We think Lehmkuhl has done more wisely in writing a new work altogether, giving us his own able opinions, with other writers to support him, rather than another writer benefiting by his labor and erudition.

Still F. Sabetti's book is useful, as the sale of the first edition shows. Its arrangement seems convenient, and he has dropped to a great extent the see-saw style of catechetical questioning so lavishly resorted to by Gury. He has consulted recent writers very generally. There is a useful Appendix to the tract *De Peccatis* on Drunkenness; we wish the author had followed Lehmkuhl's example and given us one to the tract *De statu laicorum* on the duties of voters. His tract *De Censuris* is quite a specimen of how much a careful arrangement of the different parts of a subject contributes to lucidity. In an appendix to this tract he discusses, with what we think good judgment, the question of the burial of Catholics in non-Catholic cemeteries and of non-Catholics in Catholic cemeteries in view of the legislation of the last two plenary councils.

This new edition has a peculiar value, because it incorporates the decrees of the Third Plenary Council in so far as they bear practically on questions of conscience. Sometimes he lets the council speak for itself, for which he is to be thanked; sometimes he weaves the new legislation into the already established law, and as a rule does so with prudence. We should like to call his attention, however, to the omission of the council's direction to pastors of souls to persuade our people to get out of the business of saloon-keeping. Why omit so important a direction? It might also be objected that the author, in paragraphs 190 and 191, takes rather too lenient a view of the duty of pastors in reference to balls and dances of a dangerous kind, especially in face of the admonitions of the Second Plenary Council. We think that if he had himself been in charge of an average city parish for a few years *in this country*, or made a missionary tour or two, he would have somewhat modified his practical judgment in this particular.

The book is well printed and well bound.

AT THE HOLY WELL, WITH A HANDFUL OF NEW VERSES. By John James Piatt. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; Cork: D. Mulcahy & Co.; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

A GATE OF FLOWERS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs.

An American editor, himself a poet, not long since published an appeal to his brethren of the lyre not to suffer their gift of song to lie idle. Perhaps it was only the prosaic amongst us who found something a trifle superfluous in such an invocation. We already hear instruments twanging on all sides in doubtful tones and inharmonious measures, and *à propos* most often of nothing that appears worthy of either tuneful or untuneful mention. There are some fair to middling stanzas in Mr. John J. Piatt's new volume, and occasionally a whole poem is above the general average—notably that which gives its name to the collection, and another entitled "The Chrysalis," which, by the way, would be better still if too "apt alliteration's artful aid" had not spoiled the sense of the last line in favor of the sound. The quatrain "Success" is not bad either, and the ode "Ireland: a Seaside Portrait," is distinctly good. But for one verse that rings true and "goes on all-fours" how many trip, or grate upon the ear! For one idea worthy of an attempted embalmment in the most formal mode of human speech, how many testify to anything better than a knack—and not too knacky a knack at that—of rhyming! The fact is that the best poetry is so convincing in its charm that to know it well makes the less patient of us restive under what is less compelling.

As to Mr. O'Hagan, his ear is true and he has learned the art of making verse; nevertheless when he ingenuously confesses that he has "no reason to offer for issuing these poems in book-form," the ungenial critic is tempted to furnish him with one why he should have refrained. But the tide of genial criticism has set in again; let us hope that it may carry these booklets high and dry, and leave them basking in the approbation of whoever desires the growth and increase of minor songsters. When one has not been nightingale-hunting until dawn, possibly he may not object to being awaked untimely by chipping-birds and sparrows.

DISHONEST CRITICISM: Being a Chapter of Theology on Equivocation and Doing Evil for a Good Cause. An Answer to Dr. R. F. Littledale. By James Jones, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology at St. Beuno's College. London: John Hodges; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1887.

In dealing with Dr. Littledale it is difficult to practise that urbanity in controversy which is so highly valued nowadays when we are expected to show more respect for other men's feelings than for the truth itself. So exasperating is the calm assurance of fairness and familiarity with his subject which characterizes Dr. Littledale's theological writings, while all the time he is in complete ignorance of the very elements of the science of which he poses as a master, that it is impossible without hypocrisy to seem to have for him that regard which the fashion requires. The only mitigating circumstance is that he belongs to a party in his own church which for many years has had for its object the outwitting of its ecclesiastical superiors and the distortion and perversion of church formularies. As a consequence he has, perchance by long association and practice, lost the

faculty of seeing things as they are. This gives us some reason to hope that in what he writes he may be under the impression that he is saying the truth.

What we have said may seem severe, but we challenge any one who has any knowledge of Catholic moral theology to read over the first paragraph of Dr. Littledale's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, prefixed to Father Jones' volume, and to say that we are not justified. In this paragraph Dr. Littledale has the temerity to call in question Dr. Faa di Bruno's statement that "Catholics do not believe that it is lawful to break a lawful oath, or to tell a lie, or to do any wicked thing whatever for the sake of promoting the supposed interest of the church, or for any good, however great, likely to arise from it"; and that "the false and hateful principle that the end justifies the means, or that we may do evil that good may come, is utterly condemned by the Catholic Church." Now, every moral theologian knows that these are principles which are unquestioned and unquestionable, and that from one end of moral theology to the other these principles are made the criteria by which every proposed course of action is tried, and any act which should go against these principles is *eo ipso* pronounced unlawful and sinful.

Everybody knows that in daily life it is sometimes difficult to secure justice or practise charity and at the same time tell the square truth; so that moralists, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have various opinions on such particular cases, the former leaning more to scrupulous truthfulness than the latter. And if the *teaching* of the Catholic Church is wanted, that will be found in the converse of propositions numbered 26, 27, and 28 of those condemned by Innocent XI.; and it is in accord with the plainest dictates of natural morality. Father Jones, an ex-provincial of the Jesuits and professor of moral theology for several years, has done well to refute Littledale, a person of all others least competent to treat of the rights of the truth.

Life of Pope Leo XIII. From an authentic memoir furnished by his order. By Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D. (Laval). New York: Chas. L. Webster & Co.

Dr. O'Reilly's book is a large volume, but not larger than its purpose calls for. It undertakes to give a full account of the Holy Father's entire career, is written by one who has enjoyed special opportunities for studying his subject, and long and prosperous experience as a book-maker. It is well printed, has several illustrations, and will make, as it is intended to do, a conspicuous ornament for a family library or a parlor table, besides being interesting reading.

Of course, a true biography is the study of a life which has finally disengaged itself from the vanities of its earthly career and left us the inheritance of its deeds to bear silent witness. Yet in this memoir of a living man we read much that is of interest and is plainly a fair field for the historian. You may read here of Italy, its populations, its politics, its religious condition, its aspirations for freedom and glory, all in their relation to Italy's most conspicuous institution, the Papacy. Here you may study the methods of the highest legislative and judicial authority in Christendom, at work with an activity no less marvellous because so perfectly calm, and under the management of undoubtedly one of the greatest of the

popes. Here, too, you can read a detailed narrative of the youth, manhood, public and, to some extent, private career of one who, as a man and a Christian, has gained the unfeigned homage of even his bitterest enemies.

Frederick Francis Xavier de Mérode. By Mgr. Besson, Bishop of Nîmes, Uzés, and Alais. Translated by Lady Herbert. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

Monsignor de Mérode was a very conspicuous figure in the court of Pius IX., having been his war minister during the last and most troubled years of his government of the Pontifical States. This Life, a work of love, brings out many of his admirable traits of character, his active and enterprising temperament, his heroic disposition, his devotion to duty, and his private virtues as a priest. The book is interesting, and is well translated.

The Jewels of the Mass. A short account of the rites and prayers used in the Holy Sacrifice. By Percy Fitzgerald. London: Burns & Oates; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Names of the Eucharist. By Luigi Lanzoni. With an introduction by Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

The Banquet of the Angels: The Wedding Garment. Preparation and Thanksgiving for Holy Communion. Translated by the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

These three little books contribute to that devotion which, of all others, is the most necessary to progress in the spiritual life. *The Jewels of the Mass* is a short account of the rites and prayers used in the Holy Sacrifice. *The Names of the Eucharist* is a series of short explanations of the titles given to the Blessed Sacrament, with a very interesting preface by Bishop Hedley. *The Banquet of the Angels* is a little book of meditations arranged for every day of the month.

The Ring and the Book. By Robert Browning. Vol. III. of the Riverside edition. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

Christmas Eve and Easter Day; Men and Women; In a Balcony, etc. By Robert Browning. Vol. IV. of the Riverside edition. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

Clear type, excellent paper, good binding, all go to make this edition of Browning perhaps the very best in the market. It has been prepared with strict reference to the latest emendations of the poet. His old readers, who long ago learned their way to the sweetness of the kernel embedded in the rough and hard husk of a good deal of his verse, will hardly be less grateful than the new ones, attracted by the steady persistence of the Browning cult to give in their adhesion to it, for such aids to their devotion as the bookmaker's art can offer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Irish Scholars of the Penal Days. By Rev. Wm. P. Treacy. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

The Republic of the Future; or, Socialism a Reality. By Anna Bowman Dodd, author of *Old Cathedral Days*, etc. New York: Cassell & Co.

"In the Way." By J. H. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.; London: Burns & Oates.

An Abridged History of the United States for the Use of Schools. By John R. G. Hassard, LL.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

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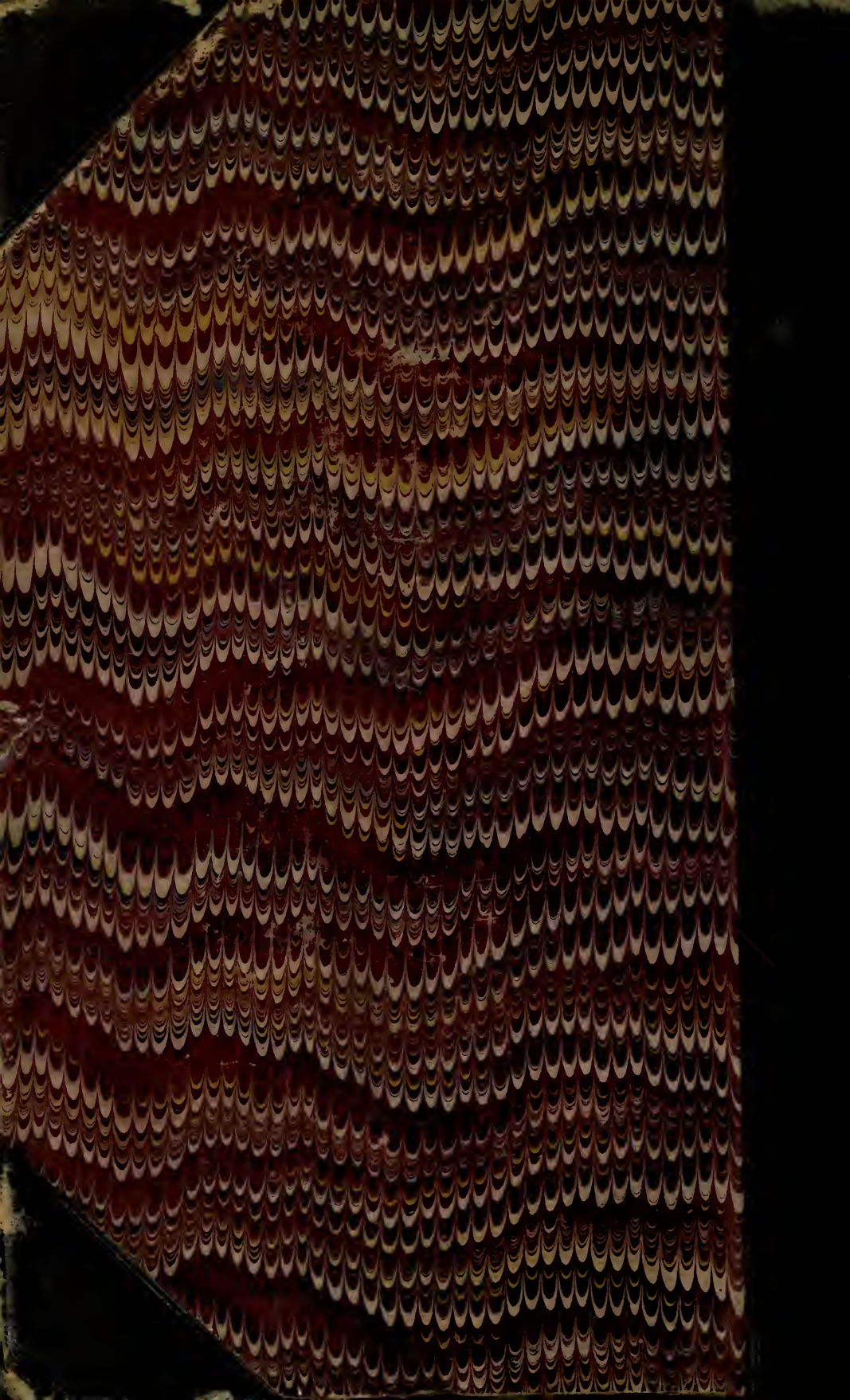
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